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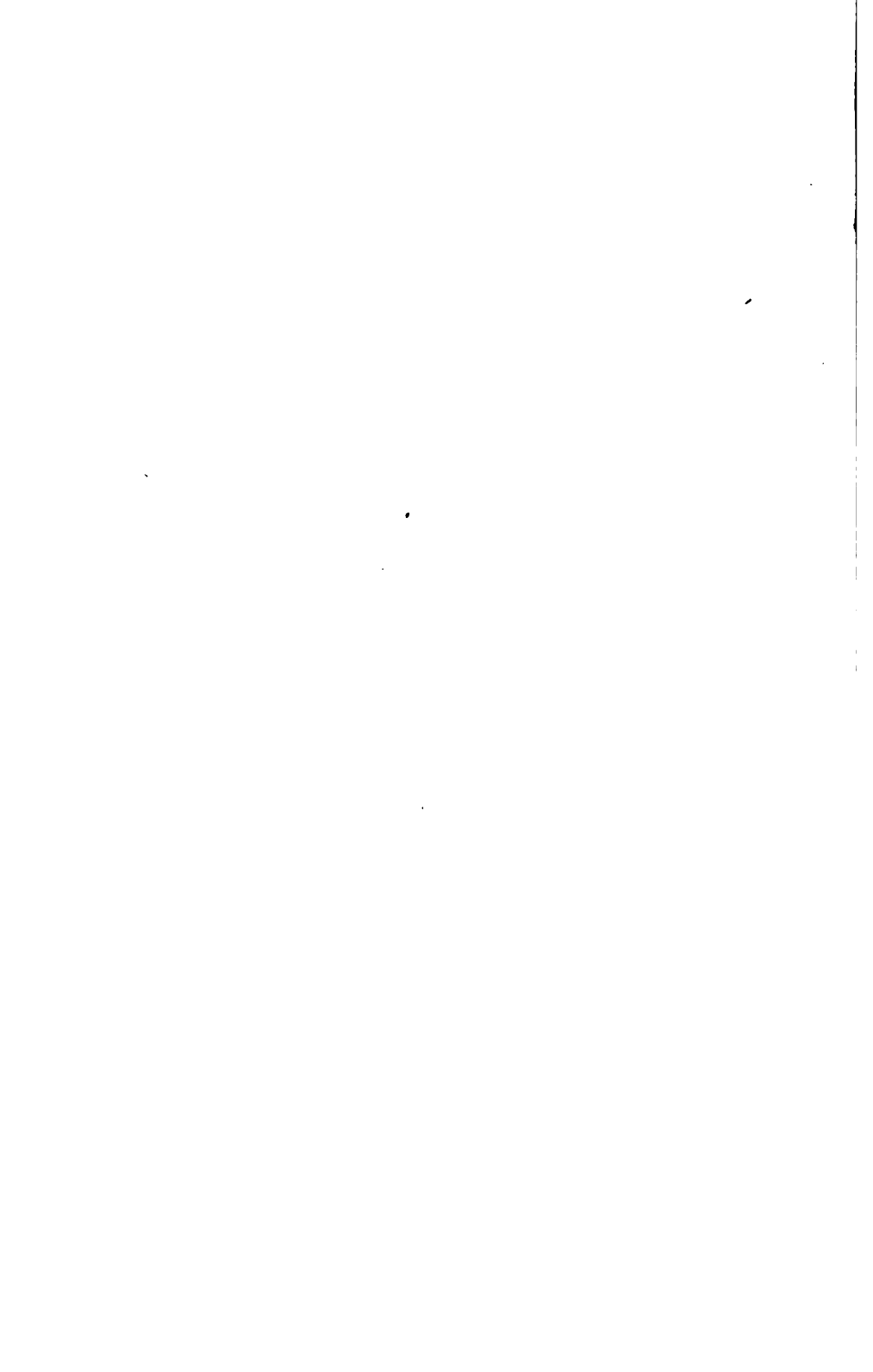
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LADY BABY.

CHAPTER IV.—SIR PETER.

*"Love guided not his hand, content to see
Mere beauty, as of sunset hills or skies."*

At Maud's exclamation, Lady Agnes and Lady Catherine looked at each other with a start; Lord Kippendale turned a shade redder, and Lady Baby grew almost pale.

"Miss Epperton!" said Sir Peter, with a look of unmistakable pleasure, "this is almost too good to be true! What happy skies have you dropped from?"

"Only from some very damp and grey ones, I am afraid," said Maud, laughing. She no longer looked tired, and a delicate and most becoming flush had sprung to her cheek.

"Do you know, it is not five minutes since I was wondering how you could be conjured to the spot, and yet I had no glimpse of an idea that you were in the North. I shall begin to believe in magnetism. Will you kindly introduce me to your friends?"

Miss Epperton's hosts had stood by, looking rather haughty and feeling very miserable. Now, as though with one accord, they scanned Sir Peter's face, to mark what effect the discovery of their identity would have upon him. It had none whatever; he neither winced nor changed colour, and his easy and confident manner grew neither stiff nor suspicious. There was not a shade of constraint on his handsome, high-bred face as he cordially shook hands with Lord Kippendale and raised his hat to the ladies; and yet Miss Epperton had very distinctly pronounced the inimical name. Sir Peter was a tall, somewhat loosely built man, of some seven or eight and twenty, with a pair of rather dreamy grey eyes, a careless and yet cordial smile, and a finely cut nose and chin.

"It is I who ought to apologise," he said, in answer to Lord Kippendale, who was taking great trouble to explain that this meeting had not been intentional. "I know that I have no right to be in the outer park on Tuesdays, but that bit of mist against the hill tempted me out, and I did not think that any one would brave the weather to-day. There! was that not the first drop?"

It was the first drop, and the second, and the third.

"Come, girls, hurry up!" said Lord Kippendale, much relieved. "There is no use in getting drenched."

"None whatever," assented Sir Peter. "Can I help you to open your umbrella, Miss Epperton? Let me hold it for you." And Miss Epperton and Sir Peter under one umbrella led the way.

"To the left, to the left!" Lord Kippendale called after them, still struggling with his own umbrella. "You are taking the wrong turning; the carriages are to the left."

"But we are not going to the carriages," called back Sir Peter.

"In goodness' name, where to?"

"To the house, of course: you surely do not mean to drive home through the deluge that is coming?"

"To the house?—eh, what?" repeated Lord Kippendale, much flurried by the struggle with his umbrella; "to the house? Which house? *Your* house?"

"To the castle," said Sir Peter, with an amused smile. "What is the matter? Have I suggested anything very dreadful?"

"Bless me, no!" said Lord Kippendale, rather lamely, overwhelmed by the sudden discovery that after all there was nothing so very terrible in the suggestion; and that the fact of their respective ancestors having run each

other through with their lances as often as circumstances would permit, or of having taken a more than neighbourly interest in each other's sheepfolds, could scarcely be alleged as rational grounds for risking an attack of lumbago or rheumatism.

"I think we shall find a fire over there," Sir Peter was saying, in as unconscious a manner as though there had never been a question of as much as a single missing cow between Bevans and Wyndhursts. "And I venture to guess that your daughters would like to drive home with dry feet."

"As for my feet," said Lady Catherine, who was picking her way along looking like the picture of lady-like misery, "I don't feel as if they ever would be dry again. I wonder how it is that I never can get boots like other people's."

Lord Kippendale said not a word more, and the castle was steered for. The party, hurrying along for shelter, fell naturally into couples, each couple being, so to say, linked by an umbrella; and under the shelter of each umbrella, remarks, favourable and unfavourable, were passed upon Sir Peter.

"He is not hunchbacked," said Lady Baby to Mr Carbury, "and there does not seem to be anything wrong with his intellect either. I cannot imagine why he should have been kept so much out of sight. I find him very handsome."

"Do you?" said Mr Carbury, rather shortly. "I always think that fair men are a mistake."

"He ought to ride a light weight in spite of his height," said Nicky to his wife. "I'll be bound my grey mare could carry him, and I could put a stiffish price on if Wyndhurst were the buyer. I'm short of cash just now. You must get the governor to raise your allowance. Look

here, Aggie! you're so slow about getting the governor to raise your allowance. And you must speak to him yourself next time. Kippendale has a way of being short with me; I don't always feel like tackling Kippendale."

"Yes, Nicky," said Agnes. She was never known to say "No, Nicky."

"Never was so taken aback in my life," Lord Kippendale was saying to his daughter Catherine. "If it wasn't for the loss of time, I should have protested against the arrangement; but that young fellow has such a way about him—seems to take it all for granted. How long will it take you to dry your feet? Five minutes?—eh?"

Catherine thought privately that it would take much longer, so she contented herself with an evasive reply.

The subject of these comments was likewise indulging in umbrella confidences. "So I appeared like the wolf in the fable," said Miss Epperton. "Speak of—well, of somebody very black, and you will see his tail."

"Or else speak of the sun, and *on en voit les rayons*. I have stuck fast in Olytemnestra since your last sitting; when am I to have another?"

"Are you to have another? That appears to me to be the first point to be settled."

"It appears to me to be nothing of the sort. You promised to sit for Clytemnestra; and as long as I have not put the last touch to Olytemnestra's last eyelash, the engagement is not terminated. My easel and I shall haunt your footsteps until that end is reached. How long do you stay in these parts?"

"Not very long; so if your easel and you are really so determined——"

"We are. And as for the costume, it has occurred to me that a red scarf might look better than a green one. What made me think of it was that dress which you wore at Lady Euphrosyne's" (he always called his stepmother Lady Euphrosyne) "last month. I can't describe it, but it was all in tints. Pardon an artist's rudeness if I say that never, either before or since, have I seen you look so well."

"All in tints," repeated Maud, meditatively; "was that the evening that you took me in to dinner?"

"I am not certain; yes, to be sure it was. I distinctly remember what I suffered from the effects of that sickly blue-and-yellow garment opposite, and how your red dress felt just like a tonic by contrast. It is positively wicked of women not to match their colours properly."

"Oh," said Maud, but her voice sounded rather less buoyant. "Yes, I remember the evening: you brought me such a lovely red rose after dinner, I could not think where you had got it from."

Sir Peter laughed. "Well, it wasn't likely to be missed from Lady Euphrosyne's flower-vases, and it just wanted that to make the scale of colour in your dress complete. You can't think how well it looked against the red velvet."

Maud said nothing this time. A slight, very slight but yet perceptible damp had fallen upon her spirits. It was gratifying that Sir Peter should so vividly recall her dress, but it would have been more gratifying if he had been quite sure about having taken her down to dinner that night.

"I ignore what the resources of the house may be," said Sir Peter, when the dripping visitors

stood at length in the drawing-room. "Lady Euphrosyne has got the housekeeper with her in London, and I, a lonely and neglected bachelor, have been living *incog.* for a week; but I suppose it is not reckless to offer tea."

"As for pouring it out," he declared, when the tea had appeared, "I must throw myself on the mercy of whichever of the ladies will be good enough to play hostess."

The Ladies Bevan shrank back instinctively. This was really too much to be expected from any Bevan. An awkward pause appeared imminent, when, just at the right moment, Maud Epperton stepped up to the table and commenced to place the cups and distribute the sugar. The others sat round the tea-table, feeling and looking rather frigid, and concentrating their chief attention upon the fine collection of sporting pictures, chiefly portraits, which covered the walls.

"Never mind about the tea not being strong, Miss Epperton," said Lord Kippendale, in a fever of half-suppressed impatience. "We can't keep the horses standing much longer; we really can't, Sir Peter."

"But you will have to wait till they are put in again," said Sir Peter, quietly. "I gave orders that they should be taken to the stables."

"I am glad of that," broke in Lady Baby, "for there is nothing so bad for old horses as standing in puddles of water; it very often makes their legs swell. What do you use for your horses' legs, Sir Peter?"

"I beg your pardon," said Sir Peter, turning from Miss Epperton, and for the first time becoming clearly aware of Lady Baby's existence. "You said something about horses' legs?"

"Do you find arnica or fluid best?"

"For feeding them with?" asked Sir Peter.

"Good heavens, no! for rubbing their legs with, of course. What do you rub their legs with after a hard day's hunting?"

"I don't rub them," said Sir Peter.

"You don't do it yourself, I daresay," with a gesture of impatience at his slowness of comprehension; "but surely you must know what you use on hunting-days."

"But," said Sir Peter, "I don't hunt."

"Don't hunt!" repeated every Bevan in the room, and there was a pause, almost of consternation. Lady Baby recovered first.

"To be sure; I forgot. You have been out of the way of it lately; you could only have hunted dolphins in the Mediterranean, and ridden upon sea-horses. How you must have missed it! What a trial it must have been!"

"Scarcely so much as if I had been at home," said Sir Peter, with a peculiar smile hovering about his lips.

Lady Baby felt remorseful. Did his health forbid him to hunt? And had her question unwittingly touched on a sore spot? And to a Wyndhurst how sore a spot it must be! "Well, this season is over," she said, hurriedly, "and there is time enough before next; but we have some lovely rides about here even in summer. Don't you think so?"

"But I don't ride," said Sir Peter. Lady Baby was in the act of raising her full cup to her lips; she put it down untouched, and gazed at Sir Peter with unspeakable things in her face.

"Bless my heart!" Lord Kippendale audibly ejaculated. Lady

Agnes looked at Nicky, as if for guidance in this unlooked-for contingency; while Lady Catherine, who was resting one foot on the fender, came very near to singeing her damp skirt through sheer amazement. If Sir Peter had in this same tone of quiet unconcern announced that he could not read, the intelligence would have been received with far less agitation.

"Do you mean," asked Lady Baby, with a stern frown on her face, but in a tone which incredulous wonder rendered tremulous—"do you mean that you don't ride from choice, or from necessity?"

"Oh! from choice, entirely. I have not been on a horse since I was fifteen; and, please heaven, I shall never get on another."

The last doubt was removed. He was a Wyndhurst—and he did not ride, could not ride, did not wish to ride; had not the glimmering of an idea as to how horses' legs should be treated after a hard day's hunting; had, perhaps, never seen a fox sailing across a stubble-field, and knew naught of the keen pleasure of breaking his way through tangled brushwood in the grey of a hunting-morning. And he did not blush as he said it, even though he spoke under the shadow of his grandfather's portrait, who, in hunting-dress and spurs, frowned down from the wall, and even though his great-grandfather, on a blood-hunter, hung straight opposite.

"The fact is," he explained, as he calmly stirred his tea, "I gave up riding by the advice of my doctor."

"Ah!" There seemed to be a ray of renewed hope for his character.

"Yes; he found that riding did not agree with me."

"Not agree? What a pity! Why?"

"Because I usually fall off."

Lady Baby's lips twitched; and Lord Kippendale, after a brief struggle, burst into a hearty laugh. The first shock had been weathered, and somehow the frigidity had also disappeared.

"If the consequences are so dreadful," said Maud, who had felt rather "out of it" all this time, "I really hope that you have given up riding."

"Be quite easy on that point; I have suffered too much already. I am constitutionally timid."

Lord Kippendale caught something of a twinkle in Sir Peter's eye as he made this assertion in the most natural tone in the world; and, for some inexplicable reason, the old Earl went off into a second fit of laughter.

"But at least you used to ride," suggested Lady Baby, "when you were fifteen."

"Yes, I used to ride," said Sir Peter, gloomily; "I am not likely to forget it. There were hurdles put up on the lawn for my special benefit, and an artificial stream dug in the park, a very wide and deep stream; I know, alas! how deep, for I have often lain at the bottom. I was made miserable with a succession of the most vicious ponies that the world ever produced. My father gave me a new riding-whip on every birthday. He seemed to think that perseverance would engraft the taste. But it was no use; life used to be a burden to me on hunting-days. But that is over now, thanks to Providence, and I have survived."

"This is dreadful," thought Lady Baby, "and he seems quite hardened too. I shall say something rude if we stay much longer. Ah, there is the carriage at last!"

While they were putting on their cloaks in the hall, there was something said about Clytemnestra and the sitting which Miss Epperton had promised Sir Peter, and Lord Kippendale was heard to make some hospitable speeches. He could scarcely do less, after the way in which the afternoon had shaped itself.

"Ugh!" growled Nicky, as they started homeward, "and I had just made up my mind that eight hundred would not be too stiff a price to ask for the mare. But I may whistle for eight hundred pounds now."

"Of course that quite explains the cloud under which he lived," Lady Baby in the second carriage was saying to her father; "no wonder his father kept him out of sight."

Lord Kippendale was still gently shaking with laughter. Curiously and contradictorily enough, something about Sir Peter had rather

tickled the fancy of the old fox-hunting Earl. "I'm not at all so sure that I would have kept him out of sight if I had been his father," he retorted; "I always thought Sir Anthony was a bit of a fool."

"Papa!" said Lady Baby, aghast, "you don't mean to say that you actually *like* him? A man who dares to say that he is constitutionally timid?"

"*Dares*,—yes, that's the word; that's where it lies. I don't know whether he is constitutionally timid or not, my dear, but that I do know that it would need a precious deal less pluck to take a post and rails with an unexplored ditch on the other side and half the field pushing behind you, than to be a Wyndhurst and quietly tell a room full of Bevans that you can't ride. I wouldn't have done it for a thousand pounds, and there are not many fences that I have funk'd in my day."

CHAPTER V.—CLEOPATRA.

"Thine eyes so bright
Bereft my sight
When first I viewed thy face."

The old schoolroom at Kippendale, in which no more lessons were now learnt since Lady Baby had decided that her education was finished, had sunk almost to the level of a lumber-room. Grammars and histories had begun to grow a little musty on the shelves for want of being opened, the tinted maps on the wall were fading to a uniform yellow, and the ancient pianoforte, on which scales used daily to be strummed, had long since been finally locked, and even the key had gone astray. But, on a certain day in April, this ancient haunt of learning found itself invaded, and filled

unexpectedly with light and colour. Chests had been opened and cupboards ransacked; and now, over the well-worn chairs, over the ink-spotted table and locked-up pianoforte, there lay a disorderly but brilliant mass of silk and velvet, of dresses and mantles, of bits of gold brocade, faded scarves, and old-fashioned fans, while an earnest discussion was in progress.

Maud Epperton had suggested that to get up tableaux would be an excellent way of killing time in this rainy weather; and Lady Baby once having caught at the excitement of the idea, every one else submitted.

"I have never seen tableaux in my life," said Lady Baby, "so I will take your advice about everything. You know all about the grouping and arranging, I suppose?"

"I am afraid I don't," said Miss Epperton, shaking her head; "we should require some one experienced."

"Oh, then, ask Mr Carbury; he is sure to know. He does nothing now, but he seems to have done everything in the world and to have grown tired of it. I wonder, by the by, why he has not grown tired of Kippendale yet."

"I doubt whether Mr Carbury would be a satisfactory stage-director," said Maud; "he is not enough of an artist."

Naturally the mention of the word artist led to the mention of Sir Peter; and presently it was decided that Sir Peter should be asked over to Kippendale. He had been at the house already on two different occasions, on each of which Miss Epperton had sat to him for Clytemnestra. But Clytemnestra was now finished, and, though the intercourse thus begun was not likely to die out immediately, still Maud considered that the tableaux had been a very happy thought. Tableaux could not be discussed in one day; so when Sir Peter was asked to come and stay a week at Kippendale, he found it quite natural, and came readily—so readily that Maud's heart beat high with hope.

"This is quite a new groove to be getting into with Nolesworth," said Lord Kippendale, rather surprised at himself after he had given the invitation; "but I suppose that, if he does not mind coming, there is no reason why we should mind having him."

It was strange how the old prejudice faded when once looked

at in this new light which chance—or Maud Epperton—had thrown upon it; like the outward shell of a barrier which has long been rotten at the core, and which wants but one resolute touch to crumble it into dust. Perhaps the barrier fell all the more readily because of Sir Peter's absolute unconsciousness of its ever having existed. There were one or two points which in the very beginning of this renewed intercourse Lady Baby and her sisters instinctively avoided, as being possibly a little awkward for both parties; amongst these were all references to Border history or to private executions. Such topics as horse-stealing or cattle-lifting were by common consent regarded as delicate, and not to be selected as subjects of conversation. The remains of the old wall round the garden were *not* pointed out to Sir Peter, as they were to most visitors; and the pile of old song-books on the chair was hastily stuffed into a cupboard. It might just as well have remained where it was. If Sir Peter had any views at all about the old feud, they were of a sort which were not likely to produce fresh bloodshed. "Do you know, I think that would be almost *paintable*," he said to Lady Baby one day, after she had, half reluctantly, half defiantly, been giving him the history of the stump of an old broadsword which had attracted his attention among a miscellaneous collection of weapons in the hall. "One of *my* ancestors broke it on the head of one of *your* ancestors," veracity compelled Lady Baby to acknowledge. "You don't say so!" said Sir Peter, quite cordially. "That shows that your ancestors used very inferior steel, or else that my ancestors had very superior

skulls." And then he listened to the account of the single combat by moonlight, and at the end made the remark about the incident being "paintable." In face of this unconsciousness the consciousness of his new friends could not fail to dwindle. "And as for the riding," reflected Lord Kippendale, as he tried to puzzle out the situation, "that's his own loss, and not ours; and it would be almost absurd to have found fault with the father and grandfather because they rode too well, and then to find fault with the son because he does not ride at all." After the lapse of ten days, this fact of Sir Peter not riding was contemplated rather more calmly; and though the discovery was hard to get over, and though he must always be looked upon as a degenerate descendant of his booted and spurred ancestors, still it had been tacitly agreed that, since he was not as he should be, he had better be taken as he was. Lady Baby had indeed attempted to open his eyes to his shortcomings, but she succeeded only in discovering still deeper depths of degradation.

"Why on earth should I want to hunt a fox?" he answered, quite unmoved by a panegyric on the noblest of sports; "the fox doesn't want to hunt me."

"You might as well say that partridges don't want to shoot you, and yet you shoot partridges."

"No, I don't."

"Well, then, grouse or wood-cook; it doesn't matter which."

"No, it doesn't in the least matter," said Sir Peter, "because I don't shoot any of them. I am not quite sure that I know what a grouse is like, with its feathers on."

"Good heavens! Do you fish?"

"No."

"Sir Peter, Sir Peter, this is awful!" cried Lady Baby. "Do you mean to say that you absolutely kill *nothing*?"

"Not unless it wants to kill me."

After this his case was regarded as hopeless. But presently it was conceded that, though he would be useless with either a gun or a whip in his hand, still he might do well enough with a lead-pencil. He was holding one now, while he sat in judgment on the brocaded gowns presented for his approval, and, with a few rough strokes, was sketching the proposed arrangement of figures.

"Everything depends on catching each person's artistic possibilities," he explained, "and every one has artistic possibilities of some sort; it all lies in finding them out. Now, Lady Agnes's possibilities lie in the Anglo-Saxon line, and Lady Catherine requires a weeping-willow."

"And what do I require?" asked Maud.

"A Grecian tiara or an oriental veil. I suppose you are tired of dressing up as Clytemnestra. What do you say to Helen of Troy?"

"And Paris?"

"I fear you must do without a Paris. There is no one with the artistic possibilities of a Paris among us. Paris must positively be under twenty-four."

"Germaine is under twenty-four," said Lady Catherine; "and of course, just because we want him, he is not here. Could we not wait for him? He is to be back next week."

"It would be a pity to delay longer," said Maud, quickly. That absent boy was not the Paris she wished to see at her feet.

"No," said Lady Baby, "we can't delay, even for Germaine. I have quite made up my mind

that the tableaux are to be this week."

Sir Peter made no remark, but looked at her rather curiously. She caught the glance.

"Are you weighing my artistic possibilities? What are they?"

"I should give you a crown," said Sir Peter, thoughtfully, "and a sceptre; but it should be a toy crown and a toy sceptre, and I should surround you with broken playthings and ill-treated dolls; and the name—well, the name of the picture should be, 'The Nursery Tyrant,' or something equivalent."

"Sir Peter!" she cried, facing him with indignant eyes, "you surely forget that I am not a child!"

"I should never be rude enough to forget anything of the sort," said Sir Peter, quite unmoved; "I was only talking of your artistic possibilities."

She threw up her head. Something in Sir Peter's tone had touched her almost like a skillfully conveyed lesson, and to Lady Baby the most distant hint of admonition or control was a thing unendurable. She was not used to it; how should she be?

"Proud as well as headstrong," thought Sir Peter, as he watched her. "What a strange child! It is a pity they have spoiled her."

"I don't like your artistic possibility," she said, with a petulant elevation of her chin.

"Then here is another; it has occurred to me this instant. If you will put this on for a moment, I will show you the other side of the medal, as the French say;" and Sir Peter picked up from the heap of things beside him a soft scarlet cap, which looked almost like the typical *bonnet rouge* of the Reign of Terror. "It fits you, does it not? Now, don't

you feel as if you could cry '*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité! À bas l'ordre; à bas les lois!*' We could call it 'the Spirit of Revolt.'"

"Oh, Sir Peter!" said Lady Agnes, "how can you say such things, even in joke? What would we be without laws? It is such a comfort to be told what to do."

"Another artistic possibility!" cried Sir Peter, as he caught her look of distress—the distress of a yoked creature that likes its yoke, and would not know how to move without it. "Allow me to place you on the picture as well, and then we can call it 'Revolution and Order.'"

"No!" cried Lady Baby abruptly, flinging the red cap to the ground; "I will not play that part. Of course I have not got Agnes's mania for doing what I am told; but I—I feel as if you were laughing at me, and—and treating me like a child. Think of something else."

The discussion grew prolonged. Somebody asked what Mr Carbury was to be. "I think he had better be a corpse," said Sir Peter, calmly eyeing his intended victim as though debating inwardly as to whether he would look to most advantage with a jewelled dagger sheathed in his heart, or with half-a-dozen arrows artistically disposed about his person. Mr Carbury tried to look civilly amused, but failed. The tableaux irritated him: it was not he who had proposed them; and there were, besides, certain vague misgivings which troubled his mind. A satin doublet would, no doubt, suit him admirably; but it could scarcely fail to suggest that odious comparison to an Italian baritone which in the course of his life had caused him so much real

mental suffering. A long cloak would have draped his tall figure gloriously, had he only not feared to look too thoroughly at home in it. If Mr Carbury had been possessed of one grain of vulgar coxcombry, he would have blithely donned both doublet and cloak, undisturbed by any such fine-drawn scruples; but his vanity was of far too fastidious as well as too deep-rooted a sort, to glory in any mere dressing-up or display. A dread of ridicule may not always be a healthy mental sign, but it did Mr Carbury at least the good service of preserving him from a host of minor absurdities. Nobody ever saw him ogling himself in mirrors, or affectionately twirling his moustache, or complacently smoothing his necktie. And thus it happened that in general he did not pass for a vain man, and that none but very shrewd people suspected the overweening self-esteem which was his ruling passion.

When Mr Carbury had with some difficulty been fitted with a part, a difficulty which arose precisely from the ease with which he would have fitted into so many parts, Launcelot and Elaine were suggested for Sir Peter and Lady Baby. Maud, busied with some lace she was mending for one of the costumes, began to grow uneasy. It was not for this that she had brought Sir Peter to Kippendale.

"Are the pictures all settled," she asked serenely, "all but mine?"

"Yes, all but yours—that is to say, all but the gem of the collection," answered Sir Peter; "for of course, Miss Epperton, you will make far the best picture of any of us. Helen of Troy must be discarded for want of a Paris; besides, I should prefer to make a single-

figure study of you. How about Cleopatra? Ah! that flash of your eye settles it; I saw visions of Egypt in that glance. Yes, you shall be Cleopatra, the Cleopatra of the 'Dream of Fair Women,' 'brow-bound with burning gold.' It is true that your cheeks are not 'swarthy,' but we will not stick at a shade of complexion; and here is the very dress, gold brocade. Miss Epperton, excuse me for saying that you will be magnificent."

"He is talking of my artistic possibilities," thought Maud, with a sigh. "Well, let it be," she said aloud. It had occurred to her that if Sir Peter himself were disengaged during the tableau in which she appeared, he would have a far better chance of viewing her in her costume.

"We shall keep it for our last picture, our crowning triumph," said Sir Peter. "I want the effect to be dazzling. The brocade is splendid, but we must have jewels; there must be a glitter, a glamour, over Cleopatra—a vague suggestion of half the wealth of Egypt being on her back. In my mind the idea of the Egyptian queen is inseparable from the idea of 'beaten gold,' and 'divers-coloured fans,' and 'strange invisible perfume.' We must load Cleopatra with gems."

"Provided we have them," suggested Mr Carbury.

"Every one must contribute what they have," said Lady Baby. "I have some sapphires; and, oh Agnes, to be sure, the diamonds! I will fetch them."

Five minutes later Lady Baby was back in the room, holding in her hand a red-morocco case, in which lay a row of single diamonds of the first water, the same which Lady Agnes had worn on the evening of Mr Carbury's coming to Kippendale.

"Oh!" was all that Miss Epperton could say, and again, "oh!" It is a strange fact that even strong-minded women are apt to become weak-minded in face of a diamond necklace. The brilliant fire which flashed from the case as it opened, quite took away her speech for a moment. She had never seen such diamonds. "Oh, Lady Agnes, am I really to wear these?"

"They are not Agnes's, and you are to wear them," said Lady Baby; "they belong to Germaine's wife."

"His wife! But he is not married!"

"Of course not; but he will be some day, and then the diamonds go to her, whoever she is."

"Lucky creature!" said Miss Epperton, as she softly lifted the glittering string. The very glitter somehow gave to Lady Baby's absent brother a greater importance than he had hitherto worn in Maud Epperton's eyes.

"It was about these diamonds that you once promised me a tragical story," said Mr Carbury; "was it not?"

"A tragical story?" cried Maud. "Oh, let us have it!"

"By all means, let us have it," said Sir Peter, sinking into a chair; "a little tragedy will be quite refreshing after so much art. Once upon a time——"

"Once upon a time," began Lady Baby, "papa had an elder brother, who was not married but who was engaged to be married, and he bought a diamond necklace for his bride. It was sent to him from London——"

"And was stolen out of the post-bag?" suggested Maud.

"No; it reached him quite safely, and he locked it away in an iron safe in the wall."

"Which safe? The one downstairs?"

"Oh no; the safe is hundreds of miles away. This did not happen at Kippendale, but at Gullyscoombe."

"And what is Gullyscoombe?"

"Gullyscoombe is what papa calls his useful estate. It is a hideous piece of land, I believe, but none of us have ever seen it; fortunately, it is very far away. But there is copper on it, you know; and all our money comes from it, somehow," added Lady Baby, with magnificent vagueness.

"And yet you have never seen it?" said Maud, reflectively. "I wonder you never go there, by way of a change."

"Go there! Go to Gullyscoombe!" from the three sisters, in different tones of horror.

"Why," said Lady Baby, "papa has only been there twice in his life himself; and each time he came away in a hurry—because he thought he would be driven to drowning himself in the sea, which came up close to his window at high tide. He calls Gullyscoombe the most God-forsaken spot between the four seas of Britain."

It was thus that Gullyscoombe was invariably spoken of in the family. The distant estate on the sea-coast of the English county of Choughshire was regarded almost as a necessary evil; while the valuable produce of its copper-mines, which they had never seen and never wished to see, made life easy and luxurious for them, and was lavished open-handed on the beloved Kippendale.

"But was your uncle fond of God-forsaken places?" asked Maud; "or why did he live at Gullyscoombe?"

"Uncle Ronald was a dreadful martinet about business; and as he was going to be married, he had gone down to Gullyscoombe

to look after his affairs. It was something about Wheal Tallyho (that was an old mine, you know) coming to an end, or shares being transferred, or something of that sort; but of course he came up here once a-week for the hunting. He started on one of these journeys on the day after he had locked away the diamonds, and as soon as he was gone the safe was robbed."

"By a servant, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, by a sort of servant.

Uncle Ronald never took more than one real servant with him when he went to Gullyscoombe, and that was Adam, the old groom, who is still with us; but there was a man upon the place, a very handy sort of a fellow, who led a kind of mixed existence, and who was sometimes a miner, and sometimes a fisherman, and sometimes anything else that turned up. And whenever there was any extra work to be done, and Christopher Swan—that was his name—did not happen to be either mining or fishing, then he was called in to do it. It was partly out of charity that Uncle Ronald used to employ him, for though he was a regular Jack-of-all-trades, he never seemed to prosper in anything he tried. He had lost one eye from a blast-hole exploding in his face; and though he was sharp in some ways, he was not always very rational—people said that came from the mast of a fishing-boat having fallen on his head when he was a child. In general, people disliked him and were rather afraid of him. I am not sure that they didn't think he was a sort of sorcerer; at any rate they all seem to have believed that he possessed the power of finding metals with the divining-rod. There really seems to have been something

uncanny about him. But Uncle Ronald never had any patience with what he called fanciful prejudices, and he often had Christopher Swan in the house. Well, on one of these occasions when Christopher had been engaged for a week, the overseer, who lived in the house, heard a noise and found the safe-door open. This was on the night after Uncle Ronald's departure. Everybody turned out except Christopher Swan, who had disappeared. Next they noticed that the boat had been unmoored and was gone. There were more boats got, and the thief was pursued; but they found nothing, and two days afterwards the boat came drifting back, keel uppermost. The thief had been drowned."

"Well, but the diamonds?" asked Maud, bewildered; "they could not have come back with the boat, and they were not drowned, since I hold them in my hands. Or did your uncle buy another necklace for his bride?"

"Poor Uncle Ronald! No; his bride did not need another necklace, for she never married him. He did not get back to Gullyscoombe again; he broke his neck out hunting. And now comes the mysterious part of the story. I told you that there was a groom in the house, too: he had been away with Uncle Ronald at the time of the robbery. A few months later, he married the niece of one of the fishermen near Gullyscoombe. Her name was Molly, and she was very pretty. Uncle Ronald used to call her the Destroying Angel, because she used to have a new sweetheart every week. Papa, when he succeeded to the title, had kept Adam in his service. One day, several months later, there was a great noise heard in

the stable-yard, and Adam burst into papa's room dragging his wife by the hand; she was staring and pale as a sheet, and round her neck she had—guess what?"

"The diamonds?"

"Yes, the diamonds. Adam had surprised her kneeling before her open box, and looking at herself in a glass inside the lid. He had taken her by the hand, and dragged her, just as she was, through the stable-yard, before all the stable-boys, and he actually flung her down at papa's feet, diamonds and all. She did nothing but cry at first, but at last she confessed that Christopher Swan had given her the diamonds as a present, but that she had not known where he had taken them from. She was so awfully silly about it that papa half thought of forgiving her, but Adam took her by the two shoulders and turned her out of the house-door; and she never came back. She died a great many years ago in London."

"And could she throw any light on the fate of the unfortunate Christopher?" asked Sir Peter. "How had he conveyed the diamonds to her?"

"Oh, I suppose she helped him in the robbing. Christopher Swan must, of course, have been drowned; he has never been heard of since."

"A curious story," said Maud, still gazing at the diamonds. "It is evident that the Destroying Angel had a large choice of victims, and it is conceivable that she should have preferred the man with two eyes to the man with one. Well, it does not much matter now; the upshot of it is, that the diamonds are here, and that I am to wear them as Cleopatra." And the talk drifted from the one-eyed miner back to the Egyptian queen.

The mention of the diamond robbery had been purely casual, and the tragedy of Christopher Swan was spoken of as a thing accomplished and done with. It did not cross the mind of either Lady Baby, the teller of the story, or that of any of her listeners, that there might yet remain one act of the tragedy to be played out, or rather that the play was to have an after-play destined to influence the lives of more than one of the persons assembled to-day in the old schoolroom at Kippendale.

The evening fixed for the tableaux happened to be the same on which Lord Germaine was expected home. It had been calculated that he would be able to get down from the station in time to form one of the spectators. But whether it was that the train was late, or the horses slow, or the clocks in the house fast, nine o'clock had struck before there was any sign of his appearance. The invited guests, consisting of two or three fox-hunting squires, and about as many agricultural lairds, with their wives and daughters, had already taken their places before the curtain; while behind it Mr Carbury, in the character of a slain knight bewailed by his bride on the battlefield, was beginning to discover that wooden boards can be very hard indeed.

"This will never do," said Lord Kippendale, after having pulled out his watch fifty times in the course of five minutes; "we cannot wait any longer. Germaine has only himself to thank for his unpunctuality. For goodness' sake, let us not sit here for ever! Up with the curtain!"

The curtain went up and discovered Mr Carbury and Catherine.

"Well done, Kate!" cried Lord Kippendale delighted, amidst the

murmur of applause. "Wailing and dishevelled, eh? she looks it to the very life;" for Lady Catherine indeed revelled in the becoming despair of her *rôle*.

"But who is Launcelot?" was whispered round the circle, as the curtain next rose on Launcelot and Elaine; Elaine with her hands outstretched and her blue eyes uplifted to Launcelot, as she received the sacred shield in keeping. There were many present to whom the young baronet was still a stranger.

"It is Sir Peter Wyndhurst," said Lord Kippendale, stroking his chin rather thoughtfully; and immediately it was whispered round the circle, "It is Sir Peter Wyndhurst." And more than one glance of surprise was interchanged, and some people said to themselves, "Lord Kippendale is turning over a new leaf;" others, "What a tall man Sir Peter is!" while yet others wondered whether Sir Peter's good looks were entirely owing to the helmet, or whether some of them were his own.

"Your daughter looks lovely," whispered the lady next Lord Kippendale.

"Eh? Yes: but I wonder she can stand so still; she doesn't so much as blink—yes, there she is blinking; holloa! what was that?"

The shield had fallen to the ground with a clatter, and Launcelot, springing forward, pulled down the curtain.

"Did you find it too heavy?" asked Sir Peter, turning to where Lady Baby stood, looking equally ready to laugh or cry.

"Yes—no; it was papa's talking that put me out. I wish people would not make remarks aloud. I felt quite hot all of a sudden."

"Is the room too warm?"

"No, it was not the room, it was the blinking; how could I help blinking?"

"I told you that did not signify; why, even a photographer allows people to blink. It is all right, as long as you look straight into my face."

"But I don't want to look straight into any one's face."

"It is an artistic necessity," urged Sir Peter. "There! they want the curtain up for the second view. Are you ready?"

"No, I will not do it again; tell them that I will not."

"As you like," said Sir Peter, quietly.

"Well, then; for the next picture!" Another picture and then another were displayed, and then the last had been reached. But this time the preparatory pause was longer, for Sir Peter was almost over-fastidious about the finishing touches of this picture. All the other tableaux had embraced two or more figures, but this was one solitary resplendent apparition—the Cleopatra which Sir Peter had so studiously planned, and on which Maud Epperton had, so to say, staked her last chance. It was the illustration of Tennyson's lines:—

"Then, turning, saw I one who sat
Upon a crimson scarf unrolled;
A Queen, with swarthy cheeks and
bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold."

"There now, Miss Epperton," said Sir Peter, as he settled the last fold of her drapery, "you are absolutely perfect, all but the direction of your eyes. Look towards the public, but not at them; let your gaze pass over their heads, and fix it on some distinct point, say the door, for instance. You will find that a help. And try to think that the door is not a door,

but some slave whose allegiance you are claiming. Shall I give the signal?"

He gave the signal. But this time, as the curtain rose, instead of the admiring murmur, there was a minute of complete silence. No one was at all prepared for the effect Maud would produce; her beauty was of that sort which can be almost incalculably enhanced by gaslight and costume. And here every advantage had been lavished, every point had been weighed. The severe lines of her flowing robe gave to her splendid figure an almost statuesque perfection, while the dusky waves of her unbound hair fell round her like a mantle. With one beautiful arm half raised, and her crimson lips just parted, as though in the act of speaking, she sat immovable, and nothing but the quiver of the diamonds on her neck and the brilliancy of her dark eyes showed that she was no statue.

A burst of applause followed upon the first silence of surprise. Recovered from their amazement, the fox-hunting squires and the agricultural lairds, imagining that they had become young again, clapped their hands with vigour and shouted themselves hoarse with approbation. And in the midst of the noise the door opened unnoticed, and a curly-haired young giant in a travelling-coat stood on the threshold, and stared, and rubbed his eyes, and stared again, wondering how it was that he had never before seen anything as beautiful as that glittering vision, whose eyes, bright with triumph, were looking straight into his, and asking himself whether she was a woman, or whether in the next minute she would melt back to empty air. And then Lady Baby sprang out from behind the scenes, crying—

"Germaine has come! Here is Germaine at last!"

CHAPTER VI.—CLEOPATRA AT HOME.

"Judge not thy friend until thou standest in his place."

Maud Epperton sat before her toilet-glass, and with thoughtful eyes gazed into its depths. She was still Cleopatra, "brow-bound with burning gold," and the diamonds still glittered on her neck. Though every one in the house was long since asleep, she lingered as though unwilling to part with one jot of her Egyptian splendour.

And yet it was not of her Egyptian splendour she was thinking as she sat there quite still, meeting her own gaze in the glass, her head a little bent, and her arms, laden with bracelets, resting on the toilet-table. Her thoughts were travelling back over the last few weeks—were passing each day

in a sort of cursory review, until they halted on one especial day, which stood out branded with a mark of its own. Nothing could have been more different, more wide apart to all appearances, than that day and this present one; and yet it was exactly the brilliancy of this evening which sent back her thoughts straight to the gloom of that other one. They were linked by an invisible thread. The other had been the cause, this was the effect.

How dark it had been, how chill and damp, as she peered through the blurred window of the fly which was taking her from the station to her aunt's lodging,

and what a time she had stood shivering on the doorstep before the well-known slip-slap of the lodging-house servant's down-trodden shoes had been heard coming along the passage. Up a steep staircase Maud had dragged herself wearily—up several steep staircases, until she reached the flat occupied by her spinster aunt, the elder Miss Epperton. The kitchen on this flat had a window which received its light through the passage, and there were various half-jars of butter and remains of cold pudding standing on the sill inside. A light burned dimly within, and some one was moving about the hearth.

"She has not waited dinner for me," said Maud, as she looked through the window; and then, slowly and reluctantly, she pushed open the door. A minute later she stood in her aunt's sitting-room. The sitting-room was the dining-room as well—the big round table in the middle being cleared three times a-day to make room for dishes and glasses. At this round table Maud's aunt was sitting, having just finished eating her soup, and putting in a few stitches to a stripe of sky-blue crochet-work, while waiting for Sarah-Ann to bring in the Irish stew. At the sound of the opening door she looked over her spectacles at Maud, then put in the six remaining stitches to the row she was working, and then only laid down the stripe and gazed deliberately at her niece.

"So you are back?" she said, blankly and drearily.

"Yes, I am back," said Maud, in a tone which betrayed nothing but the indifference of fatigue. "Did you not get my telegram?"

"Yes, I got your telegram. I suppose Sarah-Ann has put sheets on your bed. I told her to."

"And the soup would have spoiled, of course, by standing five minutes longer," said Maud, with a touch of irritation.

"The soup would have spoiled, probably; it was singed at any rate, by reason, I suppose, of Sarah-Ann having to look after your room. What makes you come down here in this way, like a thunderbolt? You may be used to flying about like a rocket, but I am not used to having rockets fly at me. What makes you come down here at all? Couldn't you have written? What is the good of spending a shilling instead of a penny? I detest telegrams."

"I had no time to write," said Maud, sinking into a chair and pulling her hat from off her aching head: "it was only this morning that the Oakhams finally made up their minds to go to Paris. I had only just time to send off that telegram and pack up my things."

"And why didn't the Oakhams take you to Paris with them? They took you to Bournemouth last year; and the difference of the ticket wouldn't be much to *them*. Are they tired of you?"

"Very likely they are," said Maud, with a smile that looked dangerous: "they have another daughter out this year, too."

"And what has become of the Bailies and the Belfields, and all the rest of your fine titled friends? Have they all got daughters come out too? Has London turned into a wilderness? Dear, dear! who ever would have thought that the beautiful Miss Epperton would condescend to show her face in Brackton at this time of year? Why, the place will look quite new to you, my dear. I don't believe you have seen it by an April light since you were fifteen;

and that's a good bit back now, you know."

"The Bailies are in mourning," answered Maud, as she slowly dipped her spoon into the plate of warmed-up potato-soup which Sarah-Ann had placed before her; "and the Belfields have got their house full, and most of my other friends are either out of town or else unable to ask me just at present."

Miss Epperton the elder took up her sky-blue stripe again and held it close to the lamp. It was necessary to do so, because the wick could not be turned up high on account of the chimney being cracked.

"Yes, yes," she said, with a short and dismal laugh, "that's how it begins. In a few years more you will be quite surprised to see how full your friends' houses will be exactly at the time you want an invitation; it can't go on for ever, you know. How old are you? Thirty next birthday? No wonder they are tired of their toy; and the toy is not so pretty as it was either. You have gone off a good deal in these two last months, my dear."

Maud's eyes gleamed, but she sat quite still. After her day of hurry and travelling she felt almost too tired to be angry. Her glance strayed round the room, over the horse-hair chairs and the threadbare carpet, and towards Sarah-Ann bringing in the Irish stew. Yesterday she had dined in a room hung with peacock-blue silk, and a powdered footman had moved her plate.

"Aunt Sophy," she said suddenly, "what has become of the piano?"

"Sold," was the short reply.

"Sold? Good gracious! why?"

"Because I wanted the money. Do you wish for any more reasons?"

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If you do, I can give you one—they've raised the rent."

"Oh!" Maud sank back despondently on her chair.

"So if you want to practise your waltzes, you will have to do it elsewhere."

"But the rent is paid this term?"

"Yes, the rent is paid this term, thanks to keeping down the butcher's bill and not having the fire put on till the afternoon. But the rent won't be paid next term if there's a second mouth to feed. How long have you come for?"

The question was not put roughly, scarcely harshly; it was put only with that dreary hopelessness which has no room for sentiment.

"I don't know," said Maud, with a hysterical laugh. "Are you going to turn me out of doors?"

"No. For one thing, I don't suppose you would go. You may have a deal of pride about you, my dear, but it doesn't often interfere with your convenience. You wouldn't be here to-night if it did."

"Oh, Aunt Sophy, where else could I have gone to?" cried Maud, with a sob. "Do not be so unmerciful! You know I have no home but this."

The elder Miss Epperton made no answer just at once, but helped herself to a very small portion of salt. Then she looked across suddenly into her niece's face. "Why have you no home but this?" she asked. "That's what I want to know."

Maud sat silent, looking sullenly at her plate.

"You don't play the innocent—that's one good thing. I think we both prefer plain English. Why haven't you got a husband? It's a husband's place to feed his wife.

I have put bread into your mouth as long as I had it, but what I haven't got I can't give; and it's no use talking of mercy or pity. If I had a house in London and ten thousand a-year, I daresay I should be very merciful, and I should be a most loving aunt, and you a most affectionate niece; but I haven't, and there's an end of it. And it's no use pretending that it is a joy to me to have you on my hands—for it is not. And if I am to come to a crust of bread, which does not seem unlikely, I would a great deal rather eat it by myself than share it with any one, even if it be my brother's child."

Maud dropped her knife and fork with a clatter, and rose from her chair. "That will do, Aunt Sophy," she said, hoarsely; "that is just about as much as I can bear. I—I can't eat any more. I am going."

"Where to? The poorhouse?"

"To my room just at present; that is, the room you let me have; and afterwards, I don't know—to some place where my food is not grudged me." And snatching up her hat and gloves, Maud walked from the room.

"She will be back before the table is cleared," said Miss Sophy Epperton, nodding her head twice at the door as it fell to with a slam. But Miss Sophy Epperton was mistaken. Maud did not show herself again that evening. Though she walked so steadily from the room, she was in reality shaking all over from the excitement of overstrained nerves. The first thing she did on reaching her room was to stumble and nearly fall over the travelling trunk which had been left standing in the middle of the floor, and which, in her agitation, she did not see. There were no matches on the chimney-

piece and no fire in the grate; but as there was also no curtain to the window, and a street lamp burned straight opposite, the room was not quite dark. At any rate, there was light enough for what Maud had to do, and that was merely to sit down and think, think, think of what her next step should be—which way she should turn on her lonely and precarious path in life. As she sat there before the empty grate, with her elbows on her knees and her hands pressed over her face, few people indeed would have recognised the brilliant Miss Epperton who had graced so many drawing-rooms for so many years past, who could rattle off small-talk with the best of chatterers, and smile as blithely as the most favoured child of fortune. And yet this was the real Maud Epperton as much as the other—more than the other, perhaps; for much of that brilliancy was but an outward gloss, assumed because the world will not tolerate what is dull and sad, and because Maud's only hope in life lay in keeping friends with the world.

Maud Epperton had never known her parents. She had neither brother nor sister, nor—with the exception of her aunt Sophy—near relations of any sort; and if the penniless girl had secured for herself a recognised place in London society, it was by sheer strength of her own cleverness. In default of fortune, she lived upon her wits. Her first appearance had been under the wing of a distant cousin in high life (for she was well connected on her mother's side), who, growing tired of her when after one season she had failed to make the brilliant match expected of her, had handed her on to another chaperon, from whom she had passed on to another. Thus she had struggled on in hand-

to-mouth fashion, by turns admired and slighted, taken up and dropped; and in this way she had slowly become what she was,—had learnt to stoop and dissimulate, to curry the patronage which to her meant not only balls and theatre-tickets, but also food and lodging; had taught herself to flatter women who had not the tenth particle of her beauty, to submit her judgment to that of women who had not the tenth particle of her brains; had acquired the talent of smiling with rage in her heart, and of laughing her gayest when she felt sad to death.

And was it all in vain? Were hundreds of painfully devised plans, were thousands of mortifications swallowed, were ten seasons of such grinding work as only fashion dare demand of her slaves, to result in old-maidenhood, spent in the company of Aunt Sophy's still older maidenhood? Obviously there was but one way of escape from this existence as dismal as it was humiliating, and that way was matrimony. It was strange that, with all her beauty, Maud was still Miss Epperton; and yet, perhaps, seeing the mixture in Maud's nature, it was not very strange. Had she been a little harder, she would have made a wise and worldly marriage long ago; had she been a little softer, she would probably have made a foolish one. She might have done either. On one occasion she had all but accepted a grey-haired Croesus who, with senile ardour, had laid his riches at her feet; another time she had been half engaged to a curate with soft brown eyes and an empty pocket. But in both these cases, when it came to the point her courage had failed; she was, after all, not quite worldly enough to accept the rich old man—and she was, after all, not quite

unworldly enough to marry the poor young one. She had been very young herself when both these things happened, and when she thought the matter over nowadays, she always felt quite sure that she would act just the same again as regards the curate, but she was not quite so sure now as regards the millionaire. Much in her had hardened since then, and millionaires were not so plentiful as they used to be. Most girls in her place would have thought that even a penniless husband would have been a welcome exchange for Aunt Sophy; and as the curate episode showed, Maud had come very near to thinking so herself; but on this and other occasions her very clear common-sense had saved her from wrecking her one chance in life upon any rock of mere mortification or petulance. Mortified she might feel, and petulant she could be, for those people who said that Miss Epperton was all made up of calculation judged her falsely. She was, on the contrary, all made up of impulse, only that she almost invariably withstood her impulses. And who would blame her for her common-sense? Had it not been acquired in a hard enough school? When people said, "Miss Epperton is trying to catch a rich husband," they little knew what alternative Miss Epperton had before her eyes. It was not so much that she was covetous of riches, as that she was terrified of poverty. She knew it too well, knew it with all its sordid cares and its countless worries, with all its great horrors and its little miseries; had watched how under its touch all brightness had faded from her aunt's life, how kindness had been cankered and sweetness soured, and softness pinched away by its tightening fingers,

until a woman, once fairly amiable and undoubtedly well-intentioned, had gradually turned into this snappish and hardened and prematurely withered Aunt Sophy.

And Maud knew more than this, for she had seen life in many aspects; she knew that there was a worse poverty than this, the poverty of struggling families and of hungry children—a poverty more heartbreaking, if less solitary. And thus, while many a girl without any more vocation for self-sacrifice than Maud had, would have walked blithely and blindly into an imprudent marriage, simply because she did not know what she was doing, Maud, knowing too well, preferred to remain Miss Epperton; and this is why she was able to swallow the bread which her aunt Sophy gave her without choking with shame. Such scenes as the one to-night were of no very unusual occurrence, but her aunt had never stated the case quite so brutally before; and all that there remained of pride in Maud was quivering now as though under a lash. Short of turning her niece on to the street, what more could she have said? “And it is true,” said Maud, as she clasped and unclasped her trembling hands; “it is quite true; I am another mouth to feed; she cannot give me what she has not got;” and having reached this point in her reflections, Maud suddenly remembered that all she had got this evening was a few spoonfuls of singed potato-soup, and she realised all at once that she was almost faint with hunger. The vision which this discovery most distinctly conjured up before her mind’s eye was that of the Irish stew which at her indignant exit she had left almost untouched

upon her plate. Would it be there still? Rather cold, rather uninviting perhaps; but what of that? she *was* so hungry! “Perhaps Aunt Sophy will send me a message,” she said to herself. “Perhaps Sarah-Ann will bring me something; she must know I have had no dinner,”—and for a little while after this Maud sat listening for some sound in the passage; but time passed, and all was still. Then she heard her aunt come out of the sitting-room and go into her bedroom—for Maud, busy with her thoughts, had not realised how long she had sat there. Then Sarah-Ann came along the passage and put out the lamp, and, returning to the kitchen, locked the door behind her. And then Maud’s courage broke down. The full consciousness of her wretched loneliness seemed to sweep down upon her. And was it because of the awful idea of missing this season in London? or was it because she remembered that she would be thirty next birthday? or was it only because she had travelled very far and eaten very little that day? More probably it was a mixture of all these causes which made her suddenly break into a flood of scalding tears.

“My welcome!” she sobbed aloud, “my welcome home! Oh, where can I go? Yes, Aunt Sophy is right; why have I not got another home? Oh, who could give me one? who—who?”

She cried for about five minutes, and then her common-sense began to come to her aid, and suggested that the first thing to be done was to still these unbearable pangs of vulgar, physical hunger. Half blind with tears, she groped her way to her travelling-bag, and dug out from its depths a few stale sandwiches and broken biscuits

that had survived the journey. Then, with her shawl huddled round her—for the evening had grown very chill—she sat down again beside the empty grate, and ate her vagabond fare by the light of the street lamp.

She was much calmer now. The burst of tears had relieved her, and she felt better able to take a dispassionate review of her situation. Though she still kept repeating that wild query of "Who? who?" there was an answer to it already in her mind. A name stood out in her thoughts shining like a faint star of hope suggesting the bare possibility of escape. It was the name of Sir Peter Wyndhurst.

A short time before this she had met Sir Peter at his stepmother's house in London, and it had immediately become evident to her that she had produced some sort of impression upon him. His open admiration had been noted and talked of; he had followed her about for several days, and at last had asked leave to paint her portrait. But the portrait was not done when business called him away to Scotland, and Maud's hopes, which had begun to rise high, were abruptly extinguished.

So, at least, it had seemed. But now, with wits sharpened by the need of the moment, casting about for some straw of hope to catch at, she began to ask herself whether something might not yet be done. She was not in love with Sir Peter. She did not for a moment try to persuade herself that she was—for she always preferred to be honest when she could possibly afford it; but she had a distinct liking for him. He was sympathetic to her; was not that enough? She was persuaded that his wife would be a lucky woman, and this not only because he was

enormously rich. This was no case of the wealthy monsters, the leering millionaires, who in bygone days had knelt at her feet. To marry Sir Peter, despite his thousands, would not even entail any distinct loss of self-respect.

That advantage, therefore, must be followed up. A very little more reflection fixed this resolve. She was quite herself again now, her figure straightened, the tears dried on her cheeks, her mind grappling with the problem in hand. It was not often that she gave way to fits of such weakness as the one she had indulged in to-night. Her judgment was in general clear and masterful, and her resolutions were ever quickly formed and carried out with spirit. Very soon she had devised the ways and means by which her project was to be carried out; she had recollected her lucky acquaintance with Lady Catherine, and determined to write a letter which should be a masterpiece of diplomacy. She was quite sure of the surprise which, despite all its diplomacy, the letter must cause, but something like despair had made her more reckless than usual.

How Maud Epperton acted upon that resolution has already been told. Up to her meeting with Sir Peter all her plans had worked without a flaw; but after that point there came a check. Sir Peter's admiration was as evident as ever. How was it, then, that he did not take fire? Vanity for its own sake was a weakness which Maud never gave way to; and even before the tableaux were done rehearsing, she had pierced the question to its core, and had realised that Sir Peter's interest in her was the interest of a painter in a beautiful model.

Now, as she sat before her glass

in her rich costume, she alone awake in all the house, Maud did not mince matters in her mind.

"As regards the whole parcel of those rosy-cheeked squires," she said aloud, "I have been a success. I seemed to go to their heads like champagne. I think some of them did not walk quite straight out of the door; they will have Cleopatra on the brain for a fortnight to come. But as regards Sir Peter, I have been—let me be honest, there is no one here but my looking-glass,—I have been a failure." She said the word firmly, but in her eyes there was no failure written, rather there was something that looked like a doubtful, dawning triumph. She knew that she had gained a victory in the very moment of defeat; for, immovable as she had remained, and wrapt as she had seemed in her part, by her alone of all present the opening of the door had been noticed. With her eyes fixed on the doorway she could not help seeing the young man who stood there; she had observed his start and change of colour, had almost guessed at the very shape of the question which in his first bewilderment he had put to himself. Before any one else had even noticed that he was in the room, she had realised that he was Lord Germaine, and had said to herself, "Why, he is more than a boy—he is almost a man;" and before even she had stepped off her pedestal, an amazing thought had flashed through her mind, and unconsciously her brain was at work upon

this new conception while she was still thanking Sir Peter for his help in disentangling her train.

There is a Scottish proverb which says that "when a door steeks anither opens"; and though Maud had never heard this saying, something of this same idea was floating in her mind to-night. "I wonder what that boy looks like by daylight," she mused; "he struck me as handsome. I had not realised that he is actually twenty-three—they all talked of him as of a mere schoolboy. Heavens! how he looked at me! I wonder—" she broke off, and fell into brooding thought. "Of course, he is the only son," she said, presently; "and though I don't think they are inordinately rich, they are without doubt very comfortably off. Evidently it must all come from those copper-mines down in the south—for Kippendale, though it is very ornamental, can scarcely be productive. Why, there are no farms at all; it is all one big pleasure-ground. I wish I knew a little more about copper; and I wish, oh, I wish that I had not to take off these diamonds—they make me look quite five years younger. But it is late. Cleopatra, farewell!"

She unclasped the necklace, and held it for a minute dangling in the light. All at once she gave a short laugh—

"Germaine's wife's diamonds, to be sure! I had forgotten that. Germaine's wife's diamonds!"

CHRISTMAS EVE ON A HAUNTED HULK.

I SHALL never forget that night as long as I live.

It was during the Christmas vacation 187-. I was staying with an old college friend who had lately been appointed the curate of a country parish, and had asked me to come and cheer him up, since he could not get away at that time.

As we drove along the straight country lane from the little wayside station, it forcibly struck me that a life in such a place must be dreary indeed. I have always been much influenced by local colour; above all things, I am depressed by a dead level, and here was monotony with a vengeance. On each side of the low hedges, lichen-covered and wind-cropped, stretched bare fields, the absolute level of the horizon being only broken at intervals by some mournful tree that pointed like a decrepit finger-post towards the east, for all its western growth was nipped and blasted by the roaring southwest winds. An occasional black spot, dotted against the grey distance, marked a hay-rick or labourer's cottage, while some two miles ahead of us the stunted spire of my friend's church stood out against the wintry sky, amid the withered branches of a few ragged trees. On our right hand stretched dreary wastes of mud, interspersed here and there with firmer patches of land, but desolate and forlorn, cut off from all communication with the mainland by acres of mud and thin streaks of brown water.

A few sea-birds were piping over the waste, and this was the only sound, except the grit of our own wheels and the steady step of the horse, which broke the silence.

"Not lively is it?" said Jones; and I couldn't say it was. As we drove "up street," as the inhabitants fondly called the small array of low houses which bordered the highroad, I noticed the lack-lustre expression of the few children and untidy women who were loitering about the doors of their houses.

There was an old tumble-down inn, with a dilapidated sign-board, scarcely held up by its rickety iron-work. A daub of yellow and red paint, with a dingy streak of blue, was supposed to represent the Duke's head, although what exalted member of the aristocracy was thus distinguished it would be hard to say. Jones inclined to think it was the Duke of Wellington; but I upheld the theory that it was the Duke of Marlborough, chiefly basing my arguments on the fact that no artist who desired to convey a striking likeness would fail to show the Great Duke in profile, whereas this personage was evidently depicted full face, and wearing a three-cornered hat.

At the end of the village was the church, standing in an untidy churchyard, and opposite it was a neat little house, quite new, and of that utilitarian order of architecture which will stamp the Victorian age as one of the least imaginative of eras. Two windows flanked the front door, and three narrow windows looked out overhead from under a slate roof; variety and distinction being given to the façade by the brilliant blending of the yellow bricks with red, so bright as to suggest the idea of their having been painted. A scrupulously clean stone at the front door, together with the bright

green of the little palings and woodwork, told me what sort of landlady to expect, and I was not disappointed. A kindly featured woman, thin, cheery, and active, received us, speaking in that encouraging tone of half-compassionate, half-proprietary patronage, which I have observed so many women adopt towards lone beings of the opposite sex.

"You will find it precious dull, old man," said Jones, as we were eating our frugal dinner. "There's nothing for you to do, unless you care to try a shot at the duck over the mud-flats. I shall be busy on and off nearly all to-morrow."

As we talked, I could not help admiring the cheerful pluck with which Jones endured the terrible monotony of his life in this dreary place. His rector was said to be delicate, and in order to prolong a life, which no doubt he considered valuable to the Church, he lived with his family either at Torquay or Cannes in elegant idleness, quite unable to do any duty, but fully equal to enjoying the pleasant society of those charming places, and quite satisfied that he had done his duty when he sacrificed a tenth of his income to provide for the spiritual needs of his parish. There was no squire in the place; no "gentlefolk," as the rustics called them, lived nearer than five miles; and there was not a single being of his own class with whom poor Jones could associate. And yet he made no complaint. The nearest approach to one being the remark that the worst of it was, it was so difficult, if not impossible, to be really understood. "The poor being so suspicious and ignorant, they look at everything from such a low standpoint, enthusiasm and fresh-

ness sink so easily into formalism and listlessness."

The next day, finding that I really could be of no use, and feeling awkward and bored, as a man always is when another is actively doing his duty, I went off to the marshes to see if I could get any sport.

I took some sandwiches and a flask with me, not intending to return until dinner. After wandering about for some time, crossing dyke after dyke by treacherous rails more or less rotten, I found myself on the edge of a wide mere. I could see some duck out in the middle, and standing far out in the shallow water was a heron. They were all out of shot, and I saw I should do no good without a duck-punt.

I sat down on an old pile left on the top of the sea-wall, which had been lately repaired. The duck looked very tempting; but I doubted if I should do much good in broad daylight, even if I had a duck-punt, without a duck-gun. After sitting disconsolately for some time, I got up and wandered on.

The dreariness of the scene was most depressing: everything was brown and grey. Nothing broke the monotony of the wide-stretching mere; the whole scene gave me the impression of a straight line of interminable length, with a speck in the centre of it. That speck was myself.

At last, as I turned an angle in the sea-wall, I saw something lying above high-water mark, which looked like a boat.

Rejoiced to see any signs of humanity, I quickened my pace. It was a boat, and, better still, a duck-punt. As I came nearer I could see that she was old and very likely leaky; but here was

a prospect of adventure, and I was not going to be readily daunted. On examination, the old craft seemed more water-tight than I expected. At least she held water very well, and if she kept it in, she must equally well keep it out. I turned her over to run the water out, and then dragging the crazy old boat over the line of sea-weed, launched her. But now a real difficulty met me. The paddles were nowhere to be seen. They had doubtless been taken away by the owner, and it would be little use searching for them. But a stout stick would do to punt her over the shallow water; and after some little search, I found an old stake which would answer well.

This was real luck. I had now some hope of bagging a few duck; at any rate, I was afloat, and could explore the little islets, which barely rose above the brown water. I might at least find some rabbits on them. I cautiously poled myself towards the black dots; but before I came within range, up rose first one, then another and another, like a string of beads, and the whole flight went, with outstretched necks and rapidly beating wings, away to my right, and seemed to pitch again beyond a low island some half-mile away. The heron had long ago taken himself off; so there was nothing to be done but pole across the mud in pursuit of the duck. I had not gone many yards when I found that I was going much faster than I expected, and soon saw the cause. The tide was falling, and I was being carried along with it. This would bring me nearer to my ducks, and I lazily guided the punt with the stake.

On rounding the island I found a new source of interest. The mere opened out to a much larger

extent, and away towards my right I could see a break in the low land, as if a wide ditch had been cut through; while in this opening ever and anon dark objects rose up and disappeared again in a way I could not account for. The water seemed to be running off the mud-flats, and I saw that if I did not wish to be left high, but not dry, on the long alimy wastes, I must be careful to keep in the little channels or "lakes," which acted as natural drains to the acres of greasy mud.

A conspicuous object attracted my attention some mile or more towards the opening in the land. It was a vessel lying high up on the mud, and looking as if she was abandoned.

The ducks had pitched a hundred yards or so beyond the island, and I approached as cautiously as I could; but just as I was putting down the stake to take up my gun, there was a swift sound of beating wings and splashing water, and away my birds flew, low over the mud, towards the old hulk.

Here was a chance, I thought. If I could get on board and remain hidden, I might, by patiently waiting, get a shot. I looked at my watch; there was still plenty of daylight left, and the tide was only just beginning to leave the mud. I punted away, therefore, with renewed hope, and was not long in getting up to the old ship.

There was just sufficient water over the mud to allow me to approach within ten or twelve feet, but further I could not push the punt. This was disappointing; however, I noticed a deep lake ran round the other side, and determined to try my luck there. So with a slosh and a heave I got the flat afloat again, and made for the deeper water. It turned out

quite successful, and I was enabled to get right under the square overhanging counter, while a little lane of water led alongside her starboard quarter. I pushed the nose of the punt into this, and was not long in clambering on board by the rusty irons of her fore-chains.

The old vessel lay nearly upright in the soft mud, and a glance soon told she would never be used again. Her gear and rigging were all rotten, and everything valuable had been removed. She was a brig of some two hundred tons, and had been a fine vessel, no doubt. To me there is always a world of romance in a deserted ship. The places she has been to, the scenes she has witnessed, the possibilities of crime, of adventure—all these thoughts crowd upon me when I see an old hulk lying deserted and forgotten—left to rot upon the mud of some lonely creek.

In order to keep my punt afloat as long as possible, I towed her round and moored her under the stern, and then looked over the bulwarks for the duck. There they were, swimming not more than a hundred and fifty yards away, and they were coming towards me. I remained perfectly concealed under the high bulwark, and could see them paddling and feeding in the greasy weed. Their approach was slow, but I could afford to wait. Nearer and nearer they came; another minute, and they would be well within shot. I was already congratulating myself upon the success of my adventure, and thinking of the joy of Jones at this large accession to his larder, when suddenly there was a heavy splash, and with a wild spluttering rush the whole pack rose out of the water, and went skimming over the mud towards the distant sea. I let off both

barrels after them, and tried to console myself by thinking that I saw the feathers fly from one; but not a bird dropped, and I was left alone in my chagrin.

What could have caused the splash, that luckless splash, I wondered. There was surely no one else on board the ship, and certainly no one could get out here without mud-pattens or a boat. I looked round. All was perfectly still. Nothing broke the monotony of the grey scene—sodden and damp and lifeless. A chill breeze came up from the south-west, bringing with it a raw mist, which was blotting out the dark distance, and fast limiting my horizon. The day was drawing in, and I must be thinking of going home. As I turned round, my attention was arrested by seeing a duck-punt glide past me in the now rapidly falling water, which was swirling by the mud-bank on which the vessel lay. But there was no one in her. A dreadful thought struck me. It must be my boat, and how shall I get home? I ran to the stern and looked over. The duck-punt was gone.

The frayed and stranded end of the painter told me how it had happened. I had not allowed for the fall of the tide, and the strain of the punt, as the water fell away, had snapped the line, old and rotten as it was.

I ran to the bows, and jumping on to the bitts, saw my punt peacefully drifting away, some quarter of a mile off. It was perfectly evident I could not hope to get her again.

It was beginning to rain steadily. I could see that I was in for dirty weather, and became a little anxious about how I was to get back, especially as it was now rapidly growing dark. So thick was it that I could

not see the low land anywhere, and could only judge of its position by remembering that the stern of the vessel pointed that way.

The conviction grew upon me that I could not possibly get away from this doleful old hulk without assistance, and how to get it, I could not for the life of me see. I had not seen a sign of a human being the whole day. It was not likely any more would be about at night. However, I shouted as loud as I could, and then waited to hear if there were any response. There was not a sound, only the wind moaned slightly through the stumps of the masts, and something creaked in the cabin.

Well, I thought, at least it might be worse. I shall have shelter for the night; while had I been left on one of these islands, I should have had to spend the night exposed to the pelting rain. Happy thought! Go below before it gets too dark, and see what sort of a berth can be got, if the worst comes to the worst. So thinking, I went to the booby-hatch, and found as I expected that it was half broken open, and any one could go below who liked.

As I stepped down the rotting companion, the air smelt foul and dank. I went below very cautiously, for I was not at all sure that the boards would bear me. It was fortunate I did so, for as I stepped off the lowest step the floor gave way under my foot, and had I not been holding on to the stair-rail, I should have fallen through. Before going any further, I took a look round.

The prospect was not inviting. The light was dim; I could scarcely make out objects near me, all else was obscurity. I could see that the whole of the inside of the vessel was completely gutted. What

little light there was came through the stern ports. A small round speck of light looked at me out of the darkness ahead, and I could see that the flooring had either all given way or been taken out of her. At my feet a gleam of water showed me what to expect if I should slip through the floor-joists. Altogether, a more desolate, gloomy, ghostly place it would be difficult to find.

I could not see any bunk or locker where I could sit down, and everything movable had been taken out of the hulk. Groping my way with increasing caution, I stepped across the joists, and felt along the side of the cabin. I soon came to a bulkhead. Continuing to grope, I came to an opening. If the cabin was dim, here was blackness itself. I felt it would be useless to attempt to go further, especially as a very damp foul odour came up from the bilgewater in her hold. As I stood looking into the darkness, a cold chilly shudder passed over me, and with a shiver I turned round to look at the cabin. My eyes had now become used to the gloom. A deeper patch of darkness on my right suggested the possibility of a berth, and groping my way over to it, I found the lower bunk was still entire. Here at least I could rest, if I found it impossible to get to shore. Having some wax vestas in my pocket, I struck a light and examined the bunk. It was better than I expected. If I could only find something to burn, I should be comparatively cheerful.

Before reconciling myself to my uncomfortable position, I resolved to see whether I could not get to the shore, and went up the rickety stairs again. It was raining hard, and the wind had got up. Nothing could be more dismal. I

looked over the side and lowered myself down from the main-chains, to see if it were possible to walk over the mud. I found I could not reach the mud at all; and fearful of being unable to climb back if I let go, I clambered up the side again and got on board.

It was quite clear I must pass the night here. Before going below I once more shouted at the top of my voice, more to keep up my own spirits than with any hope of being heard, and then paused to listen. Not a sound of any sort replied. I now prepared to make myself as comfortable as I could.

It was a dreary prospect. I would rather have spent the night on deck than down below in that foul cabin; but the drenching driving rain, as well as the cold, drove me to seek shelter below. It seemed so absurd to be in the position of a shipwrecked sailor, within two or three miles of a prosy country hamlet, and in a landlocked harbour while actually on land, if the slimy deep mud could be called land. I had not many matches left, but I had my gun and cartridges. The idea occurred to me to fire off minute-guns. "That's what I ought to do, of course. The red flash will be seen in this dark night," for it was dark now and no mistake. Getting up on to the highest part of the vessel, I blazed away. The noise sounded to me deafening; surely the whole country-side would be aroused. After firing off a dozen cartridges, I waited. But the silence only seemed the more oppressive, and the blackness all the darker. "It's no good; I'll turn in," I thought, dejectedly.

With great difficulty I groped my way to the top of the companion-ladder, and bumped dismally down the steps. If only I had

a light I should be fairly comfortable, I thought. "Happy thought, make a 'spit-devil!'" as we used when boys to call a little cone of damp gunpowder.

I got out my last two cartridges, and emptying the powder carefully into my hand, I moistened it, and worked it up to a paste. I then placed it on the smooth end of the rail, and lighted it. This was brilliant: at least so it seemed by contrast with the absolute blackness around me. By its light I was able to find my way to the bunk, and it lasted just long enough for me to arrange myself fairly comfortably for the night. By contriving a succession of matches, I was enabled to have enough light to see to eat my frugal supper; for I had kept a little sherry and a few sandwiches to meet emergencies, and it was a fortunate thing I had. The light and the food made me feel more cheery, and by the time the last match had gone out, I felt worse might have happened to me by a long way.

As I lay still, waiting for sleep to come, the absurdity of the situation forced itself upon me. Here was I, to all intents and purposes as much cut off from all communication with the rest of the world as if I were cast away upon a desert island. The chances were that I should make some one see or hear me the next day. Jones would be certain to have the country searched, and at the longest I should only endure the discomfort of one night, and get well laughed at for my pains; but meanwhile I was absolutely severed from all human contact, and was as isolated as Robinson Crusoe, only "more so," for I had no other living thing whatever to share my solitude. The silence of the place was perfect; and if silence can woo sleep,

sleep ought very soon to have come. But when one is hungry and wet, and in a strange uncanny kind of place, besides being in one's clothes, it is a very difficult thing to go to sleep. First, my head was too low; then, after resting it on my arms, I got cramp in them. My back seemed all over bumps; when I turned on my side, I appeared to have got a rather serious enlargement of the hip-joint; and I found my damp clothes smell very musty. After sighing and groaning for some time, I sat up for change of position, and nearly fractured my skull in so doing, against the remains of what had once been a berth above me. I didn't dare to move in the inky blackness, for I had seen sufficient to know that I might very easily break my leg or my neck in the floorless cabin.

There was nothing for it but to sit still, or lie down and wait for daylight. I had no means of telling the time. When I had last looked at my watch, before the last match had gone out, it was not more than six o'clock; it might be now about eight, or perhaps not so late. Fancy twelve long hours spent in that doleful black place, with nothing in the world to do to pass away the time! I *must* go to sleep; and so, full of this resolve, I lay down again.

I suppose I went to sleep. All I can recollect, after lying down, is keeping my mind resolutely turned inwards, as it were, and fixed upon the arduous business of counting an imaginary and interminable flock of sheep pass one by one through an ideal gate. This meritorious method of compelling sleep had, no doubt, been rewarded; but I have no means of knowing how long I slept, and I cannot tell at what hour of the night the following strange cir-

cumstances occurred—for occur they certainly did—and I am as perfectly convinced that I was the oral witness to some ghastly crime, as I am that I am writing these lines. I have little doubt I shall be laughed at, as Jones laughed at me—be told that I was dreaming, that I was overtired and nervous. In fact, so accustomed have I become to this sort of thing, that I now hardly ever tell my tale; or, if I do, I put it in the third person, and then I find people believe it, or at least take much more interest in it. I suppose the reason is, that people cannot bring themselves to think so strange a thing could have happened to such a prosy everyday sort of man as myself, and they cannot divest their minds of the idea that I am—well, to put it mildly—"drawing on my imagination for facts." Perhaps, if the tale appears in print, it will be believed, as a facetious friend of mine once said to a newly married couple, who had just seen the announcement of their marriage in the 'Times,' "Ah, didn't know you were married till you saw it in print!"

Well, be the time what it may have been, all I know is that the next thing I can remember after getting my five-hundredth sheep through the gate is, that I heard twomost horrible yells ring through the darkness. I sat bolt-upright; and as a proof that my senses were "all there," I did not bring my head this time against the berth overhead, remembering to bend it outwards so as to clear it.

There was not another sound. The silence was as absolute as the darkness. "I must have been dreaming," I thought; but the sounds were ringing in my ears, and my heart was beating with excitement. There must have

been some reason for this. I never was "taken this way" before. I could not make it out, and felt very uncomfortable. I sat there listening for some time. No other sound breaking the deathly stillness, and becoming tired of sitting, I lay down again. Once more I set myself to get my interminable flocks through that gate, but I could not help myself listening.

There seemed to me a sound growing in the darkness, a something gathering in the particles of the air, as if molecules of the atmosphere were rustling together, and with stilly movement were whispering something. The wind had died down, and I would have gone on deck if I could move; but it was hazardous enough moving about in the light: it would have been madness to attempt to move in that blackness. And so I lay still and tried to sleep.

But now there was a sound, indistinct, but no mere fancy; a muffled sound, as of some movement in the forepart of the ship.

I listened intently and gazed into the darkness.

What was the sound? It did not seem like rats. It was a dull, shuffling kind of noise, very indistinct, and conveying no clue whatever as to its cause. It lasted only for a short time. But now the cold damp air seemed to have become more piercingly chilly. The raw iciness seemed to strike into the very marrow of my bones, and my teeth chattered. At the same time a new sense seemed to be assailed: the foul odour which I had noticed arising from the stagnant water in the bilge appeared to rise into more objectionable prominence, as if it had been stirred.

"I cannot stand this," I mut-

tered, shivering in horrible aversion at the disgusting odour; "I will go on deck at all hazards."

Rising to put this resolve in execution, I was arrested by the noise beginning again. I listened. This time I distinctly distinguished two separate sounds: one, like a heavy soft weight being dragged along with difficulty; the other like the hard sound of boots on boards. Could there be others on board after all? If so, why had they made no sound when I clambered on deck, or afterwards, when I shouted and fired my gun?

Clearly, if there were people, they wished to remain concealed, and my presence was inconvenient to them. But how absolutely still and quiet they had kept! It appeared incredible that there should be any one. I listened intently. The sound had ceased again, and once more the most absolute stillness reigned around. A gentle swishing, wobbling, lapping noise seemed to form itself in the darkness. It increased, until I recognised the chattering and bubbling of water. "It must be the tide which is rising," I thought; "it has reached the rudder, and is eddying round the stern-post." This also accounted, in my mind, for the other noises, because, as the tide surrounded the vessel, and she thus became water-borne, all kinds of sounds might be produced in the old hulk as she resumed her upright position.

However, I could not get rid of the chilly horrid feeling those two screams had produced, combined with the disgusting smell, which was getting more and more obtrusive. It was foul, horrible, revolting, like some carrion, putrid and noxious. I prepared to take my chances of damage, and

rose up to grope my way to the companion-ladder.

It was a more difficult job than I had any idea of. I had my gun, it was true, and with it I could feel for the joists; but when once I let go of the edge of the bunk I had nothing to steady me, and nearly went headlong at the first step. Fortunately I reached back in time to prevent my fall; but this attempt convinced me that I had better endure the strange horrors of the unknown, than the certain miseries of a broken leg or neck.

I sat down, therefore, on the bunk.

Now that my own movements had ceased, I became aware that the shuffling noise was going on all the time. "Well," thought I, "they may shuffle. They won't hurt me, and I shall go to sleep again." So reflecting, I lay down, holding my gun, ready to use as a club if necessary.

Now it is all very well to laugh at superstitious terrors. Nothing is easier than to obtain a cheap reputation for brilliancy, independence of thought, and courage, by deriding the fear of the supernatural when comfortably seated in a drawing-room well lighted, and with company. But put those scoffers in a like situation with mine, and I don't believe they would have been any more free from a feeling the reverse of bold, mocking, and comfortable, than I was.

I had read that most powerful ghost-story, 'The Haunted and the Haunters,' by the late Lord Lytton, and the vividness of that weird tale had always impressed me greatly. Was I actually now to experience in my own person, and with no possibility of escape, the trying ordeal that bold ghost-

hunter went through, under much more favourable circumstances? He at least had his servant with him. He had fuel and a light, and above all, he could get away when he wanted to. I felt I could face any number of spiritual manifestations, if only I had warmth and light. But the icy coldness of the air was eating into my bones, and I shivered until my teeth chattered.

I could not get to sleep. I could not prevent myself listening, and at last I gave up the contest, and let myself listen. But there seemed now nothing to listen to. All the time I had been refusing to let my ears do their office, by putting my handkerchief over one ear, and lying on my arm with the other, a confused noise appeared to reach me, but the moment I turned round and lay on my back, everything seemed quiet. "It's only my fancy after all; the result of cold and want of a good dinner. I will go to sleep." But in spite of this I lay still, listening a little longer. There was the sound of trickling water against the broad bilge of the old hulk, and I knew the tide was rising fast: my thoughts turned to the lost canoe, and to reproaching myself with my stupidity in not allowing enough rope, or looking at it more carefully. Suddenly I became all attention again. An entirely different sound now arrested me. It was distinctly a low groan, and followed almost immediately by heavy blows—blows which fell on a soft substance, and then more groans, and again those sickening blows.

"There must be men here. Where are they? and what is it?" I sat up, and strained my eyes towards where the sound came from. The sounds had ceased again. Should I call out, and let the man

or men know that I was here? What puzzled me was the absolute darkness. How could any one see to hit an object, or do anything else in this dense obscurity? It appalled me. Anything might pass at an inch's distance, and I could not tell who or what it was. But how could anything human find its way about, any more than I could? Perhaps there was a solid bulkhead dividing the fore-castle from me. But it would have to be very sound, and with no chink whatever, to prevent a gleam or ray of light finding its way out somewhere. I could not help feeling convinced that the whole hull was open from one end to the other. Was I really dreaming after all? To convince myself that I was wide awake, I felt in my pockets for my note-book, and pulling out my pencil, I opened the book, and holding it in my left hand, wrote as well as I could, by feel alone: "I am wide awake; it is about midnight—Christmas eve, 187—." I found I had got to the bottom of the page, so I shut the book up, resolving to look at it the next morning. I felt curious to see what the writing looked like by daylight.

But all further speculation was cut short by the shuffling and dragging noise beginning again. There was no doubt the sounds were louder, and were coming my way.

I never in all my life felt so uncomfortable—I may as well at once confess it—so frightened. There, in that empty hull, over that boardless floor, over these rotting joists, somebody or something was dragging some heavy weight. What, I could form no conjecture; only the shrieks, the blows, the groans, the dull thumping sounds, compelled me to suspect the worst,—to feel convinced that

I was actually within some few feet of a horrible murder then being committed. I could form no idea of who the victim was, or who was the assassin. That I actually heard the sounds I had no doubt; that they were growing louder and more distinct I felt painfully aware. The horror of the situation was intense. If only I could strike a light, and see what was passing close there—but I had no matches. I could hear a sound as of some one breathing slowly, stertorously, then a dull groan. And once more the cruel sodden blows fell again, followed by a drip, drip, and heavy drop in the dank water below, from which the sickening smell rose, pungent, reeking, horrible.

The dragging shuffling noise now began again. It came quite close to me, so close that I felt I had only to put out my hand to touch the thing. Good heavens! was it coming to my bunk? The thing passed, and all the time the dull drip, as of some heavy drops, fell into the water below. It was awful. All this time I was sitting up, and holding my gun by its barrel, ready to use it if I were attacked. As the sound passed me at the closest, I put out the gun involuntarily; but it touched nothing, and I shuddered at the thought that *there was no floor over which the weight could be drawn.*

I must be dreaming some terribly vivid dream. It could not be real. I pinched myself. I felt I was pinching myself. It was no dream. The sweat poured off my brow, my teeth chattered with the cold. It was terrific in its dreadful mystery.

And now the sounds altered. The noises had reached the companion-ladder. Something was

climbing them with difficulty. The old stairs creaked. Bump, thump, the thing was dragged up the steps with many pauses, and at last it seemed to have reached the deck. A long pause now followed. The silence grew dense around. I dreaded the stillness—the silence that made itself be heard almost more than the sounds. What new horror would that awful quiet bring forth? What terror was still brooding in the depths of that clinging darkness—darkness that could be felt?

The absolute silence was broken,—horribly broken,—by a dull drip from the stairs, and then the dragging began again. Distant and less distinct, but the steps were louder. They came nearer—over my head—the old boards creaked, and the weight was dragged right over me. I could hear it above my head: for the steps stopped, and two distinct raps, followed by a third heavier one, sounded so clearly above me, that it seemed almost as if it was something striking the rotten wood-work of the berth over my head. The sounds were horribly suggestive of the elbows and head of a body being dropped on the deck.

And now, as if the horrors had not been enough, a fresh ghastliness was added. So close were the raps above me that I involuntarily moved, as if I had been struck by what caused them. As I did so, I felt something drop on to my head and slowly trickle over my forehead: it was too horrible! I sprang up in my disgust, and with a wild cry I stepped forward, and instantly fell between the joists into the rank water below.

The shock was acute. Had I been asleep and dreaming before, this must inevitably have roused me up. I found myself completely

immersed in water, and, for a moment, was absolutely incapable of thinking. As it was pitch-dark and my head had gone under, I could not tell whether I was above water or not, as I felt the bottom and struggled and splashed on to my legs. It was only by degrees I knew I must be standing with my head out of the foul mixture, because I was able to breathe easily, although the wet running down from my hair dribbled into my mouth as I stood shivering and gasping.

It was astonishing how a physical discomfort overcame a mental terror. Nothing could be more miserable than my present position, and my efforts were at once directed to getting out of this dreadful place. But let any one who has ever had the ill-luck to fall out of bed in his boyhood try and recollect his sensations. The bewildering realisation that he is not in bed, that he does not know where he is, which way to go, or what to do to get back again; everything he touches seems strange, and one piece of furniture much the same as any other. I well remember such an accident, and how, having rolled under the bed before I was wide awake, I could not for the life of me understand why I could not get up, what it was that kept me down. I had not the least idea which way to get out, and kept going round and round in a circle under my bed for a long time, and should probably have been doing it until daylight, had not my sighs and groans awoken my brother, who slept in the same room, and who came to my help.

If, then, one is so utterly at fault in a room every inch of which one knows intimately, how much more hopeless was my posi-

tion at the bottom of this old vessel, half immersed in water, and totally without any clue which could help me to get out! I had not the least idea which was the ship's stern or which her stem, and every movement I made with my feet only served to unsteady me, as the bottom was all covered with slime, and uneven with the great timbers of the vessel.

My first thought on recovering my wits was to stretch my arms up over my head, and I was relieved to find that I could easily reach the joists above me. I was always fairly good at gymnastics, and I had not much difficulty in drawing myself up and sitting on the joist, although the weight of my wet clothes added to my exertions considerably. Having so far succeeded, I sat and drained, as it were, into the water below. The smell was abominable. I never disliked myself so much, and I shivered with cold.

As I could not get any wetter, I determined to go on deck somehow, but where was the companion-ladder? I had nothing to guide me. Strange to say, the reality of my struggles had almost made me forget the mysterious phenomena I had been listening to. But now, as I looked round, my attention was caught by a luminous patch which quivered and flickered on my right, at what distance from me I could not tell. It was like the light from a glow-worm, only larger and changing in shape; sometimes elongated like a lambent oval, and then it would sway one way or another, as if caught in a draught of air. While I was looking at it and wondering what could cause it, I heard the steps over my head; they passed above me, and then seemed to grow louder on my left. A creeping dread

again came over me. If only I could get out of this horrible place—but where were the stairs? I listened. The footfall seemed to be coming down some steps; then the companion-ladder must be on my left. But if I moved that way I should meet the thing, whatever it was, that was coming down. I shuddered at the thought. However, I made up my mind. Stretching out my hand very carefully, I felt for the next joist, reached it, and crawled across. I stopped to listen. The steps were coming nearer. My hearing had now become acute; I could almost tell the exact place of each footfall. It came closer—closer,—quite close, surely—on the very joist on which I was sitting. I thought I could feel the joist quiver, and involuntarily moved my hand to prevent the heavy tread falling on it. The steps passed on, grew fainter, and ceased, as they drew near the pale lambent light. One thing I noticed with curious horror, and that was, that although the thing must have passed between me and the light, yet it was never for a moment obscured, which it must have been had any body or substance passed between, and yet I was certain that the steps went directly from me to it.

It was all horribly mysterious; and what had become of the other sound—the thing that was being dragged? An irresistible shudder passed over me; but I determined to pursue my way until I came to something. It would never do to sit still and shiver there.

After many narrow escapes of falling again, I reached a bulkhead, and cautiously feeling along it, I came to an opening. It was the companion-ladder. By this time my hands, by feeling over the

joists, had become dry again. I felt along the step to be quite sure that it was the stairs, and in so doing I touched something wet, sticky, clammy. Oh, horror! what was it? A cold shiver shook me nearly off the joist, and I felt an unutterable sense of repulsion to going on. However, the fresher air which came down the companion revived me, and, conquering my dread, I clambered on to the step. It did not take long to get up-stairs and stand on the deck again.

I think I never in all my life experienced such a sense of joy as I did on being out of that disgusting hole. It was true I was soaking wet, and the night wind cut through me like a knife; but these were things I could understand, and were matter of common experience. What I had gone through might only be a question of nerves, and had no tangible or visible terror; but it was none the less very dreadful, and I would not go through such an experience again for worlds. As I stood cowering under the lee of the bulwark, I looked round at the sky. There was a pale light as if of day-break away in the east, and it seemed as if all my troubles would be over with the dawn. It was bitterly cold. The wind had got round to the north, and I could faintly make out the low shore astern.

While I stood shivering there, a cry came down the wind. At first I thought it was a sea-bird, but it sounded again. I felt sure it was a human voice. I sprang up on to the taffrail, and shouted at the top of my lungs, then paused. The cry came down clearer and distinct. It was Jones's voice—had he heard me? I waved my draggled pocket-handkerchief and shouted again.

In the silence which followed, I caught the words, "We are coming." What joyful words! Never did shipwrecked mariner on a lonely isle feel greater delight. My misery would soon be over. Anyhow, I should not have to wait long.

Unfortunately the tide was low, and was still falling. Nothing but a boat could reach me, I thought, and to get a boat would take some time. I therefore stamped up and down the deck to get warm; but I had an instinctive aversion for the companion-ladder, and the deep shadows of the forepart of the vessel.

As I turned round in my walk, I thought I saw something moving over the mud. I stopped. It was undoubtedly a figure coming towards me. A voice hailed me in gruff accents—

"Lily, ahoy! Be any one aboard?"

Was any one aboard? What an absurd question! and here had I been shouting myself hoarse. However, I quickly reassured him, and then understood why my rescuer did not sink in the soft mud. He had mud-pattens on. Coming up as close as he could, he shouted to me to keep clear, and then threw first one, then the other, clattering wooden board on to the deck. I found them, and under the instructions of my friend, I did not take long in putting them on. The man was giving me directions as to how to manage; but I did not care how much wetter I got, and dropped over the side into the slime. Sliding and straddling, I managed to get up to my friend, and then together we skated, as it were, to the shore—although skating very little represents the awkward splashes and slips I made on my way to land. I found quite a little crowd

awaiting me on the bank ; but Jones, with ready consideration, hurried me off to a cart he had in a lane near, and drove me home.

I told him the chief points of the adventure on our way ; but did not say anything of the curious noises. It is odd how shy a man feels at telling what he knows people will never believe. It was not until the evening of the next day that I began to tell him, and then only after I was fortified by an excellent dinner, and some very good claret. Jones listened attentively. He was far too kindly and well-bred to laugh at me ; but I could see he did not believe one word as to the reality of the occurrence. "Very strange !" "How remarkable !" "Quite extraordinary !" he kept saying, with evident interest. But I was sure he put it all down to my fatigue and disordered imagination. And so, to do him justice, has everybody else to whom I have told the tale since.

The fact is, we cannot, in this prosaic age, believe in anything the least approaching the supernatural. Nor do I. But nevertheless I am as certain as I am that I am writing these words, that the thing did really happen, and will happen again, may happen every night for all I know, only I don't intend to try and put my belief to the test. I have a theory which of course will be laughed at, and as I am not in the least scientific, I cannot bolster it up by scientific arguments. It is this : As Mr Edison has now discovered that by certain simple processes human sounds can be reproduced at any future date,

so accidentally, and owing to the combination of most curious coincidences, it might happen that the agonised cries of some suffering being, or the sounds made by one at a time when all other emotions are as nothing compared to the supreme sensations of one committing some awful crime, could be impressed on the atmosphere or surface of an enclosed building, which could be reproduced by a current of air passing into that building under the same atmospheric conditions. This is the vague explanation I have given to myself.

However, be the explanation what it may, the facts are as I have stated them. Let those laugh who did not experience them. To return to the end of the story. There were two things I pointed out to Jones as conclusive that I was not dreaming. One was my pocket-book. I showed it him, and the words were quite clear—only, of course, very straggling. This is a fac-simile of the writing, but I cannot account for the date being 1837—

I am indeed
wake it is about
midnight Christmas
Eve 1837

The other point was the horrible stains on my hands and clothes. A foul-smelling dark chocolate stain was on my hair, hands, and clothes. Jones said, of course, this was from the rust off the mould-

ering iron-work, some of which no doubt had trickled down, owing to the heavy rain, through the defective caulking of the deck. The fact is, there is nothing that an ingenious mind cannot explain; but the question is, Is the explanation the right one?

I could easily account for the phosphorescent light. The water was foul and stagnant, and it was no doubt caused by the same gases which produce the well-known ignis-fatuus or Will-o'-the-wisp.

We visited the ship, and I recovered my gun. There were the same stains on the deck as there were on my clothes; and curiously enough they went in a nearly straight line over the place where I lay, from the top of the companion to the starboard bulwark. We carefully examined the forepart of the ship: it was as completely gutted as the rest of her. Jones was glad to get on deck again, as the atmosphere was very unpleasant, and I had no wish to stay.

At my request Jones made every inquiry he could about the old hulk. Not much was elicited. It bore an evil name, and no one would go on board who could help

it. So far it looked as if it were credited with being haunted. The owner, who had been the captain of her, had died about three years before. He bore an ill reputation; but as he had left his money to the most influential farmer in the district, the country-people were unwilling to talk against him.

I went with Jones to call on the farmer, and asked him point-blank if he had ever heard whether a murder had been committed on board the Lily. He stared at me, and then laughed. "Not as I know of" was all his answer—and I never got any nearer than that.

I feel that this is all very unsatisfactory. I wish I could give some thrilling and sensational explanation. I am sorry I cannot. My imagination suggests many, as no doubt it will to each of my readers who possesses that faculty; but I have only written this to tell the actual facts, not to add to our superabundant fiction.

If ever I come across any details bearing upon the subject, I will not fail to communicate them at once.

The vessel I found was the Lily of Goole, owned by one Master Gad Earwaker, and built in 1801.

HERO AND LEANDER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

SEE yonder castles old and hoar,
Each fronting each from either shore,
Bathed in the sunshine's gold,
Where, storming through the Dardanelles'
High rocky gates, the tide that swells
The Hellespont is rolled.
Hark! how against the rocks they roar,
The waves that seethe and eddy there;
Though Asia they from Europe tore,
Yet love they could not scare.

Through Hero's and Leander's hearts
God Amor winged his fiery darts
With love's sweet anguish tipped:
Hero, as Hebe fair was she,
And o'er the mountains ranging, he
His hunting mates outstripped.
But out, alas! their parents' feud
Forbade this plighted pair to meet,
And only at life's peril could
They win love's fruitage sweet.

On Sestos' rock-tower, round whose bas
The billows rush in endless chase,
And fling on high their foam,
The maiden sat, a-dread, alone,
Her gaze toward Abydos thrown,
Which was her lover's home.
Alas! no bridge to yon far strand
Is there the wanderer to convey;
No pinnace there puts out from land,
Yet Love found out a way.

Out of the labyrinth love led
Great Theseus with unerring thread,
Can fools with wit inspire,
Bends savage cattle to the yoke,
To cleave with diamond ploughshare broke
The steers that snorted fire.
Not Styx's stream, ninefold and black,
The dauntless Heracles appals,
That bore the bride triumphant back
From Pluto's gloomy halls.

Leander thus, with heart on fire,
And goaded by love's sweet desire,
The weltering waters braves;
When day's bright sheen begins to wane,
The daring swimmer leaps amain

Into the darkling waves.
With stalwart arms he daffs them by,
Intent to gain the strand so dear,
When from the turret flashing high
The beacon-torch shines clear.

Anon within his mistress' arms,
She with her close caresses warms
The limbs the waves have chilled.
For danger past meet guerdon this,
That steeps him, soul and sense, in bliss,
All through with rapture thrilled;
Lingering, till dawn steals on apace,
Awakes him from his blissful dream,
And scares him from his love's embrace
To Pontus' icy stream.

Thus thirty suns flew by, and still
Of stolen delights they snatched their fill,
Delights that never cloyed,—
Each night to them a bridal night—
The gods might envy such delight,
So fresh, so unalloyed.
A perfect rapture no one knows,
Who ne'er has plucked, while none might tell,
With stealthy hand the fruit that grows
On the dread river marge of hell.

So days and nights went swiftly by
Alternate o'er the arching sky;
The happy lovers, they
Mark not the leaves that thickly fall,
And from its ice-bound northern hall
Grim winter making way.
They saw with joy, these happy wights,
The days, how shorter still they grew,
And blindly thanked great Jove for nights
Of lengthened joys in view.

Now came the time, when night and day
O'er all the heavens hold equal sway,
And from her rocky keep
Fair Hero watched with wistful eye
The sun's steeds sweeping down the sky,
To plunge into the deep.
And mirror-smooth beneath her swayed
The ocean, lulled in calm serene,
While not a breeze across it played,
To mar its crystal sheen.

And dolphins there, a jocund throng,
The sparkling silvery waves along

Wheel round and round in sport ;
And upward from the nether deeps
Rose the gay band, which Thetis keeps
To guard her ocean-court.
To them alone has been revealed
The tie which these two lovers knit,
But Hecate to silence sealed
The lips might blab of it.

'Twas joy that ocean fair to see,
And thus in flattering tones did she
Invoke its lord divine :
"Sweet god ! Thou false and faithless ! No !
As such I brand the wretch, that so
Thy godhead should malign !
Mankind are faithless through and through,
And fathers' hearts are hard as steel ;
But thine is gentle, kind, and true,
And for love's pangs can feel.

"Within these dreary walls of stone
Must I, uncheered, unwooded, alone,
Have withered in despair ;
Bridge there was none, nor galley's prow,
Still to my arms my lover thou
Didst on thy shoulders bear.
Thy nether deeps are grim and drear,
And fearful is thy angry wave,
But love's beseechings win thine ear,
And thou befriend'st the brave.

"For Eros' shafts touched even thy heart,
Great God of Ocean though thou art,
When Hellé, fair as morn,
Was, with her brother flying, by
The Ram, whose fleece was golden, high
Across thy waters borne.
Smit by her charms, up from the black
Abysses swiftly didst thou leap,
And swept her from the creature's back
Down to thy lowest deep.

"A goddess with a god, she now,
Immortal from that hour as thou,
In her sea-grotes abides ;
Shields lovers when their foes pursue,
Calms thy tempestuous moods, and to
His port the sailor guides.
O beauteous Hellé, goddess bright,
Blest in thine own love, bring, I pray,
My lover to my arms to-night
Safe by the wonted way !"

Now o'er the sea did darkness lour,
And Hero kindled on her tower
The torch that, flashing bright,
Bade her beloved pilgrim haste
Across the waters' weltering waste,
Led by its trusty light.
Far off a moaning sound is heard,
The stars are blotted from the sky,
The darkling waves are inly stirred,
The tempest-shock draws nigh.

Night settles on the watery plain,
And from the thund'rous clouds the rain
In drenching torrents pours,
Forked lightnings flash along the air,
And, bursting from their rocky lair,
Blast thick on storm-blast roars.
Huge gulfs in the wide ocean-swell
Are rent as with convulsive spasm,
And, yawning like the jaws of hell,
Gape widely, chasm on chasm.

"Woe, woe is me!" she shrieked. "O thou
Great Jove, have mercy on me now!
Mad were my words! Woe's me!
Oh, if the gods have heard my prayer,
And he, despite the tempest there,
Has braved the treacherous sea!
Birds trained to ocean's angry mood
Fly homewards swiftly as they may,
And ships, that many a storm have stood,
Make for the sheltering bay.

"Oh, he that never quailed, once more
Has dared what oft he dared before;
This morn he pledged his troth,
By love's great god, to-night he would
Return, and death, death only should
Release him from his oath!
And now, ay, even now, is he
At grips with this fell storm, I know;
Tis dragging him, that raging sea,
Down to the depths below.

"False Pontus, thy repose erewhile
Was but a mask to veil thy guile!
As mirror smooth wert thou;
Thy waves were cunning-calm, till they
To venture forth had lured their prey,
Whom they are whelming now.
Midway in thy wild eddies caught,
Return, go-o'er, both hopeless made,
Thy every horror dire is wrought
On him thou hast betrayed!"

Louder and louder grew the blast,
The billows mountain-high upcast
Break foaming on the rocks.
Even galleys ribbed with stoutest oak,
Driven shoreward where these billows broke,
Had shattered with the shocks.
The torch that was to light his way
Dies in the gale; and everywhere,
On sea, on shore, turn where he may,
Are horror and despair.

She prays that Aphrodite will
Command the hurricane to still
The angry waves till morn,
And vows rich sacrifice to burn,
To all the ruthless winds in turn
A steer with golden horn.
All goddesses that ocean sway,
All gods in the high heavens that be,
She supplicates, the storms to stay
That vex the raging sea.

"O blest Leucothoe, arise
From thy green halls, and hear my cries!
Thou saviour goddess, whom
Full oft the sinking marinere
Has seen on ocean's waste appear,
To rescue him from doom.
Stretch forth to him thy sacred veil,
That, woven and blest by mystic charms,
If he but clutch, safe through the gale
Will bear him to my arms."

Now the wild winds to rest are hushed,
And the horizon, faintly flushed,
Tells Eos' steeds are nigh;
Serene and glassy-smooth the deep
Seems in its ancient bed to sleep,
And bright smile sea and sky.
Around the rocks the wavelets sway,
In silence rippling each on each,
And float up, as they calmly play,
A body on the beach.

'Tis he, who even in death forlorn
Has kept the oath that he had sworn.
One glance, and all is known!
No wailing cry her anguish speaks,
No tears stream down her bloodless cheeks,
Despair has made her stone.
With hopeless stare she seems to scan
The bright sky, the blank ocean-flow,
And to her face so marble-wan
There mounts a noble glow.

"Dread Powers, I see your workings here
With force implacable, austere,
You urge your rights divine.
Swift close to my life's course is this,
Yet I have drunk rich draughts of bliss,
A glorious lot was mine.
Living, within thy shrine have I
Thy consecrated priestess been;
A joyful sacrifice I die,
Venus, to thee, great Queen!"

Her white robe far behind her swept,
As from the turret's edge she leapt
Down, down into the wave;
Her hallowed corpse the god receives,
Where slow his watery kingdom heaves,
And is himself her grave.
Well pleased he eyes his prey, then turns
To bear it to his realm below;
And pours from his exhaustless urns
The streams that ever flow.

THEODORE MARTIN.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

TWENTY years may prove a considerable period in the history of a nation, as it is undoubtedly in the life of an individual. Not much more than twenty years ago it happened to the writer of this paper, walking on the sands at Biarritz, to see the late Emperor of the French engaged in close conversation with the Count von Bismarck, while the little Prince Impérial was playing in the grounds of the Villa Eugénie, a few of the casual children on the beach being admitted as his temporary companions. It was amusing to see the way in which fathers and mothers pushed forward their at first somewhat shy little ones, so as to have a share in the coveted honour. The imperial power then seemed firm enough. The popularity of the Empress was unbounded. We hoped that there was at last something stable in France. The meeting of these two remarkable men seemed to give further promise of security. We know now what was seething in those two brains. Yet who would then have imagined that within some five years one of the two men then walking in apparent amity on the beach at Biarritz would be an exile in England, and the other conqueror of France? or that a few years later would see that happy boy stretched on the soil of Southern Africa by the *assegai* of a nameless savage?

Being once more in these parts, after this more than twenty years' absence, it occurred to the writer of this paper to inquire personally into the progress of a *culte* which about that time received a stimulus even from Biarritz—even from the Emperor himself. Twenty years

may form a considerable period in the growth of a *culte*, as it undoubtedly has in the case of Our Lady of Lourdes.

A few years before the time alluded to, the Blessed Virgin, it is said, appeared several times to a young peasant-girl named Bernadette Soubirous in the Grotte de Massabielle at Lourdes.

Lourdes at that epoch was nothing more than a good-sized village on the way from Biarritz to the mountains, with nothing in particular to distinguish it from other picturesque villages in this valley of the Pyrenees. It is now a considerable town, the seat of an important industry, a magnet attracting coin from all quarters. It is the headquarters of a religion; an ecclesiastical centre to which pilgrims come from all parts, and from which the *culte* is conveyed to all parts of France and of the world,—like some large lake in a valley between the mountains, which collects the melting snows from distant hills, and sends forth into the regions beyond its superfluous streams.

Let no one, unless endowed with a considerable supply of strength, venture into this region in the *Mois de Marie*. Not only are the ordinary trains filled to overflowing, but trains full of pilgrims from all parts constantly block the way. The stranger inquires the reason of the frequent stoppage. "C'est un pèlerinage" is the invariable answer. But, indeed, there is no occasion to inquire. The excursionists announce themselves. Babies in arms, schools, *sœurs de charité*, priests, people old and young—where do they come from? Where do they not come from?

The mischief is, that there are pilgrimages in opposite directions. There is a rival attraction at Oloron ; so that the traffic both up and down at this season, to say nothing of the incursion of another species of pilgrims who flock to the mountains to take the waters with which this region abounds, must sorely try the patience, and tax the politeness, and strain the resources, of the railway officials in these parts. Accidents, however, are rare. For one thing, they are in no hurry in this part of the world. It is as in some parts of Ireland, where the trains, it has been said, come in half an hour late, and behave as if they were half an hour early.

The crowd at the station was augmented by a *pensionnat de jeunes gens*—a large boys' boarding-school, conducted by several priests. They seemed well-mannered lads enough, some of them rather big lads, each with his bit of blue ribbon and metal cross attached ; and they appeared to be on excellent terms with their reverend tutors. It is reassuring to see that there are not wanting in this country some who still feel the importance of religious training. One only wishes it was possible to find the religion without the fancies which have been inseparably mixed up with it. The spirit of unbelief is not to be exorcised by the spirit of superstition.

At the station one finds an unusually large number of omnibuses, more than one of which announces itself as "le plus près de la grotte." One which bears the inscription "Le seul en face de la grotte," is flatly contradicted by another which stands by its side. You find yourself at once in an atmosphere favourable to the growth of pious fraud or vivid imagination.

The "route de la Gave à la grotte" is flanked on either side by hotels, houses, villas, shops full of "objets de piété" and the usual trumpery wares. Convents, schools, orphanages, &c., are rising on the other side of the river, which is crossed by a fine bridge. As the stranger pursues his way, he is followed by various members of the "concours unanime pour l'exploitation d'étrangers," as a witty Frenchman was heard to describe the people in these parts. Old women lie in wait for you all along the road, armed with *cierges*, which they take for granted you cannot do without. Guides dart out upon you like the donkey-boys at Alexandria. A *diorama* and a *panorama* of the apparition invite your attention. Escaping all these snares, you arrive at last at the lofty church which overlooks the grotto, built by order of the Virgin as conveyed by Bernadette. There are the usual gaudy decorations ; artificial flowers in great profusion ; plenty of windows, but not a single bit of really good glass. The walls are so covered with *ex votos* of every kind, that there seems scarcely any space left. There are a considerable number of side chapels crowded with advertisements of cures, much after the manner of the proprietors of patent medicines. Here is a specimen : "Caroline Esserteaux atteinte d'une affection chronique de la moelle épinière, et frappée d'une paralysie des membres inférieures, devenue ascendante aux incurables de l'hospice de Niort depuis le 11 Février 1870, et guérie subitement à Lourdes le 2 Juillet 1873."

Descending to the grotto, below and on one side of the church, one is struck with its picturesque position. In a side of a rock, on the bank of a broad river, shaded by

stately trees, one sees the statue of the Virgin as described by Bernadette, with the inscription over it, "Je suis l'Immaculée Conception." Many lights are burning before the altar below. Every pilgrim holds a candle in his hand. Some are kneeling in the posture of adoration, some having a quiet picnic a little way apart. The face of the rock is covered with any amount of crutches. On one side is the spring which first began to flow beneath the hands of Bernadette, whose healing waters are now conveyed to all parts of the world. Attached to it is the shop where are sold bottles and gourds for those who carry away the miraculous water. One meets many with the regulation *flacon*, marked much as the mineral waters from other sources. It seems, indeed, as efficacious at a distance as at the source itself. M. Lassere (of whom more by-and-by) asserts a cure wrought by it in his own case, when he was persuaded to try it by a Protestant friend in Paris; so that one is at a loss to know why any sufferers should ever come so far, why people should be pulled out of apparently dying beds and conveyed many miles, when (if what M. Lassere asserts is true) they might be as completely cured by an application of the miraculous water at their own homes.

During the first six months 150,000 persons are said to have visited the grotto. And still, in the season, special trains, almost every day, from all parts of France, pour in their streams of pilgrims. Torchlight processions often take place. One seems to be back in the middle ages. "O sancta simplicitas!" as John Huss was heard to say, with quiet humour as well as Christian char-

ity, when he saw an old man bearing a stick to add to his funeral pile.

M. Henri Lassere certainly seems to have "struck oil" when the happy thought occurred to him to put together all the traditions he could collect from all quarters upon the subject. His 'Notre Dame de Lourdes,' first published in 1869, has reached the 116th edition, though the book is bulky and not particularly cheap. M. Lassere has also published 'Episodes miraculeux de Lourdes,' equally bulky and equally dear, which has reached its 23d edition. Other historical works ("œuvres historiques"), so he calls them, such as a 'Life of Bernadette,' and 'Mois de Marie de Lourdes,' have proceeded from the same prolific pen.

M. Lassere is evidently one of those persons who have a morbid appetite for the marvellous. He absorbs everything in the shape of miracle, as a sponge absorbs water. He seems to say, in Tertullian's words, though not in Tertullian's sense, "Credo quia impossibile." His book is introduced by a Brief from Pius IX., to whom the apparition at Lourdes must have been a most opportune event. On the 25th of March 1858, the Feast of the Annunciation, the Blessed Virgin—so the tablet at the grotto relates—announced to Bernadette Soubirous, "Je suis l'Immaculée Conception." It was but three years before that Pius IX., against the judgment of the most learned theologians of France, had pronounced that a dogma which had till then been denied by many of the greatest doctors of the Roman Catholic Church, and held only as a pious opinion by others, must be received by all as necessary to salvation. We need not wonder at

the Pope's warm welcome of such an ally coming at such a convenient season.

The writer of this paper remembers seeing the Pope's steam-yacht in the harbour at Civita Vecchia not long after. It was painted white, which made the stains more visible, and the name inscribed on it in letters of gold was "Immacolata Concezione."

Upon the dogma itself M. Lassere dilates at length. His book, though interesting and picturesque in parts, is terribly spun out. He constantly interrupts the thread of his narrative by inserting out of all order cases of cure—like the pestilent habit of the modern advertiser, thrusting between the pages of an interesting novel a fly-leaf of some new nostrum. The arrangement must therefore be pronounced bad. This is the chief literary and artistic defect of an otherwise well-written book. It may be enough to quote a sentence or two of M. Lassere's upon the dogma. "Marie est plus que conçue sans péché : elle est l'Immaculée Conception elle-même. . . . C'est comme si elle eût dit, non pas, 'Je suis Vierge,' mais, 'Je suis la Virginité incarnée et vivante ;' non pas, 'Je suis blanche,' mais, 'Je suis la Blancheur.'"—P. 191.

M. Lassere asks how it comes to pass that such crowds of pilgrims come to pray before a desert cave unknown ten years ago? how it has come to pass that the word of a child should have made so many regard it as a shrine of divinity? how they should come at her bidding to build over it the vast church which is to cost almost two millions of (French) money? how the testimony of an ignorant shepherd-girl upon apparitions which no one else around

her saw, could produce such prodigious results?

It might not be easy to answer M. Lassere's questions if we were not allowed to take into account the temperament and character of the people; if we did not know how long the wood had been drying for such a fire; if we had had no instances of similar hallucinations; if we were not assured that there is no limit to the imagination and to the credulity of mankind.

M. Lassere himself says (p. 8): "Le pays a une dévotion particulière à la Vierge. Les sanctuaires qui lui sont consacrés sont nombreux dans les Pyrénées. . . . Tous les autels de l'église de Lourdes sont dédiés à la Mère de Dieu."

The mother of Bernadette, he tells us, was ill at the time of her birth, and unable to nourish her infant, who was put out to nurse in a neighbouring village. There she appears to have remained till she was fourteen years of age, though by that time she seemed to be scarcely more than eleven or twelve. She was employed by her foster parents to look after the sheep upon the desert mountains. She was subject, it appears, to asthma; could neither read nor write; and instead of French, spoke only the uncouth *patois* of the Pyrenees.

She was evidently morbid and imaginative when she returned home from those mountain solitudes, which are not always the best school for such temperaments. The photographs of her at this age are rather pleasing—far more so than those taken later on, when she had become a *sœur de charité* in the Convent of St Gildart at Nevers, where she died about twenty years after, at the age of thirty-five. There is a rather painful photograph of Sœur Marie

Bernard, as she was then called, on her bed of death, with another sister in an attitude on the floor.

M. Lassere describes, exactly in the style of a religious romance, how the child went one day to the grotto with a younger sister and another little companion, where about mid-day she heard a sound like a hurricane, and saw in a niche of the rock a female form of incomparable splendour. She tried to utter a cry, but her voice stuck in her throat. She shivered in all her limbs, and finally sank upon her knees. She really seems to have had a cataleptic seizure, or a nervous attack of some kind. Returned to herself ("complètement revenue à elle"—p. 30), she rejoined her companions, who were meanwhile a little way off, and who, noticing her agitation, plied her with questions, till she described to them the "vision." The next Sunday, Bernadette and her companions, who were now fired with curiosity, return to the grotto. Arrived, they immediately fall on their knees and recite the *Rosary*. Bernadette has another "vision"; her companions, however, seeing no sight and hearing no sound. After vespers the strange story is discussed by the crowd to whom it had been communicated—"vires acquirit eundo." During the week a good many people came to the cottage to interrogate the child.

It was now the beginning of Lent. The "cérémonies funèbres" of Ash-Wednesday wrought upon the minds of two other persons of higher degree—one of them a young girl already enrolled in the "congregation des enfants de Marie," the other a married lady. They propose to accompany Bernadette next morning, at the dawn of day, having first heard Mass in the church, on another visit to the grotto. Bernadette again sees the

Virgin, "invisible pour tout autre qu'elle" (p. 41). Her companions, in a passage which reminds one of the table-turning mania of the time, promptly produce writing materials, and direct Bernadette to request the invisible stranger to write down her wishes. This request cannot, it appears, be complied with; but in answer to another, it is intimated that at the next interview others will be permitted to be present. The Virgin adds, "Je désire y voir du monde," and in polite terms requests Bernadette to do her the favour of returning every day for a fortnight (pp. 43, 44).

The two devotees lose no time in relating what, after all, they had neither seen nor heard. The report spread like wild-fire. It happened to be market-day, and the story is carried into all the country-side. Every morning hundreds, on Sunday thousands, escort or attend Bernadette at her now daily visit to the grotto. Every day it is the same story. Every day she is in a state of ecstasy, seeing what no one else can see, and hearing what none else can hear.

One day, however, "à l'heure habituelle des apparitions" (p. 32), the crowd who waited for *La Voyante* on the banks of the Gave were disappointed. Her parents had been persuaded to send the poor child to school. The *sœurs de charité* had come to the conclusion "que toutes ces visions n'avaient rien de réel, qu'elle avait le cerveau dérangé, ou qu'elle mentait" (p. 83). Bernadette was forbidden by parents and teachers to return to the grotto. Bernadette, however, led by a divine impulse—we have M. Lassere's assurance for it—disobeys,—conduct which M. Lassere, with curious casuistry, defends.

It must be noted that the local authorities had already intervened

to stop what threatened to be a growing nuisance, with no more success than has been achieved in stopping the processions of the "Salvation Army" in our own country. "Le mouvement populaire suivait son libre cours, et grossissait comme les fleuves de ces contrées à la fonte des neiges" (p. 141).

The Virgin now directed Bernadette to go to the priests and tell them she desired a chapel to be built upon the spot. The *Curé*, however, seems to have been a man of sense. He bade the child first ask for a sign. "L'Apparition, me racontes-tu, a sous ses pieds un rosier sauvage. . . . Dis-lui de ma part que, si elle veut la chapelle, elle fasse fleurir le rosier" (p. 104). In the language of the officials, "L'Apparition est sommée de montrer son passeport" (p. 105).

Some expressed their persuasion that the wild rose would flourish. M. Lassere notes, in rather an injured tone, that it did not—whereby the faith of some seemed rather shaken. He supplies us, however, with the probable reasons which moved the Virgin to withhold the sign.

M. Lassere, who is generally as correct in his frequent textual citations of Scripture as he is hopelessly wrong in their application, makes here a mistake. He attributes (p. 105) to the centurion the pathetic prayer of the father of the demoniac child,—“Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief.”

Bernadette, however, to return to the story, soon gives them herself a sign. She scratches the ground, and a small stream of water begins to flow,¹ which event-

ually becomes one of the industries of Lourdes.

The crowds now seem to swell with the stream. People marched all night that they might see “La Sainte,” as she now begins to be called, in the morning. Between five and six thousand persons were encamped on the banks of the Gave. When the sun set, they still remained on the spot—“une foule d’âmes croyantes”—lighted candles and torches corresponding on earth to the stars which twinkled in the heavens. By the last day of the fortnight 20,000 persons were assembled before the grotto.

The clergy, to do them justice, at first gave no encouragement to these extravagances, though they have since made up for their remissness. Bernadette, however, is wonderfully persistent. In spite of her want of success in the matter of the sign, she again approaches the *Curé* of Lourdes. “Elle veut qu’on construise une chapelle, et qu’on fasse des processions à la grotte” (p. 143).

The poor *Curé* at last betakes himself to the Bishop. The Bishop meanwhile had been approached by the *Préfet*, and the *Préfet* had been set in motion by the Secretary of State, as we should call him—“Le Ministre de l’Instruction publique et des Cultes.” His words are worth recording: “Il importe, à mon avis, de mettre un terme à des actes qui finiraient par compromettre les véritables intérêts du Catholicisme, et affaiblir le sentiment religieux dans les populations” (p. 194).

The *Préfet*, as M. Lassere admits, was a sincere Christian and good Catholic. Though somewhat pedantically expressed, and savour-

¹ M. Lassere is very hard on the doubters who remembered that “un pâtre a par hasard trouvé les eaux de Suchon” (p. 247).

ing of the French official style and spirit, nothing can well exceed the good sense of his remonstrances.

Unhappily the *Préfet* and the Bishop had just had a little difference in another matter which we need not enter into. The Bishop appears in this instance to have been in the right, though we do not know with what amount of conciliation the dispute was conducted. It ended, however, in a complete rupture, which probably made the settlement of the graver question still more difficult. So that when the *Préfet*, in the interests of order and of religion, "compromis par ces hallucinations ou ces supercheries," appealed to the Bishop to discountenance the "scènes scandaleuses" at Lourdes, the Bishop contented himself with appointing a commission of inquiry, composed wholly of ecclesiastics, to investigate a matter already sufficiently understood, and about which every sane and dispassionate person must long since have made up his mind. This, of course, gave an immense impetus to the whole enterprise. The miracles increased. The flame of Bernadette's *cierge* played over her hand harmlessly (p. 198). Several persons were suddenly cured by the application of the water, on the analysis of which chemists differed, though the ultimate conclusion was, that it was an ordinary spring. An infant, paralysed, and apparently on the point of death, was kept by its distracted mother for a quarter of an hour in the stream, and restored to sudden and complete health (pp. 167-175).

There were judgments also. A woman who had let a carriage to the local superintendent of police, who had tried to put a stop to the superstition, fell from a hay-loft and broke a rib. A man who had

lent him a hatchet had his feet crushed by the fall of a piece of wood (pp. 233, 234).

Notable personages now came to pray before the grotto; among them M. Louis Veuillot, the redoubtable editor of the ultramontane 'Univers,' and Mrs Admiral Bruat ("Madame l'Amirale Bruat"), Gouvernante of the Prince Impérial, who had been attracted like other *dévôtes* from Biarritz.

At this nick of time the Archbishop of Auch and another eminent personage applied to the Emperor, who then happened to be at Biarritz; whereupon that modern Gallio telegraphed to the authorities to let the people at Lourdes do as they liked. It reads like an actual reversal of the famous order, "Par le roi, défense de faire miracle en ce lieu."

M. Lassere, who admits that he writes ten years after the events he professes to relate, and whose style throughout (notwithstanding his disclaimer) is the style of the novelist rather than of the historian, is very severe on the character of the reports transmitted by the authorities. He says, in a tone of virtuous indignation, "On a vu quels romans impossibles l'honnête Ministre Rouland avait gravement acceptés comme des vérités incontestables" (p. 350). It is allowable to reply—

—"mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur."

We are by this time quite prepared for the *Mandement* of the Bishop of Tarbes, pronouncing for the reality of the apparition, authorising the "culte de N. D. de Lourdes," and proposing to begin building the church which Bernadette had demanded, on the site which the astute prelate had already taken care to buy.

The part played by the Roman

Catholic clergy in all this discreditable transaction seems natural enough. We see them, at least the more intelligent and honest among them, at first reluctant to commit their Church in an age like this to a new miracle. The writer of this paper has just had an interesting conversation with a devout and accomplished Roman Catholic layman who volunteered a statement on the subject. He deplored the whole mischievous business of Lourdes, but declared it was the ignorant and fanatical people who pushed the priests on. In a religious as well as in a political sense, the saying seems to hold true—

“Parties are like to fish, ’tis said;
The tail directs them, not the head.”

There is yet, perhaps, another factor in the case which must not be lost sight of. It is as Demetrius reminded his fellow-craftsmen at an earlier shrine, “Sirs, ye perceive that by this our craft we have our wealth.” We have but to substitute one name (sacred as it is, yet human after all) for another in that narrative, and the correspondence is complete. When one finds an image (one must use the word)—an image of Our Lady of Lourdes in every house, in every room of the house, made after the precise pattern described by the *clairvoyante*, even

down to minute details of its dress,¹—not the really adorable representation of the mother with the Son, but of the mother designedly without the Son,—there is but one word for it; it is said without bitterness—Mariolatry. Throughout this region Mary reigns supreme. The human mother has taken the place of the divine Son.

That any one with the New Testament in his hands can accept a *culte* so out of all harmony with it, is one of those problems in psychology which seem incapable of solution.² That priests who regard with horror the progress of impiety should imagine this *culte* the best means of counteracting it, is perhaps still more surprising. It reminds one of the Celestials in the Flowery Land who at first thought to drive back the army of the barbarians with horrid cries and pictures of imaginary dragons. Vain visions are not the way to overcome unbelief. Modern miracles, impiously and fatuously placed on a footing with the historical ones,³ do but add fuel to the flame. To call these silly superstitions “croyances Chrétiennes” (p. 140) is an abuse of language. Pious frauds no longer impose even on the faithful. In every pilgrimage conducted to Lourdes superstition knocks another nail in its own coffin. And if this were

¹ The morbid and imaginative child, in her dream or swoon, probably improved upon one of the images she had often seen in churches. M. Lassere's description (pp. 26-28), notwithstanding his disclaimer, suggests as much,—just as precocious children under Puritan surroundings sometimes produce religious tracts out of their recollection of other tracts.

² To that mother in Israel who envied the blessedness of her that bare Him, we remember the response of the divine Son, “Yea, rather, blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it.”

³ See p. 142, where M. Lassere compares the conduct of the doubters at Lourdes to that of the Jews who resisted the miracles of Jesus Christ and His apostles. At p. 120 he speaks of the hand of the Virgin,—“cette main délicate et puissante à laquelle la nature est soumise.” We do not exaggerate when we say that M. Lassere has made her a goddess.

all, it would not be to be regretted. But what renders it so mischievous is, that it is a blow at religious faith itself. The party of unbelief will see no difference between Christianity and the various counterfeits of it. These unintelligent enthusiasts are but playing into their hands. Men of the calibre of M. Lassere are perpetually protesting against the prevailing unbelief. They have only themselves to thank for it. They have compelled their countrymen to swallow so much, that now they will believe nothing.

Yet let us not be too hard on others. Let us look nearer home. When we see Roman Catholic Bishops and Archbishops in Ireland, and trusted and admired statesmen in England and Scotland (repudiating all former pledges), aiding and abetting those with

whom killing is no murder, and who, whether disciples of St Simon or not, are practically agreed that *la propriété c'est le vol*,—we shall feel the less surprise at finding those of whom we hoped better things giving *affirmation authentique* to the grotesque superstition of Lourdes.

So the dream of an hysterical girl has made a simple village in the Pyrenees a name to conjure by; has brought innumerable crowds of profitable pilgrims to an unimportant place; has apparently strengthened, for a time, the ultramontane position. But we have only to go back to those sands of Biarritz to be reminded that "things are not what they seem." One ventures also to recall a divine allegory of a man who built his house upon the sand.

G. J. COWLEY-BROWN.

A STIFF-NECKED GENERATION.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—LADY JULIA'S LITTLE PLAN.

"I delight in the tender passions, and would befriend all under their influence."—*The Duenna*.

A MELANCHOLY and dreary time now set in for all connected with those in whom we are interested, with one exception, and that exception was Miss Catherine Lis-card.

Catherine, as we know, was a young person with a natural aptitude for turning events, whether of joy or sorrow to those around her, to her own advantage; and she had early seen the strong points of the present situation.

In Lady Caroline's day, and in Rosamund's day, Catherine had been nowhere—a demure puss, creeping about in the background; occasionally emitting sparks, it is true, which might have enlightened more watchful eyes, but which had been passed over by those two dominant spirits, each too much taken up with her own whims and projects to give a moment to the supposition that a younger and feebler member of the family, could also have a mind of her own.

Catherine had bided her time.

On the death of her mother she had made some faint, wavering, and uncertain attempts at coming forward, making herself useful, and sliding into a more prominent position; but Rosamund had been in no mood to allow of indulgences and encroachments at that time. Everything which had savoured of a reflection on the old customs, and an overturning of the set routine, had been promptly quelled, and Catherine had at first made no way.

Then she had tried making

friends with Gilbert, and been more successful. She had more than once taken him off her sister's hands, enabled Rosamund to slip away to solitude when only she could have done so, and established a claim on the latter's gratitude which had borne fruit. When she had been permitted to dine late on the night of Emily's and Henrietta's arrival, the ice had been really broken.

All the rest had been easy. She had made a slip in looking ungenial on the first symptoms of a more jocose dinner-table than was usual—and that on the first occasion of her presiding over it—but the error had been quickly retrieved; and although another momentary check had been received on the abrupt cessation of the frolicsome succeeding week, she had again found her opportunity in the reaction which had followed.

Dear papa could not dine alone—could not drive about alone—could not have a long, dull evening alone. She had so much enjoyed dear papa's music; and had practised an accompaniment on purpose to please him, so surely now he would not refuse to hear it? What could dear papa do but agree, and listen to her carefully prepared chit-chat, and, in spite of himself, be drawn into ordering the phaeton round, and bringing out the flute?

Certes, Catherine was better than nobody. And though one's own schoolgirl daughter is no great thing, and a poor exchange for a lively, bantering, roguish young

lady visitor, still, when the one is not to be had, it is as well to put up with the other—and by degrees Mr Liscard found it so.

For one thing, Catherine, conscious of the feeble tenure by which she held her present high estate, took infinitely greater pains to amuse and gratify her parent than any other member of the house ever had thought of taking with Lady Caroline's husband—for in that light he had always been regarded.

Catherine was not only invariably good-humoured and attentive and at his service, but she had little ingratiating offices at command, and little affectionate flatteries on the tip of her tongue, whenever opportunity offered. Through her he learned that Mrs Twopenny, the baker's wife, thought him the youngest-looking gentleman of his years she had ever known; and that Mrs Jenkins at the home farm, had heard he had such a power of learning, that she was afraid so much as to let fall a word before him.

He had her own assurance of his talents as a whip, coupled with the compliments on the same subject left behind by Emily Gilbert. He heard that he never looked so well as on the box-seat of his phaeton, and that he managed the spirited pair so beautifully that no one need ever be nervous when driven by him.

Naturally the spirited pair came to the door the next day, and Catherine was driven wherever she wanted to go.

Again, with a diligence which neither love of the art nor fear of Miss Penrose had ever been able to incite, the dutiful daughter now mastered such simple ditties as a flute very much out of practice could accomplish; and as Mr Liscard was really fond of music for its

own sake, and had only been discouraged from cultivating it, by Lady Caroline's persistent inattention and ignorance, there was no doubt that a resource against *ennui* had now been hit upon.

To Catherine it was, for the present, joy enough merely to play the grown-up person; to sit in the vast saloon and have coffee handed to her along with her father; and to stay up at night until she chose to go to bed.

For this she would have paid a much heavier price than merely drumming on the piano for an hour or so daily; and when, with an easy air, she one day found herself asking for the loan of her father's purse as they drove through the streets of Longminster, and subsequently shopping with it, here and there, all over the place, without his remonstrating, or even seeming to observe what she was about—(so taken up was he with himself, his horses, and his horsemanship)—her cup was full, and ran over.

What was it to her that her sister, the beauty, the pride of the neighbourhood, lay slowly recovering from the brink of death, feeble, wasted, helpless, unable for the slightest exertion of mind or body, the bloom on her cheeks faded, the round, healthy limbs shrunk and almost powerless, the once vigorous spirit like that of a little child?

Catherine would answer all inquiries in her most cheerful accents.

"Rosamund is ever so much better, thank you. Yes, isn't it a pity she has had to have her hair cut off? But I daresay it will soon grow again." Or, "Aunt Julia says Rosamund is doing as well as we could possibly expect. We have just been to the Abbey. Some of us go over nearly every day." Or, "Rosamund always liked being with Aunt Julia. I daresay she

would rather be ill at the Abbey than anywhere else."

If interrogated as to the probable duration of the sick girl's recovery, Catherine would occasionally astonish her interrogator. "When will Rosamund be fit to come home? *Oh dear*, not for a long, *long* time yet. We have not even seen her yet. Oh, we have not thought about her coming home at all. Aunt Julia says she does not know in the least when she will be fit to be moved even downstairs,—and as for leaving the Abbey, Aunt Julia will keep her as long as ever she possibly can." And it was tolerably obvious that if Aunt Julia were to keep the sick girl altogether, one person at least would find no fault with the arrangement.

"The way that ridiculous Catherine is getting the upper hand in that poor, neglected house, really annoys me more than I can tell!" exclaimed Mrs Waterfield one day, on returning from King's Common, where Catherine had done the honours with an alacrity and solicitude more than creditable as a performance, but which did not answer so well with every one as with her docile papa. "I confess that to see that mere child sitting perked up in the drawing-room in an afternoon, ordering about, and taking the management of everything—she who ought to be at her grammar and geography, and would never have been visible at all, had her poor mother or Rosamund been about—it is quite too much for me. The child is insufferable. I cannot think where she picked up all that manner. Rosamund had not an atom of it—not at any time,—she was as charming and simple as possible, even when she had begun to be noticed, and made much of; and, for a wonder, Lady Caroline had

the wisdom not to try to improve her. But Catherine is a born actress and diplomatist. Her coolness, her self-possession, the way in which she persecutes you with attentions and inquiries—and all the time with such evident satisfaction in her own perfect address and *savoir faire*—I scarcely know how to look. She is a detestable child," quoth the speaker, with energy.

Rosamund, Mrs Waterfield had been unable to resist, in spite, perhaps, of an involuntary touch of envy, and wonder that the unamiable, uninviting Lady Caroline Liscard should have such a bright and radiant creature belonging to her—but she could let herself out, as it were, about Catherine.

Catherine reigning at King's Common, in all the glory of solitude and prominence, and with obvious forecasting of gay doings and revelry by-and-by, was likely to have advantages and surroundings such as she could not hope to give her girls; and what was Catherine that she should merit such promotion? If her father went on as he had begun, indeed, the young regent's reign might be short, though merry—but Mrs Waterfield did not under-rate the abilities of the astute damsel; she did not think that "dear papa" would find himself left altogether free to pick and choose his society. Already Catherine had made great strides in her ascendancy; and as he was a man certain sooner or later to fall once more under the dominion of petticoat government, if the daughter could only hold her ground for a time, she stood an excellent chance of having him completely under her thumb for the future.

No one would have been more indignant at all of this than Lady Julia, had Lady Julia not been

entirely engrossed at this period by other and sweeter cares.

It had become all in all to her to nurse, and watch, and brighten, and support the feeble life now struggling back to youth and strength again. To mark the truant colour stealing once more over her darling's cheek, as the weeks rolled by; to note the little daily increase of appetite; to hail with delight the lengthened nightly slumbers; to provide dainties and delicacies, and cater amusement sufficiently simple and unexciting—the while in her heart she built anew her lately shattered castle in the air,—all of this afforded such a round of occupation as left neither time nor inclination for much outside the Abbey precincts. Her days were completely filled up, and, in consequence, she scarcely ever went to King's Common, and knew but little of what went on there.

When Catherine would jump down from the phaeton, and run in to her aunt, all eagerness to know about the sort of night dear Rosamund had passed, and the sort of breakfast she had made, who could find a fault with that? When she would rejoin, in answer to her aunt's vague hints that it might be long before the invalid would be able to resume her wonted place as elder daughter and sister, that if only dear Rosamund's life were spared to them, they ought not to mind how long she was in getting well and coming home, nothing could be prettier.

The Gilberts, root and branch, eliminated, love and kindness for humankind once more returned to inhabit the tender-hearted Lady Julia's bosom—animosity and antagonism being foreign bodies in that soil; and overflowing as she was now with a thankful, tearful felicity, she only felt ready to pity all others not so happy as herself.

Catherine in consequence got off cheap.

She had but little to do. Her fervent inquiries and congratulations, her ready acquiescence in any little scheme for her sister's comfort, and, above all, her protestations that all was going on well at King's Common, but that, of course, they were very dull, very quiet (“and very respectable, just as they should be,” internally commented her auditor)—completely satisfied that good lady's mind: the consequence of which was, that the niece stood higher in her aunt's good graces at this period than she had ever done before—or, perhaps, was ever likely to do again.

The poor children, however, were no better off under the new *régime* than under the former ones. Their palmiest days had been, indeed, when Gilbert's influence was young, and had been exerted on their behalf; for now Catherine, flaunting in her new-born state, would no more be troubled with them than would Lady Caroline or Rosamund, and even they had not been more firmly convinced of the efficacy of school-room regulations, and the need for the whole remaining eight being invariably kept out of sight and hearing, than was the barely emancipated pupil.

The only difference was that Catherine patronised Miss Penrose, which Rosamund had never done.

Rosamund had been sorry for the little governess, but she had not cared to seek her society; and in her rampant heyday, it is to be feared the wilful girl had done little she had not cared to do. Catherine, however, was now hand in glove with her late preceptress, who, in her turn, would not have been human if she had not enjoyed the turn things had thus taken.

Miss Penrose would be begged to come down to the drawing-room in the evenings, and hear the flute and latest duet—when we may be sure she praised the accompaniment also; she would be invited to accompany Catherine on her shopping expeditions to Longminster, when these came to be more frequent than dear papa cared for, (and dear papa was never troubled to do anything for which he really had a distaste at this time): so there, by Miss Catherine's side in the pony-carriage, though on a lower seat, would perch the little narrow strip of a governess, taking up next to no room, and feeling quite complacent—since, poor soul, the low seat was indubitably better than none at all, and a drive, and a peep at the gay windows, and helping Catherine to make purchases, and standing by while Catherine talked to acquaintances, better than droning on in that endless grind which had swallowed up so many years of her life at King's Common.

She never refused the holiday, or half-holiday, petitioned for by her late pupil, when the little band had been invited to the Abbey to run riot among Lady Julia's pets, and be stuffed with her good things,—but she and Catherine did not make up the party going there. They would be off to the town, to dressmakers, milliners, and what not—Miss Penrose to inspect and admire, Catherine to price and purchase. So many parcels had never found their way to a carriage belonging to King's Common before.

All this time what was Hartland doing?

Getting acclimatised to the new order of things; beginning to be a little more cheerful, a little less silent; to take an imperceptibly growing interest in the state of the fields, the weather, the progress of

the new farm-buildings, the stables, the kennels, the spring meetings, and the prospect of the cricketing season.

He was not quite so keen a cricketer as he had been a year or two before—but still he fancied he should not give up his team. He thought he should get together a few good horses, and go in for hunting the following season—there was a prospect of the hunt being improved, and he ought to encourage it. There was still a little shooting, and as Rosamund's condition continued to improve, shooting men came and went, and made some sort of variety. But still there was more needed.

"He requires an out-and-out thorough change," said his friend Stoneby, one day. "You should pack Hartland off, Lady Julia. He is moping here."

"My dear Mr Stoneby, I pack Hartland off! Why, nothing on earth would induce him to go. He will not stir from home; he has not slept a night away from the house since—you know when."

"The very reason he should go now."

"I am quite sure he will not go—until Rosamund is better."

"She is out of all danger now, Lady Julia."

"Oh, entirely, dear child; nothing but strength is needed. As soon as she is fit to travel, I propose taking her abroad. Why, to be sure"—and she stopped, and her whole face beamed—"to be sure, if Hartland would go with us—!"

"—No, no, not that," said Mr Stoneby, smiling and shaking his head. "No, Lady Julia, that would not suffice. That would do no good at all," added he, frankly, for he was now drawn by a closer tie than ever to the Abbey inmates, and was known as "Hartland's

dear, kind, invaluable friend" there. "Do you not understand," proceeded he, "that that sort of change would simply be no change? Hartland ought to leave behind him every familiar thought, and voice, and face. He ought to breathe a completely new mental atmosphere. He needs this even more than a physical one. For that very reason I have not offered myself——"

——"Oh, if you would!"

"It would not answer; it would not serve our end, Lady Julia. Let him shake off for the time every one and everything with which is connected a painful association. Let him go over the seas, right away—say to America, across the Rocky Mountains, camp out in the Far West—you will have him come back another man. Before he knows, he will find himself disencumbered of all the cobwebs which the last six months have spun around him. He will knock up new acquaintanceships; form new interests; insensibly drop his melancholy, and—wonder what has become of his liver. I assure you, Lady Julia, a great deal of the gloom which still overshadows Hartland—though it has lightened much of late—is due to a very prosaic and explicable cause. He is capricious about his food, and neglects his hours. Then, for a long time, he took not a third of his usual exercise. Then, he has had no society——"

"Very true indeed," assented poor Lady Julia, as meekly as if she had been to blame for it all; "but, Mr Stoneby, he is so much better than he was."

"He is better: he is getting over it," replied Jack; "and for that very reason he is fit to go off by himself, and to get all the good of so doing. We could not have trusted him alone till now."

"And he was too anxious," and she shot him a glance.

"Yes, of course. To have left you in your anxiety would have been unfeeling——"

"Oh, Mr Stoneby, you know what I mean."

"You mean that he was unhappy on his own account?"

"I am sure, certain, that he cares for her. And I had so hoped that when she was able to be downstairs and about, and when they could see each other quietly every day, and she could get to know him and appreciate him—oh, you know, I think you know, what is my greatest hope and prayer——" and the fond, imprudent creature clasped her hands, while the water stood in her eyes.

"My dear lady," said Jack, quietly, "has it ever struck you that perhaps, in the old days, if this event which you so earnestly desire had not been put in motion, and prepared for as it were, it might already have come to pass of itself? Believe me, it does not do to try to pull the strings of destiny——"

"We only thought it would be so nice," murmured she.

Who could proceed with a lecture after that?

"Certainly you understand Hartland as no one else does," conceded Lady Julia, recovering herself; "and Rosamund is not—of course—poor darling, she is thin, and pale, and fragile-looking; and with all her beautiful hair gone, she cannot look her best. It *might* be as well that Hartland should not see her just now."

"Quite as well," assented Jack, profoundly.

"She will soon be every bit as pretty—as beautiful as ever," added Lady Julia, jealousy in arms at once. "People are very much mistaken who think she is going to be

a poor, pale invalid for the rest of her life. Still—for the present, we must be thankful to have her as she is. And if you think Hartland should really go——” and she sighed a sigh of resignation.

It was a little hard to have to give up all the cosy prospect of Rosamund as the most interesting of convalescents, making daily progress under Hartland’s care;—she had pictured fresh spring mornings, and had seen the two sauntering hither and thither in the sunshine, she leaning her fragile form upon his stalwart arm, he bending over, all pride and protection,—she had seen the happy girl piloted in the broad, low, easy carriage, through green lanes and budding hedgerows—seen the hourly increase of tenderness on the one hand, and confidence on the other, finally ending in the glad avowal—all taking place in her own childhood’s home, the home to be also theirs!

Still, if it would be best otherwise, who was she to rebel? Ultimately she decided to sound Hartland, and find out how he felt in the matter.

As she had foreseen, at first he would hear neither reason nor argument, and stood stoutly out against the idea. He had no need of anything of the kind. He was very well where he was. He was not in the mood for travel. If they liked, he would go up to town for a few days, presently. He would go to Liverpool and see the Grand National run. More than that he would not do.

But by degrees the continual droppings, which are said to wear out a stone, had their effect.

Lady Julia, having been brought to perceive that the tempting vision of her two beloveds billing and cooing under her protecting wing, was not perhaps the most likely

one to prove a reality, nor, if it did, to produce lasting happiness—since the one stood in scarcely less need of care than the other—ended by throwing herself heart and soul into Mr Stoneby’s proposition; was convinced because he was convinced, and resolute because he was resolute.

When Hartland was restored to full health and vigour, and Rosamund to her home and position—then would be the time for love-making proper to recommence. Her other scheme would now, she saw, with the usual adaptability of her sweet and pliable nature, be not without its drawbacks.

Accordingly she was full to the brim of assurances, and prognostications; called in Mr Stoneby to supply arguments; and got hopelessly entangled amidst wilds, deserts, and prairies.

The result, however, was all that was desired.

Hartland was off, and off without seeing his cousin.

“She did not ask to see him, nor he to see her,” Lady Julia explained to her confidential adviser thereafter. “Why he did not, I cannot tell; but I think I can guess at dear Rosamund’s feelings. Poor child, she does so dislike the sight of herself in the glass. And I am sure a sweeter face—but the little frilled cap is rather trying. I cannot honestly say it is becoming, and I hope she will soon be able to dispense with it. Her hair is beginning to show again nicely, and will be quite lovely within a month; or two. Still I think, I do think, it is something to do with that, which makes her shrink from seeing any one; and when I told her Hartland had sent her his ‘good-bye,’ she seemed rather relieved than otherwise, only a little—perhaps a little—disappointed; but I don’t know. One

thing, however, she certainly did not ask to see him."

Not long after the young man's departure, the invalid was pronounced not only fit to be downstairs and out of doors, but to contemplate the trip of which Lady Julia had spoken.

The project accordingly took shape with increased minuteness, and at length grew so alluring and so prominent, that a desire—an unmistakable desire—to partake in it, began to manifest itself on the part of Rosamund's sister.

Could she not be of use in helping to wait upon dear Rosamund? Could she not run about, and fetch and carry for her? Could she not save Aunt Julia trouble, write her letters, and talk French? Miss Penrose had always pronounced her to be the best French scholar in the family, and it would be such a pleasure to talk French for Aunt Julia.

Aunt Julia, however, was not to be tempted. Catherine might be very well at King's Common, and her notable qualities were of service there as keeping all smooth during her sister's enforced absence—so much the good lady was ready to allow; but beyond that, she had no love for her younger niece.

Had Rosamund indeed expressed a wish for her companionship—but Rosamund almost laughed at the suggestion. She and Catherine had never had an idea in common.

To Lady Julia she would not now expose her sister, as in old times she had not spared to do, but neither was she going to give in to Catherine yet.

"If it had been Clemmy Stoneby!" she said, and almost before the words had crossed her lips, Clemmy Stoneby it was to be.

"My dear child, what an excellent, what a *first-rate* idea! Of course, Clemmy is the very person. She must and shall come. She is devoted to you, and she,—I will pay all her expenses—everything. We owe so much to her dear, kind, invaluable brother. How thankful we should be to have such a young man for our parish clergyman! And Clementina herself will be quite perfect as a companion. Besides which, I cannot rejoice enough at having it in my power to give her the pleasure."

Poor little Clementina was in the seventh heaven when she had received Jack's consent, and all was arranged.

As for Catherine, she made no complaint. A few weeks after the party had started, they received a note from her, dated from the south of France. Dear papa was taking her the most delightful Continental tour; and she came home with her portmanteaus as full of new dresses, and knick-knacks, as a bride on her wedding-trip.

It was getting time for Rosamund to be at home again.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—SHE HAS HAD HER LESSON.

"Adversity is like the period of the earlier and of the later rain—cold, comfortless, and unfriendly both to men and to animals; yet from thence have their birth the flower and the fruit, the rose, the date, and the pomegranate."—SCOTT.

At length the truants returned. All alike had grown weary of endless novelty and unlimited idleness, and pined for the familiar sights and sounds, pursuits and

pleasures, delights and even the drawbacks of an English home.

The spring and summer had been passed by Lady Julia and her niece in exploring Italian and

Swiss resorts, wandering about from one grand old city to another, till the heat drove them northward; remaining there for some months among the snow-peaks and glaciers; and finally settling down at a German spa, until the life there became unendurable.

Lord Hartland had had a wider experience. He had travelled fast and far; had seen many strange and stirring sights; traversed mighty rivers; camped out in lonely wildernesses; made countless friends; learned much, heard much, thrown his heart and sympathies abroad in all directions; and had entered into every adventure and enterprise with a zest which had brought its own reward.

He was now, as predicted, another man. Moody, melancholy introspection was gone for ever. Unreasonable woe had vanished. The spring of life was all in bud afresh.

He still loved his cousin; he still felt grief and shame with a chastened pang, when a wave of recollection would now and again break over his spirit as from some dead storm; but, no longer crushed and overwhelmed, he now stood upright, strong to bear the past, and hopeful even of the future.

He would not shun Rosamund, but neither would he sue her.

He thought he could be sure that so far no thought of him as a lover had ever crossed her mind; and if this were the case, a renewal of the old intercourse could be maintained without danger to either, so long as he kept a watch upon himself.

He did not mean to be too bold. Rosamund, according to her aunt, was now more beautiful, more bewitching than ever, and, added to that, the dearest, *dearest* girl in the world. "You can have no idea of the sensation she creates

everywhere," wrote Lady Julia. "People are always getting introduced to her; and then they are so angry with me because she refuses to go to their dances, and will not take any part in the amusements that are always going on. This is a very gay place, and there are plenty of pretty girls about, but none to equal Rosamund. So every one says. She cannot help being seen, for she is always out and about—looking so lovely in her white frock and hat—and I may confess to *you* what I should not dare to do to *her*, that sometimes I am tempted to suggest going on the promenade, and hearing a little music at the gay hour, because I cannot resist showing her off, and seeing all the eyes following us. But although she never objects to anything of that sort—(not the admiration, but the walking, and sitting under the trees)—she cannot be persuaded to more. She says she is not strong enough; and, to be sure, she is not *very* strong yet, not quite her old, robust self—but between ourselves, I do not feel that that is altogether the reason. I gather that she thinks she ought not to be amusing herself as other girls do, quite as if nothing had happened. Perhaps she is right, dear child; and it would be terrible if anything of the kind were to begin over again. It might, you know. There are one or two here who are most obvious adorers from afar, and who would need only the slightest encouragement to be at her feet. It is pretty to see how she avoids them, and yet how anxious she is to be kind to all, and never to hurt nor pain anybody. Oh, Hartland, our darling has had a sore and bitter lesson, but the fruits of it are only too sweet. I almost tremble when I think how dear, how very dear she is to me."

Next it was, "Rosamund and I are at last setting off for England. We shall travel slowly, and probably remain a day or two in London, although no one is there now. But Rosamund wishes to get some autumn things for the children, and to see about a new governess."

Rosamund might have spared her pains. She was informed that the children had all been fitted out before she arrived, and Catherine, armed with her father's authority, had already engaged a French mademoiselle, recommended by some of her new acquaintances.

"We did not know when to expect you," she explained subsequently, "and papa thought it a pity to wait. Lady Belmont assured me it was quite a chance that Mademoiselle Forestier was disengaged; so papa said, write at once."

"Who is Lady Belmont?" demanded the elder sister, with something of an accent on the "who."

"Papa and I met her in Paris. She was so kind to us. We saw a great deal of her there."

"I thought you had only been in Paris for a few days?"

"We saw her on nearly all of them."

"Is she your only reference for this French girl?"

"Certainly," said Catherine, drawing herself up. "Papa and I felt that we did not require any other. We were quite satisfied."

Quite satisfied! Sixteen and three-quarters was quite satisfied! Yet in spite of herself, the cold composure in the speaker's eye made the spirit of the other sink. She had no heart for wars and fighting, she was so longing for peace, and love, and kindness, all round; so anxious to be just and forbearing even to Catherine, who

must ever be a trial and perplexity, that it did seem hard to be confronted with so grave an offence on the very threshold of her return.

But little did she guess how far things had gone!

Now, at every turn, she found herself being informed of new habits, new customs, new laws—all, as could plainly be perceived, of one person's making, yet none of which were owned by her. Oh dear, no; it was papa who "liked this"; papa who had "grown accustomed to that"; papa who "never did" such and such a thing now, or who, contrariwise, "*always* did" it.

Papa showed Catherine his letters. Papa expected her in the library after breakfast. Papa could not spare her to do any lessons, so they had never been resumed. She had had to be everything to papa for so long, that he could not now do without her. It is to be feared that the very sound of papa's name grew at last obnoxious in poor Rosamund's ears.

By degrees she saw it all. The younger had supplanted the elder, and taken away her birthright—and though it must in fairness be added that the birthright in question was one which the latter would never for its own sake have coveted, still she could not stand by and look on, without something of the old, warm blood boiling within.

She had come home fancying that it would never boil again. She had been feeling so humble, so peaceful, so anxious by meek and gentle ways to show her sense of past folly, and resolutions for future amendment: she had felt as if nothing that might be said of her would be too severe, as if the coldness of friends, the condemnation of the world, and the stares of the village folks would be only

her meet punishment,—and had by reflection and prayer strengthened her soul to bear all.

But this peculiar form of retribution was precisely what had not been expected.

It must be remembered that the Catherine known to Rosamund in days gone by had been but a poor creature, at whom she had been used to laugh and flout when a child, and turn her back upon when a woman. In no other character had she beheld her sister until now. During her convalescence, caresses, inquiries, and profuse solicitude had been the order of the day, while not a word had been said to her of the triumphal progress the emancipated schoolroom miss was making to the top of the tree. All had been carefully kept in the background; and now the grand result of the whole broke over the head of the returned wanderer, like a thunderclap. Catherine was all in all.

Mr Liscard, no longer a cipher, but applauded, flattered, and put forward, was by no means inclined to think meanly of any one who gave him such an excellent opinion of himself. Catherine's judgment—since it invariably coincided with his own—was eagerly sought, and pronounced invaluable. He and Catherine could manage everything between them; and perhaps it was but natural that he should add peevishly, that Rosamund had no business to interfere.

"But it is about the children that I mind most," the latter confided to her aunt. "I did so hope to do better for my poor little sisters and brothers than was—was done for me. I may say that to you, may I not? You will understand. But this Mademoiselle Forestier is not the right person for them at all; and yet

she is so backed up by papa and Catherine that I can do nothing. They are too strong for me," and Rosamund's lip trembled.

"Too strong for my Rosamund!" said her aunt, gaily. "Nay, my darling, be patient, and do your best. These trials often pass quickly. And you are the eldest daughter—mistress of your father's house—"

—"Neither of these now," said Rosamund, sadly. "I have forfeited my claim to everything, I think. My father almost tells me so. Catherine openly shows it. Even the little Frenchwoman follows their lead. As Catherine engaged her and received her, she all but declines to take so much as a message from any one else. The other day, when I spoke about something I wished to have altered, she looked at me calmly, and said, 'Et Mademoiselle Catherine?'"

"You should speak to your father."

"I have. It did no good."

She did not add that it had done harm,—that Mr Liscard had testily rejoined that really it was a pity she had come home to disturb every one, and that, as she had been so happy with her aunt, he should recommend her continuing to make the Abbey her home, and leaving them to their own quiet ways.

The cruel taunt had pierced deeply, and could be breathed to no one.

Her place, whether for good or ill, was now, Rosamund felt, beneath her parent's roof; and though many, if not most, of her days were spent with Lady Julia, she made a rule of carefully returning every night, and pursuing her quiet round, as though settling down at King's Common for years to come.

This had gone on for some

weeks, when one fine September morning Hartland, bronzed, reddened, big, bright, and hearty, reappeared like a great sun rising on the neighbourhood.

He had been missed by all, and by none more than his young cousins; and their tumultuous greetings and demonstrations—for they had their first sight of his tall figure approaching through the park, while at play there in a holiday hour—acted as a sort of shield for the meeting which had been alike longed for and dreaded by two of the group.

Rosamund had been sitting a little apart; the day was warm, and there was but a faint tint in her cheeks. He thought she did not look as well as he had expected, and that the little hand which rested for a moment in his felt small and thin. He told his aunt afterwards that, in his opinion, his cousin had a good deal of leeway yet to make up, ere she could regain what she had lost. He told himself that he had done very well; got over the first sight of her bravely; and could feel confidence in his hold over his heart for the future.

Foolhardy mortal! Lady Julia needed not to have sighed so dolefully as he left the room—nor Catherine to have simpered and bridled, and been sure that Hartland had come home more delightful than ever, because he had addressed to her the chief part of his travel-talk. The old spell was at work again before any of them knew—before he knew himself.

First of all recommenced the old habit of walking in and out of King's Common at all hours and seasons; then there would be long lingerings in the dusk, when by chance Rosamund was met in the gardens or shrubberies; long talks in the bay-window, waiting for the

driving party, who, it not infrequently happened, would be late in coming back—(Catherine liking much to look in for her tea at this house and the other in the neighbourhood)—and instant recollections of Lady Julia's waiting for him, and speedy departure, immediately the room filled.

To be sure, the cousins were not quite so easy together as they had used to be; and instead of boldly claiming her company for a stroll, as he had been wont to do, Hartland must needs now manœuvre to get it, and look black, and say not a word, if frustrated. He would not say openly "Two's company, three's none," as he had not scrupled to do the year before, when desirous of getting rid of Catherine, who was no more a favourite with him than with her sister—but he would hearken diligently to any plans let fall, and base his line of operations accordingly.

Catherine used to wonder how it was that they had invariably missed him, when she and her father had been out on one of their long afternoon excursions. At such times he would be over early, and he would stay late. He would not quit the side of her whom he had come to see—no, not for a moment. Out of doors, if a child ran up and pressed between them, he would lift it aside; within, whatever seat she took, he would draw his near. As the time passed, he would press still closer, take an interest in the book she had been reading, the work she had been doing, in anything that enabled him to lean over her chair, and make her turn her head his way.

His voice would be low and soft; he would halt before her name,—and yet the name would be oftener on his lips than perhaps it should have been. He did not

talk to Rosamund about his travels, and his new friends, and new experiences, as he did to Catherine or to Dolly; it seemed as if he had nothing to say about them to this other auditor—as if for her he had her own topics.

And when the long, dreamy, desultory *tit-to-tit* would at last be rudely broken in upon by the return of the driving party, noisy and merry, the Hartland who rose and straightened himself up at their approach, would be quite another person than Rosamund's companion in the low chair during the past hour or two.

He would seldom be induced to stop on.

An evening at King's Common meant not only being usurped by one or other of the two who had no attractions for him, but a growing indignation on another's behalf. But little perception was needed to understand how matters stood in the readjusted household, and, guided by Lady Julia, he could hardly go wrong. He felt dangerous on the subject, and being a peaceable man, thought it best to avoid explosive opportunities.

But he got to know better and better at what times Rosamund would be alone, and the spots she haunted—and I fear me he somewhat avoided his friend Jack Stoneby at this time—good cause as he had to love and bless Jack.

Stoneby, of course, saw plainly enough what was coming, and was not, upon the whole, certain of what he himself desired.

He desired Hartland's happiness, and Rosamund's happiness—and what with time and absence, and the never having had any hopes for himself, joined to the advent of a very nice, and pretty, and amiable young lady in the neighbourhood, he was able quite

cheerfully to unite the two in his mind—but he did feel he should have liked to have had some sign from Gilbert first.

For some weeks after Gilbert's departure, while Rosamund still lay hovering between life and death, Stoneby had conscientiously fulfilled his promise of letting her former lover know her state, and had duly received a few words of thanks in reply to each communication. From these he had learned that Major Gilbert had exchanged into a regiment ordered to Burmah, and the last note received from him had been from the frontier there.

There he was, and there he was likely to be for long enough—doing a little fighting, and running odds and ends of risks; but the great war for which his soul thirsted was nowhere to be found. The world was unusually quiet a dozen years ago.

"I wish he could see some action," said Jack to himself, as he folded up the latest missive—"it would do Gilbert more good than anything; and perhaps if that were to intervene between him and his past disappointment, what with activity and hard work, and all the things he would have to think of and to do, he would learn to judge more kindly of poor Hartland, and be able to send him a message. The worst of it is, that I fear the whole thing will slip from his memory. These sort of affairs take so little hold of a man engaged in active life; and he will naturally not care to recall this more than he can help. He may have got somebody else by this time," added the young man, with a little nod to himself—and he went and paid a visit to his "somebody else," that very afternoon.

It was a mild, showery day, almost too warm for the time of

year, and with no suggestion of the blustering autumn winds yet in store.

Rosamund, wandering about among the late roses in the old, unfashionable roseray at the bottom of the garden, was hidden from view between the tall briery hedges, and somewhat sharply taxed for being so by Catherine, who at four o'clock came to seek her, post-bag in hand.

"You knew the afternoon post would be coming in," she said. "It is too bad of you to give me all this run after you."

"I never asked you to run after me;" and the speaker's tone added, "nor did I want you to do it."

"I supposed you would like to have your letters!"

"You supposed you would like to know what was in them." Rosamund could yet turn the tables in a neat retort, and, truth to tell, she did not allow herself to get altogether out of practice. She did not care in the slightest degree about her letters that day, and she did care about being left to her rose-garden solitude, and perhaps just a little also about another interruption to it which had now and again happened before, and which might as likely as not happen again—but which Catherine's presence would inevitably mar. "I don't suppose they are of any consequence," she added, holding out an ungracious hand.

"Oh, but they are—at least, they are very interesting to look at from the outside," said Catherine, prudently waiving further discussion, and the risk of a quarrel, for the sake of gratifying her curiosity. "They look like invitations."

They were invitations. The October shooting dinner-parties were now being arranged, and people generally were beginning

to think that King's Common had done its part in the way of mourning and retirement, and that the widower was ready to be consoled, or at any rate to be beguiled, by the seductions of a little neighbourly society.

One and all had concluded that at any rate he might be tried; and that Rosamund also might be tried.

It was said that she did not mean to go out—that would be ridiculous. Every one knew that the poor girl had suffered enough; and she was so young, and had been so neglected—(poor Lady Caroline!)—that it would be cruel to visit her sins heavily on her head.

And undoubtedly there would be also something interesting in Rosamund Liscard just now, which would add to her attractions in the eyes of all who heard her story,—something to whisper about and nod about,—something to make a hostess grateful for. So that, considering how seldom it is that a poor county lady, buried in respectability and domestic interests, has even the faintest flavour of spice to throw into her ingredients for a shooting dinner-party, the writers of the several gilt-edged notes which Catherine now eagerly produced, may be pardoned if they were a little early in the day in sending them, and a little anxious about their acceptance.

"Mr and Miss Liscard," read out she, enviously, as they were opened one by one. "I suppose you will go? I could hardly go till next spring, unless—I shall be seventeen, you know, directly; so that if you——"

"There, take them! They are all of the same order," cried her sister, hastily thrusting the packet back upon her. "You can ask papa about them. Ask him now, if you like. He is at home——"

—“No, he is not; he is gone for his walk.”

“He went in this minute,—I saw him. He had forgotten a letter he had to write.”

“And what am I to ask him?”

“About these, of course,” impatiently. “What is to be done about them? I think myself that it is too soon for us to dine out yet. I think we,—or at any rate *he*, ought to let a year pass; but I will do as *he* wishes.”

“I *could* go, you know, if you—”

“Well, go then,—you may go for me—”

“Do you really mean that? May I consult with papa—?”

“Yes, consult with papa—go in now and consult with him,—oh, that will do,” as Catherine’s mouth was opening to begin again; “I tell you, you may go if you want—only do not stand arguing and expounding there—” the words were scarcely out of her lips, ere their astonished auditor, in terror of a revocation, and already conning over the means by which she could with propriety carry out so delightful a permission (she told herself she did not mind in the least Rosamund’s being cross over it), sped off like the wind, and the latter’s end was attained.

She was alone; and only a large black-edged envelope remained in her hand, which neither the one sister, nor the other, dreamed could contain anything worth any one’s waiting for.

It was probably some milliner’s or dressmaker’s bill; and the person chiefly interested in these, did not covet over-much being present when one of them came in. Catherine’s spring orders had been tolerably extensive, and had somewhat startled even herself by the sum total to which they had mounted,—she would not, on account of some tire-

some shopwoman, delay seeking out dear papa, and telling him what Rosamund had said—(it was a way of this young diplomatist’s always to father a sentiment of her own, on somebody else, when possible)—and accordingly, she was well out of sight, ere the other absently undid the fastenings of the despised document.

The next moment saw it despised no longer.

“Emily Gilbert!” she exclaimed aloud, as the signature in large letters caught her eye,—“Emily Gilbert! And writing to me! What is it—what can it be?”

With feverish haste her eye flew over the page, and the blood seemed to surge back from her heart.

He was dead—the man who had loved and lost her.

Dead! She paused to think, to understand. Dead! How, dead? *Dead!* Yes, the words were there, unmistakably there.

He had been killed in a night sortie among the frontier mountains, some weeks before. Some weeks before! And she—she had never heard, had never been told, and had been going on her way, contented and happy;—even beginning to—to—her cheek burned all over with a deep crimson flush.

Gilbert dead—some time dead—and she had not even mourned him!

That, for a few moments, swallowed up every other thought and emotion.

But how had she not heard—how not known?

The writer explained that only now had her poor brother’s effects arrived at his sorrowing home, and that she thought it probable Miss Liscard had not noticed the record of his death in the newspapers, there having been a mistake in the name which no one had cared to rectify till too late. She now only

intruded, poor Emily wrote—a mournful indignation shadowing itself forth beneath the humility—she only intruded because the enclosed had been found among her brother's papers. As the enclosed had been addressed to Miss Liscard, she had felt that Miss Liscard would like to have it, or that at least they ought to send it.

In the whole there was a pitiful attempt at dignity which was hardly successful. Just where the brother would have succeeded, the sister failed.

Rosamund, however, was in no mood to carp. The strange, sudden, terrible tidings were enough; the little packet with her name upon it in writing once so familiar—could she have eyes for aught beside?

The paper had a dark-red stain upon it.

"Dear," it ran, "I feel to-night, although I know not why, as if I must write one word to you for the last—last time. I had never meant that you should hear from me again; but neither will you, unless the strange forebodings which have haunted me so unceasingly of late, prove to be true. I will bear this in my bosom, and only by my death, shall it find its way to you. It may be a weak fancy, Rosamund, but I seem to feel that the end is coming at last, and coming soon. I have not sought death, but neither have I shunned it. I have hoped for it, and expected it, and I think I shall have it, perhaps before many hours are over. There has been an outbreak among the natives here, and who knows to what extent the mischief may not have spread? It is a wild, dark night, and we are going out upon the hills in search of the rebels. They tell me these rebels give no quarter. Why should they? We give them none. . . . Oh, Rosamund,

Rosamund! why are you with me, day and night, day and night now? I am looking at you as I write. I see you standing there in the dim light. I hear your voice; I almost feel your breath. Where are you? I wonder what you are doing. I wonder if you are happy. My dear, if my love would have made you so, you had it all, you have it now: whether I live or die, I am yours only, and yours wholly. But mine was not enough. Be Hartland's wife then, if you can love him. I know he loves you. Marry him, and remember that this is what I wish and desire. I no longer doubt him; I feel convinced that I never ought to have doubted him, and you must tell him so,—when he tells you, as he will, what once I felt. I have written to him a few words also. He may like to have them straight from me. Why need I mind saying more? I shall have left this world if your eye ever falls upon these pages, and why should I not tell you that I humbly hope I shall have left it for a better? Rosamund, by the grace of God the ruin of my earthly happiness has been the means of leading me to seek it from a higher source. I turned to my Maker, and He heard me, and will receive me. May He bless you, preserve you, keep you, make you happy here and hereafter——" The writing ended in a pale smear: a summons had come in haste, and the hand that had dropped the pen, had lain stiff and powerless ere the morrow's light had dawned.

The paper had been thrust into his bosom, as he had said, and had been there—the dark stain told when.

With bursting sighs and blinding tears she hung over the page, at times invisible and almost incomprehensible. How often had

she wondered what would be the end!—What the years would bring!—Whether he would forget!—Would suffer his wound to be gently healed!—Would ever again cross her path?

And now in that far-off clime he had fallen—not gloriously as in the field, leading his men to victory with the sound of trumpet and the clang of arms,—but in some dismal, unknown spot, nameless and unhonoured. To this, she cried—to this her hand had driven him! Great Heaven! was she never to come to the end of that harvest of her thoughtless sowing?

True, his sorrow had brought him a rich return, but in that she had had no share. The one had been of her making, but not the other; and can we blame her if at the moment this was the pang that was uppermost?

A step upon the gravel—a voice in her ear. “I think,” said a man’s deep undertone, subdued to tenderness unmistakable—“I think, Rosamund, that we have both heard the same tidings. . . . Shall I show you mine?” But she scarcely knew whether his arm enfolded her, or whether she clung to him; whether he or she held the new letter; or whether she read with his eyes or her own.

“You are a man of honour,” it ran. “If I ever tried to doubt it, time and reflection have proved too strong for me. But I think I always believed in you, Lord Hartland—though it was a kind of opiate to my pain to resolve that I did not. To-night I go into action, and before going I shall write to Rosamund. Show her this. Win her if you can. Make her happy.”

The command had been obeyed on the instant.

. . . “Have I made you happy?”

said Hartland, a few years afterwards. “Have I done all I ever hoped and vowed to do? Is there anything you desire, anything I can give you, anything that would make my Rosamund happier? What? There is? Speak, dearest—I can trust you. You have but to name your wish. You shall go where you will, do what you will—”

The answer came so low that he could scarcely catch it—

“I want to see his grave.”

A few words in conclusion about the other personages who have played their parts before our readers.

And first, for Lady Julia. Her cup was now full to the brim, and would have run and bubbled over, but for the little daily friction occasioned by the sight of Catherine reigning unchecked, and in all her glory, at King’s Common. Had she known how long that reign was to last—extending until the very sight of her name as Miss Liscard became odious in the eyes of the thin-visaged, sharp-voiced spinster, suitor after suitor having been frightened away by her ill-concealed shrewishness, and the subjection of her only remaining parent—even Aunt Julia would have been satisfied. As it was, it was perhaps really as well that the good aunt had that crumpled rose-leaf, all the rest of her bed was so wondrous easy.

Rosamund, with a chastened spirit and nobler views of life, growing ever gentler and tenderer, while regaining yearly more and more of the radiance of her youth in the sunshine of such a home, was perhaps the first darling of her heart. But Hartland was a close second—and deserved it. He, too, could never show her affection enough.

Mr Liscard never re-entered the married state, getting on fairly well without a second wife,—though it was said of him that he never again had so good a time, as during that first year of his widowhood, and more especially during the three first months of it.

Mrs Waterfield, on hearing of Rosamund's new engagement, made no remark of any kind, not choosing to animadvert, and perhaps not feeling drawn towards exhibiting any very exuberant demonstrations of pleasure. Perhaps these could hardly have been expected of her. Diana was out, too, by this time.

Jack Stoneby married well and happily, but kept his secret—a secret of which neither Lord nor Lady Hartland ever had the slightest suspicion—to the end of his life.

Olementina also married, having found out that the next best thing to a devoted brother is a devoted husband.

Billy Barley thrived apace, and had to be incessantly watched and scolded, or he would have had a dip in the mill-dam again as regularly as the summer came round, in spite of his father's pride in pointing at him and saying, "Ay, it's nought but a corp that boy there o' ours would ha' been this day, if it hadn't been for one of the grandest gentlemen i' the land,

who's gone himself now—the Lord bless his memory!" . . .

It was said of Lady Hartland in after years, that nothing could be more beautiful and touching than the care with which she began to train her little troop of high-spirited sons and daughters, even from their cradles.

It was one of the rules of her life to mark and learn the character of each child, to win the confidence of all, and to give her own in return.

She never sought to master them by sheer dint of strength and will, nor to override them with the upper hand; still less to provoke them by her prejudices and unreasonableness to assert their crude and immature judgments in defiance of her own.

But what was, perhaps, more effectual than even this, was the humility and readiness with which, so soon as she found herself mistaken, or learned that she had been in error, Rosamund was willing to avow it.

Such example could not fail to have more effect than any amount of precept; and it is therefore not to be wondered at that the children of such a mother, though by no means likely to become either a tame or timid crew, were, on the other hand, tolerably sure never to draw upon themselves the epithet of *A Stiff-necked Generation*.

THE LIFE OF RICHARD LORD WESTBURY.

LORD WESTBURY¹ was the most conspicuous legal figure of this century, and it is right that his life should be written. He achieved the highest eminence as an advocate and a judge. He won a very high place in both Houses of Parliament. He accomplished much as a law reformer. But he wrote no book, he kept no diary; a valuable portion of his correspondence was soon after his death accidentally destroyed. His biographer has accordingly derived his information mainly from Lord Westbury's family and a few surviving friends. He had himself no personal acquaintance with the subject of his book; and as a generation has passed away since Bethell left the bar, the personal recollections of contemporaries are no longer available in respect of a very active and interesting portion of his career. Hansard and the law reports, of course, were open to him. Some of Lord Westbury's letters have been published in this book, but a good many of them, especially those to Mr Henry Reeve, are not very interesting. The reader quits the book feeling that the materials are flimsy, that the author is not quite equal to his task, and that the book hardly sustains or satisfies the interest in Lord Westbury's career which is derived from memory and tradition.

We will endeavour to note the main points upon which light has been thrown on Bethell's marvellous career. He very early developed great bodily strength and capabilities of endurance — those indispensable conditions of the

highest success at the bar. The circumstances of his childhood explain much in his subsequent career. His grandfather died when the child was six years old. His father, owing to family quarrels, was scarcely mentioned in the will, and in addition had lost his money in unfortunate investments. From that time his family were involved in the direst pecuniary embarrassment. The struggles of those early days, the self-denying efforts of his parents to develop his great powers by education, the habits of industry, energy, and self-reliance which were then created, influenced his character to the latest hours of his life. Family affection was strongly developed; but contracted sympathies with others, and a concentrated determination to push his own way, resulted. He retained to the last a devoted attachment to his father's memory; his own family and relations in later life were inspired with a similar feeling towards himself; but all the circumstances of his childhood, of his youth, and of his manhood spent in the rivalries and contentions of the *Ohancery* bar, were unfavourable to the growth of that wide human sympathy without which no one can become a leader of men, or wield any considerable influence over his fellow-creatures. A powerful intellect, detached, self-reliant, and all-sufficient, is capable of making a man a powerful and even dreaded athlete, but it must be combined with qualities to which Lord Westbury was a stranger, if it is to command confidence or enthusiasm.

A very high degree (a first in

¹ *The Life of Richard Lord Westbury.* By Thomas Arthur Nash, B.A., Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1888.

classics and a second in mathematics), gained in 1818, when he was less than eighteen years old, was followed by four years' residence in Oxford as a "coach." It was during this experience that his biographer thinks he acquired that precision of manner which was his most marked characteristic—that "man-millinery" of style, consisting of a mincing manner and affected utterance, which one of his critics imputed to him. He came to London in 1822, and was called to the bar at the end of the following year. Whatever the peculiarities of his manner and style, he undoubtedly brought with him audacity and strength, unlimited confidence in his own powers, prompt perception, unrivalled clearness in his exposition either of details or of argument, a command of language which enabled him to express with accuracy the slightest shades of difference in meaning, and indefatigable diligence. Add to this a caustic wit, and absolute indifference to what was said to himself either by bench or bar, and you have a champion armed at all points, of whom it may be safely predicted that, whatever else he may do, he will certainly succeed in making his way for himself and his clients.

The period of his life before he took silk (1823-1840) has no very marked incidents of public interest. He married in 1825, and in his intervals of relaxation he rowed, he fished, and he played cricket with his children. Having had an extremely rough time of it during the distracting anxieties which surrounded his childhood, he was glad to get some experience of joyous youth in the companionship of his own children, whose lives, of course, were cast in happier circumstances. As far as practice was concerned, he was

soon immersed in the bankruptcy and equity business of the Court of Exchequer. Later on came a period when shoals of informations and petitions were filed in Chancery against corporations and other bodies, as trustees for charitable purposes, with a view to impeach their possession or management of the property intrusted to them. These, of course, were lucrative cases, and a large share of them fell to Bethell. The picture which the biographer gives of the leaders in court during Bethell's earlier years is not a pleasing one. Sugden treated counsel opposed to him with scant courtesy, indulged in a snappishness to be tolerated only in men of his eminence. Bickersteth "would fix the judge with a horny eye from which there was no escape." What that may mean baffles conjecture. Knight Bruce would adopt a tone of intellectual superiority towards his opponents, and, as he swept away their arguments, eye them through his glasses with an air of whimsical compassion. Leach, as Master of the Rolls, was so irritable in temper and ungoverned in speech, that a deputation of the leaders of his court waited upon him to remonstrate against his discourtesy. Where this standard of manners prevailed—not, certainly, the highest which cultivated men would seek and desire to attain—it may well be believed that Bethell would be equal to any emergency, and that his example would not tend to the general improvement. Wit, satire, and sarcasm, inspired by boundless intellectual arrogance, and indulged in by a man who was utterly heedless of the antagonism which he evoked, were his contributions to the good-fellowship of the place. His irritating language once, as his biographer puts it, "provoked a retort which took the unusual

and unprofessional form of personal violence applied to his nasal organ." And in letting his furnished house to a naval officer, his contemptuous treatment of his tenant in reference to "pots and pans" provoked a challenge, from which he was only rescued by the tact of his friends. The fact is, that the Chancery Courts are not the best school of manners. Where counsel have to deal with living witnesses and jurymen, and pass from court to court in different parts of the country, they live, move, and have their being in a sphere too wide to foster the growth of petty personal feelings. But in Chancery Courts, where the leaders are as much confined to one court as the judge, where the proceedings are mostly on paper, and the only personal feelings which come into play are those of the rival disputants, and those which result from coping with the intellect and temper of a single judge—heading a wild cow, as it is sometimes irreverently called—it is easy to understand that the whole atmosphere of the place becomes permeated by the idiosyncrasies and humours of the more prominent actors. Mark Patteson's memorials have shown that the passions of a cloister are quite as engrossing and much more venomous than those of the outer world. The few specimens of Chancery spite, *tempore* Bethell, which are given in this book, strike one as unmanly. "What you are pleased to call your mind" is a very celebrated specimen of the class of thing which passes current for caustic wit. Said by a leader in large practice to a junior in his first struggles, it loses whatever recommendation it may have ever possessed in the way either of design or of execution. Strange that a man of Bethell's indisputable eminence should so frequently, accord-

ing to all accounts, have sacrificed to such a paltry attempt at wit a man's title to respect for self-restraint, forbearance, and courtesy.

During the time of Bethell's leadership in Chancery, he achieved the highest reputation in advocacy. It is said that when he was replying in any great case, the court was usually crowded with the ablest young men, fresh from the University, who considered that to hear Bethell was a liberal education in advocacy. His former master, Mr Lee, when he had retired from practice on account of advancing years, was known to be in the habit of donning his robes and sitting in court to hear his pupil's arguments in important suits. His renown as an advocate was so great, that one of the most disappointing parts of Mr Nash's book is, that no sufficient specimens are given of his style, nor are his great successes brought home to the reader. General descriptive expressions, not always very precise in their meaning, do not avail to give an adequate account of this large portion of Bethell's career. It ought to have been written by some one more familiar with it, but probably the time has now passed by. Lord Wensleydale (no mean critic) used to say that Bethell was the finest advocate he had ever listened to; and an experienced solicitor is quoted as saying, "After he had finished his argument, I felt that not one word that could be usefully and advantageously said had been left unsaid, and still more, that not one word had been said which had better have been left unsaid."

Bethell's parliamentary career, however, is that portion of his life in which the general public will take most interest. In both

Houses of Parliament he maintained the ascendancy which his enormous intellectual power at once secured to him. Of course, in either House he came at once into collision with its foremost spirits. No man in either House so closely resembled Mr Gladstone in the class and character of his intellect—Mr Gladstone, we mean, as he was in his prime, not as in his more recent developments; and perhaps the closest encounters which either of them ever experienced were those in which they contended with each other. But he was not born or bred a party man, nor had he the capacity for acting in concert with others which English public life requires. The difference between them did not end there. Both may be described as *subtilissimi doctores* who would have done credit to the middle ages. But Bethell was as a speaker cool, accurate, unsympathetic, terse. As a politician, he was indifferent to office and to public life—careless of public opinion; as a man, he was a despiser of morals, cynically impatient of cant about religion, self-contained and self-restrained to the point of being his own enemy; a lover of truth, a hater of party, whose thin, mincing, but clear and penetrating voice never wasted a word, who thought more than he spoke, and detested writing. As a barrister, he was respected, hated, and feared by bench and bar. In both Houses of Parliament he inspired similar sentiments.

Bethell's ambition and pride lay in the development of his professional powers: a seat in Parliament was necessary as a road to the wool-sack, and was reluctantly sought and obtained; his only *rôle* was that of a law reformer. He was elected for Aylesbury in 1851. It

is amusing to note that, while as a candidate he made excellent speeches, he utterly abhorred canvassing. "He was very irritable," said an electioneering companion, "and could not endure those bores" who, as electors, were continually applying for private advantages, and who were met by their candidate with surprising vigour and frankness. "To suffer fools gladly" was quite beyond the range of Bethell's power. He took his seat on the Ministerial benches behind Lord John Russell, having previously been a member of the Conservative Club, from which he was forthwith expelled. It appears from a letter that he found it impossible to join the Peelites, impossible to act with the Protectionists, and impossible to support the feeble, imbecile Government of Lord John Russell. Nothing could be more characteristic than this state of mind; but necessity has no choice, and accordingly he sat behind the Ministry.

He began his career in Parliament by urging on its attention the subject of Chancery reform. But, to use his own complaint, the Derby Government of 1852 put their sickle into the field of standing corn which a Liberal Government considered that it had brought to maturity. That is a very usual complaint against Conservative Governments. It was Lord St Leonards who carried the Common Law Procedure Act and the Acts for establishing the Master's office and improving the jurisdiction in equity. These measures revolutionised common law and equity procedure. Mr Bethell had sat on the Chancery Reform Commission, and added to his reputation by his speeches on these measures, for which, however, the Conservative Administration was entitled to full credit.

Still Bethell was, and proved himself later on to be, a thorough legal reformer; and in 1846, long before he got into Parliament, or apparently even contemplated a parliamentary career, he tried to reform the Inns of Court, and to set on foot a comprehensive system of legal education.

When the Coalition Government, of sinister reputation, was formed, Bethell became Solicitor-General. In his first speech he announced that as regards legal reform much remained to be done, and that he would never rest content until common law and equity jurisdiction had been finally consolidated. That consummation was not reached till after Bethell's death, and it involved the destruction of the old historical tribunals of the country—institutions which reached back to the very birth of the nation, but all of which were swept away in order to fuse legal and equitable jurisdiction, and consolidate the tribunals of the country into one court. Bethell early in his official career exhibited his complete self-reliance, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, his superb contempt, for all who differed from him, even when they were law lords of established authority. The Lord Chancellor, for instance, carried a Registration Bill through the House of Lords, and sent it down to the Commons. There it was rejected, and Lord Campbell declared that "it was lost through the opposition of Sir Richard Bethell, who was allowed to defeat a measure which the Chancellor had introduced, and on which the credit of the Government materially depended." Whether that complaint was justified or not, it was known that Sir Richard Bethell disapproved the measure. One of Bethell's principal efforts as Solicitor-General was in the assistance

which he gave to Mr Gladstone in passing the Succession Duty Act of 1853. The two fought side by side in support of that Bill, but their united efforts have proved much less interesting historically than their fierce contentions four years later over the memorable Divorce Act. Sir Alexander Cockburn and Sir Richard Bethell were Attorney and Solicitor General during the whole career of this ill-starred Coalition—two of the most celebrated legal figures of this century. It reminds one that the equally unfortunate Administration of Lord North was upheld by the two most conspicuous lawyers of last century—or, as Gibbon expressed it, the Minister might indulge in repose while he was upheld on either side by the rugged sense of Thurlow and the skilful eloquence of Wedderburn. Shortly after Lord Palmerston, who had chiefly attracted the allegiance of these two legal luminaries, became Prime Minister, Cockburn became Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, and Bethell became Attorney-General.

One of his latest acts before his promotion was to denounce in the House of Commons the manner in which the House of Lords was exercising its appellate jurisdiction, which had fallen into the hands of Lords Cranworth, Brougham, and St Leonards. The two latter, he said, were mere volunteers. They felt themselves at liberty to attend or not attend as they pleased; and if they attended, to remain or not during the arguments as they pleased. The position of things no doubt at that time was discreditable. The Government tried to remedy it by granting life-peers to experienced judges, but the attempt was frustrated. Ten years later the evil was met very much as Bethell had wished—

namely, by the creation of Lords of Appeal with life-peerages.

The dissolution of Parliament in 1857, and the circumstances which led to it, prevented attention to anything but purely party matters in the early part of that year. After the dissolution, Lord Palmerston's great majority was practically placed at the service of Sir Richard Bethell to carry important measures of legal reform. He forthwith carried an Act to make fraudulent breaches of trust criminally punishable, and also to make the criminal law applicable to the delinquencies of directors of public companies, a great number of which were springing into existence under the limited liability principle established in the previous year. This was followed by a Testamentary Jurisdiction Act, by which the old Ecclesiastical Courts were deprived of their jurisdiction over wills, and a Probate Court established. And then came the grand question of Divorce, with which for good or for evil the name of Sir Richard Bethell is inseparably associated.

That Act was the one great achievement of the great majority of 1857. Its principle and provisions aroused, as was natural, the most determined opposition. Bishop Wilberforce and Mr Gladstone were two of its most vehement, not to say furious opponents. There was, moreover, a large infusion of heated personal feeling. Both those opponents were personally obnoxious to Lord Palmerston, who, then at the height of his power, met a demand for delay by a peremptory refusal, and the statement that he would keep Parliament sitting to the middle of September if necessary in order to pass the Bill. The contest thus animated was mainly waged between the Attorney-General and

Mr Gladstone. The former contended that the principle of the dissolubility of marriage for grave causes was acknowledged at the Reformation; that by error, or by the intervention of the Star Chamber, the Ecclesiastical Courts were prevented from dissolving them; that Parliament had been obliged to interfere and grant parliamentary divorces—that is, by Acts of Parliament after judicial inquiry by Parliament—the bishops age after age making no objection; that the Bill transferred the jurisdiction exercised by Parliament to a court established for that purpose; and that to reject it involved the condemnation of the existing practice of legislation, and of all that had been done for the last two hundred years. The latter argued that the Legislature had no power to absolve a man from spiritual vows taken before God at marriage; that by carrying divorce to the door of men of all classes, it was as completely novel as if it had no parliamentary precedent; that it was demonstrable theologically that marriage was indissoluble; that to shake the idea of the marriage contract was the first stage on the road to heathenism. The Act has now been in force for thirty years, and these arguments have now lost much of their interest. The debate, however, foreshadowed the rise of parliamentary obstruction. Clause by clause, line by line, and at times almost word for word, the progress of the measure was challenged. The Attorney-General alone supported the measure from the Treasury Bench. Mr Gladstone, who was up and down twenty times in a night, and a host of others, struggled vehemently against it. It was generally admitted that Bethell rose to the occasion, and, both intellectually and in respect of physical endur-

ance, was a match for all his opponents. The biographer says that while Mr Gladstone was *more suo* in a white heat of excitement, arguing with intolerable vehemence, and indulging in personal acrimony and invective, the Attorney-General sat composedly getting up the Shrewsbury peerage case, in which he was engaged before the House of Lords. When his great opponent had ceased, he would rise, and having in a few words dealt with the points raised, would resume his seat and his work. However, all contests come to an end in time. The Bill was carried; and Bethell's own account of his performance, as expressed in a letter to a member of his family, was as follows:—

"I have had to maintain my ground and vindicate one of the worst drawn, miserably expressed Bills I ever saw in my life, against a host. Gladstone's violence also gave a vehement personal character to the debates. In the middle of it I was obliged to sit up the small portions left of two nights in the House of Commons to get up the Shrewsbury peerage case. However, it has done me very little harm in body or mind. I am a little tired, but the others are much worn and jaded."

Sir Henry Layard, who sat in Parliament at that time, thought that Bethell was unrivalled for close reasoning and lucid expression, and that in the divorce debates he far surpassed as a debater and logician all his antagonists. Bethell, on the other hand, used to say that Mr Gladstone was the only debater in the House whose subtlety of intellect and dialectic skill made it a pleasure to cross swords with him.

Early in the next year Lord Palmerston's Government was thrown out, the legislative successes of his great majority having been entirely due to the Attorney-

General, whose claims to the woolsack seemed to be indisputable. The Government, however, fell on the Conspiracy to Murder Bill, which was introduced on Sir Richard's advice. He advised that if foreigners conspired in this country to commit a crime, and then actually committed it abroad, they were not by the existing law punishable here, and that the law should in that respect be altered. The Bill was thrown out, owing to the dictatorial tone assumed by France in respect to it. But the law lords one and all declared that Sir Richard was totally wrong in his law, and that foreigners had no impunity in respect of conspiracy which would be criminal in natural-born subjects. In that view the Bill was unnecessary, and Sir Richard had advised the Government to their ruin. He distinguished himself in opposition to Lord Derby's second Administration; but when Lord Palmerston returned to power in 1859, the woolsack was not forthcoming. He was, of course, extremely disappointed. The most flattering explanation was, that he could not be spared from the Commons. The real explanation probably was, that in patching together the Liberal party, the rival claims of Lord John's and Lord Palmerston's nominees could not be adjusted; and so Lord Campbell in his eightieth year was promoted as a convenient stop-gap. Bethell gave way; and it is due both to him and his biographer to say, that when we pass to his life from the memoirs with which the world has been favoured of Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, and Campbell, we pass to an atmosphere of considerably less shameless self-seeking, and to one pervaded by higher aims and greater desire to render valuable services to the public.

He worked harmoniously with the new Lord Chancellor during his two years' tenure of office. The only incidents of vexation recorded are, that not having accepted at the time Lord Palmerston's offer of a written promise, to be fulfilled at the next vacancy, he could not afterwards get it. *Accipe dum dolet*, he hinted to the Premier, —take your note when you can get it; afterwards to ask for it will be odious. It may be only a coincidence, but the Attorney-General managed to unearth an old statute of George III., under which five members of the Cabinet were liable to a stamp-duty on their appointments of £200 each, payment of which they had evaded. He formally demanded these payments through the Prime Minister, threatening to file informations in the Court of Exchequer unless they were paid within a week. *Accipe dum dolent*, he urged on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, —present each with a pen whilst repentance is strong on him, and bid him pay that which he owes. The money in each case was paid, and formed a slight pecuniary reminder that Bethell was still Attorney-General and not Lord Chancellor. To fine some members of the Cabinet £1000 was, under the circumstances, a solace to his feelings. The letter written to Mr Gladstone on this subject is the most interesting one in the book, and a most characteristic specimen of his wit and pleasantry—caustic enough, but deriving a good deal of its pungency from its tinge of malice. It is quite possible, however, that in reality his mind was free from malice: he was most thick-skinned himself, and probably underrated the effect of his biting speeches; certain it is that before a Young Men's Christian Association at Wolverhampton he

attributed his success in life to his universal benevolence of disposition and conduct. His second term of office was signalled by carrying the great Bankruptcy Act of 1861.

Some insight into Bethell's personal relations to the Cabinet during these two years of office is given in this book. A masterful subordinate, who is dissatisfied and discontented with the treatment he has received, is not an easy colleague. Apparently he did not consider the aged Lord Campbell worth taking into his confidence over his law reforms, for there is a note in Lord Campbell's diary, shortly before the meeting of Parliament in 1861, complaining that, in spite of Mr Attorney's magniloquent professions, he had been unable to get from him a draft of any of his bills. So far from consulting the Cabinet on his great Bankruptcy Bill, which was to be the prominent measure of the session, he tells Lord Palmerston, as late as the 27th January, that he did not know that any section of the Cabinet had been appointed to consider it. They were not to be favoured with a copy of it till the 3d February; and if they wanted to see the Attorney upon it, they must attend at his chambers on the 5th or 8th. Having received a direction from the Cabinet, who are anxious about their chief measure, to give notice of the bill on the first day of the session, and introduce it a few days later, he objects to the mandatory form of the expression. He points out to Lord Palmerston that his legal reform bills are a laborious duty, self-imposed at great personal sacrifices, and "must not be the subject of peremptory communications." A "satisfactory assurance on this subject" is demanded, as he has other measures in contemplation. In accepting Lord Pal-

merston's conciliatory explanation, he harps upon Mr Gladstone's taunt in the divorce debates, of his being a hewer of wood and drawer of water to the Cabinet, and renews his complaint that the Lord Chancellor and Solicitor-General were of no use to him. As regards the former, he remarked that, "I have begged him to take on his shoulders the Land Transfer Bill and introduce it to the Lords (which ought to be the course), and I have offered to explain it all to him; but 'Jock is too canny,' and so I must do it myself." The fate of the Bankruptcy measure was that Bethell rapidly passed it through the Commons; but Lords Brougham, Cranworth, and Chelmsford fell upon it in the Lords—Lord Campbell single-handed being no match for his opponents. Without going into details, it is sufficient to say that it went back to the Commons mutilated, and, in the opinion of its projector, absolutely useless. Before the Lords' amendments came on for consideration, Lord Campbell died. The Commons disagreed with the amendments. Lord Westbury, as Chancellor, began his career in the House of Lords by placing himself in antagonism to the majority, and, as might have been expected, by exhibiting at the very outset all his characteristic powers of disdainful and contemptuous sarcasm, directed against the rival law lords who had incurred his indignation. The tone adopted by him to his rivals in the House was very similar to that of his observation to an unfortunate clerk who had interrupted him during consultation with a slight correction as to a date, "Will you please, sir, to go outside that door and shut it?" As a result of some vehement altercations, some of the amendments were waived, but the rest were

insisted upon. Lord Westbury always objected to the Act being called by his name. He said its provisions were inconsistent and unworkable, and that for every hydra-head of abuse destroyed, seven new ones had appeared. Another Bankruptcy Act was passed in 1883, which provided, as Lord Westbury had desired, for official superintendence of bankruptcy business.

But this was an unfortunate commencement for the new Chancellor in the House of Lords. It is due to Lord Westbury's memory to say that there are strong indications that he did not intend his tenure of the woolsack to be an ornamental ending to a prosperous career; he was sincerely anxious to signalise it by great measures of legal improvement. He tried to cheapen and simplify the transfer of land. He was credited with the intention of making a conveyancer's position such that he should not be able to earn his salt. So in 1862 his great measure was a Registration of Title Act. The idea was not merely to register deeds, but to register estates, titles, and transfers; to get rid of what he called "the tyranny of parchment"; to effect a transfer of land as easily as of stock. His bill passed both Houses. He took great credit for it with Lord Palmerston, and got congratulations on his name being associated with all the important law reforms of recent years. But the Act would not work. Landowners did not care for it; it involved trouble and cost, and led to litigation. The solicitors, whom Lord Campbell used to describe as more powerful than either House of Parliament, were hostile to it. It was superseded by Lord Cairns's Act of 1875, which in turn did not work any better.

It would be tedious to recapitulate Lord Westbury's endeavours to improve the law. During his whole tenure of office he devoted himself ungrudgingly to the public service, as might have been expected from a man of his ardent and energetic nature and his undoubtedly high sense of public duty. His comprehensive designs on this subject may be appreciated by reading his celebrated speech in 1863, in introducing a bill for further revising the statute-book. But no Chancellor of recent times, except perhaps Lord Brougham, ever placed himself in such acrimonious antagonism to the House through which he had to pass his measures. He came, of course, into strong personal collision with the late Lord Derby and Bishop Wilberforce. From the former he on one occasion received a stern remonstrance and rebuke. There had been a furious personal encounter between Lord Ohelmsford and the Chancellor, in which the latter had observed no moderation whatever in the language which he permitted himself to use. The House was crowded for a scene, and Lord Derby roused himself to vindicate the outraged sense of the House in a way which recalled his mode of resenting O'Connell's outbursts in the House of Commons. The interference had its effect. The unrestrained animosity of these legal encounters abated, and the Chancellor soon found himself at war with the Bishops. Dr Wilberforce was no unequal antagonist, but soon found himself provoked and exasperated by the supercilious disdain with which he was treated. The first encounter apparently was over a bill which the Bishop had prepared for constituting bishoprics abroad without the licence of the Crown. The bill had to be with-

drawn in consequence of the Chancellor's effective criticisms — not without some explosions of wrath from the Bishop. His general attitude towards the Bench of Bishops may be inferred from the sayings attributed to him,—one, that on the woolsack he might have fancied himself presiding in Paradise but for the excessive display of lawn sleeves, which at once dispelled the pleasing illusion; the other, when objecting to a Bishops Resignation Bill, "The law in its infinite wisdom has already provided for the not improbable event of the imbecility of a bishop."

Party spirit ran very high on Church matters during Lord Westbury's Chancellorship, and he was not exactly the man to pour oil on the troubled waters. It fell to Lord Westbury to pronounce the judgment of the Judicial Committee in the case of 'Essays and Reviews,' in which, without pronouncing any opinion as to the character, effect, or tendency of the book, it was held that the passages impugned had not been proved with the strictness required in quasi-criminal proceedings to contravene the teachings of the Church. Of course Lord Westbury was merely the mouthpiece of this judgment, for which the whole Committee were responsible; but it was denounced as "an awful and profane judgment." The tribunal was vituperated as a "masterpiece of Satan for the overthrow of the faith." Convocation, under the influence of the Bishop of Oxford, condemned the whole book as heretical, by a resolution in the nature of a synodical judgment. This proceeding was, of course, a distinct challenge to the Lord Chancellor, who, nothing loth, at once entered into the fray, with the result that the

House of Lords became the arena of another memorable encounter.

Lord Houghton brought the subject before the House of Lords, by asking of the Chancellor a series of [questions as to the power of Convocation to pass a synodical judgment, and as to the immunity of its members from legal proceedings consequent thereon. Lord Westbury's reply is as good a specimen of his caustic wit as can be found, utterly reckless of the animosities which he excited, full of expressions which, as the Bishop said of them, blistered those on whom they fell. He began by a contemptuous reference to Convocation, with which there were, he said, three modes of dealing. "First, while they are harmlessly busy, to take no notice of their proceedings; second, when they seem likely to get into mischief, to prorogue them and put a stop to their proceedings; third, when they have done something clearly beyond their powers, to bring them to the bar of justice for punishment." Then he went on to describe the pains and penalties of a premunire, which, he said, they had incurred by violating the Act of Supremacy, which prohibited a synodical sentence without the consent of the sovereign. He drew a picture of the primate and bishops in sackcloth and ashes at the bar of the House—the deacons, archdeacons, canons, and vicars—condemned to a sequestration of their revenues, "all included in one common crime, all subject to one common penalty." He took credit for having refrained from instituting a prosecution, "in view of the impotency" of the course which had been taken. For, said he, "I am happy to tell your lordships that what is called a synodical judgment is a well-lubricated set of words—a sentence so oily and

saponaceous that no one can grasp it. Like an eel its slips through your fingers." Having demonstrated that the judgment was a *ridiculus mus*, a sentence without any meaning, he proceeded to deal with those members of Convocation who had dissented from the synodical judgment and had protested against it. One would have thought that common prudence would have dictated to the orator conciliation at all events in this direction; but the Chancellor was in the full swing of his wit, and friends as well as foes must come under the lash. The protesting parties might think they had saved themselves from consequences. But, he said, if they will take my recommendation, "their best security after protesting will be to gather up their garments and flee, and remembering the pillar of salt, not to cast a look behind." It must no doubt have been very amusing, but the speech scattered rancour all round. The Bishop was loudly applauded as he inveighed against it, and he represented a large and devoted party, who felt themselves as much blistered by what had passed as the Bishop himself.

In spite of the growing personal hostility by which he was surrounded, the Chancellor proposed to utilise the session of 1865 by carrying six measures of law reform. In fact, he went at such a pace that he distanced all previous competitors. Even Lord Brougham complained of it, and wished for a breathing space. He did not live to fuse legal and equitable jurisdiction, but he at least carried the measure which concentrated all the courts, both of law and equity, within one building.

At the end of this session of 1865 Lord Westbury fell. Certain scandals had occurred which

it is unnecessary to dwell upon, but with which Lord Westbury's name was mixed up. He was in the position of an accused man, and wished to resign, but Lord Palmerston prevented him. A committee of investigation into what was called the Edmunds case was appointed, which acquitted him of improper motives, but attributed to him error of judgment and a wrong view of his duty. Unfortunately, another case of the same kind (that of an official being allowed by the Chancellor, after detection of irregularities, to resign with a pension) happened at Leeds. Another committee inquired. Again it reported that no improper motives were to be attributed, but that the pension had been granted hastily and without due examination. Again the Lord Chancellor was prevented by the Government from resigning. Under our system of government, the inevitable result was a motion of censure by the Opposition. Again no personal corruption was imputed, but laxity of practice and want of caution were. The motion was carried, and Lord Westbury resigned. His dignified speech on that occasion did much to stem the tide of reprobation which had set in. Mr Gladstone, in later years, thought he had suffered heavily, and beyond what was quite reasonable. His memory stands clear of the imputation of personal corruption, and the immense labours of his official career may fairly explain laxity of attention to particular instances of official misconduct. The duty of dealing with such cases may possibly, perhaps necessarily, be delegated; but the responsibility remains. It was right that Lord Westbury should be driven from office; but under all the circumstances of his great career, it was hard upon him. Yet there was a

certain appropriateness in the man who had so needlessly and so often exasperated personal animosity, falling at last before a host of assailants to whom he had incautiously given their opportunity, and who in the end conducted him to the door of his office, and practically bade him go outside and shut it. Public feeling soon experienced a change, and much sympathy was privately expressed. Throughout his career, notwithstanding the asperity with which he conducted all contests, both forensic and political, he was not deficient in kindly feelings. It was a desire not to press with too great severity on fallen and disgraced men which led to his ruin. The remainder of his life was of no great interest. He never again rejoined a Ministry, and apparently was never invited. He twice refused a Lord-Justiceship, which Mr Gladstone, in a circuitous way, pressed upon his notice. In judicial life he confined his attention to the House of Lords and Privy Council tribunals, except that he undertook the office of arbitrator to wind up a great amalgamated insurance company under a special Act of Parliament.

As regards politics, he entertained grave objections to any scheme of disestablishing the Irish Church which involved an interference with the Royal supremacy. Otherwise he might probably have been Lord Chancellor in Mr Gladstone's Cabinet of 1868; but neither he nor Sir R. Palmer would have anything to do with the new Irish policy. Here is his own account:—

"I made no secret last year to Granville and others that my mind did not run with total confiscation of Church property, or with the total destruction of Episcopacy or the supremacy of the Crown. Therefore I

neither have had, nor expected to have, any communication from my former party. Who would have believed ten years ago that Gladstone and the High Churchman Wood [Lord Hatherly] were the fated instruments to destroy the Irish Church?"

He occasionally, however, took part in the debates of the House of Lords, and notably on those concerning the Irish Church. But he never again displayed the old asperity or the keenness for an encounter which marked the more active period of his career. In fact, he collapsed in physical vigour with great rapidity. The cessation from active life and the habits resulting from increased leisure were not favourable to longevity. He died in June 1873, within a few hours of his old antagonist Bishop Wilberforce, the two heroes in their generation of the legal and ecclesiastical professions, totally dissimilar in the character of their intellect and pursuits, but alike in their strenuous, ardent, and unyielding temperament. The Bishop possessed to the full those qualities which Lord Westbury lacked, that power of inspiring enthusiasm and touching large bodies of

men with personal devotion to himself. Lord Westbury stood alone, confident in his powers, and revelled in exciting opposition and animosity from sheer love of displaying his power of quelling them. But when we compare the biographies of the two men by such light as has been thrown upon their inner lives and characters, the lawyer stands quite as high or higher than the divine in devotion to public duty, and in the sacrifices which he willingly made to it. In independence of character the lawyer stands the higher, for throughout Lord Westbury's life there is no record of his intriguing for promotion or repining at failure. He worked hard, and achieved his successes, every one of them, "off his own bat." He sought and accepted promotion defiantly; he held the highest office in the realm with majesty and eloquence; and notwithstanding the incidents of his fall, retired from it with dignity. His career, no doubt, is tarnished by many faults, but they were not of a character which impaired either his willingness or capacity to render great services to the State.

NOTES FROM THE CONGO.

I.

It is somewhat amusing, in reading Stanley's works, to contrast the ideas of Africa to be gathered thence, with the popular notion of that continent, as a vast steaming swamp, full of fevers, venomous reptiles, and nameless horrors of all kinds. This applies chiefly to his latest work—for, in truth, much of 'Through the Dark Continent' is melancholy reading enough, though even there the uplands of Man-yema and the glorious cultivated plains of Uganda and Unyoro come in for their full share of praise. If we may believe the great explorer, Africa is, if not a paradise, at least quite a tolerable place to live in; and it is only the folly and ignorance of white men in general, and new-comers in particular, that cause all the death and disease of which one hears so much in Europe.

The truth is, one must remember that Stanley has spent the best years of his life in Africa, that to it he owes his name and fame as an explorer, and for its sake has undergone hardships and dangers innumerable; and that, in consequence, the "Sphinx of the Nations," one might almost say, is to him as a child.

But even allowing for Stanley's prepossessions in favour of Africa, one must admit that there is less now than there was ten years ago to deter Europeans from going to live there. The climate, certainly, is more injurious to them than that of their own country, but not in reality more fatal than that of India or China. All tropical countries are ener-

vating to Europeans; and a man who comes to the Congo must not shut his eyes to the fact that he is in a tropical climate, or try to live as he used to do in Europe. He must remember that the sun is much more powerful, and that, after being for some months exposed to it, he is less able to resist the sudden changes of temperature to which he is sure to be subjected. As Stanley says, people think a great deal too much about malaria, and not enough about other causes of fever. When I first announced to my friends that I was going to the Congo, "malaria" was dinned into my ears from morning till night, though no one seemed able to tell me precisely what it was—one man, indeed, saying he believed it was a kind of fever. During the first two years of my stay in the country, I had several slight fevers and one or two bad ones, but not one of these can I attribute to malaria. The first attack was the worst. I was on my way from Matadi to Léopoldville, and quite disposed to look on Africa as favourably as one could wish, when one day I felt rather queer, and found I could walk no further. For the next eight or ten days my opinion of Africa went down to zero. Had Stanley been writing a prophecy concerning my arrival at the Pool, he could not have described it more exactly than when he says—speaking of Europeans on their way up country:—

"Some of them, under the fiery impulses of getting on, on, and on, will march their fifteen miles per day, and, on arriving at the

Pool at the end of their journey, they will turn round and deliberately curse the land, the climate, and the people.”¹

I started with a great notion of getting on, and walked, if not fifteen miles per day, at any rate more than I should have done, after lolling for six weeks about the decks of an ocean steamer. On arriving at the Pool, carried in a hammock, my head spinning like a top, and with just enough sense about me to know that I was still alive, I did curse the country and the climate most heartily, and vowed that, if I ever regained strength enough to bear the journey down to the sea, I would get out of Africa as quickly as I could. Having made my entry into Léopoldville in this fashion, I was placed under the care of Dr Mense—and a kinder or better doctor never existed. His greatest pleasure was to minister to the sick—not only by prescribing medicines, but by devising every possible comfort and even luxury for the benefit of his patients; indeed, he never seemed happy unless he was doing good to some one. A man would need to be very far gone if he did not soon begin to revive under Dr Mense’s treatment; and accordingly, I was soon able to crawl out of my room and look round.

I was puzzled about the fever, which I could not attribute to chills, as I had been warned at Matadi not to stand about in damp clothes after the day’s march, and had, in consequence, been careful always to put on an extra coat as soon as we halted. As for malaria, I had been up among the mountains, between

one and two thousand feet above the sea, and had always understood that malaria never rises to such a height. Dr Mense informed me, however, that my fever was the result of exposure to the sun. A long day’s march under a tropical sun is, it seems—if it does not first result in sunstroke—as fruitful a source of fever as any other. As the day was clear, he further advised me to try a walk to the top of Léopold Hill and have a look at the Pool. I crawled up, wondering if I should ever be strong enough to cross the hundreds of hills that lay between me and the sea, and reckoning how long it would take me to reach England. Arriving at last at the top, I turned round, and my first exclamation was, “Going back, be hanged! I must get better and see the end of this!” Before me lay one of the noblest views I had ever seen. I could never do justice to it in a description were I to try for a year; and even standing on the hill with it before my eyes, I felt as if I could not see enough of it. Below me lay Léopoldville and the native town of Ntamo—I could look right over them to the baobabs marking the site of Nshassa²—and beyond, the broad Pool with its sandbanks and islands; while, to the north-east, the whitish gleam of Dover Cliffs showed plainly above the dark forest of Bamu (or Long Island); and a little to the east, a gap in the hills indicated where the Congo poured its volume of waters into the Pool. Turning to the south-east, the eye is arrested by Mabengu, lately christened Mense Mountain, in honour of Dr Mense, who ascended

¹ Stanley, ‘The Congo,’ vol. ii. p. 216.

² Or Kinchassa—the native prefix introduces much confusion into proper names.

it just before leaving for Europe—which he did, March 13, 1887, to the great regret of every European on the Congo. On the south side of the Pool a broad grass-covered plain extends from Nshassa to Kimpoko, and back inland as far as the mountain-ridge of which Mabengu forms part. This plain, consisting of a rich black soil, will, I hope, in the dim future—when the long-talked-of railway is completed—be covered with plantations of coffee, rice, and sugar-cane. Some portions of it are inundated by the river during a rainy season of unusual severity; but the greater part is high and dry at all times, and only wants the grass cleared away to be ready for cultivation. To the west the mighty Congo sweeps round the foot of Léopold Hill, and over the reef which forms the first rapid of Ntamo cataract. In the middle of the cataract are two or three rocky, tree-covered islets, between which the river roars in one white mass of boiling foam. Just above the islands is seen one of the mouths of the Gordon-Bennett river, which, emerging from the dark forests of the north bank, flings itself headlong over a lofty cliff into the Congo. Eastward of the Gordon-Bennett, the high wooded bank extends to the village of Mfwa. Here, on a commanding height, the French tricolor waves from the station of Brazzaville, right opposite the rocky promontory now called Kallina Point, after an Austrian lieutenant who, in 1883, lost his life while attempting to round it in a canoe.¹ This point stands boldly out into the stream—its cliffs rising perpendicularly out of deep water—and diverts the strong

current, which dashes against its upper side, towards the centre of the river,—forming under the lee of the cliffs a return current of almost equal strength. A new-comer ascending the river in a canoe, and keeping, as is always done, close inshore, would not see the broken water beyond the point till his craft was well under the influence of the return current, which would carry it, at a speed of three or four miles an hour, right into an opposing current running at the rate of six or seven. The sudden shock and lurch which follow are almost certain to upset the canoe; and then the best swimmer would need more than human strength to keep his head above the chaos of cross-currents and whirlpools, which sweeps him away towards Ntamo falls. I remember making a rash attempt—during my school-days—at diving through the sluice of one of the locks on the Medway. The river, not above twenty yards wide at the spot, was running through a sluice of about two feet six by five into a basin—say twelve feet broad and ten deep. Diving too low, I was caught in the return current, and whirled head over heels over and over several times, before I could struggle into calmer water, with a force such as I never wish to feel again. Compared with this trifling instance, what must be the force of current of a river which, after a course of nearly 3000 miles, throws on an average nearly 2,000,000 cubic feet of water out of the Pool, through a channel from one and a half to two miles wide, below which a sudden fall of ground forms the cataract of Ntamo? It is true that canoes can and do go up and down

¹ The Congo, vol. i. p. 486.

round Kallina Point, manned by experienced native boatmen; but even these are often thrown back several times before they contrive to cross the stream into the calmer bay beyond. Many a time, when rounding the point in the State steamer, have I seen the water thrown up into a great wave, higher than our gunwale, on either side of her bows, as the plucky little launch charged the current,—and wondered how any canoe could possibly live in that stream.

Having taken a good look round from the top of Léopold Hill, I descended to the beach where the steamers *Stanley* and *A.I.A.*¹ were lying in the quiet baylet, and the *En Avant* out of water undergoing repairs. Here I found several engineers and captains discussing the possibility of supplying, with the limited means at their command, an essential part of the *Stanley's* gear, which had not arrived with the rest, and the want of which was now delaying the expedition destined to start for Bangala and the Falla. One of this group, on seeing me approach, left the rest, and, coming towards me, announced himself as Captain Anderson of the *Stanley*, and then introduced me to the other gentlemen present. Captain Anderson is a Swede; and what I saw of him then, and have since seen of his countrymen, inclines me to think that I have missed one of the good things of life through not visiting Sweden in the course of my travels. Till I started for the Congo I had never come in contact with Swedes; but on board the Portuguese mail-steamer I had two fellow-passengers of that nationality, and better company I could not have

wished on the long voyage to Banana.

I have described in a former paper (see 'Blackwood's Magazine' for October 1887) my journey to Bangala, and the subsequent events—especially the loss of Stanley Falls Station, which, as will now be seen, threw a great deal of work on us, and kept our little steamer in constant employment. When the Arabs attacked the station, the garrison consisted of about forty Accra men and forty Bangalas, besides a number of women and boys—freed slaves ransomed from the Arabs. Of these, eleven Haoussas, several women, and the whole of the Bangalas, came down to Iboko in canoes. Four more Haoussas and four boys were found with Mr Deane, when Captain Coquilhat rescued him after the fall of the station. This left some twenty-five Haoussas, and a number of women, whose fate was unknown, as Captain Coquilhat failed for the time being to trace them; and the only conclusion we could arrive at was, that they were either dead, or prisoners in the hands of the tribes of Langa-Langa,² whom the Bangalas had been fighting on their way down to Iboko. On my return from Léopoldville, after Captain Coquilhat had gone home on sick leave, I heard that they were all being detained as prisoners by the people of Upoto—a large native town some six days' steaming above Bangala. Accordingly, about the middle of March 1887, Lieutenant Van Kerckhoven, of the Belgian army, who had arrived at Bangala as Captain Coquilhat's successor in the preceding January, started in the *A.I.A.* to try and liberate them.

¹ *Association Internationale Africaine.*

² This name is given by the Bangalas to the country and natives between Upoto and the Falla.

The little steamer was loaded up with brass wire, beads, cowries, cloth, empty bottles, and all the other innumerable articles that pass for money in this part of the world,—and off we went. The second day brought us to Ikolungu, a large settlement on the north bank, about four hours' steam above the mouth of the Ngala¹ river. This town stands on a stiff clay bank, and is surrounded by a splendid forest, containing trees from 80 to 100 feet high. When I first saw it—on my voyage up to the Falls with Captain Coquilhat—it was at war with Bangala, and was one of the best defended native towns I have seen on the Congo. Along the river-bank, and round the land-side of the town, were palisades, three or four deep, formed of poles twelve feet long and two or three inches thick, driven into the ground about nine inches apart, and fastened together by a horizontal stick lashed along, eight feet above the ground. Inside them, at a distance of ten yards, was another set, three deep, and inside that a third set; so that the place—belonging, as it did, to a powerful tribe—was able to stand a long siege. The defences on the river-bank, however, have now disappeared, and those on the land-side are in a state of decay; for the palm-tree has been cut—the native ceremony on concluding peace—between the Wabika and the Bangala, and Dua, chief of Ikolungu, comes down unmolested to Iboko to sell his ivory to the Mundélé.² All this has been brought about by the Free State; for when the chief of Ikolungu became the blood-brother of the Mundélé at Bangala, he asked for help to fight the Bangalas, while the Bangala chief

preferred the same request. To all which Captain Coquilhat replied—“Mata Bwyki is my brother; Dua is my brother. If Mata Bwyki and Dua want to fight, I will go into my house and go to sleep till it is all over.” So, after a long palaver, the palm-tree was cut, and the war was at an end. The strong current sweeping round the bend of the river at Ikolungu has cut into the bank and carried away the palisades, and they have not been renewed; while Dua has launched his trading canoes, for peaceable traffic with his old enemies. After his last visit I had the pleasure (?) of towing him, his wives and slaves, up alongside the *A.I.A.* The poor little steamer had two other large canoes and a whaleboat to tow as well; but though I growled at the extra strain on the engines, which rendered them more liable to break down, the amusement I had in watching his highness soon dispelled my annoyance; and I cannot help regretting that Stanley did not—so far as I can discover—make his acquaintance, as we have thereby lost a graphic and amusing description. Whenever King Dua took a drink of palm-wine, or ate his meals, one of his wives produced a hard brown nut, about the size of an egg, with one end cut off, and the inside hollowed out. This nut (which I have not succeeded in identifying) he slowly placed on the great toe of his left foot. This done, the palm-wine or food was placed before him, and a slave-boy came and stood behind him with a hand-bell. Every time he took a mouthful of food, or a drink of *massanga*³ or palm-wine, he rapped the bottom of the canoe with the

¹ Or Mongalla.

³ Fermented sugar-cane juice.

² “White man.”

nut on his great toe, while a tinkle on the bell announced to all whom it might concern that Dua of Ikolungu was eating, or drinking, as the case might be. Hewent through the same ceremony when smoking, taking a long pull at his pipe for every rap of his toe and tinkle on the bell. I had watched this for some time with great amusement, when the king, observing me, offered me a cup of *massanga*, which I accepted; and, not to be behind him in ceremony, before drinking it, turned round and gave some instructions to my fireman. Hardly had I raised the cup to my lips, when a series of short, sharp blasts on the steam-whistle of the *A.I.A.* nearly made Dua jump out of his canoe; while I, between laughing and drinking, was fairly choked.

After leaving Ikolungu there is a long stretch of low country which, during several months of the year, is either covered with water or so swampy that no natives have ventured to establish themselves there. It takes three days, or perhaps a little longer, to steam past this swamp. Stanley has a great deal to tell about the beauties of this region, but I must say I was always glad to leave it behind. However, a tree covered with orchilla weed is indeed a beautiful sight; and a whole forest of trees, with this fleecy, light-green drapery swaying about in the wind, is worth going miles to see. It generally grows on gum-copal trees, and I have myself seen the forest of these trees covered with orchilla weed described by Stanley.¹ There is also a creeper which winds itself round the trunks of trees like a huge serpent, and having climbed to the branches and spread over

them, drops down numberless ropes, which seem to take root in the ground. The main stem is often four, five, or six inches in diameter, and the hangers from half an inch upwards. If you cut one of these stems clean across with a knife, a white milky sap is seen to exude between the bark and the woody centre—this is india-rubber or caoutchouc.

Besides these three articles, which will some day help to pay the dividends of the Congo railway, there are thousands of trees whose beautifully-grained timber has only to be brought to Europe to find a ready sale. I have cut up dead rosewood-trees for firewood, out of the trunk of which a log two feet in diameter, and from twenty to thirty feet long, of splendid grain, could have been obtained, after the outer casing of white wood had been cut away; while teak, kingwood, camwood, *lig-num-vitæ*, and African black oak, are only a few out of the valuable woods I have found rotting in the forest, and cut up to feed the insatiable little furnace of the *A.I.A.* But in spite of the beauty and wealth of this part of the Congo, there seems something depressing in being constantly shut in between two high forest walls; and I always feel a sort of relief on coming down to the wide open channels about Bolobo, and running through the park-like scenery of the Congo between that village and the Pool, where it rolls in a single majestic stream through the glorious hilly country of the Bayanzi and Batéké.

After the swamp—continuing our upward voyage—comes the village of Mpeza, also on the north bank, whence the ground gradually rises, till, at Upoto, ten miles

¹ 'The Congo,' vol. ii. p. 87.

higher, it ends in a spur of hills which, running out into the river, forms a reef of rock, extending to Rubunga on the south bank, over which the Congo rolls in a kind of mild rapid, quite passable for steamers of light draught, except in one or two channels between the islands near the south bank. It is, however, a dangerous place at low water, the rocks being then only two or three feet below the surface, so that the sounding-pole and lead-line are kept in constant requisition. Mpeza is the first town of the Langa-Langa, and its chief would, by himself, make the fortune of a travelling show. His name is Ibanza—*Anglice*, the devil; and truly were I asked to depict his satanic majesty, I think I could not do so more accurately than by a sketch of this chief. His face is one mass of small fleshy lumps raised by some process known only to the natives,—rows of these lumps adorning his forehead, cheeks, nose, and chin,—while his hair and beard are made up into a clotted mass with palm-oil. On his head is a leopard-skin hat, in front whereof is fastened a tin plate presented to him by M. Van Kerckhoven. As this is kept brightly polished, it is well to keep out of its range while interviewing his majesty on a sunny day, in order to avoid the risk of sudden blindness from the dazzling reflection as he nods his head, and, extending his elbows, waves them up and down as if about to fly, at the same time ejaculating *way! way! way! way!*—his form of salutation—after which he claps his hands together, and clasping one over the other, gives a most unearthly grin. Mpeza is one of the dirtiest and most untidy-looking villages on the whole Congo,

and were it more civilised, would soon be decimated by disease. But the heaps of dirt and refuse lying about will be swept by the next storm into the Congo—which must, in fact, act as the great sewer of Central Africa—and in this way, I believe, disease is averted. For to the terrible storms and great waterways of the African continent may be attributed the comparative immunity from infectious diseases, and the absence of epidemics among the aboriginal tribes inhabiting the interior at a distance from civilised communities. The epidemics which have from time to time raged through India and the East seem to be unknown in regions whither neither Christians nor Mohammedans have penetrated. Smallpox I have heard of as brought from Zanzibar by the Arabs to some place or places east of Stanley Falls;¹ but neither smallpox nor cholera is known among the natives west of the Falls. Barbadoes leg, elephantiasis, ulcers, and sores comprise about all the diseases that have come under my observation. That there are others I do not doubt, but not of an epidemic character. When one considers the general indifference of the natives as regards sanitary conditions, one sometimes wonders that the population of whole villages is not carried off by some terrible pestilence; and the absence of such a scourge I believe to be due partly to the heavy rains and vast rivers, which carry off the refuse, and partly to the ants and other insects, and the carrion-eating birds. Nature, when left alone, does her own scavenging; but as civilisation advances, the works of man often interfere with the natural drainage, without providing any sub-

¹ See 'Through the Dark Continent,' vol. ii. p. 62 *sqq.*

stitute; and it is only when the population has been decimated by disease that men's eyes are opened.

Above Mpeza is another large settlement called Bokélé, extending some two miles along the riverbank; and above that, nestling on the lower slope of the range of hills, is Bokuti, where we stopped, and M. Van Kerckhoven succeeded in buying back three or four women and one Haoussa. Finding the natives unwilling to sell the rest, he decided to go on and try again on our return; so we steamed off round the point to Upoto, which occupies a commanding position on the eastern slope of the hills, with a view right across to Rubunga on the south bank. Having steamed to the upper end of the village, we stopped the engines, and the interpreter, Samba, standing up in the bows, shouted aloud, for the benefit of all whom it might concern, the why and wherefore of our coming. We then anchored off a sandbank, and awaited the commencement of the palaver. Presently several canoes approached us, and M. Van Kerckhoven having landed on the bank, the ceremony of blood-brotherhood was gone through, and business began. After one or two of our men had been bought back for an amount of brass wire, cloth, beads, &c., of a value equivalent to between £3 and £4 sterling, and the price had been fixed within certain limits, matters began to progress more rapidly. After we had ransomed three or four, we heard from them that eleven of their number had been killed by the natives, and six or seven sold away to other tribes. One of these last was already in Bangala, having been bought back from Bukumbi, a village on the south bank nearly opposite Ikolungu. By nightfall we had bought back five Haoussas and sixteen

women—among them the woman who had fled from the Arabs and taken refuge in Stanley Falls Station. Mr Deane's answer to the Arabs who came to demand her—"As an Englishman I will not, and as an officer of the State I cannot, give her up," resulted, as is elsewhere related, in the loss of the station.

Next morning, as the Upoto people did not seem inclined to part with the rest of their captives, we returned to Bokuti, where, after some trouble—due to one of the chiefs, who declared that he would fight, but would sell no more of his slaves—M. Van Kerckhoven succeeded in getting three more women and one Haoussa. As these twenty-five people, in addition to our crew and armed force of thirty men, completely filled up the little steamer and the whaleboat, we headed at once for Bangala, where we arrived in four days. This was in March 1887, and the *A.I.A.* was for some time after employed on other business, in an entirely different direction. On the 3d of June, with Lieutenants Van Kerckhoven and Dhanis on board, she again reached Upoto; but as we approached the shore, the natives ran down with shields and spears, and would on no account hold any palaver with us, but insisted on fighting. We steamed down to Bakuti, and finding that there too the natives were hostile, passed on to Bokélé. When we were about half-way past this latter place, Samba drew M. Van Kerckhoven's attention to several large war-canoes, fully manned and armed, crossing the channel just in front of us, while two or three more were lying half concealed under the bushes on the island. Suddenly the report of a flintlock musket rang out, and a shower of

slugs across our bows indicated only too plainly that the natives intended to capture a few more State soldiers, in order to sell them again to the Mundélé. Two more huge war-canoes emerging from a small creek behind us, showed that they had well thought out the affair beforehand, and now reckoned on having caught us in a trap. However, we had no intention of sitting at their tables, as Oharles Lamb has it, "not as guests, but as meat." Out came our Martinis and Winchesters; the men were furnished with cartridges for their Sniders and chasse-pots, and slowing down for a few minutes, we let them have right and left, before and behind; and then, putting on full steam, charged straight for the two canoes ahead of us. As we approached, we exchanged our long-range Martinis for the quick-firing Winchesters, and the mighty men of Langa-Langa were soon glad to dive into the river to escape the deadly hail of the repeating-rifles. The whole river-front of the village was lined with savages, in their war-paint and feathers, popping away at us with flintlock muskets, and brandishing spears and knives; while the occasional sharp crack of a rifle showed that they were still in possession of the Sniders and a few of the cartridges taken from the captured Haoussas. Their ignorance of the power of our rifles was evident, from the way in which they held up their shields of plaited cane whenever they noticed a gun pointed at them. I saw more than one poor wretch put up his shield, only just in time to receive a ball right through it and himself as well, and come rolling down the clay bank into the river, dead as a door-nail. We contrived to run the gauntlet and come out scot-free; but as we had only about

thirty men with us, while Bokélé could muster some thousands, M. Van Kerckhoven decided to put a good distance between us as quickly as possible. Accordingly, we ran down-stream by the light of the moon, which was in her first quarter, and gave a fairish light till towards morning, when clouds obscured the sky, and we lost our way, and ran on a sandbank. Failing to get off, we anchored where we were; but as soon as the first streaks of dawn showed in the sky, we roused the men, and in half an hour were once more afloat. Having stopped at 8 A.M. to cut fuel, which took us some two hours, we proceeded, and finally, about 7 P.M. reached a good camp, where we prepared to spend the night.

Before continuing my narrative, I will state the reasons which induced M. Van Kerckhoven to try to ransom the Haoussas. It may be said that such a course would obviously lead—as in fact it did—to attempts on the part of the natives to capture more of the Free State employees in order to sell them again. At first sight the proper course would seem to be, to go up with a strong force to retake them, and punish the offenders. Had this been done (and I believe there was at one time some talk of it), the natives, who are almost as cunning as the Indians of North America, would have heard of the expedition long before it reached their country, and hidden their prisoners away far inland; while the relieving force could have done no more than burn their towns and kill a few dozen savages, with the satisfaction of knowing that, when all was over, the men they had come to save would be beheaded to furnish funeral baked-meats in honour of the Langa-Langa slain in the fight. M. Van Kerckhoven knew the native character

too well to be unaware of this, and resolved accordingly to remove the men first, if possible, and leave the question of retribution alone for the present. Eleven men had already been beheaded before our first expedition—some of them, perhaps, for trying to escape, others for no earthly reason, unless it might be said that their masters killed them for the fun of the thing—for this is the only way in which I can account for the wanton murder of so many slaves by these savages.

In spite of the munificence of King Léopold in founding the Free State—in spite of all that has been, and is being, done to stop the slave-trade—human beings are almost daily killed like so much vermin within a few miles of Bangala Station. I had often, when passing the villages just above Bangala, noticed groups of poles standing out of water, to the top of which a piece of cloth was tied. I paid no great attention to them, taking them for fetishes of some kind; but one day, happening to ask M. Van Kerckhoven what they were, I was informed that they were placed to mark the spot where the corpses of decapitated slaves had been thrown into the river. It seems that, at a place called Lusengo, whenever the natives have a great *massanga*-drinking, they cut off the heads of one or more slaves, and throwing the bodies into the river, set up a pole to mark the place, to the top of which is tied the dead man's loin-cloth. I do not know whether the pole is driven through the body of the victim, but imagine that it is, as, during the whole time I have been at Bangala, I have not seen above four dead bodies floating down the river; while above Lusengo I have counted thirty of these poles in less than a mile of river-frontage.

I tried to find out from the natives the reason for this slaughter, but never succeeded. They do not deny that they kill their slaves in this fashion, but distinctly repudiate the notion of eating any part of them; yet, for my part, I am inclined to believe that cannibal feasts occur now and then.

The authority of the State has so far prevailed that this sort of thing does not, as a rule, take place in Iboko; but noisy drinking-bouts, which too often end fatally, are far from uncommon. The usual procedure is this: two or three large pots of *massanga* are brought and set down on the ground, and the company gather round them. When they reach the excited stage of intoxication, sticks and knives are produced—the latter, of native manufacture, are very long and sharp—and the play begins. Two men stand opposite one another, each holding a knife in his right hand and a stick in his left, and slashing at the stick held by his opponent till he has succeeded in cutting it through. It may be imagined that, as some very hard hitting is indulged in, and the various couples engaged in the game stand crowded together in a very small space, it is not the sticks alone which suffer; and the wonder is that so few serious accidents take place. One evening I happened to be in the village during one of these performances, and saw two men, wrought up to frenzy with *massanga* and excitement, fighting with their knives in good earnest. I expected every moment to see them lose their heads, not only figuratively but literally, and, seizing a heavy bludgeon from the nearest spectator, prepared to join in the fray, thinking that a good blow across the wrist would make both combatants drop their weapons. However, before I could

get near enough to interfere, up rushed a native girl, who, seizing one of these doughty champions in her arms, slung him across her shoulder, as if he had been a baby, and ran away with him. Though so ignominiously borne off, with his head and arms suspended in air, he still brandished his knife, and yelled Bangala curses at his adversary, who was so overcome by astonishment that he staggered backwards, and sat down in a *mas-sanga*-pot, thus wasting the staple of the evening's entertainment, and being forced to run for his life to escape the wrath of the disappointed drinkers. It was a plucky feat for a Bangala woman,—they usually run away as soon as the knives make their appearance. Had that dusky *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν*, old King Mata Bwyki, "Lord of Many Guns," been alive, he would have laid about among these brawlers with his royal barge-pole, and quickly secured peace and quiet.

To return to the starting-point of this digression. We had hardly been encamped an hour, and I was just going to sleep, when a large canoe came alongside. It had on board Lusengi, chief of Mobeka (a town on the Ngala river), who was out among the islands of the Congo in search of a large tree, of which to make a war-canoe. He told us that an expedition of eight steamers had, four days before, passed up to the Falls by way of the south bank. I have already mentioned that this part of the river is choked with islands; and just at the spot where we were anchored, there is one over fifty miles long, in the middle of the stream, so that boats may easily miss each other by passing on different sides. As there were not at that time eight steamers afloat on the Upper Congo, we allowed for native exaggeration; and

concluding that an expedition of perhaps three or four steamers and two whaleboats had been fitted out to recapture the Falls, M. Van Kerckhoven gave orders to start at once, and reach Bangala as quickly as possible, to hear what orders had arrived for the *A.I.A.* We were off before 9 p.m., rushing downstream at the rate of eight miles an hour through the dark night—the moon, hidden by heavy clouds, just giving light enough to impart a dull grey gleam to the water. M. Dhanis took his place in the bows with a Bangala, who, having been up and down with us several times, was supposed to know the road well. He did not fail to keep up his reputation. How he could tell one channel from another, with nothing to guide him but the two dark walls of forest, and the glimmer of grey water between them, I do not know; but only once, during the whole night, did the sounding-pole touch sand, and by nine next morning we had reached Bangala, only to find that all our efforts had been for nothing, and that what we had passed was Stanley's expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha.

Stanley on the Congo! I exclaimed. Why, I thought he was in America! And who under the canopy was Emin Pasha? and what did he want relieving for? While as for Tippoo Tip, who, it seemed, was going up as the new Governor of the Falls, I had indeed heard of him before, but only as one of the marauding Arabs whom we were so anxious to expel from the territory of the State. It must be remembered that for about four months I had received no news from the civilised world in any shape or form, and the whole was naturally a complete puzzle to me. At length, when all

was made fast—it being Sunday—I went to the chief's room to receive my mail, and, having shouldered the sack which was handed me as my own share, sought the solitude of my own room, where I opened my letters and papers and looked up Emin Pasha—only to be maddened by finding that, while I was running down the right bank, several friends of mine had passed me on the left! These were men who had been on the Congo when I first came out, and had gone home when they had finished their time, afterwards returning to Africa with Stanley's expedition. Not a whisper of this last had reached us; and Stanley himself was the first to announce, by his appearance on the scene, that he had returned to the Congo.

After this the *A.I.A.* was kept pretty busy in the immediate neighbourhood of Bangala till the end of the month; but in July, in company with the *Henry Reed* (chartered from the Livingstone Inland Mission), she ascended the Itimbiri, or Loika—a tributary running into the Congo between Yaminga and Yalulima. I am not sure of the precise object of this exploration; but I believe the intention was to found a station on the upper river, so as to gain access to the north-eastern portion of the Congo Free State. However, the country proved altogether unsuitable for the purpose.

We did not entirely lose our

labour, as on the way up we stopped at Upoto, and the natives—whether impressed by the lesson they had received when they tried to fight us, or overawed by the sight of the steamers and men of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition—were this time more peaceably inclined. We ransomed one more Haoussa and three women; and the chief of Upoto, coming on board the *A.I.A.* to beg for a present from his blood-brother, M. Van Kerckhoven (whom he had tried to kill only a month ago), was seized and held as security for the rest. It was then believed that there were only three more women in the hands of the Langa-Langa; and as these three were not forthcoming within a given time, the chief accompanied us up the Itimbiri, to be restored to his people on our return on condition of their surrendering the women. But on our return, when only two days from Upoto, the chief escaped through the carelessness of the Haoussas, who had him in charge. I was at this time on board the *Henry Reed*; and as she returned to Bangala along the south bank, I know nothing of what took place at Upoto when the *A.I.A.* passed it, beyond the fact that there was some shooting. Both steamers being in need of repairs, after remaining two days at Bangala, proceeded to Léopoldville, where I arrived August 10th, after an absence of nine months.

II.

Léopoldville itself had changed little since I last saw it, a new store or two being all the additions to the buildings of the station; but the lower end of Stanley Pool

—or rather the six miles of the Congo between the Pool and “Léo”—presented quite a lively appearance, with the English, American, Dutch, and French flags flying

from the different missions and trading-factories now established. The *coup-d'œil* was somewhat spoilt, a month later, by an edict from Boma, which enacted that no flag but that of the State was to be displayed on any of the flag-staffs on the Upper Congo. The French tricolor still continued to enliven the scene on the north bank, but on the south side all flags disappeared, with the exception of that on Léopold Hill and of the Dutch factory flag, which was removed to a pole on one of the houses. As the *Henry Reed* steamed towards Nshassa, a large stern-wheeler, shining with new paint, and carrying the stars and stripes, approached us. She turned out to be the *Florida*, the newly-launched steamer of the Sanford Exploring Expedition, now established in the old State station at Nshassa. On the beach before the Dutch factory, and also before that of Daumas, Beraud, et Cie., on the north bank, were the nearly finished hulls of two more steamers; while at Léopoldville, the frames and plates of the *Roi des Belges*, another stern-wheeler, belonging to "La Compagnie du Congo pour le Commerce et l'Industrie," were only awaiting the arrival of the engineers to be put together; and the beams and planks of the *Ville de Bruxelles* were daily arriving *viâ* Lukungu and Manyanga. The *Henry Reed* having been handed back to the Livingstone Inland Mission, I rejoined the *A.I.A.*, and having thoroughly overhauled her, left for Bangala, August 23; and, being heavily loaded, and travelling slowly, only arrived Sept. 11. On the 29th, the Haoussas at Bangala had completed their three years' term of service, which obliged me to take another trip to the Pool. Accordingly, the men

having been packed on board almost as tightly as figs in a box, we started; and though I had not been three weeks at Bangala, it was no small relief to escape once more from the forested plain that extends almost uninterruptedly from Lukolela to the Aruwimi, and emerge into the broad channels above Bolobo, with their park-like banks and grass-covered uplands. Here "hippos" may be seen by the hundred—sometimes in ones and twos, more often in herds of from ten to thirty—standing in the shallow water, or swimming about just under the lee of a sandbank, diving, and returning to the surface with a loud snort. Now and then one may be observed lifting his head out of water, and slowly opening his jaws preparatory to relieving the tedium of hippo life with a yawn. Slowly and smoothly, as if worked by hydraulic machinery, his jaws expand, as he raises his head clear of the water—wider and wider becomes his mouth, till his tusks gleam white in the sunlight, and you wonder if it would not be possible, were one near enough, to look down and survey his last meal in process of digestion. But he has not done! Another stretch opens his jaws some six inches wider, and just as you are expecting to see him turn inside out, he closes with a loud snap, and with a splash disappears from view. I have seen a hippo seize a canoe of nearly two feet beam in his mouth, which will give some idea of the extent to which he is capable of opening that feature in an ordinary way; but even that is nothing to one of his yawns. Flocks of ducks may be seen on the sandbanks of this part of the river, and form a welcome change of "chop" when one can get near enough to shoot one or two; here also is the

beautiful white heron, in company with pelicans and flamingoes, and an occasional adjutant-bird,¹ gravely stalking up and down a stretch of sand; while flocks of jacos or grey parrots, easily distinguished by the short, quick, agitated motion of their wings, fly screaming overhead. As the steamer rushes past the low banks—the grasses, reeds, and papyrus swaying about in the wash of the screw—a sudden rush and loud splash announce the hasty retreat of a crocodile, disturbed in the middle of his afternoon nap by a rushing fiery monster, which is come and gone almost before he knows what has happened. On a low sand-spit, projecting beyond the grasses, may sometimes be seen a monster crocodile, perhaps upwards of fifty feet long; at any rate, I have seen several considerably longer than the little *A.I.A.*, and she measures forty-two feet. On one occasion I had landed on a large sandbank to shoot ducks. Having bagged one, and seeing that the rest had alighted beyond a low ridge of sand, I stooped down and crawled along behind the ridge till I thought I was within range, when I raised my head and looked over. Sure

enough there were the ducks, not fifty yards from me, while, half-way between me and them, lay the biggest crocodile I had yet seen. Comparing him with the *A.I.A.*, which lay in deep water some 300 yards off, I reckoned him to be quite fifty feet long; while the centre of the saw-like ridge on the top of his back must have been about four feet above the sand on which his belly rested. Having only a shot-gun with me, I had, on first seeing him, sent a native boy who was with me for my rifle, and made the foregoing observations while waiting for his return. The crocodile, meantime, took no notice of me—either because he was asleep, or because I was out of his sight, being, to use a nautical term, on his starboard quarter, taking care to keep well out of range of his huge tail. As the boy was a long time in coming, I considered it advisable to get a little farther off, and, in so doing, alarmed the ducks, which flew away to another bank. As we were quite out of meat on board, this sight so wrought upon my feelings that, forgetting all about the crocodile, I took a snap shot after the ducks,

¹ Talking of adjutant-birds, I heard a good story from Mr Richards of the Baptist Mission at Lukolela. It seems that Mr Comber, of the same mission, used to keep a tame adjutant at Lutété (or Wathen) Station, which roamed about the station-yard, with clipped wings, in company with monkeys, parrots, and other pets—among them a kitten belonging to Mr Comber. One day this kitten was heard mewing piteously, though it was nowhere to be seen. At last, noticing that the sounds appeared to proceed from the adjutant, who was standing with his beak wide open, as though engaged in swallowing something with an effort, Mr Comber walked up to him, and looking down his throat, saw the end of the kitten's tail about to disappear. Thereupon he grasped the tail and hauled the kitten out, still alive. Mr Richards told me that the truth of this story had been doubted in England: for my part I see no reason to disbelieve it, and would recommend those who do to pay a visit to the Zoo and inspect the adjutants there. Those I have seen on the Congo held their heads as high as a tall man, and had beaks and throats of enormous capacity, adapted—like those of pelicans and other birds which lead a similar life—to the catching and swallowing whole of large fish. The Lutété adjutant, I am told, on another occasion swallowed a small dead monkey entire. As for the kitten—it is a well-known fact that cats have nine lives!

which I missed, but so frightened the huge saurian that he made off for the water, scattering the sand far and wide with a sweep of his tail.

Some miles back, across the grassy plains (which abound in herds of tawny and black buffalo), may be seen the hill-ranges, which, gradually coming nearer, form the high banks of the river about Bolobo. Here, where the islands are fewer and more scattered, the full breadth of the lordly river (between four and five miles) comes into view; while on a clear sunny day the hills on the north bank form a splendid panorama, especially when the sun, setting behind them, bathes the scene in purple and gold. On the south side, the high rocky banks, crowned with villages nestling in groves of palms and bananas, form a welcome change from the monotonous flatness of the plain behind us.

From Bolobo to the Kwa the river is fairly straight, narrowing down to some two miles, with the hills rising in height on either side; and a run down on the strong current, when the evening breeze has tempered the heat of the day, amply repays one for the toilsome ascent. From the mouth of the Kwa its course is nearly due south for about ten miles, when it is suddenly deflected to the east by the rocky point of Ganchu, forming a large bay in the left bank, and then resuming its former southerly course. Below this, on the left bank, is Gobila's (a portrait of this chief may be seen in 'The Congo,' vol. i. p. 508), near the spot where Mswata station once stood. Here we stopped to buy a fowl or two; and having already been plentifully supplied with fresh vege-

tables by the French missionaries of St Paul du Kassai,¹ we considered ourselves very well off in the matter of victuals.

Below Gobila's the river winds between towering hills—those on the right bank, which are the highest, being covered with thick forest, alternating with patches of long grass. The forest mostly occupies the valleys and lower slopes of the hills, their tops being clothed with grass; but now and then one sees a hill the top of which is covered with forest, while the sides are bare or grass-grown; while hills entirely forested or grass-covered occasionally form a pleasing contrast. Those on the left bank are mostly covered with grass—a low scrubby forest lining the river; while fan-palms (*Hyphæne guineensis*), singly or in groves, are seen at intervals. As we descend, the river narrows, till, just below Pururu Island, it is not much more than $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile wide, though of tremendous depth, after which the width again increases as we near the Pool. Pururu Island is quite a picture in itself—the upper half being covered with a splendid grove of fan-palms, while the lower is clothed with thick forest, where elephants may sometimes be seen tearing down branches from the trees to get at the young leaves. A little below this is Dualla Island, smaller in extent and entirely covered with forest; and then we come into view of a brown rocky cliff on the right bank, from the top of which the forest stretches away up the slope of the hills. On the opposite side, a little lower down, is One Palm Point—a rocky ridge projecting into the river, and marked by a splendid

¹ This station was afterwards abandoned, though some Belgian priests have since gone out to occupy the same site.

Hyphæne palm standing conspicuously out above the low scrub. Rounding this point on a strong current, we came in view of Lissa Market, and the *En Avant*, on her way to mount the Oubangi, lying among the long grass that fringed the shore. Perhaps by this time the vexed question of the identity of the Wellé Makua and the Oubangi has been settled by the brave little steamer which bore Stanley up the Congo. As it was about 5 P.M., we steamed in and camped alongside her; and Captain Van Gèle having given me my mails (which he was taking up to Equator), I retired to the *A.I.A.*, where, my boy having made up my bed, I pushed aside the mosquito-net and lay down to digest some home news before going to dine on board the *En Avant*. Next morning (Oct. 6) we were off with daylight, and passing the spot where the Wampomo discharges its inky waters into the main stream, and Palmyra Bay—near which a reef of rocks lurks in mid-stream just below the water to catch unwary steamers—we entered the Pool about ten o'clock, and before three in the afternoon were once more made fast alongside the *Stanley* on "Léo" beach—within two or three days of a year from the time I had arrived from Stanley Falls with Captain Coquilhat and Mr Deane. The repairs which I had to undertake on board the steamer, as well as a slight attack of fever, delayed our departure for Bangala till October 27.

Having cleared Nshassa, we were steaming across the Pool when my eye was caught by a tent erected on Long Island, on a spot well known to me a year before as a favourite hunting-camp of Captain Bailey. I knew that he had

lately returned to the Congo along with Mr Deane (now restored to health) for the sole purpose of hunting, and had, indeed, quitted Nshassa for Long Island only two days ago. As we turned towards the shore a second tent came into view, from which emerged Mr Deane, shouting to us an invitation to come ashore. We did so, and found that they had that morning shot two antelopes and a buffalo. Long Island abounds in the latter, which is perhaps the most dangerous animal to the hunter to be met with on the Congo, as he is extremely hard to kill, unless hit in a vital part, and very fierce when wounded—charging down on his enemy, and goring him with his sharp and powerful horns, should he not be quick enough in getting out of the way. The antelopes were very fine animals, of a dark-grey colour, with faint white stripes down the flanks, and with very graceful heads and horns. I had several times seen both dark-grey and red antelopes marked with white in this way, and at first thought them different species, but afterwards discovered that one was the male and the other the female. I have also bought from the natives at Mpeza several light-grey skins and one or two small pairs of horns, which, I believe, belong to a very pretty little gazelle; but I have never seen this animal either dead or alive, though, judging from the number of skins the Langa-Langa offer for sale, it must be plentiful in their country. Having been regaled by Mr Deane—in the absence of Captain Bailey, who was out hunting—with antelope-steaks (which somewhat resemble very tender, juicy beefsteak), and presented with a hind-quarter of the same animal, we started again and camped for the night at the upper

end of the Pool. It was a fine, clear, moonlight night, and the view across to Dover Cliffs was like a scene from fairyland.

Next morning we started early, and had a fine long day's run up to Dualla Island. We observed several flocks of guinea-fowl on shore; the bronze ibis, with its long beak and splendid plumage, was occasionally seen flying about in twos and threes, and the spur-winged plover wheeled round and round over the sandbanks; while from the bush came the soft cry of the wood-pigeon. Everything this run seemed to be in our favour. We found plenty of fuel every night, and had no head-winds or storms to delay us. On November 3 we reached Lukolela, where the Baptist Mission was slowly but surely approaching completion; on the 6th, we stopped an hour or two at Equator to get wood, and, continuing our journey, arrived at Bangala before noon on the 9th, having been only a little over thirteen days from Léopoldville—the quickest run yet made.

At Bangala the station was fast improving, and a new red-brick house, intended for a mess-room and provision store, was nearly finished. Owing to the damp climate, wood quickly rots, unless painted or preserved in some other way; and paint not being procurable in sufficient quantities, M. Van Kerckhoven had decided to use as little wood as possible, and therefore made the doors arched, and the windows with a square brick column down the centre, and a double arch at the top in alternate red and white bricks, which gave the building a somewhat ecclesiastical appearance. The front door opened right into a large and lofty room, the walls

of which, washed with white clay, set off the window-curtains (composed of blue *savelist*¹ and Paisley shawls, out of the trading stock of the station) to great advantage. This house, besides being strong and durable, was a great improvement in point of appearance on the older clay buildings; and when others are completed in the same style, Bangala will be no undesirable residence, except for the great disadvantage of its isolated position. During my absence some of the Bangalas had been on a trading expedition to Upoto, and had fallen out with the natives of Langa-Langa. The affair ended in the Bangalas seizing several of the up-river people, and paddling off home, arriving with their prizes a few days before the A.I.A. came up from Ntamo. M. Van Kerckhoven, on hearing of this, immediately bought all the prisoners from their captors; and a few days later he started, with M. Dhanis and myself, for Upoto, to try and bring the unreasonable Langa-Langa to their senses. By November 18 we were again abreast of Bokélé, to which place our prisoners belonged; and as the people of Bokélé had to send for those we wanted from Upoto, we made fast to an island, with a five-hundred-yards channel between us and the village. Towards evening on the 20th some canoes came down, with the three women belonging to the State; and having exchanged some of the prisoners for them, we were beginning to think the troublesome business at an end, when one of the women informed us that there were five more still in the hands of the chief of Upoto. Having sent a message to the chief to bring these five, we waited till next morning for an

¹ Blanket cloth.

answer, when he sent an insolent demand for five slaves as a ransom for each woman. M. Van Kerckhoven sent back word that he was going away, and that if the women were not at once given up on his return, he would burn Upoto. On the 22d we arrived at Mobeka, at the mouth of the Ngala (Mangala or Mongalla) river. This town now occupies the same site as it did some years ago; but when I first arrived in the country, it was situated some fifteen miles up the Ngala. The reason of its removal was a war with the Bangalas, who completely sacked and burned the town, forcing the inhabitants to seek a more distant spot—till Lusengi, their chief, became the blood-brother of the Mundélé at Bangala, and having made peace with his old enemies, returned to the former site, where he is fast growing rich by trading in ivory. On our return to Bangala on the 23d, the *A.I.A.* was taken out of the water to be scraped and painted; and on December 2 the *Stanley* arrived from Ntamo, bringing the longed-for mails, and also Captain Thys, who had come out on a tour of inspection for the company formed to construct the Congo railway, which, for some inscrutable reason, entitles itself "*La Compagnie du Congo pour le Commerce et l'Industrie.*" Mr Hodister, of the Sanford Exploring Expedition, had also come up to found a station, and thus establish the first trading factory among a people who, six or seven years ago, were nothing but river pirates, levying blackmail on their neighbours, and hiring themselves out as armed escorts to the trading canoes going up-river to purchase ivory. The *Stanley* left us in a few days, and during the next few weeks I was kept so busy with repairs to the whaleboat, that we

could not start for Upoto till after the New Year. On the 9th of January 1888 we got under way again, this time accompanied by Mr Hodister. As it had been decided to burn Upoto unless the captives were surrendered, we had on board, besides the usual crew of nine men, over forty Bangalas, and towed the whaleboat and three large canoes, so that the little engine was strained to the utmost.

Two or three days after starting, we moored for the night off a low marshy forest, consisting mostly of rosewood-trees, with groves of palm lining the river-bank. The men having found a large dead rosewood-tree, whose trunk was some two feet six inches in diameter, began cutting it up for fuel, and, to obtain light for their work, set fire to the dead stalks and leaves which always surround the trunk of this species of palm. This is a sight which equals, if it does not surpass, the magnificent set pieces let off at an exhibition of fireworks at the Crystal Palace. At first the fire smoulders among the short dead stalks round the foot of the trunk, but gradually gaining power, at length rushes up the tree in one huge column of roaring flame, devouring all the dead foliage, and giving an indescribable beauty to the feathery palm-leaves, which stand out distinct and black against the background of flame and smoke. The end of the show is perhaps the most striking of all, when, the dead leaves being consumed, the fire dies down, leaving the bunch of palm-nuts burning away among the blackened fronds. The ball of fire, flaring away on the tree-top, is a weird spectacle seen from the river in a dark night—further set off by the smoke curling up to the stars, the utter blackness of the surrounding forest, and the reflection of the whole in the water.

Two or three palms growing close together sometimes blaze up all at once—sometimes one catches fire from another just dying out. Where there are plenty of palms, the Bangalas always contrive to have one burning when they have any work to do at night. The fire does not kill the trees, only burning up the dead stalks and leaves, and then dying out. This palm has, properly speaking, no trunk—the huge leaves rise right from the ground to a height of thirty or forty feet.

On January 16 we once more steamed round Upoto Point, and found the village up in arms to receive us. Samba and the Bangalas (who, for fear of accidents from so many men shooting on board the little steamer, had been relegated to the canoes) had paddled ahead of us as we steamed slowly past the line of villages below Upoto, and on finding the village in regular fighting order, had drawn off and begun a raid among the islands in genuine Bangala style, capturing a number of women and children hidden there, and drinking all the palm-wine they could find. When we arrived abreast of the chief's house, M. Van Kerckhoven demanded the surrender of the captives; to which the chief, having first executed a *pas seul*, replied that, if we wanted the women, we must come and fetch them, and then resumed his war-dance—while the group of hideously painted and befeathered warriors behind him joined in like a chorus, waving their shields and spears about, as they twisted their bodies into all sorts of queer contortions. Some were smeared over from head to foot with grey clay, others were bright red with camwood powder; others, again, painted over with red, white, and yellow streaks. In the midst of this

performance, the order was given to our men to fire, and the chief ended his performance with a leap into the air, as a rifle-bullet "let daylight" through him. A few volleys cleared the village, and then we moved off to await the return of the Bangalas, as we were too weak to burn the place without them. They appeared shortly after, having captured some thirty-five prisoners and several canoes. The prisoners were mostly women and children, the few men among them being either old or severely wounded. It is seldom that warriors of this tribe allow themselves to be taken alive. I saw a Bangala in one of the canoes, on coming alongside the *A.I.A.*, stoop down and lift up a head dripping with blood, which he had just cut off. The sight nearly made me sick, and of course I instantly made him throw it into the river, where it sank like a lump of lead. It is the custom of the Bangalas and other warlike tribes of the Upper Congo to cut off and carry home the heads of their enemies slain in battle; and I have, in several villages, seen a large tree in front of the chief's hut on whose branches are impaled numerous human skulls. In one village, not only was the tree decorated with some forty of these ghastly trophies, but a heap of them was piled round the trunk; and round this, at a radius of about thirty feet, was a circular seat formed of clay, kept in its place by pieces of old canoes, and adorned here and there with a grinning skull. Several more were lying about, roughly shaped into drinking-cups—for this was the place where the village patriarchs held their evening *symposium*, drinking their *malafu*, like King Alboin the Lombard, out of the skulls of their enemies.

As the Bangalas—having come

across liberal quantities of palm-wine—were all more or less drunk, there was some difficulty in making them hand over their prisoners; but when these were at last all secured on board the *A.I.A.*, we steamed in close to the village, where the natives were awaiting us, with flintlock muskets and spears, while several war-canoes were visible in a creek about half a mile off. Having cleared the village with a volley or two from our rifles, and dispersed the canoes in the same way, we took the steamer in, as close as the rocks would allow us; and then the Bangalas, having landed in the canoes, were soon “scooting” about, cutting down banana-trees, and applying fire-brands to the palm-leaf thatch of the huts, which, being dry as tinder, were soon in a blaze. It was a really grand sight when the flames, with a dull roar, spread up the hillside, lapping round and blackening the green banana-leaves till it had dried them up, when they shared the fate of the huts. The smoke and flames, rushing in one dense cloud up the hill, made the trees behind, when they were visible at all, look black as ink; and the bright sunshine, pouring down from above, gave a very strange effect to the scene. Presently a spreading tree in the centre of the village—under which was the usual heap of skulls—was enveloped in flames; and the heat, which was by this time intense, as the whole hillside was now one mass of fire, soon shrivelled up the foliage, and left the tree as bare as if it had been dead. Above the roar of the flames we heard the bang of the Langa-Langa muskets—they could not have taken good aim, as they hit no one—and the sharper crack of the rifles wielded by the Bangalas, whose black forms were seen rushing about in the

fierce heat like so many salamanders. How they endured it I am at a loss to imagine, for the heat was so intense where the *A.I.A.* lay—nearly 100 yards off-shore to windward—that I was several times glad to turn away my face. In half an hour all was over, nothing being left on the blackened hillside but smouldering posts and heaps of ashes; and we steamed away for Bangala—stopping a few minutes at Bokélé to tell the people that we would restore the thirty-five prisoners to Upoto when the State captives were given up. We had, besides the whaleboat, five large canoes in tow, and in all 130 people on board—including Europeans, Bangalas, prisoners, our own crew, and some thirty-five slaves, whose liberty had been purchased by M. Van Kerckhoven from the natives of Mpeza. Most of them were boys and girls between the ages of ten and fifteen, with a few older men and women; and they are all at the present time working in Bangala Station, and growing fat on liberal rations of quanga and bananas—having been previously half-starved by the Mpeza people. Seeing them thus thriving and happy, one would be tempted to buy as many as possible; and at first I thought the measure a very good one, but further reflection convinced me that, as the demand creates the supply, the natives would continue to procure slaves by raids on other tribes, and sell them to the State as long as the latter was willing to buy them—so that, though the condition of those bought would be considerably improved, their place would soon be supplied by others, and perhaps dozens of men killed in some raid undertaken for the sole purpose of capturing a few boys and girls.

As the country was very much disturbed, Mr Hodister, who had come up with us to see what sort of a place it was for trade, did not get much ivory. The people of Upoto and the neighbouring villages, however, must have plenty, as all the traders between Bangala and Irebu go up there to purchase the ivory which they sell to the Ba-yanzi of Bolobo, who, in their turn, pass it on to the Pool. With the crowd we had on board, it was a great relief to arrive at Bangala on the 19th of January, but there was no rest to be had just yet. Thirty Zanzibaris had finished their three years' term of service, and were to be sent down to Léopoldville; and two Belgians, who had been ill, had grown so much worse during my absence that, as we had no medical officer at the station, the chief decided to send them down too. This time the whaleboat was required for use at Bangala, and a canoe towed alongside was our only additional accommodation. I leave my readers to imagine the discomfort of this run, especially for the two sick men, whose pain, in spite of all we could do for them, must have been considerably increased by the throbbing and shaking of the little steamer, which, owing to her heavily-laden condition, was more violent than usual. Next day we arrived at Equator, where Mr Banks, of the Livingstone Inland Mission, was kind enough to prescribe for our invalids, who, by his timely assistance, were enabled to pass a quiet night on shore in the Sanford Company's station. Next morning, one of them who was down with dysentery, and whose sufferings had been so much intensified by the shaking of the steamer that we thought he could

never reach Equator alive, seemed to have rallied so far that we again hoped to bring him safely to Léopoldville,—all the more so, as he told us that the agonising pain of the day before had nearly ceased. We started as early as possible, in order to reach the Baptist Mission Station at Lukolela before night; but our patient soon began to sink rapidly, and at 10 A.M. M. Dhanis came to me to ask if I could not go any faster, as he did not think the sick man could live many hours. But the little *A.I.A.* was doing all she knew; and there was nothing for it but to await the end, which came a little after mid-day, when, slowly and silently, death entered the boat, and we could do no more. The Zanzibaris, who had been attending on him since we left Bangala, washed the corpse, and covering it with blankets, laid it out on a kind of hurdle astern—as we had decided to try and reach Lukolela sooner than dig a nameless grave in the forest. Owing to a tremendous tornado, we had to stop some three hours, and therefore camped on a sand-bank that night, and did not reach Lukolela till next day. Mr Richards¹ and Mr Darby, of the Baptist Mission, on learning the state of the case, rendered us every assistance in their power—even setting their carpenters to make a coffin, while our men dug a grave at the top of a high bank, behind the old State station, overlooking the river. One grave already marked the spot,—being that of a State official, who had been killed by a buffalo three years before. And there, in the silence of the deep jungle—disturbed only by a prowling bush-cat or jackal, or by the chattering of the monkeys and

¹ Since dead—August, 1888.

screaming of the parrots in the lofty trees overhead—we raised a cairn of stones to mark where his mortal remains had been laid to rest. Having still another sick man to consider, we left the mission the same evening, and having taken in fuel at the lower end of the village, where there was plenty of dry wood, started off once more. The river was very low, and we had much trouble from sandbanks, —especially at Two Palm Point, a few miles above Bolobo—so called from two tall *Hyphaene* palms, growing close together, which form a well-known landmark. Having vainly tried to find a channel among the sandbanks at the end of this point, where there were barely three feet of water, we let out a long chain, and all the Zanzibaris, jumping overboard, seized it and dragged the *A.I.A.* bodily over,—probably at the expense of the paint on her keel. A tame elephant would have been very useful under the circumstances.

We reached Léopoldville on the 30th of January, without any further incident, except a two hours' halt in the hospitable tents of the two Nimrods of the Congo, Messrs Deane and Bailey,¹ whom we found encamped in a picturesque situation opposite Pururu Island. The invalid having been handed over to the doctor, and the *A.I.A.* made fast alongside the *Stanley*, I was free to discuss the news and a cocktail with the captain and engineers of the latter. The cocktail, however, turned out to be a snare and a delusion; for Captain Skagerström, having no spice, surreptitiously introduced into the mixture a few grains of

quinine, with the result that we all vowed never to intrust that perfidious Scandinavian with the compounding of another, and that notwithstanding his assurances that he had done it to keep off the fever.

I found that part of the expedition for Stanley Falls was still at Léopoldville, consisting of some officers sent up by the State to assist Tippoo Tip, who had come round from Zanzibar with Stanley and the Emin Pasha Expedition, and gone straight on to his post as Governor at the Falls, where he had now been some six months. Captain Van de Velde, in charge of the expedition, was down with fever; and some of his loads not having arrived from Matadi, the *Stanley* was awaiting their arrival and the chief's recovery, to take them all up to Kinsi Katini.

We left again, with stores for Bangala, on February 3. It was during this run, somewhere near Bolobo, that we suddenly brought up on a sandbank, with only three feet of water. The engines were at once stopped, but the steamer's bow was embedded in the sand, which seemed to heave up and down under us, and the water was strangely disturbed. I was looking for the cause of this unusual commotion (which I should have set down as being caused by our running into a hippo, had the river been deeper at that spot, but there was not enough water to cover one), when I saw an enormous crocodile—*longer*, I am certain, than the *A.I.A.*, and therefore over forty feet—rush across the bank and tumble into the deep water beyond. I never before saw

¹ Since this was written, news has reached Europe of Mr Deane's death. He was killed by an elephant at Lukolela, May 15, 1888, and buried near the Baptist Mission, on the site described above.

a large crocodile move so quickly, and I had no time to get a shot at him. He must have heard us coming, and been trying to make for the deep water on our side of the bank, when we ran into him and jammed him into the sand. We struck him while moving at the rate of four miles an hour, but during the short time he was in view, I could not see that he bore any marks of the collision.

On the evening of the 12th we camped at Lukolela, and on the 14th arrived opposite Usindi, where we landed the son of Miyongo, who had come up from Nshassa with us, having been for some time previously employed by the Sanford Exploring Expedition. His father, Miyongo, one of the chiefs of Usindi, was the man rescued by Stanley from the wreck of his canoe below Lukolela, and restored to his village. Next morning, before we left, he came on board with a present of a sheep, eggs, and fowls, and then demanded about twenty times their value in cloth and other goods as a return present—such is the nature of these “blameless Ethiopians.” Having at length, if not satisfied, at least convinced him that we were not to be bled any further, he took to his canoe, and with many handshakings allowed us to pursue our way.

We found that during our absence the people of Upoto had, through the medium of some other tribes, made overtures of peace; so we hoped that, on the arrival of the *Stanley*, the expedition would not only establish the State's authority at the Falls, but also settle this troublesome business of ours, which had now been going on for nearly eighteen months. Owing to Captain Van

de Velde's death, however, the *Stanley* did not arrive at Bangala till the beginning of April—and then without the expedition, which remained at Léopoldville waiting for Van de Velde's successor. It is expected that, by the time the *Stanley* returns to Léopoldville, all will be in readiness, and the long-delayed expedition to Stanley Falls will at last get under way. But even should there be no more delays, Tippoo Tip will, by the time it arrives at Stanley Falls, have been there nearly a year, during which time not a word of communication has passed between the Falls and Ntamo, so that the state of affairs at the former place is utterly unknown.¹

Several times in the course of this narrative I have had occasion to mention Samba, the interpreter, or rather one of the interpreters, employed at Bangala Station; and a few words about this man's history may not be out of place, by way of conclusion. He belongs to the Bakumu tribe, who inhabit a stretch of country on the right bank of the Congo, just above Stanley Falls. Some years ago he was sold by these people as a slave to the natives of Yambinga, and was bought from them by some traders of Lulanga, who had gone up to Yambinga to purchase ivory. Some time after, he was again sold by them to the people of Irebu, and by them passed on to Chumbiri, only to be again sold to some native trader at Ntamo. He would probably have been passed on in this way, till he reached the coast, had not Stanley bought him, and taken him up the river when he went to found Stanley Falls Station. Here he was left, probably to act as in-

¹ This was written in March 1888.

terpreter; but he made himself useful in many other ways, especially by his hunting expeditions, from which he always returned with some fresh meat or fish for the station. Shortly after Mr Deane took command of the Falls, Samba, with two Haoussas, was out in a canoe above the cataracts. The canoe, drawn into the rapids, was carried over the fall into the roaring channel below. The two Haoussas were drowned, but Samba saved himself by swimming, though how he escaped being dashed to pieces on the rocks passes my comprehension. When the station was attacked by the Arabs, Samba proved himself the best fighter among the black men there; and I have several times heard Mr Deane praise his courage and faithfulness. When all seemed lost, and the station had been blown up, Samba provided himself with a spear, and took to the bush; and, though he did not now remain with Mr Deane, continued to supply him with food, and so kept him from absolute starvation. When Deane was obliged to take to a canoe and go down the river, Samba, unaware of the fact, remained on the island; and when Captain Coquilhat and myself arrived in the *A.I.A.*, he came on board, and led us from one to another of Mr Deane's hiding-places, only to discover the smouldering remains of his camp-fires. At last Samba found out from some other natives that Mr Deane had purchased a canoe and gone down-stream; and again coming on board, with his sole earthly possessions—a loin-cloth and a spear (which last I bought from him, and still have)—accompanied us to

the village, where at length we found Mr Deane, and thence to Bangala. Here he still lives, in hopes of some day returning to his people, when his great enemies, the slave-raiding Arabs, have been driven out. Until the authority of the Free State is in some measure re-established in that region, it will not be safe for Samba to show his face there; for he is a marked man among the Arabs, and has done them too much injury to hope for mercy should he fall into their hands. The particulars of his earlier history I had from himself, and only regret that I do not know enough of the native languages to get a fuller account, as it would form a most interesting narrative, and would give some idea of the Congo before it was ever seen by Stanley. He is the only instance I ever met with of a native who showed any gratitude either by word or deed. Freed by Bula Matari, he has faithfully served the State ever since; whereas most natives, on being rescued from slavery by the white man, try to run away, and, if successful, perhaps help their former masters to fight against their deliverer. If a native gives a present, he expects to receive ten times its value in return. If you find a man dying by the wayside, save him, and restore him to his people, you will not get a word of thanks from him or his; but he will think you a fool for not tying him up and demanding a high price from his tribe for his release, with the alternative of selling him into slavery if it is not paid. Were all natives such as Samba, the regeneration of Africa would be comparatively easy.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

"*Hamlet*. 'Tis very strange.

Horatio. As I do live, my honoured lord, 'tis true."

—*Hamlet*, Act I. Scene 2.

"FOR sale, the old mansion-house, Haseley the Great,"—
(Fit home for a sportsman of modest estate):—
In "pleasure-grounds, gardens, nut-walk, orchard, lands,
Laid out ornamentally," see where it stands!
"Good water, good stables, and coach-house at back,
And all in the heart of the Oxfordshire pack."
Don't credit the proverb which vows that the place
That is nighest the church is furthest from grace:—
"This message is freehold; tithe-free;"—and can boast
Of owning that rarest of chattels,—A GHOST!

Here, fox-hunting squire, of contemplative mind,
Might cellarage, kennels, and sepulture find:
Meet "*Berkshire*," or "*Bicester*"; drink ale at "*The Crown*";
And then,—in church precincts,—lie soberly down.
To mortal's ambition how seldom is given
Such pure combination of hunting and heaven!—
At auction, in public, no bidder drew near:
By contract, in private, it should not be dear:—
The lot shall be his who will offer the most:—
No charge being made for goodwill of THE GHOST.

The Ghost may perhaps be allowed to refer
To such a conveyance as she would prefer:
(First, make an appointment with her, if you please,
At midnight, beneath the old grove of elm-trees):—
Should a bargain be struck, on terms as agreed,
She then would "*deliver her act and her deed*:"
And "*witness her own execution*:"—("her mark,
In loco sigilli," cross-bones in the dark.)
Then borrow on mortgage. When duly engrossed,
Devise would be made in mortmain, by THE GHOST.

A purchaser offered. A bargain was made.
The Ghost in a manner quite novel was laid.
The mansion-house opened as "*Schooling for Boys*,"—
And her nerves couldn't tolerate cricket or noise!
Your ghosts are but volatile creatures at best,
And this one was airy and light as the rest.
"Let men," she soliloquised, "*chuckle and scoff*;
I'll pack up my traps, cut a stick, and go off!"
To sight, thus a darling illusion was lost;—
To memory, dear is that fugitive GHOST!

J. P. M.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

THE year which has just passed, and which to most of us has brought only the usual level of human affairs—the mingled thread of good and evil fortune—has witnessed the conclusion of one of the most touching and memorable tragedies that history has to record. These are great words, especially in face of the fact that events both wonderful and terrible are happening around us daily, and that the highest tragedies of poetry are often equalled, if not surpassed, in passion and excitement by the occurrences of the most seeming simple lives. But these secrets of existence among common men are mostly concealed from the public gaze. The shrinking from publicity, which is natural to our reticent race, hides from us not only many miseries and evil things, but also many of the highest deeds and most noble struggles of nature. The most of us perhaps know better things of ourselves (as well as worse) than any stranger knows, but our best efforts and deepest sacrifices remain unrevealed. It is one of the advantages, perhaps, to the world in general of the institution of monarchy, that it creates a number of families to whom this withdrawal from the light is impossible, and whose life, so high up upon the mountain-tops of existence, is visible from every direction, unconcealable from other men. This has not always been an edifying spectacle. Like the gods of Greek poetry, the potentates of earth have been often discovered to be sadly like other people, and their

doings anything but an example to the crowds around. But of late there have been various very striking exceptions to this once too universal rule. Our own Queen has grown gradually into a symbol of everything that is wisest and best, not only to our own, but to other nations; and even those points in her which an impatient people were apt to think of as exaggerations of sorrow and constancy, have aided the great effect of a pure and absolute faithfulness and love which she has set before the world. And now, in a second generation, in another country, under circumstances perhaps more striking and remarkable than any poet could have conceived, another royal personage stands out in the pale light of anguish and disappointment—a man of mould as heroic as his position is remarkable—an example and a wonder to the world. Other men have, no doubt, been as brave, as self-forgetful, as stainless in honour and perfect in suffering, but none have so stood out by force of circumstances, in the sight of all the nations, as an example of what honour and fortitude and flesh and blood can do.

The little book in which the story of this great life is told—a story which at present we can all supplement from our own recollections, adding a hundred incidents—does not even pretend to be worthy of the subject.¹ It is a bare and dry, if, at the same time, an honest and simple, record of the events of the Emperor's life. It is, no doubt, much too early to attempt a more

¹ Frederick: Crown Prince and Emperor. By Rennell Rodd. David Stott, London.

satisfactory picture—and this will amply answer its purpose, which is that of adding to the funds of the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, in which both the late Emperor and his wife took a deep and natural interest; but we may be pardoned if we doubt whether the life of this great Frederick was not too important to serve such a purpose, or whether it was permissible to issue it so hurriedly and so slightly, even in a benevolent cause. Mr Rennell Rodd knew the Emperor, and had opportunities of judging his character and work. The Empress in a letter, which is the most touching part of the book, says so, and he himself says so in so many words; but there is little to prove it in what he has written. It is one thing to have opportunities, and another to be able to make use of them. The thin thread of narrative with which we are here provided, gives a certain guidance to the facts of the Emperor's life, no doubt perfectly trustworthy and exact; but in no other way does it increase our acquaintance with its illustrious subject. We might even say that we knew him better by the mere newspaper records, and the countless anecdotes that have been floating about the world; and that these impressions are but blurred and deadened by the present formal report.

But criticism is fortunately unnecessary upon this point. During the last six months at least of his life the Crown Prince of Germany, for a short period the sovereign of that great country, lived not only in the fierce light that beats upon a throne, but in a house full of windows and open to all the world. The visitors at San Remo, who came with undisguised frankness from all their hotels to the road which was outside his garden-wall, and

there pitched their camp-stools and sat down to wait his appearing, were nothing but a vulgar symbol of the attitude of the rest of the world. We all strained our eyes to watch his rising and his lying down, the coming and going of the doctors round his sick-bed, and all the most private details of a life which, under no other circumstances, could have been so laid bare to the common eye. A crisis so extraordinary could scarcely come in an ordinary human existence at all. He had grown to manhood and to the complete prime of life—that matured and mellow season when youth is more distant than age, and even the snows are within sight—without coming to anything beyond the position of heir. He had been held suspended, as it were, upon the threshold of an office for which he had been elaborately trained, and to which all his thoughts had been directed during his entire life. A great ideal of the manner in which that office should be exercised had grown within him, and day by day had brought more certainly near, notwithstanding an unusual, an almost unnatural delay, to the moment when in his own person he would be called upon to carry that ideal out. The situation in itself was as full of interest as any human situation could be. And the behaviour of the Crown Prince in it was everything that the highest moralist, the most delicate taste, could desire. When he came into the foreground at all, it was solely in the service of his country, to fight her battles, to care for her poor. The one independent act of his life, unrevealed till after his death, and for which another man had received the credit for years—the Crown Prince magnanimously

standing by, hearing those plaudits addressed to another which were his right—was to put the crown of empire upon his father's head, and to bind in one the brotherhood of secondary powers, which by themselves were weak, but when linked together invincible. Prince Bismarck has hitherto got all the credit of this splendid scheme, much of which he deserved, though at the final moment his courage failed him. No doubt there would always be a few men at the head of affairs who knew which hand it was which gave the final impulse, and the Crown Prince would have the support of knowing that in that selectest circle justice was done him—which is the only thing that many great men have had to fall back upon, and especially the resource of kings—but so far as the world was concerned, that high-handed statesman received and never disowned all the honour. What strange comments upon public opinion, what reflections upon contemporary justice, must have passed through the mind of the Prince standing by—one can imagine with a grave smile upon his countenance—saying nothing, permitting the praises to go the other way to the man who had almost forgotten the respect due to the heir-apparent in opposing that scheme of which he now took all the glory! This, however, as we have said, was the one independent act, upon his own initiation, of the Crown Prince's wonderfully disciplined and self-subdued life. Talk of the freedom of monarchs—of the uncontrolled sway even of an absolute king—and then turn and see this man, in the full splendour of manhood, taming himself to the mastery of a museum, to the oversight of benevolent societies, with every impulse of statesmanship in him

controlled, standing by unconsulted, with less power in politics theoretically than an English voter. What a training for an emperor!

Alas! a training never save for a moment to bear its natural fruit! The situation changed from one of the highest interest and hope to the most tragical conceivable by man. A cloud no bigger than a man's hand, like the famous image of Scripture, soon covered the sky with darkness. For a time the deeply interested, deeply impressed spectators, stood breathless, watching whether the aged father, at the extreme limit of mortal life, or the vigorous son, in the full force of years, would tread the darksome pathway first into the unknown. And then at last the end of the long probation came, and the monarch, for fifty years trained to this office, ascended the throne. But he mounted its steps a dying man; and the forces so long repressed, the plans so long cherished, the noble reign so strongly conceived, culminated in four months' possession. Had Frederick of Prussia been a far less interesting man than he was, his history would still have been one of those which lacerate the heart with a sense of that irony of faith, that tragic Tantalus draught which mocks but never reaches the lips, which of all human deprivations is the one most hard to bear. But when we consider what he was, his nobleness, his patience, his self-control, the ideal of highest kingship which was in his heart, and which, there is every reason to believe, he would have fulfilled as perfectly as it is given to man to do, the position appeals more and more strongly to the mind. He was ambitious—what strong man could be less, with such possibilities ever before him?—but that he had to sacrifice, like everything else. He had to

see the methods of which he had not approved triumphant over him, at the very moment when he had hoped to replace them by a better way. He had to lie smiling upon his painful bed, and witness everything he desired slipping from his hand. Sufferers at the stake and by the sword have had a shorter and a lesser martyrdom to bear. His noblest desires became the instruments of his deepest pain. And he died at last in the fulness of his days—at an age when most men have accomplished all of which they are capable—with promise unfulfilled, life unachieved, and the great work, for which he was so fully prepared, undone.

But whether this great prince has not done more for the world by thus falling unfulfilled than he could have done had his high ideal become entangled in the commonplace of practice, and perhaps failed in the everlasting struggle with dull forces of use and wont, who can tell? The favourite thought of humanity is this unachievement. Hamlet carries us higher and interests us more deeply than any king that ever ruled in Denmark or elsewhere. The hope, the plan, the promise, is all in all for man. To mean nobly, to aim highly, to endure, would seem to be our best and most characteristic position among all the worlds of God. Certain it is that there is none which so touches the heart. The great renunciation; the noble, patient, and sublime consent not to be, since God's will is so; the smile of supreme resignation while all we have dreamed of escapes from our hands,—no completed hope nor fulfilled life affects us like these. And perhaps to an age so eager for doing, so restless and impatient, so hurried and self-willed, the spectacle on so great

a scale and in so elevated a place, at once of the powerlessness of humanity, and of its inherent greatness, its physical incapacities, its spiritual strength, is of more use than any exhibition of success and power. Our hearts forsake the brighter pathway to linger on that which leads steadfast to the skies through tempest and gloom.

Prince Frederick William of Prussia was born of a family which has always been characteristically and triumphantly national—a most successful race, enriching and elevating itself with astonishing rapidity, but by methods which would not, perhaps, bear too close an examination, but not endearing itself to the other nations round. His father did much, by sheer dint of living, to make himself a picturesque and remarkable figure in the world—not to say that the events of his reign and the sudden rise of his country into a dominating and imperial power were very imposing and impressive to the imagination, as well as the group of singularly great generals and statesmen which he had the wisdom or good luck to gather round him. But the tradition of a prince who was the brother and friend of all, with the genial and gracious accost, the native kindness of look and word which belonged by nature to Frederick, was quite new and unaccustomed among them. His first individual appearance beyond the region of education and training is in that pretty Highland scene, familiar to every reader, when the young German cavalier discovered on the hillside the sprig of white heather, and made it the occasion to his little princess of his love-tale. There is something pastoral, idyllic, in the pretty story, piquant from its contrast with all we know of courts—no courtly hangers-on

in attendance, the boys and girls straying over the moor, the keen exhilarating air of the north blowing against the fresh young faces. An honest, happy youth, with a touch of German sentiment much more simple than our own, and everything so youthful and fresh about, even the father and mother who smiled upon the pair.

After this the world knew little of Prince Frederick William for many years. He reappeared in the wars which began with Denmark, and went on through the brief conflict with Austria into that severe and triumphant struggle with France, which has changed the aspect of Europe and placed Prussia in so great and powerful a position at the head of the German States. It was only in the last and greatest of these wars that his full importance, both in war and peace, was revealed. It was under his command that the first great successes, which struck a chill to the very heart of the adversary, and filled France with the most woful astonishment as well as dismay, were gained. Everybody had been aware of his personal character, his virtue and honour, the happy and spotless life he led, his readiness for every good work, during the comparative obscurity in which the early years of his married life were passed. But a man may be a very good man, with everything in him that can make a family blessed, without being a great general or understanding even the elements of statesmanship; and war is a game in which the ability of the player can only be discovered by practical tests. He had developed another great quality, even before those of generalship. He had found the best way of linking the different parts of a heterogeneous army together, making, if not the lion lie down with the lamb, at

least the German with the Bavarian—an almost equally difficult matter; and his popularity with the army had preceded all proofs of his power to handle it. But these proofs, already known to experts, were given to the world in fullest evidence at Weissenberg, Wörth, and Sedan, those tremendous reverses which brought down the French Empire to the dust. What further the Crown Prince had done, and how much of the great event, almost more important to Germany than the rout of her enemy's forces, was due to his exertions, was known to no one out of his immediate circle. But he came out of that great war one of the most eminent of Prussia's younger generals, and, at the same time, one of the most popular men in the new empire.

After this memorable episode of life, the Prince again disappeared from our eyes into the mists. He was always good, always useful, watching over the sick and poor, encouraging art, sparing no trouble to make all about him happy. The blaze of warlike success had not turned his head, nor the excitements of the field lessened his pleasure in the quiet delights of home. The others were but episodes: this was his life. He relapsed at once into the quiet, and accepted again the secondary post, which was all that was permitted to him, without apparently a single murmur. It is somewhat hard upon a prince when he has reached to something almost more than maturity, to be turned back to the hospitals and museums, to ceremonies of opening and closing, to charity and art. Perhaps it is a sacrifice necessary to the position of an heir-apparent. The Crown Prince stepped back into these without a hesitation. Only he and his choicest friends knew that

it was he and not any Iron Chancellor who had put the imperial crown upon his father's head. He only was aware how much the economy of State, from which he was held apart, owed to him, both in fact and in sentiment. And with that high honour which must be, in such circumstances, the greatest of gifts, he said nothing as to the part he had played. Absolutely faithful to his place, and the reticences and self-denial which it enjoined, he stepped aside to his domestic life, to his wife and children and country neighbours, and harmless offices of State. And until there suddenly began to creep through the world rumours of a fatal illness, the Crown Prince appeared before the world no more.

His life suddenly again became the centre of every eye when he took shelter in the Villa Zirio, and the contentions round his sick-bed became known. In England the whisper of possible calamity had roused a new interest around the stalwart figure—the most distinguished of all the band of princes who formed the Queen's guard of honour at the Jubilee. His gallant appearance, soldierlike and manful, recalled all the prepossessions in his favour, which had lain dormant so long. He was the husband of the first daughter of England, a title warmly responded to at a moment when all those bonds of family—which the entire nation prides itself in taking up when any occasion arises—were especially felt. And every one will remember how the interest grew. When the year which is just completed began, the disease was every day growing in interest. The sanguine hoped, and the despondent despaired, as if the illustrious sufferer had been one of their own immediate circle; and the battle of the doctors was fought in many

a remote English village, where the disputants found a difficulty in pronouncing the very names of the chief belligerents. Then came the thrill of the great crisis, when the old Emperor in Berlin was breathing his last, and no one knew whether his voiceless heir would ever be able to leave that soft Italian shore, and face the snows and sternness of his rugged country. With what breathless interest we waited for the bulletin from morning to morning! nothing else regarded or thought of. If the interest was higher in Germany, in his own country, ours assuredly was next. And then the journey in the blighting cold through the snow! Many of us were angry, as if at an unexpected blow from a friend, when the Italian king made an unguarded exclamation of dismay at the sight of the altered face. We would not have him die,—we would have a miraculous recovery, in face of all the need he had to live, and the strenuous call upon him. And with what an ache of feeling, something more than mere sympathy, we watched and saw his sun go down! All this has been more interesting, more touching, than any tragedy to our hearts. A man whose presence all the world could realise; a brave strong man, who said nothing, who made no complaint, but did his duty, and accepted his burden to the very end! A man more bitterly disappointed than ever man was—balked in everything—unable to do, save for a flickering unstable minute, any of the things he had for years desired to do, or to secure that they should be done after him, or that Germany should ever be the better that he had been. This, in the sight of men and angels, Frederick of Prussia endured: yet never lost patience, nor the self-

command of a disciplined and dutiful soul.

Such is the Emperor's history,—that of a life simple, pure, and unobtrusive, so far as his position permitted, marked chiefly on its ordinary levels by a continued strain of self-abnegation, but quickening now and then into the heroic, and ascending by moments to the very height of mortal achievement, —a lesson not for kings only, but for all men. The second in his own country, a prominent figure wherever he moved, he was yet subject almost all his life to contradiction and repression such as few lesser men of full age have to encounter, and bore himself with perfect dignity throughout all the exasperations of such a discipline. His chief trials, strangely enough at that high level, were not the special trials of power, but of the reverse of power,—the impotence which we all have to experience in the face of circumstances swayed by other wills, the pains of submission to what we cannot approve, and the always difficult task of refraining even from good words. If his behaviour in such a position is a model to men occupying his own very difficult and delicate place, it is also one which should come home to the simplest and the humblest. To be strong, yet submit, is more hard than to submit, being weak. Self-sacrifice, in common parlance, is often an equivocal virtue; it is well for the race sometimes to see what the self-sacrifice of a great nature in the greatest circumstances can be.

But this exceedingly impressive position gains greatly in moral force from the glimpse afforded us of one moment in his life, when

the Crown Prince ceased to subdue his own instincts and convictions. The Diary¹ so much fought over in Germany is much more striking and significant than the chastened biography of Mr Rodd, and there seems no substantial reason for doubting its authenticity. The singular revelation it makes of the firmness and determined resolution with which the Crown Prince pushed on the final settlement of the new German Empire—abandoning for once his passive rôle, and claiming as the representative of the future an authoritative voice and an initiative of his own—has taken the world by surprise. It shows us not only the action of the moment, but how the gradual growth of the sentiment of that United Germany, a national ideal—"the long-deferred hopes of our forefathers, the dreams of German poets"—had come at length to be an enthusiasm in the minds of the younger princes, and specially in that of him to whom the task of its development was, as he hoped, to be confided. The moment had arrived for the carrying out of that great idea, and for once he who was the embodiment of the future, the leader of the rising life, would not be silenced or put aside. Always full of affection and respect for the King and Kaiser, who on his side had evidently all an old man's doubts as to the success of such an undertaking, and reluctance to embark upon any course in which there was the suspicion of a possible failure, the heir of empire could not consent to put aside those high hopes for himself and his race. It is evident that he was as little dis-

¹ The Emperor's Diary of the Austro-German War, 1866, and the Franco-German War, 1870-71: to which is added Prince Bismarck's Rejoinder. Edited by Henry W. Lucy. London: George Routledge & Sons.

posed to put up with any dallying on the subject as if he had been the sternest man of blood or iron. His determination that "the kings" should not baffle him—that they should be made to feel the risk of opposing a Power which was their master, and to understand that no repugnance or hesitation on their part could be allowed to balk the great scheme—makes it clear with the most satisfactory force that no weakness lay behind the perfect self-restraint and chivalrous courtesy which were so well known. There might even be something a little high-handed in the final determination to ride over any such scruples, were they put forth—a proceeding which Prince Bismarck, in his superior delicacy, considers impossible to have been harboured by any one, his own methods being so much more gentlemanly. But the Prince, it was evident, accepted the responsibility with no such exquisite alarms. The moment had come, the time was ripe, and the great thing had to be done.

This wonderful circumstance, however, throws the most curious side-light upon the events of that terrible and critical period. In those halls of Versailles, within hearing of the guns that roared with all their hoarse throats against Paris, at a moment when the eyes of the world were fixed upon the agony of France and the fate that awaited her, the discussions and consultations which were going on were not of France at all, save in a quite secondary place, but of a much more intricate matter—the consolidation of Germany, and the advantage given by the enthusiasms of victory for the accomplishment of that long-cherished design. France was, to the minds of these princes and statesmen, not so much a dangerous foe subdued,

as the occasion of a fundamental but peaceful revolution among themselves. There is, indeed, wonderfully little question of France at all, even when she lies under the feet of the conquerors. Something much more momentous than either conquest or indemnity was in their minds. It was no pleasure to the Crown Prince to place his heel upon the neck of the fallen foe, but it was a stepping-stone to the larger and greater event which he had for so long set before him. The six milliards are as nothing, and even Alsace and Lorraine trifling incidents, in comparison with "the world-historic opportunity" which the house of Hohenzollern could not and would not fail to take advantage of. We are not sure that this curious and novel suggestion does not add a deeper humiliation to the downfall of the beaten country, not even accorded the dignity of being beaten for her own sake, but because her overthrow and her spoils afforded that lever which was to upheave Germany. But it is a wonderful example of that all-calculating German idiosyncrasy which wades through blood and every tragic accessory to the completion of its own designs, the life and death of nations or of men being but circumstances in its plan; which counts everything as secondary save the deep-lying ever-present scheme at length evolved by their means. No doubt the armies fought, the country gave up its sons and its treasure, to silence once and for all, if possible, the continually threatening invader on its border; but it is strange to realise that the younger princes, and especially the Crown Prince of Prussia, was scarcely thinking of France at all, but of how to strike for the Empire and German unity while the iron was

hot, and to secure a great political object over their foe's humiliated head.

But what an atmosphere of intellectual activity, of plan and purpose, breathes out of the daily records of this tremendous period! It is full of the strong thinkings of a man ordinarily reticent, in whom a great and splendid anticipation, the sense of a great work before him to do, is filling every vein. Every entry is instinct with this confidence and high resolution. Nothing unfilial was in that prospect. It was in the minds of all. "My son," says the new, but old, Emperor, "is devoted to the new state of things with his whole soul. He and his successors will be called to make the Empire now established a reality." And the heart of the Prince swelled to reach that noble enterprise. He felt that all his trials, the "important resolutions which he had been called upon to make between the ages of thirty and forty," had not been in vain. "I shrink from no difficulties," he says, "and am conscious that I do not want for steady courage fearlessly and perseveringly to face the work that is awaiting me." It is with a certain awe that the reader contemplates these great and solemn yet buoyant anticipations. Alas! the work that awaited him was very different from that to which he looked forward. And when the veil is thus lifted, and we see how strongly his mind was set upon that imperial work, — how warmly he realised the hope that it would be his to form and guide the new system, — the pang of sympathy with which we feel the strong man's deep disappointment is mingled with an ever-growing admiration for the indomitable

soul which learned to relinquish as bravely as he had intended to carry out.

These openings-out of a strong and vigorous mind escaping from the enforced reserve of circumstances give exceeding interest to the fragments of the Diary, and it is easy to understand the indignant indiscretion of the friend who suffered them to glide into publicity. We can only wonder at the strange want of judgment, the occasional folly-fit to which the most astute are subject, which emphasised every complaint by interfering with their publication. It is not to be expected that every lover and servant of Frederick should be self-restrained like him, and the impulse always to repress has an uneasy and conscious look, as if there must be much to conceal.

Gentler thoughts, however, mingle with the records of the wars and struggles in which the Crown Prince took so great a part. He had been compelled to leave home for the war in 1866 while one of his children lay dying. And the first extract from the Diary contains an account of the battle of Königgratz, the first in which the Prince commanded after that painful parting. The conqueror relates the movements of the army, the heart-sickening spectacle of the battle-field with its heaps of dead, the anxiety yet growing conviction of success, until at last he reaches a height where he can survey the whole extent of the field, "a line of more than a dozen miles, and perceive with certainty that the victory was ours, and the enemy in full retreat." After a moment of awed yet ecstatic "prayers of gratitude," and greetings between the victors, he continues:—

My thoughts were now with my wife, my children, my mother and

sister. The thought of our little son Sigismund who has gone to his rest came into my mind, as if his death had been destined to be the precursor of a great event in my life. But *victories do not compensate for the loss of a child*: indeed piercing grief only makes itself all the more terribly felt under the influence of such powerful impressions."

How often in other scenes, among other triumphs, has the recollection of the little dead child, the loss for which no victory compensates, filled the eyes and swelled the heart of orator or artist with a dull realisation of the vanity of human successes! It is one of the sensations which make all men brothers, to see the victorious general pause on the crest of the hill, and think of his little son while his eye follows the flight of the broken regiments. And yet how mingled are human actions! For the war with Austria was entirely political—a war of ambition; and many a father's son lay motionless upon that field over which the Prince looked, sadly thinking of his infant dead. He himself, however, though fighting strongly on his own side, as his country and the policy of its rulers required, was never callous to those terrible results of war. "War," he says, "is really something dreadful; and those who create it with a stroke of the pen, sitting at a green-cloth table, little dream what horrors they are conjuring up." His support was always upon the merciful side. He was opposed to the bombardment of Paris, and interfered to prevent additional humiliation to the French Emperor at the time of his surrender. And it gave him pleasure to think that in this respect his feelings were understood and appreciated in France. "My dislike for this bloody work," he says, "is well

known; indeed they say of me, as I learn to my secret joy, that whenever it is consistent with strict fulfilment of duty, I allow forbearance and mildness as much as possible to prevail."

Some of the Crown Prince's utterances on the subject of the great German union which he had so strenuously worked to bring about are also very worthy of attention. There is, immediately after the proclamation of the Emperor, a question about his own title, as to which he is indifferent, though disliking the word "Imperial."

"But that is a secondary matter compared with its inner meaning. I feel myself to be only a German, knowing no difference between Bavarian, Badener, and all the other inhabitants of our thirty-three minor fatherlands. I will on no account interfere with their internal affairs, or seek to deprive them of their peculiarities. Oh that all Germans would look upon me and my wife as their own, and not as North German intruders!"

He adds a little later:—

"Even the greatest imprudence can no longer undo what has been attained. Such experiences as I have collected during the past ten years cannot have been won in vain. In the nation united at last I shall find a strong support for my ideas: more especially I shall be the first prince who has to appear before his people after having honourably declared for constitutional measures without any reserve. . . . As far as moral earnestness and political conviction are concerned, they can only be the results of inward ripeness and inward struggles which have to be daily renewed, and which one must fight out alone. And when I see that my efforts for the oppressed are recognised in Germany and by her neighbours in such a way that confidence is felt in my future, that makes me happy."

We can only add, after the high

purpose and noble looking forward of these anticipations, so well founded, so apparently certain, the sigh of human futility—alas for the great reign that was never to be!

The Emperor Frederick has been more hardly treated by circumstances, by fate, by friends, and by foes, than any prominent personage of his time. Were it not that God holds all reserves and compensations in His hand, and that we cannot believe in the loss of any such nobly developed powers and qualities, we should be tempted to say he had been ill treated by Providence—which, indeed, according to our parlance he has—being held aside from his career by a hand no other than that of the Supreme, and balked and disappointed in all his greatest plans and aspirations. Knowing so little as we do of these secret laws, there is no irreverence in saying this; though already in our knowledge the world has been the gainer, by a chapter of history more touching and memorable, and a revelation of human character more high and pure and unrewarded, than the lives of a dozen fortunate emperors could have afforded. For human nature appreciates above all things that last crown of perfection—that

it shall be without reward. The greatest of human heroes are those who have served God for nought:

“To that ‘man,’ when he has done all,
Yet will I add an honour”—

that he should have nothing in return. And with this the Emperor's friends and lovers must remain satisfied, he himself, let us not doubt, having already entered into work more noble than any he could dream of. But neither his friends nor his foes have spared him. The babble of tongues about his sick-bed has violated all the sanctities of nature. Had all the doctors been hanged on one rope, it would have been a fit reward for their odious conduct: as if their petty *amour propre* could matter in face of such a spectacle. Had they desired to bring into more prominent and glorious comparison the example of his royal silence, his all-enduring calm, they could not have taken a better method. It is to be hoped that now, until the time comes for a perfect and impartial history, these voices will be silent; and the spotless name of the Emperor left with all its noble suggestions for the instruction and example of the world.

ENGLISH FARMERS.

THE word "farmer" is a much more comprehensive one at the present day than it used to be in former times. It was once applied almost exclusively to the class of men whom, according to its derivation, it properly denotes—those, that is, who till hired ground, as distinct from the yeoman, or, later on, the gentleman farmer, who till their own. Within the last generation, however, the love of agriculture has spread so widely among all classes, that tenant-farmers may now be found in every rank of society. Yet even now, the word, taken simply by itself, without any differentiating term, is usually held to signify one who stands below the line conventionally supposed to separate the "table-land of gentility," as Mr Oldbuck calls it, from all beneath. That is the sense in which I propose to use it in the present article. Distinctions of this nature are always more or less invidious; nor should I have mentioned them at all, but for the necessity of making perfectly clear to what manner of man I was referring. Not to pursue this question any further, it is obvious that among agriculturists in general, whether amateurs or professionals, the line of demarcation is a very irregular and devious one; and I shall content myself with saying that in writing of the manners, the prejudices, the habits, the vices and virtues of this particular class, whether yeomen or tenants, I am throughout referring to men who have not, as a rule, received a liberal education, and who do not, or did not till within the last thirty years, think of copying the manners and customs pertaining to the class above them.

I say this with the less hesitation, because it will rather be to what are called "farmers of the old school" that I shall direct attention, affording, as they do, the most strongly marked types of the genus to which they belong, and illustrating most clearly that old tripartite division of rural life which I believe is peculiar to this country, and which, with some inconveniences, has hitherto worked most beneficially. But whether dealing with the old style or new, I shall be thinking chiefly of the man who occupies a middle position between the peasant farmer and the gentleman farmer, or the tenant who is socially his equal; neither of these two extremes being equally characteristic of England, or exhibiting in the same perfection the traits on which I love to look back. There are peasant farmers and gentlemen farmers everywhere. But the man I have in my eye is only to be found at home.

My own recollections go back to a time when there were still a good many farmers left who lived quite *more majorum*—dined in their kitchens, drank nothing but ale, and were only just beginning to take to black coats on Sunday. One such man I can remember well, who has indeed not been dead for more than ten or twelve years. But then he was the sole surviving specimen in the neighbourhood where he lived of a class which had been long extinct, and was pointed out by other farmers as a social curiosity. But he was a warm man, had a large balance at his bankers, and kept his farm (about 300 acres) in excellent condition, albeit little indebted to

science or machinery. He was a kind of king on market-days, for whatever he bought he would always have the best, and never haggled at the price. If you called upon him, he received you in the kitchen, and a jug of home-brewed—that incomparable luxury which has almost disappeared before the march of refinement—was placed upon the table, with no apology for not offering wine. He never missed church, and could always be relied upon when money was wanted for any charitable or religious purpose. He, we may be sure, was never behind-hand with his rent, nor ever asked for a reduction. His farm was a sufficient occupation for him. He neither shot nor hunted, though he had opportunities of doing both. He had no books: and though not possessed of high spirits or a man of many words, was always cheerful, always sober, and always ceremoniously respectful to those whom he recognised as his betters. When he died, it was found that he had amassed money; and though he lived into the bad times, he did not seem to have suffered from them.

Another of the same kind, whom I remember still better, was a somewhat crabbed and gnarled old fellow, but thoroughly sound at core. I can just recollect him at church, dressed a good deal like Mr Poyser—the same drab coat and breeches, and the same richly flowered waistcoat. These, however, disappeared in my early childhood, about the same time as the village stocks and the parish clerk's top-boots, and gave way to the broad-skirted black garment which remained his Sunday attire to his death. The sons of such men were then wearing swallow-tailed coats, generally dark-green or brown, with brass buttons. But the fathers re-

mained faithful to the old style, and I think, as far as personal appearance went, they had the best of it. Old Master Woollem, as he was always called—his real name was Woolcome—was a man of saturnine temperament, disliked rather by us boys because he objected to our getting over his fences, or prowling about his farmyard and out-houses, bird-nesting or sparrow-catching; but a stanch friend to the parson, an excellent master, and liberal in his charities. The parson's wife he always addressed as "madam," and sent her a couple of fowls every Christmas, the finest and fattest which his poultry-yard could produce, "with his duty." He was even more strict in his devotion to old farming ideas than the other old gentleman I have mentioned. He had been brought up at a time when farmers or their wives and daughters went off to market in the winter time while it was still dark, transacted their business by candle-light, and were home again by dinner-time. To the last he did not like to see his daughters doing any ornamental work, reading any light literature, or exhibiting the faintest approach to any little finery in their dress. If he detected anything of the kind, he generally remained quite silent, but those who knew him knew well what he meant. Sometimes he refused food—literally, like David, turning his face to the wall and eating no bread. The last authenticated instance of his declining to eat his dinner was on his suddenly discovering that his eldest son had been guilty of a breach of all the family traditions by going out with the hounds. The young man did not appear at table. The new spurs were missing from their accustomed hook over the fireplace. The old man remembered that the hounds had met in

the neighbourhood that morning. The bitter truth flashed upon him in a moment. "My lord's gone a-hunting," he exclaimed to his wife, with suppressed emotion, "and you knowed to it." This last reflection was too much for him, and, drawing his chair away to the chimney-corner, he refused to be comforted. His silence on these occasions was more terrible than words: he moved about the house and premises wrapped in the deepest gloom: and during one of these fits of dejection, his youngest daughter, a nice-looking girl of nineteen, was driven in despair to tuck up her sleeves, go down upon her knees, and scrub the kitchen-floor till her arms ached, as the only means of recalling him to more cheerful views of existence. Propitiated by this act of homage to the spirit of a better age and the deities of his own youth, old Master Woollem is said to have actually smiled, and harmony was once more restored to the domestic circle.

In spite of these little peculiarities, Woolcome was a man of great natural shrewdness and general intelligence, was never loud or noisy in his talk, and knew "how to conduct himself," and what kind of language to use, in whatever society he was thrown. All farmers of his class did not quite know this; but all whom I can remember had one stock phrase which always used to amuse us, at a time when, I suppose, one was more easily amused than now, and it was this: When they dined at our house, and were asked if they would take another slice of the joint, they always, if they wanted no more, replied in the same set words,—"No more, thank'ee, sir, this turn." Old Woollem said this as well as the others; but he would not have said the gross things which some of them uttered

quite innocently concerning their flocks and herds, nor yet the really simple or really racy things which I have heard from others, indicating no doubt some confusion of ideas, but all the more interesting on that account to students of the laws of thought.

I recollect a great, big, burly fellow, six feet high, and younger than either of the above, who, when asked his age, could only refer the questioner to his landlord. "I'm three years younger nor Sir Richard," he would say; "I allers wos." This was conclusive in his eyes. I once saw this man trembling on the verge of scepticism in consequence of the inexplicable behaviour of the elements. That a heavy flood should have come on the day after he had brought down his sheep from the uplands, and turned them into the meadows, was more than he could reconcile with the theory of a moral governor of the universe. It seemed very odd, he said; and I left him leaning on a gate, struggling very hard to vindicate the ways of God to man, but evidently without success. This man ultimately hanged himself in the stable—whether distracted by the difficulties surrounding the origin of evil, or vexed, as the neighbours thought, at being cheated out of the price of a calf, I have never fully understood.

These were all men of the old leaven—men who, if not free from the vices and deficiencies common to the middle classes in general, possessed at least some negative virtues peculiar to themselves. They were neither luxurious nor ostentatious; were content to live after the manner of their forefathers, and had no desire to be anything but what they were. Their only vehicle was the old

"shay-cart"; and very few of them hunted, unless they were breeders of, or dealers in, horses, and did it professionally. They farmed well according to the fashion of the age, and had no other ambition. They lived very plainly, not to say hardly—by no means thinking it necessary to eat butcher's meat every day. I knew a thriving farmer, renting two hundred acres—which, in the midland counties, is considered a good-sized farm—and keeping forty cows, who sat down with his family every Sunday to a large batter-pudding made in a puncheon, with a piece of bacon in the middle, which they ate cold for dinner during the remainder of the week. The cost of living to farmers of this class was a mere trifle. They bought scarcely anything. Milk, butter, cheese, bacon, eggs, poultry, pork, and vegetables, they got at cost price off their own land. They brewed their own beer and baked their own bread. Families who lived much better than those who assembled round the puncheon—our friend Woollem, for instance—couldn't have spent more than three hundred a-year, and I don't suppose he spent that. Suppose his farm was three hundred acres, and that he paid £2 an acre for it all round: according to the common calculation in those days,¹ his land would yield him three rents—one for his landlord, one for his labour, and one for himself. That would give him £600 a-year for his own share. I believe that, if anything, I am under the mark, for some said the tenant should make four rents, one to put by, besides what I have mentioned. But allowing

the first calculation to be correct, a thrifty man, in the days I am thinking of, would have saved between three and four hundred a-year; and this very old man we have been talking about—Woolcome—did actually die worth £20,000, besides the value of his stock, having had the farm for forty years. This was the generation that made money; the next was the generation that spent it; the present is the one that wants it.

There have, of course, always been, coexistent with the above class of farmers, a higher and a lower class. The farmer who rented, maybe, seven or eight hundred acres, and had land of his own besides, though not perhaps a gentleman any more than the men I have described, was a man of different tastes and habits, hunted and shot, and sometimes went to the seaside. On the other hand, the smaller man with thirty, fifty, or seventy acres, was little more than a peasant. But I think the class which came between the two was, as I have already said, the most truly representative; and this is the class, I am afraid, on whom "time and fate" have laid the heaviest hand. But they could not, under any circumstances, have remained as they were forty years ago. The march of intellect must have gone over them, flattening down their characteristic oddities and removing their moss-grown prejudices, even had no agricultural depression threatened to extinguish them. Such men may doubtless still be found in the remoter nooks and corners of the country, in sheltered situations, as De Quincey says. I have heard that they survive in Devonshire;

¹ Not in these. See a most interesting paper read by Major Craigie before the Farmers' Club in London on the 10th of last month, on "The Farmers' Labour Bill."

but I am told that they are fast disappearing from the great agricultural counties in the central and eastern parts of England. But were the present writer to outlive them all, he could never forget them—their kindly, hearty ways, their homely politeness, their hospitality, their mellow ale and their pork-pies, produced, generally speaking, on coursing days, that being a sport in which the most scrupulous of them thought it no presumption to indulge.

“*Saturnia regna, valet.*”

If another golden age is in store for us, I at all events shall not be here to see it.

Between the smaller yeoman and the tenant-farmer such as I have described him, there was never much to choose in point of intelligence, education, or refinement. The small freeholders once upon a time, perhaps, were a valuable political element in rural society, and to some extent they are so still. But everybody in the country is tolerably independent now, and the old-fashioned yeoman, with his many real and many imputed virtues, mingled so large an infusion of more questionable qualities, that I know not whether *his* gradual disappearance is altogether to be regretted. Not that he has disappeared yet, by any means. People ask, said Lord Beaconsfield, where the Buckinghamshire freeholders are now? “Why, where you would expect to find them—in Buckinghamshire, to be sure.” And it is a great mistake to suppose that the class of small proprietors has either vanished or is likely to vanish very soon. They are not subject to the same disturbing causes as the tenant-farmer. The owner may farm as badly as he pleases, exhaust his land, allow his house, his farm-

buildings, and his fences to go to rack and ruin; but as long as he can scrape enough from the soil to pay the interest on his mortgage and keep body and soul together, there is nobody to move him on. As we know, he clings tenaciously to the ground, and the result is that he is still there when many better men than himself have been obliged to go. His time will come, as it would assuredly come, in the third or fourth generation, to any new class of peasant-proprietors. But he is not yet a thing of the past, and is still to be seen, in a state of nature, in all the English counties that I am acquainted with. I may here add that, according to the latest agricultural returns, of the thirty-two million seven hundred thousand acres of which England consists, very nearly five millions are farmed by their owners.

The peasant-proprietor was and is simply what his name implies. It was and is the yeoman of two or three hundred acres in whom the special attributes of his class are seen to the greatest perfection. In a country village of the olden time, such a man was under no moral restraint at all. There was no public opinion, and if there had been, he would not have cared about it. If none of the gentry happened to reside in the neighbourhood, he was a little king—as irresponsible and despotic as a Turkish pasha. A good type of the class has been given us by George Eliot in *Squire Cass*. He was a little above the yeoman class in point of property. But his character was exactly theirs. Such men, generally speaking, did not, and do not, set a good example to the neighbourhood. They were, as a rule, scrupulously honest, liberal, and hospitable. But as for temperance, soberness, and

chastity, they might be whistled down the wind. Twenty years ago they were still very much what the smallest class of squires had been a hundred and fifty years before. There were good men and moral men among them then, and probably there are more now. But their absolute freedom from the corrective influence of all outside opinion; their ignorance and self-importance; their well-filled pockets, and their limited range of interests—betrayed too many of them into the same mode of living as Tony Lumpkin promised himself when he should “come to his own.”

Even the most old-fashioned farmers whom I can recollect had given up the practice of dining with their labourers. They no longer sat at the head of the long oak-table and carved the bacon, as Cobbett remembered them doing; and even in his day the process of transformation had begun. In 1825 he wrote as follows:—

“When the old farm-houses are down (and down they must come in time), what a miserable thing the country will be! Those that are now erected are mere painted shells, with a mistress within who is stuck up in a place she calls the *parlour*, with, if she have children, the ‘young ladies and gentlemen’ about her; some showy chairs and a sofa (a *sofa* by all means); half-a-dozen prints in gilt frames hanging up; some swinging book-shelves with novels and tracts upon them; a dinner brought in by a girl that is perhaps better ‘educated’ than she; two or three nick-nacks to eat instead of a piece of bacon and a pudding; the house too neat for a dirty-shoed carter to be allowed to come into; and everything proclaiming to every sensible beholder that there is here a constant anxiety to make a *show* not warranted by the reality. The children (which is the

worst part of it) are all too clever to *work*; they are all to be *gentlefolks*. Go to plough! Good God! What! ‘young gentlemen’ go to plough! They become *clerks*, or some skimming-dish thing or other. They flee from the dirty *work* as cunning horses do from the bridle. What misery is all this! What a mass of materials for proclaiming that general and *dreadful convulsion* that must, first or last, come and blow this funding and jobbing and enslaving and starving system to atoms!”¹

Cobbett was riding through the home counties when he wrote this, and sixty years ago the change had hardly spread a great deal farther. Still this was the beginning of it, and we likewise read on the same page—

“There was no reason to expect that farmers would not endeavour to keep pace, in point of show and luxury, with fund-holders, and with all the tribe that *war* and *taxes* created. Farmers were not the authors of the mischief. And *now* they are compelled to shut the labourers out of their houses, and to pinch them in their wages in order to be able to pay their own taxes; and besides this, the manners and the principles of the working class are so changed, that a sort of self-preservation bids the farmer (especially in some counties) to keep them from beneath his roof.”²

The distress among the peasantry which caused this last sentence to be written passed away in time. But the change in the farmers went on, and in the course of another generation produced the new race of whose style of living we have heard so much since the agricultural depression set in. Cobbett’s picture, which I have here quoted, represents the change under its most ridiculous aspect; and as events have turned out, it proved an unfortunate one for the farmers. Had they continued to

¹ Rural Rides and Drives, p. 274.

² Ibid.

live in the old style during what have been called the good times—that is to say, roughly speaking, from about 1835 to 1875—they might have been in a very different position now. It took nearly twenty years for things to settle down again after the peace of 1815; but as soon as the farmers had got over the monetary convulsions of the Regency and the reign of George IV., a period of great prosperity followed, and it was the younger generation of farmers, who grew up to manhood about the middle of the present century, with whom the luxuries and elegancies so severely censured by a somewhat inconsiderate class of critics originated. I cannot altogether join in these reproaches. The smart dog-cart, the well-bred hunter, the claret, the piano, the governess, the silk dresses, and the last new novel, were not reprehensible in themselves. There is no reason why men should not have these things, simply because they are agriculturists; and if the farmers fell into the error of supposing that their good fortune would last for ever, and that there was no necessity to make provision for a rainy day, they only did what many other people of various occupations and pursuits in life are guilty of doing every hour, without drawing down upon themselves any marked sarcasm or censure. It might be said, perhaps, that all classes in England have been living too expensively during the last fifty years, and that country gentlemen are paying the penalty of their imprudence as well as their tenants.

The tenant-farmer of the new style has been so often described, that it is unnecessary to paint him over again in any detail. He “set up for a gentleman,” as the labourers used to say, and played

the part with varying propriety, according to his natural tact and taste, and the kind of education he had received. The degree in which he succeeded in raising himself towards the level of the class above him would depend to some extent, of course, on the character of the neighbourhood in which he lived, and the number and quality of the gentry who took the lead in it. But it would be a mistake to suppose that all the young farmers who, five-and-thirty or forty years ago, began to ride valuable horses, drink expensive wines, and smoke choice cigars, did so with the view of making themselves more like gentlemen. The majority of them, I think, had too much sense for that. They had these things because they were good in themselves, and they saw no reason for hoarding their money instead of spending it. But of that social ambition which is said to agitate mercantile and commercial circles, I have never myself seen much evidence among the farmers. They were quite contented, I think, with the society of their own class, and acquiesced in existing distinctions not only without any irritation, but without the slightest desire to rebel against them. In one particular this was very marked. Let us go to the cover-side and take a glance at the assembled sportsmen. There is the gentleman on his handsome hunter, with perfect appointments; his boots and buckskins, his scarlet coat, his tie, his pin, all exactly as they ought to be. Talking to him is a good-looking young man, nearly if not quite as well mounted as himself, and nearly if not quite as well dressed. He is quite as good a rider, and the fox to-day will in all probability be found upon his own farm. But there is a line

drawn between them which the latter knows to be impassable. He cannot wear a red coat. He would like to wear one, and would no doubt look very well in one. But he knows perfectly well that "it wouldn't do,"—that it would only make him look ridiculous; and he never frets or chafes for a moment under a dispensation which seems to him like a natural law. Similarly, I don't believe that such men have ever pined for admittance into what is called "county society," either for themselves, their wives, or their daughters. In the days of their prosperity they gave each other dinners, played at *loo* or *vingt-et-un* afterwards, and invited the local doctor, solicitor, or law agent, to be one of the party. With this they were perfectly satisfied; and when we hear this class of men accused of having aped a style of living unsuitable to their position, and of having given themselves airs for which now they have to pay the piper, we must remember, after all, that in the majority of instances they only intended to enjoy themselves, and were not chargeable, as a rule, with any contemptible eagerness to thrust themselves into a higher class. When the rustic said of such a man that he was "setting up for a gentleman," he was sarcastic, and meant that he would have done much better to spend less upon himself, and more upon his land and his labourers' wages. He did not necessarily mean that the culprit was looking forward to an invitation to dinner from the Duke, or an alliance with his landlord's daughter.

We are now speaking of men whose fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers had been farmers before them—men who were thoroughly imbued with all the

traditions of their class, and perfectly satisfied with the social conditions which surrounded them. But of course there were others. The system of farming-pupils has something perhaps to answer for. It used to be said that the fool of the family was sent into the army. That is not the case now, if it ever was. But though I do not mean to say that parents often resolved to make the fool of the family a farmer, I think they sometimes fancied that a boy who either could or would do nothing else, might be bribed to work a little at farming by the prospect which it afforded him of good living, an out-of-door life, and plenty of field-sports. Nine times out of ten the lad took all the fun and shirked all the work, and was probably no very good companion for the young farmers in the neighbourhood. They acquired expensive tastes and idle habits from *him*; while his agricultural tutor, who received an ample fee with him, made it a point of honour to keep what was called "a liberal table," and to indulge in luxuries which, if left to himself, he would have thought beyond his station. The farmer's wife was specially fond of this system; for if she had daughters, the pupil would naturally take one of them off her hands, and she in turn would send others to do the same kind office for her sisters.

Occasionally such families got rather a bad reputation in the neighbourhood, and the labourers would tell you with a grin how young So-and-so "got zucked in" by Farmer Plant's lady at the Grange. "Be you a-gooing to stay there?" perhaps he would add; and if you answered in the affirmative, would grin a little wider. If you asked him what he meant, he would only say, "Well, you'll 'ev to be smart like." The pupil busi-

ness, however, is now said to be played out.¹ Men don't send their sons, even the idle ones, to learn a losing trade at a large cost; and what is gradually becoming of the tutorial farmers, with their horses and guns, their elegant daughters and their late dinners, I do not profess to understand. Some still remain, I suppose, but vacant farms and empty farm-houses, and gardens overgrown with weeds, and kennels and stables going to ruin, tell too plainly that their day is over; and that the age of pleasure-farming—of work and play combined in very unequal proportions—is gone for ever.

One is very sorry for individuals; but I am not sure that the catastrophe which has overtaken them is an unmixed evil. There was something artificial in the social efflorescence of the agricultural class during what has been called the champagne age. I have already pointed out that much of the sarcasm to which farmers have been exposed, in consequence of the tastes and habits then acquired, is undeserved; that, in fact, they have not been worse than other people. But at the same time, their prosperity depended upon two conditions, one of which was always precarious, while it might have been seen that the other was in the nature of things only temporary—I mean, the existence of Protection and the absence of competition. The withdrawal of the one, followed at no long interval by the extension of the other, has produced its logical results. Some say that protection, in some shape or another, is sure to be revived; others that, in less than another generation, American competition, at all events, will cease

to be formidable. But it can hardly help occurring to any impartial looker-on that it would be better for all parties if English agriculture could be placed on such a footing as would make it independent of either. This is what I should call a natural and healthy footing. I am not writing either as a political economist or a scientific agriculturist; but I think common-sense is enough to teach us this, that if the style of living adopted by a numerous class of English farmers during the second half of the nineteenth century requires to be supported by laws to which a large part of the nation would always be hostile, and is incompatible with that foreign competition which, though it may possibly subside at some remote period, must continue to confront us for very many years to come, the sooner it is exchanged for a system that can dispense with such supports the better.

Of the actual economical position of the English farmer at the present moment, it is impossible to procure the details with sufficient accuracy to warrant any lengthened description. It seems to be generally admitted that he can no longer continue to live in the style to which he has lately grown accustomed; and the great question is, whether he can continue to live at all upon the land, even if he returns to that simpler and more frugal mode of life which prevailed at a much earlier period. On the answer to this question it depends whether the tenant-farmer is still to continue a conspicuous and important member of the village community, a link between the gentry and the peasantry, of which the value in past times has been incalculable;

¹ See an excellent article in the '*St James's Gazette*,' October 26th.

or whether he is gradually to fade out of the system, leaving the land to the aristocracy and the peasantry, to be cultivated either on a larger scale by the former, or on a smaller scale by the latter.

After the many changes which our old rural life has already undergone, and in view of the many more which it yet seems doomed to undergo, the disappearance of the middle-class tenant-farmer from among the constituent elements of rural society cannot, I fear, be regarded as impossible. But I confess I do not think it probable. It does not seem to me that the wholesale substitution of petty culture, whether by the hands of owners or occupiers, for our existing agricultural system, leaving no intermediate link between the peasantry and the gentry, is within measurable distance. An American agriculturist said to me but a few months ago,—“Why, put down an American farmer on two hundred acres of clay land in your Cambridgeshire or Essex, at a pound an acre, and he would not only make a living out of it—he would grow rich upon it.” And I think it has certainly not yet been proved that if the occupier of two or three hundred acres returned to the style of living which was universal among men of his class in the reign of George II., and till the middle of the reign of George III., they could not live upon the land. The style of living among the gentry must be altered too: the two classes must lower their expenditure together. Rents must be different. Eight thousand a-year must come back to five, and five thousand a-year to three. And though I do not presume to speak with confidence of the result, yet I think it will be owned that the experiment has not yet been tried, and that it is worth a trial. Rents,

of course, have in numerous instances been remitted or reduced. But the process will have to be carried further yet; and country gentlemen must make up their minds to a permanently different mode of life, if the old distribution of classes is to remain intact. In that case, I think, with a homelier and less showy class of tenantry, and a class of gentry retaining all their culture, while parting with many of their luxuries, country life might still be conducted on the old model, in spite of county councils—which, it is hoped, will disappoint the Radicals—and other plausible nostrums, which they might perhaps turn to better account.

That it may be so, I for one most heartily and earnestly desire. Let us try to picture to ourselves an England from which the tenant-farmers—not only the Woolcomes and their like, but their modern representatives—had disappeared. Let us try to think of English villages in which the half-dozen substantial farmhouses, with the comfortable farmyards, barns, and ricks, were no longer to be seen; of the village church, from which the old well-known figures of Farmer Giles, and Farmer Goodman, and Farmer Whitehead, were gone for ever. None but those who know what an English village of the old stamp really is, will perhaps fully appreciate all that these words imply. In the first place, they mean the loss of a body of men who have hitherto taken a large share in the administration of local affairs, and for whom it would be difficult to find efficient substitutes. If the present race of farmers vanish, and in their place we have only a multitude of petty cultivators, with a few very big agriculturists scattered about here and there—the plums at the top of

the pudding—who is to assist the gentry and the clergy in the conduct of country business? The electors, in the case we are supposing, will be obliged to choose the attorney and the shopkeeper from the nearest town, in default of anybody else with the requisite education and intelligence—men ignorant of rural matters, and of the real wants and true interests of the peasantry. More than that, parish affairs will have to be managed by somebody. Neither county councils nor district councils will do away with the necessity for that; and who is to manage them if there are no farmers in the parish above the rank of a peasant?

But the man who would miss the farmers most of all would be the clergyman. There are farmers sometimes who are Dissenters, and some who, as such, do all they can to thwart the parson. But, as a general rule, the principal farmers in the parish are the clergyman's most efficient helpers. They are independent men, and speak their minds about ritualism, or anything else which offends them, with perfect freedom. But a man of this kind is often the clergyman's right-hand man for all that, subscribes liberally to the school, looks after the Church-rate, and helps to keep up what is called "a good feeling" in the parish generally. He takes a good deal of parish business off the parson's hands, helps him in works of charity, carries coals for the poor at Christmas, and can often give useful advice and useful information, not otherwise easily procured, relating to the labourers and their families. In short, he does a great deal towards making it possible for gentlemen to exist upon their livings, with glebe and tithe in their present unsatisfactory condition. The farmer's wife is the best ally of the clergy-

man's wife. She helps in the village clothing-club, in the school and in the choir; and she, too, conveys a good deal of information to the parsonage, of which its inhabitants might have long remained in ignorance. That farmers of this class are able to help their own labourers in case of sickness or accident in a way which, to the man of fifty acres, would be impossible, "goes without saying." Finally, it may be added that the greater number of classes of which society consists, the greater its stability and steadiness, the greater room for the play of individual peculiarities, and the greater the security for the freedom and independence of minorities.

I don't think that any form of dissent has ever prevailed very largely among the English farmers. In the old days, when the Church was to some extent unmindful of her pastoral duties, dissent spread among the poor, because religion of some kind was necessary to them; and it is still. Those who go much among the London poor tell us that they cling to Christianity in some shape as the one great solace of their lot. And Methodism responded to a want which the Church at one time only very partially supplied. But it was scarcely felt by the farmers, with whom dissent usually originated in a spirit of opposition, or a desire to spite somebody. If, according to our elegant euphemism, "any unpleasantness" arose between a farmer and his landlord on the question of tithes or rabbits, he would take to going to chapel as the only way of paying him out. If the clergyman admonished him, or wounded the best feelings of his nature by thwarting him in the matter of pews—*belli teterrima causa* in country places—he did

the same thing. But I doubt if he was often led thither by the wants of his spiritual nature. Once there, however, things were made very agreeable to him. He was caressed and flattered, and found himself a great man; and so the secession, which began in pique, was prolonged by vanity, and the Dissenters gained a new convert. But I should very much question whether he ever felt any preference for the chapel over the church on purely religious grounds.

I think, however, it must be admitted that where a farmer of the old school had any theological bias at all, it was slightly in favour of the Evangelical party. As a general rule, it did not occur to him to have any views at all upon such subjects. But he liked now and then a sensational sermon, as we like sensational novels; and the mysterious imagery of the Old Testament, combined with its intense human interest, had the same charm for him as it has for all people, I suppose, whose tastes have not been ruined by education. Now the Evangelical clergy, in the days I am thinking of, were strong upon the Pentateuch; and I remember one who was very popular with village congregations because of his knowledge of "the types." An old man being reminded of him the other day, by a friend of the writer, showed what an impression every particular had made upon him. "Ah, sir," he said, "he wur oncommon good upon the types, specially the red heifer." Whether the fact of his living in a grazing country had caused this particular display of hermeneutic science to come home to him with peculiar force or not, I don't know. But that was the one thing that he remembered.

There was, however, one religious feeling which burnt fiercely in the middle classes sixty years ago, and does still. The British farmer, in common with the whole body of the English middle class, had always been brought up in intense horror of Romanism. Down to 1829 he had leaned upon the Established Church as a sure and certain barrier against it, founded on a rock, and looked on Dissenters as men playing into the hands of Popery, by attempting to weaken the Church of England. The Roman Catholic Emancipation Act was not, as he knew, the fault of the English clergy. But they had been unable to prevent it; and *one* reason for his attachment to the National Church was gone. On the top of this rock of offence came the Tractarian movement, which woke his religious antipathies into new life, and wounded at the same time his religious conservatism. The levelling of the tall pews; the introduction of the surplice into the pulpit; the substitution of the harmonium or the organ for the fifes, flutes, trombones, and all kinds of music,¹ to which he had been accustomed from his childhood; the service on saints' days; the chanting, and the intoning,—were a severe shock to the farmer of sixty years of age, who had grown grey in the corner of his big pew, and whose dignity was hurt by being placed on a level with the common people. I have heard of such a man being taken suddenly ill, and obliged to leave the church, the first time he witnessed some of these startling innovations. Yet the great majority of them stood the strain very well, and remained faithful

¹ These are being gradually restored.

to the Church. And now a new generation has grown up familiar with the new system, and, I believe, partial to it. But undoubtedly, in the first instance, it furnished some recruits to Little Bethel. And even now the feeling of the farmers towards the Church, however friendly, is not exactly what it was. They support the Church because they themselves like her services, and understand the advantages of an Establishment. But I doubt if they still look upon her with that kind of unquestioning veneration which animated their forefathers, when she was accepted as an inseparable part of the whole constitution of the country, the removal of which would be a moral and political convulsion too vast for their understandings to embrace.

The tithe question, which has revived again in our day, is quite a separate one. If the pinch of poverty has made the farmer impatient of legal obligation, and anxious to appropriate property which belongs to somebody else, it is from no aversion either to the Church or the clergy. He is desperate, and all due allowance must be made for the excesses of desperation. I should be afraid, however, that if the tithe question is kept open much longer, it may tend more and more to familiarise the farmer with the idea of disestablishment—not out of hostility to the Church, but from an idea that everybody should be allowed to give what he likes. The farmers, of course, really give nothing, and the whole share of the produce of the soil to which they are entitled, they still receive. Tithe is no more “a gift” to the Church than rent is to the landlord. I believe

the majority of the farmers see the truth through all their vexation and confusion, and that all they want is a proportionate reduction of tithe. But there is certainly a minority who are gradually fanning themselves into a feeling of opposition to the principle, and who are heard to say that they would pay twice as much as their tithe to support the Church of England, if she waved her claim to it of right.

I have little to add to what I have already said of the farmer's ideas about the land. He finds himself in a desperate predicament, and naturally looks round for somebody on whom he can throw the blame. He is hurt and angry, but is loath to be angry with himself. Like a wounded animal, he will turn upon his best friends. Here is no cause either for wonder or reproach. As he sees “his noble industry, the invention of gods and the occupation of heroes,”¹ rapidly giving way beneath his feet, we need not be surprised that he grows irritable, suspicious, and credulous; that he looks on the territorial system generally with a jaundiced eye; listens to the wildest nostrums, and clings vainly to the hope that, by some change of tenure or some legislative interference, the mischief which has been wrought by inevitable natural laws may be undone, and his old prosperity restored. Some still think a cure is to be found in increased security of tenure. But, waiving the question whether increased security of tenure could really do for the existing race of tenant-farmers what some of them imagine that it would, we have still to consider that there are many large landed proprietors who, sooner than part with all control over their own estates, or sink

¹ Lord Beaconsfield.

into the position of annuitants, would turn farmers themselves and solve the problem in that fashion. If the contention is true on which this demand is based—namely, that with increased security, farming could still be made profitable, even with rent to be paid—it is manifest that the landowner, whose security is absolute, who has no rent to pay, and who, in regard to capital, must, as a general rule, be in quite as favourable a position as the tenant-farmer, would be strongly tempted to try the experiment himself.

The landed proprietors of England are badly off just now, no doubt; but by their own showing the farmers are still worse off. What can *they* do with increased security of tenure, which their landlords could not do much better? Of course there is another way out of the situation, though it is not one which can be agreeable for the farmers to contemplate. If all that is wanted to restore the prosperity of English agriculture is a fair field for the safe investment of capital, the rich man may come in from the outside with more money than either landlord or tenant, and make terms with the owner which he might be only too glad to accept. Suppose the farms on any large estate to be taken up by an individual or a company as a purely commercial undertaking, many causes of friction which now exist between owner and occupier would be absent. Social jealousies, sporting jealousies, ecclesiastical difficulties would all disappear. The landlord would have whatever he chose to pay for, without any grumbling or ill-feeling. I, for one, have no desire at all to see such a change take place. I should deeply regret it. But it is one of the possibilities of the

future on which the farmers would do well to ponder. If the old relations between landlord and tenant, between farmer and labourer, are all to be swept away—and I am told I am much too optimistic in expecting anything else—the consummation I have here indicated is not much more improbable than others which the landed interest has been taught to anticipate. It is a little so—because the man who was looking only to commercial results without any eye to the pleasures or the dignity of a landed proprietor, could find many more profitable investments for his money than agriculture. But still, where the landowner had only one individual to deal with, some arrangement might be made for the division of sporting rights; and it is certainly one of the contingencies which have been talked about in connection with the future of English farming.

It will be observed that there is a broad line of demarcation to be drawn between the discontent of the farmer with the existing state of things and the discontent of the peasantry. The former is due almost exclusively to the bad times, very slightly flavoured on particular estates with some traditional soreness about game. But since the Act of 1880 this feeling has almost totally disappeared, and the English farmers are even calling out for some modification of the Act, in the shape of a close time for hares. Farmers are born sportsmen; and it requires only the exercise of a little courtesy and forbearance by the landlords to secure the absence of any trouble upon this score. The mainspring of the farmer's discontent is pecuniary. He has no social ambition or social jealousy to gratify. He would be only too happy to continue to be a farmer,

and is pricked by no cravings after any higher kind of existence. The agricultural labourer is tired of being an agricultural labourer. He sighs for a different kind of life, with more excitement, more possibilities, more opportunities. The farmer's dissatisfaction springs chiefly from material causes; the labourer's from moral.

But there are certain general truths which may be predicted of both alike. Our political action is necessarily largely regulated by our material interests and our immediate wants, and the lower we descend in the social scale, the more absorbing do these wants and interests become, and the less do they admit of being modified by higher or more remote considerations. The most transient and superficial antagonism between these primary demands, and measures based on any scientific or philosophic social principle which appears to clash with them, is sufficient to condemn the latter in the minds of uneducated men. On the other hand, it is encouraging to perceive that some effort is to be made to retain the administration of the new system in the hands of the same class of men who so successfully administered the old one, and to whom unquestionably both the peasantry and the farmers still look up with much respect. The local aristocracy are everywhere coming forward to claim their proper place in the remodelled county constitution; and if their claims are recognised, as in the first instance they probably will be, much of the apprehended evil may be either averted, neutralised, or postponed.

The relations between the gentry and the farmers may not be all that could be wished; and I am assured that in some rural districts the farmers, as a rule, will assume a hostile attitude towards the ma-

gistrates under the new system which is now about to be inaugurated. I cannot speak with any certainty on this point myself; but I shall be surprised to learn that such feelings are at all general. I believe there are parts of the country where the farmers are under some vague impression that the country gentlemen might have done more for them, though goodness knows exactly what it is that they are thinking of. But I have no expectation that they will offer any organised opposition to the claims of the country gentlemen to take a principal part, as they have always done, in the management of county business, and to be looked up to by the rural population as their natural leaders. Other people may, but not the farmers. There will be isolated cases of antagonism, I have no doubt. There are rifts and flaws in the agricultural and territorial fabric, I am aware, which make me say that the relation between its component classes are not all that could be desired. But I believe that, on the whole, its main walls are still sound and solid, and that, for anything the farmers are likely to do, it may, with a few judicious repairs, weather many storms yet.

In bringing this series of sketches to a close on the eve of the elections for the first county council, I feel that I am taking an appropriate farewell of that old *régime* to which they have been principally dedicated. It may be that under the new one the distribution of power will not be materially altered, and that for many years to come the rural system of England may present an unchanged exterior. It may be so, though I am not one of those who look forward to this result with much confidence. But if the form remains, the spirit will have flown—the

moral atmosphere will be different. We have been looking back upon a past which has no doubt been a period of transition, much that still survived at the commencement of it having gradually passed away before either the county franchise or the county council came in to complete the transformation. But it is equally true that men between fifty and sixty can recall a time when the setting sun of patriarchal feudalism had not yet sunk below the horizon, and still shed a lingering glow upon the face of rural England. Our eyes have been watching its expiring beams, as they slowly faded away from one picturesque object after another, and we have only ventured to steal a few furtive glances at the evening clouds to ask what they might tell us of the morning. We have stood with our backs to the future, drinking in the sweetness of the olden time, rendered all the sweeter by the thought that it was slipping from our grasp, indulging our sympathies to the verge of intoxication, and feeling in the words of the old song that to-morrow we'd get sober. The most sanguine of us can hardly expect that such remnants of saturnian times as may still survive at this moment will

outlive the new influences now brought to bear upon them, or that the little village hierarchy can be ever again what it once was. The chairman of the county council may be a country gentleman, with country gentlemen on his right and on his left. The farmers may recover their spirits, regain their equanimity, and exhibit their former common-sense; the labourers may find out that the city, after all, is a bad exchange for the country, and come back again to the fields and villages. All this may happen, and yet the whole thing will be different, and the only question is whether more than all this will not happen. The past may glide away from us without any violent disruption of the old ties which still remain unbroken, or amidst a convulsive conflict leaving a legacy of feuds behind it. The show may remain when the substance has departed, or both show and substance may collapse together. But be this as it may, the 1st of January 1889 will hereafter be looked back upon as an epoch in our rural history and our national life, when we stood at the parting of the ways and said farewell to a social system of eight hundred years' duration.

T. E. KEBBEL.

THE AUTUMN SESSION.

WHEN the state of public business in August last rendered it necessary for the Government to decide upon the course which might best conduce to its satisfactory despatch, there was much doubt and anxiety in the minds of our legislators as to the decision which would be taken. To sit bravely on through the month of September might have ensured a longer and more continuous holiday, although that month would hardly have sufficed without frequent resort to the closure, which modern obstruction has rendered necessary to the transaction of parliamentary business. But human strength and human endurance have their limits, and to have continued the sittings of the House of Commons without a break would have sorely tried both, and might still have failed to secure the desired object. It was therefore probably a wise determination at which the Government arrived when they determined to adjourn Parliament in September, and have recourse to an autumn session, commencing the first week in November. Common-sense, convenience, and patriotism might have been expected to combine in the attempt to finish the remaining "estimates" without more than reasonable discussion, and to dispose of those few measures upon the principle of which all political parties seemed to be agreed, and consideration only to be required for their details.

Unfortunately, however, common-sense and patriotism are not always found where they might be expected, and the hopes of sensible and patriotic men have been disappointed in the result. It cannot be maintained that the autumn

session has been wasted, because, despite the unworthy tactics of a selfish and unscrupulous Opposition, the extension of Lord Ashbourne's Act has been successfully carried through Parliament, and some few measures against which faction itself could raise no plausible opposition have been placed upon the Statute-Book. But the contrast is none the less painful between that which has been done and that which might have been done, had the welfare of the country and the credit of Parliament been placed by the Opposition before the interests of a party and the desire to damage political opponents. This, however, is not to be expected under the present unfortunate position of the Gladstonian-Parnellite section of the Liberal party: all that is respectable therein has to be subordinated to that which is the reverse, in order to hold "the party" together. The "tail is wagging the dog" with a vengeance, and Mr Gladstone and his immediate followers are obliged to acquiesce in the abandonment of parliamentary traditions of decorum, and the constant breach of the ordinary courtesies of parliamentary debate and regularity of parliamentary procedure, because, forsooth, they have come to depend for their political existence upon men to whom decorum, courtesy, and regularity are things strange and unknown.

It must, indeed, be frankly admitted that to some of them the position does not appear to be otherwise than congenial. Sir William Harcourt is always ready upon the shortest notice, and apparently with the greatest pleasure, to support and uphold the

"irrepressible" section of his party; and Sir George Trevelyan is never unwilling to display in like manner the sincerity of his regret for his temporary aberration from the paths of party into those of patriotism. But it is impossible not to believe that the more honest and fair-minded among the ex-officials and Gladstonian Liberals must, at least occasionally, view with regret the company into which they have been led, and the tactics to which they have been committed. It is not too much to say that parliamentary government, having in its extended sense been upon its trial since 1885, has been enormously discredited during the existence of the present Parliament, and that by the very men who were more than any others bound to uphold its credit—namely, the Scotch and English Radicals. The Irish Nationalist who desires, or affects to desire, the establishment of an Irish Parliament in Dublin, may consistently endeavour to discredit the British House of Commons, and obstruct its proceedings as long as the forbearance of the House permits him to do so. But it is something almost intolerable that English and Scotch Radicals, who have spent their political lives in demanding an extended franchise and the more direct representation of the people, should now be doing their utmost to prove that the result of concession to these demands has been the return to Parliament of persons who are daily showing the facility with which representative government may be rendered an impossibility.

We have long been proud of our free Parliament, but that pride has certainly been diminished by the abuse of freedom which we have witnessed in recent years—an abuse which must inevitably lead to a

limitation of that freedom, and a restriction upon the individual liberty of speech which has hitherto existed. This liberty was indeed always subject to one restriction, namely, that of public opinion in the House, which, when unmistakably manifested, had formerly the invariable effect of causing the offending member to resume his seat. This, however, has long ceased to be the case, and if an "honourable member" now offends against the good taste or general feeling of the House, he generally exaggerates the offence by defying the expression of that feeling, and posing as the champion of that freedom of debate which he is practically doing his best to make impossible in the future. Thus it is that the House has to submit to its time being wasted by the Laboucheres, the Conybeares, the Clarks, and the Tanners, who have been inflicted upon it by misguided constituencies, and who are in their own persons the worst enemies of representative government.

We are led to these reflections more especially by the extraordinary audacity with which this section of members have charged upon the Government the waste of public time and the mismanagement of public business during the autumn session. It speaks volumes for the toleration of the House of Commons, that Mr Labouchere should have been listened to for one moment when making this charge the subject of a motion for adjournment, in order to bring it forward in a formal and specific manner. For Mr Labouchere had not only been one of the most conspicuous occupiers of public time during the session, but had deliberately avowed his intention of making many speeches in order to prevent the progress of legislation. This open avowal, made in February 1887, must not be forgotten

when the member for Northampton prates about the waste of public time and the delay of public business. "It seemed to him," said Mr Labouchere, "that this ought to be made an educational session, and that the very best use they could turn it to was to occupy the time of her Majesty's Government as long as possible by making speeches, because the Government, if left to their own devices, could only produce what the majority of the House would consider bad legislation, and so every moment that her members did not occupy with their speeches would be devoted to a bad use." With these words fresh in our recollection, it is with a feeling akin to disgust that we see Mr Labouchere rising in his place at one of the busiest moments of the autumn session, and claiming to be heard upon a matter of "urgent public importance,"—namely, the unsatisfactory position of that public business which he had so much contributed to delay.

It must have crossed the minds of those who listened to this audacious attempt to shift the blame from the shoulders to which it really belonged, that the matter of "public importance" which most earnestly pressed at the moment was the necessity for the adoption of some means for the repression of such unworthy representatives of the people as those who seem to consider it their special mission to impede the course of useful legislation, and, *per fas et nefas*, to obstruct the Government. In speaking of Mr Labouchere, it is too much the habit to treat him as a mere jester and trifler, who does not mean half what he says, and whose words are not to be taken as seriously as those of other people. This, however, is a mistaken view on the part of those who take it. It is perfectly true

that it is an audacity bordering on the ridiculous which has brought Mr Labouchere into the notoriety in which he so much delights, and that those who have known him longest and best probably attach the least value to his political utterances. But although it is Mr Labouchere's audacity which has forced him into a position in the Gladstonian-Parnellite party to which his talents do not entitle him, it is none the less true that he has attained to that position, and must be ranked among the leaders of the Opposition. Yet even such a dignity hardly entitles a man to speak, upon an average, three or four times every night, which has been something approximate to Mr Labouchere's performance during the most part of the session just concluded. He has indeed the full right to say that he was engaged in the faithful fulfilment of his undertaking to obstruct the Government; but to complain at the same time of the delay in the transaction of public business was a proceeding which, to say the least of it, bordered on inconsistency, and laid him open to the rebuke effectively administered by Mr Chaplin. The latter exposed, in the same speech, the interminable loquacity of Messrs Clark, Conybeare, and Tanner, for whom, indeed, there is even less excuse than for Mr Labouchere. Indeed, the self-sufficiency of these parliamentary nonentities would be altogether incomprehensible, if we did not recollect that in some constituencies seats are won by persistent loquacity and continuous verbosity, and the habit thus acquired during the election may be hard to relinquish within the walls of Parliament. If, however, respect for their brother members and regard for the public time have no effect in checking the undue garrulity of

these members, it is very certain that the time will not be long before the House of Commons will take the matter into its own hands, if only to save its own time and its own credit. It is quite true that a number of the superfluous speeches delivered by these and other members have been when the House had gone into "Supply," and that it is the special function of the House of Commons to review and check the national expenditure. Still, there can have been no reason why "Supply" in the present year should have required so many more days than has ever been required before, other than that which is to be found in the entire want of self-restraint and the egotistical craving after notoriety which have caused the wearisome loquacity which has produced this result. Self-restraint, indeed, is absolutely necessary if any business is to be transacted in a House of 670 members; and if it is unattainable without further restrictions, to further restrictions we must undoubtedly come.

The net result of the obstructive loquacity of which we have spoken has been the abandonment of several measures of value, for which, under ordinary circumstances, ample opportunity would have been found for even a full discussion. Indeed, the Employers' Liability Bill was actually discussed in a very full and ample manner on the 8th Dec., and a decision upon the very few disputed points might have been taken with the greatest facility. Nevertheless, this measure, which was not the child of any Government official or department, but the product of a Committee upon which the "Liberal" element predominated in the ratio of eleven to seven, was opposed by Mr Broadhurst, who filled the office of Under Secretary to the Home Office in Mr Gladstone's

last Administration. Mr Broadhurst hardly concealed his primary object, namely, that a "Tory Government" should not get the credit of a measure, the object of which was to improve the position of the "employed." This view was exposed and denounced by Mr Bradlaugh in a speech of great eloquence and vigour. He declared that if a measure was good, he would not stop to consider whether it came from a Liberal or Tory Government; and he made known the curious fact, that upon some of the very points upon which Mr Broadhurst was now taking objection, that gentleman had been more than once directly applied to by the Select Committee for his opinion and advice, and had vouchsafed no reply to the application. Mr Bradlaugh, who had taken an active part upon the Committee which considered the Bill, declared that it was one which ought to be passed in the interest of the employed, and earnestly pressed that it should be proceeded with and carried. Mr Burt, who followed the lead of Mr Broadhurst in desiring its withdrawal, admitted that the Bill was an improvement upon the existing law, but declared that it did not go far enough; whilst Sir William Harcourt, as soon as he found "how the cat jumped," and that there was a chance of depriving Government of the credit of passing a useful Bill, threw his weight into the Broadhurst scale, and denounced Mr Bradlaugh and all his works.

The unreasonable nature of the opposition will be seen in a moment, when it is remembered that this Bill proposed to modify the doctrine of common employment, stopping short of abolishing it altogether, but of course in its modification facilitating future abolition, if such should hereafter recommend itself to Parliament.

Therefore those who, with Mr Broadhurst, entirely condemn the doctrine of common employment, would be nearer their goal upon this particular point; whilst with respect to the objections to the third clause, dealing with the question of insurance, there is little doubt but that they could have been met or removed if time had not been wasted in the general debate inaugurated by Mr Broadhurst. That gentleman, however, was determined that if he could only get "half a loaf," he would prefer to go without bread altogether. Indeed, he allowed himself to be so entirely guided by party feeling as to be unwilling or unable to recognise, with Mr Burt and other independent Liberals, that the Bill was a good Bill as far as it went. He thought fit to condemn it as a "sham" and a "delusion"; threw into the scale of opposition to it such weight as he may have acquired as an Under Secretary of State in the last Gladstone Government; and made it clear to the House and to the country that it is to him and his friends that the operative classes of England owe the loss of a measure devised for their benefit, attentively considered by a committee of men well acquainted with the details of the matter, and presented to Parliament with the approval of those who have the interests of the working classes at heart, and no other object than to promote sound and useful legislation on behalf of those interests. Mr Broadhurst and his friends have laid themselves open to the charge of being amongst those described by Mr Bradlaugh as persons "who, pretending to speak on behalf of the workman, tried to set the employed against the employer"; and he has prevented the settlement of a question which it is for the interests of neither to

keep open, but which, through his action and that of Sir William Harcourt and others, must now be kept open for at least another year, and which can never be well and safely settled by legislation founded upon extreme views or impracticable theories. The Broadhursts of the day are too much in the habit of treating Capital and Labour as hostile forces—the one of which is to be conquered and subdued by the other—instead of dealing with them as close allies, which they are and ought to be, and whom it is the interest of the State to weld and knit together if possible, but never to alarm or alienate by over-paternal legislation.

The Employers' Liability Bill has not been the only sacrifice which has been made to Radical loquacity and obstruction. The Tithes Bill or Bills, which were reported to be the peculiar pets of the Prime Minister, had to be abandoned; the Scotch Universities' Bill shared the same fate; and it became evident, early in the autumn session, that the Government was to be allowed to pass no legislation, however useful, from which they might obtain credit in the country. The proposal to extend Lord Ashbourne's Act was a very godsend to the Anti-Legislation party, English and Irish. It mattered not a whit that the Bill was founded upon a principle to which the Opposition, alike leaders and followers, were fully and formally committed—it was of no consequence whatever that they themselves had actually proposed within the last three years a Bill which would have advanced a much larger sum for precisely the same purpose—these circumstances were not to be taken into account for a moment in the face of the shocking fact that the measure was in the hands of a "Tory

Government," that its first instalment had succeeded beyond expectation where other attempts had failed, and that further success in the same direction might not only give popularity to the Government, but even imperil that of the Land League and the "Nationalist" leaders. From these dreadful possibilities the Gladstonian-Parnellite heart shrank back affrighted and dismayed. Yet were the leaders of the Separatist party equal to the occasion and to themselves. "*L'audace, toujours l'audace,*" would seem to be their adopted motto, and accordingly, with a celerity that would have been marvellous in other people, but to which we are becoming accustomed when we have to deal with politicians of the Gladstonian school, consistency, pledges, speeches, professions, proposed legislation, and agreement with the principles of existing legislation, were all cast to the winds together, and the former generous donors of English credit to Irish tenants were suddenly transformed into the jealous custodians of the public purse and the vigilant guardians of the British tax-payers.

To expose the inconsistency of men to whom inconsistency is as the breath of life, is as idle and useless as to refute arguments which, after they have been effectually refuted and disproved, will be again and again repeated to credulous provincial crowds, whose ears may never be reached by the refutation. It is sufficient to record the fact that the proposed advance to Irish tenants, in order to increase the number of Irish owners, was resisted to the death by the very men who have always pointed to this increase as one of the greatest desiderata for Ireland, and that the wicked Tories had to rely upon the closure to enable their tyrannous Saxon majority to

inflict upon unhappy Ireland another degradation in the shape of a boon granted by the British Parliament. The Bill, indeed, became an Act, but its passage was barred and blocked by the pseudo-Nationalists and pretended friends of Ireland, and the different stages through which it had of necessity to pass were employed by the same forces to prolong the autumn session, and to prevent the passage of other measures with which the Government had intended to deal. The unnecessary prolongation of every debate, the raising of debates for which there was absolutely no occasion, the interminable questions addressed to Ministers, frequently upon points scarce worthy of the attention of a parish vestry, and altogether too frivolous to occupy the time of the Legislature—these have been the modes by which the followers and imitators of Mr Labouchere have been able to make the session comparatively barren of results.

The complaints of the offenders against the Government are much of the character of the abuse of the police by members of the criminal class, and are not worthy of a moment's consideration. We are told, indeed, that Government have taken all "private members' time." Let us ask ourselves, on the other hand, how much of public time have private members wasted by useless speeches, repetitions of the same arguments over and over again, and obstructive motions and divisions upon immaterial points, or when the sense of the majority was certain without a division? If private members have "rights," so has the British public, on whose behalf and by whose authority these members sit in Parliament. The bargain must be fairly struck; and if the sense of the House desires and requires that "time" should be at

the disposal of private members in order to enable them to air their crotchets, and propose for discussion subjects in which they or their constituents may be interested, the same sense of the House must enforce upon "private members" some restriction of exuberant loquacity, and must not allow some of the most incompetent and self-opinionated of their body to occupy and waste the public time, to the exclusion from debate of better men, and the obstruction of useful legislation. It is urged, indeed, that the Government, under the altered rules of procedure, has great powers over the debate; but it must not be forgotten that it is difficult and invidious to exercise such powers against particular members, and that if such persons continue to offend, not only against the Government but against the general feeling of the House, by their persistent interference in debate upon subjects whereupon they possess no special knowledge, and their refusal to be guided by the ordinary rules of good sense and decorum, it should be, not the Government, but the House itself, which should vindicate its own reputation and save its own time, by peremptory interference with those who continually imperil the one and waste the other. For most assuredly the country will not for ever tolerate the degradation to which the House of Commons is being led by the "irrepressibles" of the Opposition. We are a business-like people, and expect our work to be done in a business-like manner. Let us all bear in mind that if the autumn session of 1888 has failed to do the work which was expected of it, the failure is distinctly due to the loquacity, self-conceit, and disregard of public interests which have been evinced by men who, having by the display of these

infirmities done much to make an autumn session necessary, have done their utmost to render it abortive by a repetition of the same display. It is in vain for the Gladstonian Press to follow Mr Labouchere's lead, and endeavour to cast the blame upon the Government. The country can and will judge for itself, and we may wait for its verdict with the utmost confidence.

One serious result may ensue from the conduct of the "irrepressibles," which Parliament will do well to contemplate. The House of Commons has already suffered in public estimation, and there can be little doubt that it will suffer still further unless it speedily evinces a capacity for self-reform, and a readiness to enter upon the task. The new Rules of Procedure have been tested, and their weak points, to some extent, discovered. One of these undoubtedly exists in the facility with which members may interrupt public business by motions with regard to matters which they consider of "urgent public importance." This facility may probably be diminished without injury to any one, and if its abuse is continued, such will undoubtedly be the ultimate result. But we must never forget the peculiar circumstances under which our system of parliamentary government is being tried at the present moment. It is the most ardent desire of a considerable section of members to prove beyond dispute that the business of the United Kingdom cannot be transacted by a united Parliament. To bring about this proof, and so ultimately to obtain the breaking-up of the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland into several local legislatures, is the aim and object of those who obey the leadership of Mr Gladstone,

although, of course, they avow their concurrent desire to be the maintenance of an "Imperial Parliament" side by side with the provincial bodies. But to make this division and breaking-up at all palatable to the public of Great Britain, it is essential to the Separatists that they should show the impossibility of the performance by the Imperial Parliament of the work which it has hitherto undertaken to perform.

With this motive and inducement to guide them, it is not surprising that the more unscrupulous amongst them should care less for the credit of the House of Commons and the character of Parliament than for the furtherance of their own ends and the enforcement of their own ideas. Therefore it is that we are constantly told by their leaders that "the Irish question stops the way." The saying has, in their mouths, a double significance: first, that whilst Home Rule is refused to the demands of Irish "Nationalists," discussion of "the reason why" requires so much time that no other question shall, as far as the Separatists are concerned, receive full and fair consideration from a Parliament which expressly represents the verdict of the country against Home Rule; secondly, that to show the necessity of Home Rule, the "way" to other legislation shall be "stopped" by wasting as much time and obstructing as many measures as can be done by a thoroughly factious Opposition. In other words, having declared that Home Rule was necessary, and having been thoroughly beaten in their appeal to the country upon the question, they are determined to prove themselves right and the country wrong by refusing to accept the verdict, and choosing rather to degrade the British Parliament and discredit its

legislative capacity than acknowledge that they had taken an erroneous view of a great question, and of the manner in which that question has been viewed and decided by the British people. This is a circumstance which must not be forgotten when we are considering the "block" of parliamentary business, and the small amount of legislation effected by the autumn session. It is not only individual obstructives and the irrepressible egotism and self-sufficient conceit of individual "nobodies," but the policy of a party by which these people are sustained, and which utilises these small and unworthy instruments for its own ulterior purposes.

This naturally brings us to the reflection that the leaders of that party, and the originators of that policy, are primarily and principally responsible for all the evils of which we complain, and of the degradation of our parliamentary system. This truth they may try to conceal by an ostentatious display of readiness to "assist" Government in facilitating the despatch of public business, *after the mischief has been done*. Nobody, however, is deceived by such a transparent artifice. When further practical legislation has become impossible; when useful and popular bills, which only required possible amendment in certain matters of detail, have been withdrawn, and when everybody is longing to get away for "the Christmas holidays,"—no great effort of virtue is required from "the front Opposition bench" in order to induce them to "assist" Government in closing supply and winding up the session, which they might have rendered so much more creditable to the House of Commons, and so much more valuable to the country.

As far as concerns the principles

of "Union" or "Separation," which form the real division of parties at the present time, the contest has gone on during the autumn outside as well as within the walls of Parliament. The Unionists have indeed been singularly unfortunate in the havoc which death has made in their ranks, no less than three Unionist members having been carried off within a few weeks. Colonel Duncan, the member for Holborn, was a man greatly esteemed, and one whose death may be termed a national loss. His great military knowledge, his considerable and varied experience, his courteous manner, and the independence of his Conservatism, alike contributed to render him a valuable and respected member of the House of Commons. In 1885 Colonel Duncan had won his election by a majority of 1574, which had been increased to 1700 at the general election in the following year, when his opponent was a Hindoo lawyer of high character and position, but who was unlikely to be a strong candidate in a metropolitan borough. Mr Gainsford Bruce, on the other hand, who retained the seat for the Unionists by a majority of 965, was opposed by an exceptionally strong candidate in the person of Earl Compton. Say what they will, your English Radical loves a lord; and a lord of high character, patriotic aspirations, and philanthropic tendencies goes a great way with the mobocracy in any popular British constituency. Enormous exertions were made on his behalf, and it is not surprising that his poll exceeded by more than a thousand votes that of his two predecessors in the same field. Mr Bruce, however, who had against him nothing but the prestige of two or three defeats in the north of England, had in his favour his

attachment to the Union, which is happily still a passport to the hearts of loyal Englishmen, despite the blandishments of Mr Gladstone, and the sophistries of the rump of the last Liberal Government which has joined him in his Parnellite alliance. So the seat was kept, and although the Separatists crow loudly over the diminished majority, the diminution was, under the circumstances, to be expected, and the Unionists have every reason to be satisfied with the result. The seat at Maidstone was vacated by the sudden death of the respected Conservative member, Major Ross, whose majority was 345 in 1885, reduced to 314 in the following year, when an opposition was suddenly undertaken at the last moment. It was thought and expected that there would probably be a further reduction at the present contest, the Conservative candidate, Mr Cornwallis—though a local man, and in every way eligible—being young and untried, whilst his opponent, Mr Barker, was connected with Maidstone, and reported to be a strong candidate. The result, however, was never for a moment doubtful; and although the energetic efforts made on Mr Barker's behalf were sufficiently successful to enable him to poll some five-and-twenty votes more than the Liberal candidate who started at the last moment in 1885, while Mr Cornwallis failed to reach the number polled on that occasion by the old and tried representative, Major Ross, yet the majority of 185 gave a tolerably conclusive evidence that the men of Maidstone were not disposed to separate themselves from the other constituencies of Kent, which gave a unanimous Unionist return at the general election. The case of Colchester was somewhat differ-

ent. This constituency has been proverbially fickle in its affections, and had returned Liberal members for some years previous to the general election of 1885, when its late representative, Colonel Trotter, wrested the seat from the former Liberal member. It would therefore have been no surprise if the Liberal candidate, Sir William Brampton Gurdon, who had enjoyed the advantage of being private secretary to Mr Gladstone, and had served the public with credit and ability in several capacities, had defeated his Conservative opponent. Therefore the contrary verdict of the constituency, and the victory of Lord Brooke by a majority larger by 144 votes than that by which Colonel Trotter was returned in 1886, must be hailed as a satisfactory indication that the spirit of Unionism is still alive and vigorous among the men of Essex.

It must, however, always be borne in mind that it is most unsafe to take casual or "bye" elections as an accurate indication of the general state of public feeling throughout the country. At such times the local and personal claims of a candidate have naturally more weight than when the attention of the whole body of the electorate is fixed upon some great question upon which Parliament has been dissolved. Moreover, the advocates of particular questions have less compunction in pushing them forward at single elections, by which the fate of a party or ministry is not likely to be affected, than at a moment when this is the case. "Temperance" men, "anti-vaccinators," and the upholders of half-a-dozen other crotchets, good or bad, will often vote or refuse to vote for a candidate at a bye-election on account of his views upon their pet

subject; whilst at the moment of a general election they will, like sensible men, subordinate other opinions to whatever happens to be the great question of the day. It is sufficient, therefore, for us to judge from general results that the cause of the Union has not lost ground in the hearts of the British people, although the activity of our opponents is such as to show us that it is indispensable to "stand to our guns," and continually to keep before the public the gravity and magnitude of the issues which are at stake.

The most noticeable speeches which have been delivered outside the walls of Parliament during the autumn session have undoubtedly been those of Lord Salisbury during his visit to Edinburgh at the end of November. Lord Salisbury is always clear and incisive in his political utterances, and never was he more so than in those to which we call attention at this moment. His mission to Scotland was one of an important and valuable character. He came to tell home truths to people than whom none are more capable of understanding and appreciating such matters, and he came for two special objects, which it will be well for us to recall. Lord Salisbury's first object was to weld together the Liberal-Unionist and Conservative ranks, by pointing out to them the magnitude of the principles and interests involved, and the paramount necessity of subordinating all other considerations, local or personal, to the one great object of preserving the unity of the Empire. His second object was to show and prove to Scotland that it is a gross and palpable error to consider Mr Gladstone, as he has too long and too often been considered in Scotland, as the embodiment of Liberalism; that the old days of political

stagnation are past and gone; that not only are the Unionists, both Conservative and Liberal, as really and truly "progressive" as any lover of progress within the limits of the Constitution can desire, but that they are actually better representatives of "Liberalism" than Mr Gladstone, who has discarded old Liberal traditions, and is acting, in deed and in fact, not as the leader of a Constitutional party, but as the imperious dictator of followers whose creed is that of absolute and unreasoning submission to his political commands. No patriot and no true Liberal will deny the importance of these objects, and the necessity of the speedy recognition of their value and the necessity for their achievement. The alliance between Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists has been daily cementing in proportion to the enlightenment which has reached the public mind with regard to the intentions, the tactics, and the policy of their opponents. Minor differences must and will exist between Unionists, just as they must and will exist between any body of men who are bound together solely or principally by some great tie of public or private interest. But in proportion to the increasing recognition of the importance of that tie, its influence grows stronger over those whom it affects, and the existing differences between them diminish and fade away before its growing strength and urgency. Some of these differences may, by mutual consent, be left as "open questions"; some may be found, after all, to be no differences at all when association and amicable discussion have probed them to the bottom. So it is, now that the vital importance of the great principle which binds Unionists together has been fully recognised, that the alliance grows

firmer and firmer every day, and tends more and more to that cordial fusion which would naturally seem to follow from identity of opinion upon the greatest subject of the day. Such a fusion, however, is not to be forced either by a party leader or a political organisation. It must be left to work out its own way, and, if it follows, will follow by a natural process, and by no external agencies.

That against which it is our duty to guard, and against which Lord Salisbury wisely warned us, is the systematic attempt of the Separatist party to persuade the Liberal section of the Unionists that their principle of union may and ought to be suspended and laid aside when some question of special interest for the moment seems to demand that "Liberals" should unite as such. Whether it be the "temperance" question, a matter of "privilege," or any other question whatever, the piteous cry goes up from the Gladstonian Liberals, having for its origin their intense desire to sow dissension in the ranks of the Unionist party. "See," they say, "here is a question which, in old days, would have ranged Liberals on one side, Conservatives on the other. How can you call yourselves 'Liberals' when, upon such a question as this, you insist upon supporting the Conservative Government?" Such an appeal, though little likely to have any effect upon those Liberal-Unionists who have weighed well the consequences of the independent and patriotic action which they have taken upon the Home Rule question, is not without its influence upon the masses, to whose minds Home Rule, with all which it implies, is not always present, and who see questions of social or political interest to themselves postponed or defeated partly by

the action of those whom they knew as Liberals before the Unionist party had to be formed in the hour of danger to the Constitution. Therefore it is well to repeat the plain and palpable reply which a Liberal-Unionist may return to such "Separatist" taunts as the above. He may with justice and truth reply in these words: "It is you, and not I, who are responsible for the postponement or defeat of that which you say is a 'Liberal' question. As long as you were content to advocate and promote reforms *within the limits of the Constitution*, I was ready to fight with you side by side, and there could only have been questions of degree between us. But when you proposed and supported a measure to subvert the Constitution, divide the Imperial Parliament, and break up the Unity of the Empire, you raised a question which, in its importance, overshadowed everything else, and which obliged me to take my stand by the side of those with whom I agree upon this question, even though I may differ from them upon other points. All other points are small and insignificant in comparison, and therefore it is you, who introduced this question, who are responsible for the postponement of other questions, which must still be postponed as long as you, in defiance of the national verdict given against you in 1886, persist in declaring that this Irish question 'stops the way'—or, in other words, that you will accept none other solution of it than your own." This answer is satisfactorily conclusive to the mind of every Unionist, and it is one which should be persistently given and explained to the constituencies. They should be made to thoroughly understand that it is the Separatist and not the Unionist party who delay reforms and prevent the discussion

of "Liberal" measures, and that it is the same party who, for the further reason of their fear that the country should discover that modern Conservatism is identical with true and active Liberalism, impede legislation, misrepresent and misstate alike the actions and the measures of their opponents, and try to palm themselves off as genuine Liberals, when they have really brought themselves to the condition of servile followers of a Dictator who has led them far away from the old "Liberal" creed.

This is the truth—or one of the principal truths—which Lord Salisbury came to inculcate, and it is one which every Scotchman should strive to spread abroad and drive home to the hearts of his countrymen. It has often seemed marvellous that Mr Gladstone should have maintained the hold upon the people of Scotland which he has undoubtedly possessed. It was explicable, indeed, to some extent, so long as he represented Liberalism, and the Liberalism of a united party. But now that he represents something very different, and has allied himself with men who, in character, in political creed, and in almost every essential, are as different as possible from the wise and far-seeing people of the north, it is hard to understand that his influence can any longer attract the latter to the standard of disunion which he has raised. That this is the true description of the Gladstonian standard it is impossible to deny. Under it fight the men who have openly advocated separation from Great Britain, and who have declared that "they would never lay down their arms till the *full measure* of their rights was conceded,"—that "full measure" having been defined, not as the restricted legislative body proposed

by Mr Gladstone in 1885, but as "a native Parliament in the Irish capital, to take charge of the interests and watch over the destinies of the Irish people."¹ These are not the doctrines of the prudent and cautious inhabitants of Scotland. They are far beyond that legitimate demand for improved local self-government which Scotland herself may desire, and which she will infallibly obtain from the United Parliament when her desires have been ascertained and formulated. But with the wild "Home Rule" notions of Messrs Parnell, Sullivan, & Co. Scotchmen have no sympathy, and the more the question is discussed and understood in Scotland, the stronger will grow the loyal party of the Union.

Considering the loyalty for which Scotland and Scotchmen are distinguished, it is indeed extraordinary, as it is melancholy, to reflect that it is upon Scotch support that the Separatists mainly rely, and in Scotland that Mr Gladstone's lieutenants are always boasting that his strength is to be found. In this connection Lord Salisbury gave utterance to words which may well be laid to heart by those who love Scotland and respect the opinion of the inhabitants :—

"It is to you, Scotchmen, above all others, that we appeal. Resistance to the Unionist party bases itself upon the sympathy which it obtains in Scotland. If Scotland once could come to a sense of the really inevitable issue of this struggle; if Scotland once could come to a knowledge of the dangers with which men of her own race and religion are threatened in Ireland; if that feeling could once penetrate to the hearts of the people of Scotland, and they could give their decisive and distinct vote against this movement, which is contrary to the tendency of the age, contrary to all

real progress, which is trying to beat back against the stream of time, I am convinced that if this verdict was once given by Scotland, the Home Rule party would dissolve."

It will be well for Scotchmen to lay to heart these words, and to consider whether, in their truth and in their weight, they are not worth tenfold the consideration which is deserved by the sarcastic sophistries of a Lord Rosebery, the inexplicable inconsistencies of a Sir George Trevelyan, or the paradoxical philosophy of a John Morley. These are the three principal orators who have perambulated Scotland as the champions of the Separatist policy which is not to separate — the disunion scheme which is not to disunite. Read any of their speeches during the last three years, and, after the perusal, take up the speeches of Lord Salisbury at Edinburgh on the 29th and 30th of November last, and the contrast between rhetorical artifice on the one side, and plain common-sense upon the other, cannot but strike the most casual observer.

One great advantage was doubtless possessed by Lord Salisbury which his opponents have not been permitted to enjoy. Lord Salisbury was advocating the maintenance of the Union and the preservation of the unity of the Empire. That is a clear and definite policy; and the cry raised by the Separatist party against the Unionists, that they have "no policy," is idle and absurd. It is the want of a policy on their own side which places them at a disadvantage when approaching the question of Home Rule. Mr Gladstone has once applied the principle of Home Rule to practical legislation, and the result has been to drive him from office, and

¹ Mr T. D. Sullivan, late Lord Mayor of Dublin, speech at Mullingar, June 1, 1884, after which he was entertained by Mr Gladstone at Hawarden.

to shatter his political following, heretofore called the "Liberal party." What policy has he since announced as an alternative to that which was attended with such disastrous consequences? None whatever. Therefore it is idle to talk about "trusting the people of Ireland," and giving "self-government to the Irish people"; and when such high-sounding phrases are found in the mouths of the perambulating Pharisees who exalt themselves and Mr Gladstone as the only true friends of Ireland, sensible people see at once that either they are sheltering themselves behind vague professions because they have no substantial and practical policy to announce, or they have a policy behind which may be practical and substantial indeed, but which is unlikely to commend itself to the sound judgment of the people of Great Britain.

Lord Salisbury's speech to the Primrose League at Edinburgh was full of sound, practical common-sense. It called things by their right names, and "showed-up" the fallacies and misstatements of the Gladstonian-Parnellite party in a manner at once convincing and satisfactory to all those who heard or read it. The attempt to identify the cause of the Irish tenant with that of the Scotch crofter—to represent men who had wilfully broken the ordinary law as "political offenders"—to undervalue and deride the Unionist feeling of the Ulster Presbyterians—and to kindle a fictitious sentiment of sympathy with men who, having encouraged others to enter upon practices which inevitably led to imprisonment or other punishment, set up a howl of piteous despair as soon as they were themselves overtaken by justice,—all these miserable pretences were exposed and denounced by Lord

Salisbury in trenchant words, and must have carried conviction to the hearts of the audience which had the good fortune to hear him.

With regard to the treatment of political offenders, Lord Salisbury especially pointed out that this class of men were not treated with special kindness in other countries, and that their claim to exceptional consideration rests upon a slender basis. But does any one ever seriously think what that claim really is with regard to the imprisoned Irish "leaders" or members of Parliament? It is not the claim of men who have boldly risen against a Government to which they denied themselves to be rightly subject, or who have conspired against a dynasty whose rule they deemed to be illegitimate or unjust. It is the claim of men who have lived and prospered under the British Government; some of whom have so far acquiesced in the form of government under which we live as to have consented to be elected to and serve in the Imperial Parliament, and who have afterwards—all the while claiming and receiving the protection of the laws of that Parliament—deliberately offended against those laws, and incurred the penalty of such offence. It is of course absolutely legitimate for any individual who disapproves of a law to agitate for its repeal; no one could wish to deny such a right to any man. But to live under, and actually, by becoming a member of Parliament, to take a share in the government of a country and then break its ordinary law, is not the act of a political offender but of a common law-breaker; and it would be utterly preposterous and absurd to invest such a person with a character which might just as well be claimed by the ordinary pickpocket who (no doubt conscientiously) objects to the law which forbids

the picking of pockets. This, however, is the contention of the Separatists, endorsed by Mr Gladstone among other extraordinary doctrines which he seems to have swallowed along with the Home Rule "bolus" which he bolted after the election of 1885.

Perhaps even more remarkable than Lord Salisbury's Edinburgh speeches has been the speech of this veteran parliamentary chief-tain delivered at Limehouse before his departure for Italy. This speech may well be called remarkable, for a very different reason from that on account of which the epithet has been applied to the speeches of the Prime Minister. The Limehouse speech seems really to have been made for the purpose of embodying every fallacy, every commonplace platitude, and every misstatement which have been advanced by the Separatists during the last few months. There, prominent as usual among his most unfounded assertions, we find once again the deliberate misstatement that "our opponents decline all reference to history. Their maxim is, 'Shut your eyes'; and irrational as that maxim must appear, and irrational as it is, yet, when considered with reference to the end they have in view, every reference to history must be fatal to their view." When we consider that Mr Gladstone's own references to history have been shown, in the pages of this magazine as well as elsewhere, to have been perversions of historical fact, misconstructions of political events, and in many cases absolutely unreliable, it is inconceivable to imagine the effrontery with which he again and again persists in charging his opponents with disregarding or ignoring that history to which they confidently appeal for the utter exposure of the perversions and fallacies which he

has imposed upon his countrymen as historical truth.

It is of a par, however, with the rest of the Limehouse speech, that this gross libel upon his political opponents should be reiterated by Mr Gladstone. For the same speech repeats the charge against the Government of having "wasted the time of the House." He condemns the use of "the closure"—a measure which has been forced upon a reluctant Government by the delinquencies of his own friends; he declares that the powers of closing a debate, given by Parliament, "have not been fairly used" by the Government; and he actually goes the length of asserting that the Government "have received an amount of forbearance from the Irish National party, and an amount of positive assistance from the Opposition generally, such as it would be totally impossible to find an example of at any period when Liberals have been in Government and the Tories have been in Opposition." After this, one can no longer wonder at other eccentricities which appear in the same speech. The reckless misdescription of Lord Ashbourne's Bill as—"a Bill to give to *every bad landlord in Ireland the power of compelling every tenant who is in arrear with his existing rent either to be evicted or to purchase on terms which the landlord may choose to dictate,*" &c., is of a piece with the rest of the performance, and especially with the allusion to "*the moderate, attainable, practical, and thoroughly constitutional policy known to us by the name of Home Rule.*" This last sentence is said to have been received with "loud and prolonged cheers" by the Limehouse audience which listened to this "remarkable" speech. One is led to wonder how many of the audience had any tangible idea of what the

speaker intended by the "practical" policy of Home Rule. It is just the "practical" part which the "old parliamentary hand" keeps carefully to himself, being well aware that it is the *impracticability* of his last scheme which wrecked it and his party together, and that this "impracticability" is an inherent part of the policy which he seeks to force down the throats of the British people.

It must be confessed that the Limehouse oration dealt with many and various subjects besides that of Ireland. Prominent among these was the "one man, one vote" question, upon which it is to be regretted that Mr Gladstone did not take the opportunity of correcting and apologising for the gross and somewhat foolish mistake into which he fell at Birmingham. It is not Mr Gladstone's habit to correct his mistakes—and perhaps he is right, after all, since the employment would occupy much of his spare time, and might seriously trench on more congenial and more profitable work. The error in this case should, however, be made known as widely as possible. Mr Gladstone was inveighing, in one of his first speeches at Birmingham in the autumn, against the wicked owners of property who had votes in two, three, or more counties, and thus swamped the resident voters. He declared that there were, according to parliamentary returns, about 580,000 of these miscreants; that they were Tories in the proportion of some 4 to 1; and that therefore if, by a Gladstonian process of arithmetic, you deducted these votes from each side at the polls of 1886, there were actually more Gladstonian voters than votes for the Unionist party. Now mark the simple correction of this extraordinary blunder, as furnished shortly afterwards, in a letter to

the 'Times,' by Mr Thomas Nicolls Roberts, one of the most painstaking and intelligent of registration agents, who up to a short time since conducted the registrations for the Liberal party. There are, says Mr Roberts, about 580,000 owners upon the county registers of England. But these, in the first place, include *all owners*—i.e., not only men who live in one country and have property in another, but all people, small or great, *who live upon their own freeholds*. This probably takes about 400,000 out of Mr Gladstone's 580,000; and unless he means to contend that a man is worth more as a voter if he only occupies, and does not own, the place where he dwells, these people are outside his argument. Nay, more, the Liberal strength in counties has always been held to be among the small freeholders, and therefore, if Mr Gladstone thinks an owner less qualified than an occupier, it is upon the Liberals and not upon the Tories that his malediction descends. But that is not all. Out of the remaining 180,000 Mr Roberts computes that about 100,000 consist of people who live in represented towns, and have votes for the county also. These also can hardly be said to belong only to the "Tory," or indeed to the landowning class. There remains to Mr Gladstone, therefore, for the purposes of his argument, only 80,000 out of his 580,000—and of these Mr Roberts tells us that, as an old electioneerer, he has generally found the proportion of Conservative to Liberal voters not 4 to 1, but about 6 to 4 as an average. Mr Gladstone has therefore founded a strong argument in favour of his "one man, one vote" theory upon a statement utterly misleading and fallacious, and yet, when again putting forward his theory, he has not the

grace or the fair-play to withdraw and apologise for such an astounding mistake. *Ex uno disce omnes.* Where one statement has proved to be absolutely unreliable, the public may be excused for doubting the reliability of the rest.

No doubt it is the eagerness and enthusiasm of Mr Gladstone which leads him too hastily to adopt as accurate statements which are furnished to him in support of his particular theories. But eagerness and enthusiasm in the leader of a party require to be tempered by moderation and discretion. This arithmetical bungle would never have been made by Mr Gladstone if he had consulted registration experts, nor would the ridiculous position in which he was placed by the Dopping incident have ever been attained if he had been more cautious in ascertaining facts before making assertions. We would even go so far as to express a hope that his repeated assertion of the refusal of the Unionists to refer to history would not be made if it were not that it is not his habit to read what other men have said or written. In that case, however, he must be held guilty of an inexcusable neglect when dealing with such an important matter. The only plausible solution of the difficulty would seem to be, that Mr Gladstone is unable to see, hear, or understand anything which militates against an idea and belief which have once taken possession of his mind; that everything and every person not favourable to that belief and idea seem to him *ipso facto* to become and to remain immoral, perverse, and wrong-headed; and that thus he can only perceive events and judge of men by a Home Rule light, which renders everything indis-

tinct and obscure to his mental vision. It is a strange and harsh solution at best; but harsh as it seems, it is the kindest and most charitable which can be devised on behalf of a statesman who reiterates oft-refuted inaccuracies, repeats exploded fallacies, perverts plain facts of history, and all the time acts and speaks as if public virtue and political worth were only to be found amongst those who have accepted his latest policy, and enrolled themselves among his personal adherents. Mr Gladstone's speech at Limehouse may be considered as the closing effort of the autumn campaign, and the requiem of a session which he and his allies have succeeded in spoiling only in a degree less than they have attained the object of damaging themselves and destroying the remnants of their political reputation.

Meanwhile the vigorous and able speeches of Lord Derby and Lord Hartington at Liverpool have once more explained and thoroughly indicated the Unionist position. The clear common-sense of Lord Derby has exposed to the world the true state of the case as regards "Home Rule," and the separation of Parliaments and interests which would inevitably follow its adoption by the "United Kingdom." Lord Hartington has again justified the conduct of the Liberal Unionists, destroyed the sophistries directed against them by Gladstonian orators, and torn to pieces the flimsy charges of misgovernment of Ireland and mismanagement of public business, by which they have endeavoured to justify their factious opposition to a Government which is steadily and resolutely bent upon carrying out the mandate of the country at the last general election.



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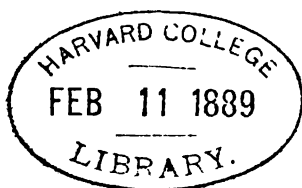
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MAJOR BARTTELOT'S CAMP ON THE ARUHWIMI.

On the evening of Sunday, April 8, 1888, the Europeans at Bangala Station were seated at dinner, when one of the Haoussa sentries by the river came in and reported that he had heard some people in canoes talking Swahili; but, as it was too dark to see anything, he could not tell whether there was one canoe or fifty. As no news had come from Stanley Falls for nearly a year, and the force which was to have been sent up to Tippoo Tip had been delayed by various circumstances, we conjectured that the latter had despatched the canoes to make inquiries about it. Following the chief of the station down to the beach, I saw, looming through the darkness, two huge canoes lashed together, slowly approaching the bank. The first man to step ashore was Mr Herbert Ward, who had passed up river a year ago in the *Stanley* with the last detachment of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, and whom I

then supposed to be either at Wadelai or on his way thence to the east coast. In answer to my hurried inquiries, I learnt that no news had been received from Stanley, except the vague reports of deserters from his caravan; that Major Barttelot and his company were still at the camp on the Aruhwimi Rapids, where Stanley had left them, and where they were living principally on manioc and beans; and that Tippoo Tip, after making various excuses for the non-arrival of the promised 600 carriers, had gone to Kassongo in November 1887. As he had not returned by the following January, Major Barttelot had sent Mr Jamieson to hurry his movements, and the latter was still absent when Mr Ward left the Aruhwimi.

The *Stanley* had left Bangala on the morning of the 8th, and Mr Ward started early on the following morning, in order if possible to overtake her at Equator,

where she was to stop and take in wood. He had come from the Arab settlement at the mouth of the Lomami (with thirty-five Zanzibaris, in two canoes lashed together) in five and a half days; and pursuing his journey in a smaller canoe, manned by twenty Bangalas, reached Equator in less than twenty-two hours, arriving an hour or two before the departure of the *Stanley*. He thus performed the entire journey between the Lomami and Equator (a distance of over 500 miles) in six and a half days. This journey could not have been made in less time by any of the steamers then on the Upper Congo, which were forced to stop every night to cut wood; whereas Mr Ward took no rest, but travelled day and night, with the exception of a stay of less than ten hours at Bangala, so that the tidings which had left the Aruhwimi on April 2d were known in England by the 1st of May.

The thirty-five Zanzibaris before mentioned remained for the present at Bangala—the Commissaire de District promising to take them back in the *A.I.A.*¹ Owing to a trip I had to take to Equator on business connected with the station, and the preparations necessary for the run to Stanley Falls, our departure was delayed till April 24th—when the *A.I.A.* left Bangala with Mr Van Kerckhoven and myself, the thirty-five Zanzibaris, and her own crew of fifteen men, on board. The poor little steamer, having a whale-boat lashed on one side of her, and a large canoe on the other, and carrying some fifty loads (60 to 65 lb. each) of stores, had hard work to make headway against the current, which, as the river was at the

height of its spring rise, was very strong.

Beyond two or three brushes with warlike natives, nothing worth mentioning occurred during the next few days; and on May 6th, we reached the mouth of the Aruhwimi, and turned up that stream, in order to reach Yambuya, where Major Barttelot was encamped. The scenery of the Aruhwimi is finer than that of any of the tributaries of the Congo I have seen. As we steamed up it, the banks gradually increased in height, and the red and yellow sandstone, and patches of white quartz sand showing here and there between the foliage which covered the steep bluffs, gave a variety to the prospect which is wanting to the country between this and Bangala. This river has a very tortuous course, and in several places makes huge bends, with high bluffs on the outer or concave bank, and a lower forest-covered bank on the other side. The numerous islands constitute another beautiful feature. I noticed large clearings, with young banana-plants growing plentifully all about, which led me to conclude that villages had once stood there. A little higher up, we came to the site of a village recently destroyed by fire, and learnt that marauding parties of Manyemas, sent out by the Arabs, had been down the river.

Next day, approaching the bend of the river, where we expected to find the town of Yambumba—described by Stanley as truly metropolitan—I noticed that the bluff where he saw it in 1883 was completely bare of huts, only a few banana-plants remaining. The Arabs had burned the whole place, and the natives had removed to

¹ *Association Internationale Africaine*, steam-launch.

the low bank opposite, where they were dragging out a wretched existence, having for houses only a sort of palm-leaf awning, supported on four sticks; while a detachment of Manyemas, left by the Arabs to keep them in subjection, kept them also in fear of their lives. After leaving this place, we found that the river had a straighter course, though fairly choked with sand-banks, which gave us much trouble. It was not long before we passed the last island, and arrived, about 5 P.M., at a settlement of Manyemas, with two or three Arabs living among them.

These Arabs are called by the natives "Tamba-Tamba"—a word whose meaning I have been unable to ascertain; while a white man is called "Tooc-a-Tooc-a," in imitation of the noise made by the waste steam escaping up the funnels of the steam-launches.

As Tippoo Tip had been made governor of Stanley Falls, we stopped about half an hour with these Arabs, and heard from them that Major Barttelot and his companions were all right, and that we should reach the camp at noon the next day. Steaming on for about an hour, we then made our camp—as fuel was running short—opposite a bank formed by the base of a line of hills which sloped down nearly to the water's edge, covered with magnificent trees. It was not the height, or foliage of these trees which struck me, so much as their beautifully straight and even trunks—nearly every one running up without a branch to a height of forty or fifty feet, with a diameter of from three to four. The taper was so slight, that the diameter just below the branches was nearly the same as that near the ground; and their smoothness and regularity reminded one of the

stately temple columns of Luxor or Karnak.

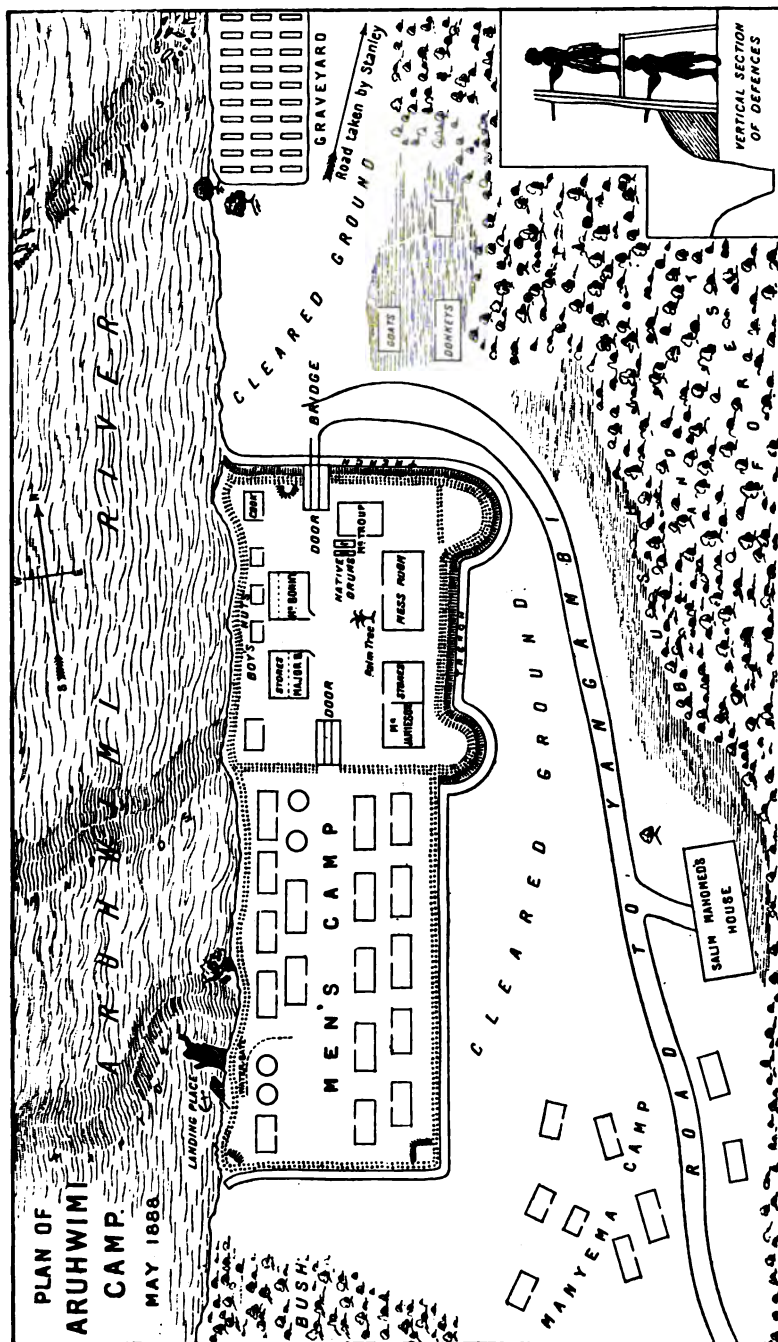
Next morning (8th May), at about 9 A.M., coming in sight of what looked like a brown patch among the bush, on the top of a height four or five miles away, we were informed by some of the Zanibaris that it was Major Barttelot's camp; and a few minutes later, the sight of the rapids beyond it convinced us that we had reached our goal. As we approached, the brown patch resolved itself into a strong palisade on the top of a nearly perpendicular bluff some fifty feet high. A few natives, hugging the bank in little dug-outs, were the only living beings visible, and I could see no means of scaling the cliff, unless we went up monkey-fashion. We were now within 300 yards, and could make out a hut or two behind the palisade; so I seized the handle of the steam-whistle, and gave a long blast, which had the effect of bringing out a crowd of dark figures through some invisible opening, and presently two Europeans were discerned coming down a zigzag path to the water's edge. These proved to be Major Barttelot and Mr Bonny, both of whom appeared in very good health, considering the food they had been living on for the last few months. Not seeing Mr Troup, I concluded that he was still at Stanley Falls, whither Mr Ward had told me he was gone. Lieutenant Van Kerckhoven, having landed, walked up to the camp with the Major, while I remained behind to see that everything was right. When, some half-hour later, I had climbed the hill, and found my way into the camp, I saw the Major just inside the door of one of the huts; and, going in, found Mr Troup lying on a camp-bed, looking as if he had not a week to live. In

walking from Yangambi, on his return from Stanley Falls, he had somehow strained his leg, and a large tumour had formed, which had not only lamed him, but affected his health to a serious extent.

As Stanley's expedition has attracted a great deal of attention in Europe, I will, before proceeding with this account, describe the place where five British heroes had, for nearly a year, defied all the dangers of African life. The fort, or stronghold, containing all the stores, as well as the huts of the Europeans, was an enclosure some sixty paces (say twenty-five to thirty yards) square, enclosed by a strong palisade of sticks, from two to three inches in diameter, and twelve to fifteen feet in length. These were planted as close together as possible, just leaving room to insert the muzzle of a gun between them. On the side facing the river, the palisade was planted on the very edge of an almost vertical descent of fifty feet. This side, being perfectly unassailable by natives or Arabs, needed no further defence; but, on the other three sides, a stage was erected about six feet from the ground, so that two rows of men could bring their guns into use at the same time, the sticks being high enough to afford cover for the upper row. Against natives, who fight with spears and arrows, this stage would have been very useful; but in an engagement with the Arabs, who have rifles and double-barrelled shot-guns (they load the latter with heavy iron slugs, some of them half an inch in diameter), the men on it would have been too much exposed. To provide against this emergency, an embankment, about five feet high, had been thrown up against the outside of the palisade — composed of the

clay taken from a trench which surrounded the whole, and had been filled with water, though this was drained off when I saw it. There is no regular rainy season in this part of Africa; but at this time heavy showers fell at uncertain intervals — usually every few days — which not only soon filled the trench, but would have enabled the garrison to obtain water in plenty, had they been cut off from the river. On the land side of the enclosure — which was also that nearest to the Arab camp, were two semicircular redoubts, from which the defenders could have opened a flank fire at any party attempting to approach the trench. Inside the enclosure were five huts of sticks, grass, and planks — the latter obtained by splitting up old canoes. Three of these, which served as the habitations of three of the Europeans, were half filled up with stores; the fourth was used as a mess-room, and also contained the donkeys' saddles, and various miscellanea, such as spades, hoes, &c. These four were much of a size; the fifth, not being required to hold stores, was only about half as large, and was occupied by Mr Troup. Besides these there was a galley, and four small huts (each about five feet square) for the table-boys.

The two entrances to this enclosure were about three feet wide, and defended by a door formed of planks made from the thick bottoms of large canoes. These doors were hinged at the top, and, during the day, kept open by having their lower ends supported on stout poles: their weight was such as to require four or five men to raise them. They were closed every night, and two men set to guard them. The trench was crossed by means of some light planks, which could have been



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Major Barttelot's duty was to take the men from Tippoo Tip, and set out immediately to follow Stanley—who was supposed to have made all necessary arrangements with Tippoo before leaving. The palaver which followed the arrival of the men at Yambuya was caused by extra demands on the part of Tippoo Tip, who—as Governor of Stanley Falls—had, or was supposed to have, undertaken to suppress all raiding for slaves and ivory; while all those officials of the Free State who were in a position to do so, were, on their part, bound to prevent the engagement of the men on such conditions as those named above. Tippoo Tip's demands appeared to me to be made simply with a view to extorting gunpowder; for he demanded and was paid in ammunition which should have gone to relieve Emin Pasha. Indeed there is some ground for the suspicion that he purposely brought only 400 men, instead of the promised 600, so that the Major, being unable to take all his loads, might be the more ready to pay him (Tippoo) in gunpowder, which is here very valuable, and difficult to obtain in any quantity. Here again the State officials might have delayed, if not averted, the evil day for some poor natives, for they knew to what uses the powder would be put; and had they insisted on Tippoo Tip's being paid by cheque instead, he would have had to wait at least a year before that cheque could have been exchanged for ammunition.

As for the "virgin country" to be "thrown open" by the expedition column, Salim bin Mahomed's men had not only raided the country behind Stanley's back, and in his line of march, to a distance of some fifteen days' journey from

Yambuya, but had crossed the Aruhwimi, and laid waste the country to the north and north-west, as well as the right bank of the Aruhwimi nearly down to its junction with the Congo. With these men raiding in front of them, therefore, very little would have been left for the 400 Manyemas to do.

After Salim bin Mahomed had been for some months raiding round Yambuya, he came into collision with Major Barttelot; and the latter, as the only means of avoiding a fight, walked to Stanley Falls, and finding Tippoo Tip away, called on Nzigé, his deputy, and so managed matters that Salim either was recalled to the Falls, or went on a long expedition; at any rate he disappeared from Yambuya, and for a time the aspect of affairs improved.

A few days before the arrival of the *A.I.A.* at Yambuya, Salim reappeared with 2000 men, and formed a camp close behind Major Barttelot's. He then forbade the natives to sell food to the white men, demanded for his own use the stores of the Emin Pasha Expedition, which, of course, were refused him, and also sent men to break up the canoes of the expedition, which were lying in the river, at the foot of the bluff on which the camp stood. He would perhaps have proceeded to even greater lengths, had he not heard that Mr Ward had gone down the Congo to send telegraphic despatches to the committee in England.

Such was the state of affairs when I arrived at Yambuya in May 1888. Having waited there some four days, owing to a rumour (which, on Major Barttelot's going to investigate the matter, turned out to be false) that Stanley was within two days' march of us on

his return to the camp, I got up steam on the morning of May 11th, and prepared to start. Mr Troup was slightly better than when we found him, and we promised that either the *A.I.A.* or the *Stanley* should come and take him down river if he did not soon recover. As Tippoo Tip was now an official of the State, the officer on board offered to take the ivory collected at Yambuya by Salim bin Mahomed round to Stanley Falls in the *A.I.A.* This offer was at once accepted, and Salim's men stowed away about 1500 lb. of ivory in our whale-boat. Some of the tusks were very fine; but at least two-thirds of them, which had been taken from villages burnt by the Manyemas, were considerably reduced in value by the cracks and blisters caused by the heat of the burning huts. These tusks contrast very unfavourably with the fine ivory bought peaceably and cheaply by European traders on the Congo, which is worth about four times as much; and afford a striking proof of the low value set on human life by the Arabs, who, for the sake of a few such, will murder scores of men and women. Having taken on board two or three of Salim's men to look after his ivory, we started at 8 A.M.; and the steamer, being much lighter than before, and having the current in her favour, shot rapidly past the numerous villages on the banks of the Aruhwimi, and by nine o'clock the next morning had turned the corner, and was ascending the Congo towards Stanley Falls. The Aruhwimi district, as I saw it, was certainly the most densely populated part of the Congo Free State I had visited. Villages, large and small, crowded each other along the banks, four of which — Mo-

kulu, Umaneh, Bondeh, and Yambumba — certainly deserved the term "metropolitan," applied by Stanley to the last of the four. This dense population will soon diminish under the rule of the Arabs, who do not allow the natives to build permanent huts, but encourage them to make raids on other tribes and capture slaves and ivory, which they then buy of them. I have been told by men who have been at Nyangwé, that this system has been so thoroughly carried out there, that the country is now so thinly populated as to render it a matter of difficulty to procure food; and that one tribe, who had been supplied by the Arabs with guns and powder for these raids, had revolted, and kept the weapons to go raiding on their own account.

Above the mouth of the Aruhwimi the Congo narrows considerably, and the islands thin out. The north bank gradually rises, till it ends in a grand, forest-topped bluff over fifty feet in height; and this, again, gives place to a range of hills, whose densely wooded sides slope steeply down to the water's edge.

On May 14th we came to a clearing on the south bank, where a number of temporary native huts were erected, and a number of canoes, with a shelter of sticks and grass rigged up amidstships, lay alongside the bank. In these the people—who formerly lived in large villages, till the Manyemas descended the Congo and destroyed them—live and sleep, moving about from place to place. About ten of the smaller canoes, paddled by some very nude natives, put off to bring us yams and fish for sale. Very jolly natives these, and evidently very glad to see us, for they started a song and dance in our honour, paddling hard the

whole time, and yet, in spite of the dancing, contriving to keep their small craft upright on the water. The words of the song—of which I was unable to obtain a translation—were, as nearly as I could write them down, as follows:—

“I yon so dokélé,
I yon so dokélé,
Duda, duda.”

Some of these men had hideously ugly faces, having covered them with cicatrisation to such an extent that it was hard to tell which of the huge lumps of flesh was originally meant for the nose. Others were better-looking, and had fairly pleasant countenances, but all seemed delighted to see us. There is a fashion here of boring a hole in the upper lip and the lobe of each ear, into which is inserted a conical plug of wood or ivory. This is gradually pressed in, so as to enlarge the hole to the required size, and when the latter is extended to suit the fancy of the victim, a circular highly polished slab of ivory is inserted. With one of these in his lip, and another in each ear, the native puts on a “la-di-da” air, and expects to produce a strong impression on the young-lady portion of his acquaintance. Should the gentleman desire to do the complete “masher,” two or three plugs, each larger than the last, are used, one after another, till the lobes of the ears and the lips are stretched into a narrow band like a strip of leather. I saw one man who had his mouth completely hidden by a round piece of ivory nearly two inches in diameter, while two more pieces of the same size hung suspended by the lobes of his ears. This man seemed to have reached the “too utterly utter” stage of masherdom, for he could do nothing but lean on his

paddle and gaze contemptuously down on the beads and cowries wherewith I tried to tempt him to take out and sell his decorations.

Farther on we came to a succession of clearings, just below the junction of the Lomami with the Congo, where I counted over three hundred canoes of various sizes. Rounding a point just above this, we came in view of the mouth of the Lomami, and some Arab houses, which turned out to be the headquarters of Raschid, Tippoo Tip's reputed nephew—the man who, two years before, had directed the attack on Stanley Falls Station, and, by his success there, greatly increased his renown among the Arabs and Manyemas. He was quite a young man, with a light-yellow complexion—suggesting that of a white man suffering from a bad attack of yellow jack—bright, restless eyes, and very thin lips. He was dressed in the usual Mohammedan style—in long white shirt, and short white embroidered jacket, with a light-yellow turban on his head. On his invitation we made fast to the shore, and stopped there for the rest of the day. In the evening I went up to the top of the high river-bank, to a house used as a sort of divan, where I found Raschid and his principal men seated on mats. On a seat opposite were three or four Kassongo drummers, who performed at intervals, while the Arabs discussed the topics of the day. A crowd of Manyemas and natives of the place soon gathered round, and went through some very intricate dances, in which every one seemed to be moving in all directions at once. The inhabitants of the Stanley Falls district certainly excel all others I have seen in dancing. I have

watched over a hundred of them engaged in a set of most complicated evolutions for nearly half an hour, without seeing one man get out of place. As the hour of 6 P.M. approached, and the sun neared the western horizon, prayer-mats began to appear; and soon all the Arabs were absorbed in their devotions, bowing down towards the east in a way which seemed to indicate that they were trying to commit suicide by knocking their foreheads against the ground. When this performance began, I retired to the steamer, and had my usual evening bath. Soon after I had finished, a Zanzibari came and told me chop was ready in Raschid's house; so I followed him up the bank into a large enclosure surrounded by a high bamboo fence, and containing several huts, and one house of quite respectable size. The latter was occupied by Raschid, and the huts by his slaves and women. I was conducted into Raschid's bedroom, where I found he had a large double bed furnished with mattress, blankets, sheets, and mosquito-curtain, quite in the European style. Scattered about were various spoils from Stanley Falls, such as Mr Deane's camp-table and chair, a torn copy of Stanley's 'Five Years on the Congo' in French, a pair of hunting-boots, the station bell, and a broken revolver. On either side of the door were two or three guns, among which I noticed a Winchester, a Spencer's repeating-rifle, and a self-extracting revolver. All of these, however, as I soon found, were out of repair, and useless for fighting purposes. While we were waiting for dinner, Raschid entertained us with an account of the attack and defence of Stanley Falls Station, two years before, interspersed—he being unaware that I

had gone up in the *A.I.A.* to Mr Deane's rescue—with some most atrocious lies as to the number of our men shot down by the Arabs. He also informed me that Deane had been shot through the arm by one of his (Raschid's) men, and was rather taken aback when I told him I knew all about it, having been present when Deane came on board the steamer, and seen him for myself.

Raschid then went on to relate how, when the *A.I.A.* went down river, he and his compatriots were terribly frightened, not knowing what the resources of the State might be, and expecting that at least twenty large steamers, crammed with men and big guns, would shortly come up and drive them out of the region of the Falls. They had therefore proceeded to strengthen their position to the best of their ability; though, if prompt action had been taken by the State, they would have been obliged to abandon all their posts below Stanley Falls. They had sent express messengers to Kasongo and Zanzibar, and had gradually—as month after month passed and they still remained unmolested—brought up reinforcements of Arabs and Manyemas; until at last, nearly a year later, when they saw the *Henry Reed* coming up the reach below the mouth of the Lomami, they considered themselves strong enough to defy the State.

Meanwhile, what was the State doing? Month after month I lived in almost daily expectation of seeing an armed force come up the river, fully equipped for re-establishing the lost station and punishing the Arabs, who had caused the death of one of their officers, and nearly of another. Nearly a year passed before at length the rumour reached us of a

mighty expedition proceeding up-river. It is easier to imagine than to describe my disgust when, on my arrival at Bangala (being absent when the expedition passed), I heard that Tippoo Tip had been appointed Governor of the Stanley Falls district, and that Mr Stanley, who was on his way to relieve Emin Pasha, was going to see him safe to his destination. Nor was this the worst; for, as I now found out, Tippoo had made good use of his five senses on his journey round from Zanzibar. He had been well received at Boma, and shown all there was to see,—had experienced the difficulties of transport past the Livingstone Falls, and discovered what a time it took the State to get goods up to Léopoldville. He knew how many steamers could be mustered on the upper river, and how long they would take to reach Stanley Falls,—he had, in short, been shown how weak was the Power which, to him and his chiefs, had probably appeared so formidable. His thoughts on the subject were clearly shown by his answer to a trader who remarked that the Congo Free State was a large country. "Yes," he replied, "it is a large country *on paper*."

Next morning, starting about 6.30 A.M., we crossed the mouth of the Lomami, and in about two hours and a half arrived abreast of Yaporo, where Captain Coquilhat and myself had a brush with the Arabs in 1886, when returning from the Falls with Mr Deane.

There was now a considerable Arab settlement here, with five or six large houses; but the native village had (as usual when the Arabs made their appearance) entirely vanished, — numerous covered canoes along the bank showing where the people now lived. Continuing our journey,

we crossed to the north bank, and reached Yangambi about 10 A.M. This place is very prettily situated on a piece of flat ground, backed by a semicircle of fine wooded hills, about 400 feet high, across which lies the road to Yambuya. From the top of these hills, I have heard that a splendid view is to be obtained over miles of country, covered as far as the eye can reach with one vast ocean of dark-green forest, through which the lordly Congo ploughs its mighty way.

The channel in front of Yangambi has very little water, and the *A.I.A.*, drawing three feet, could barely get through. Later on, in the dry season, one can walk right across this channel to the islands in front. There being no news from Yambuya, we left here at 11.30 A.M., and rounded three high, wood-covered, rocky points. About 3 P.M. we arrived at a place called Yalasula (marked Yaruché on Stanley's map), and, having no fuel, decided to camp there for the night—the chief Arab promising to get us a supply of wood before morning. After dinner, several of the chief Arabs of the place came down to the steamer, and, over some fragrant cups of coffee, told us about the natives and the country. Among other items, they mentioned that a large lake existed in the region between the lower Lomami and the bend of the Congo. This lake, they say, is connected by a small stream with the Lomami, and can be reached from that river in one day with canoes: steam-launches, they said, were useless, as the connecting stream was not large enough.

Next morning, about half-past five, as I was performing a very elementary toilet, the chief of Yangambi—a man who might

have sat for a statue of Hercules—came up in a canoe, and handed me a small piece of folded paper. On opening this, I found that it was a note from Major Barttelot, stating that he had walked over from Yambuya to Yangambi, and would be at Yalasula by 10 A.M., on his way to Stanley Falls. His canoe arrived punctually, and, taking him on board, we proceeded, and about 11 passed Yariembi and Iuma,—two villages which, on our previous visit (in 1886), had declined to have any dealings with us. They were now occupied by Arabs and Manyemas—and the natives, where were they? Above this the river is, for some distance, clear of islands, and rolls majestically along, in a single stream, over a mile wide. At 3.30 P.M. we arrived at Yaruskombe, the place where, in 1886, Captain Coquilhat had found Mr Deane lying in a native hut, more dead than alive. This place was also subject to the Arabs, and the friendly natives who had sheltered Mr Deane, and done their best for him, were now scattered far and wide. I afterwards heard that the chief of this village and another chief, together with fifty of their followers, had been beheaded by the Arabs for assisting him. Right opposite, perched on a high bank in a deep bay, is Yatuka, whither we presently steamed, and made fast for the night on a long spur of sand. We then continued our journey, and, passing two more Arab settlements—Yatakusu and Yakusu—arrived about 3 P.M. abreast of the mouth of the Ohofu river. On the point of the peninsula formed by this river and the Congo was a small clearing; and here, in 1886, I had made the A.I.A. fast, while Samba searched for Deane in the dense bush that covered the point. The current

here is very strong; and not getting on so fast as I had expected, we were obliged to camp at a place pointed out to us by Major Barttelot, who had already been up to the Falls in a canoe. Next morning a dense mist detained us till 8 o'clock; but by 10 A.M. we were made fast at the landing-place of the old State station on the island of Wana Rusari. Nothing now remained of this—which had been the finest of all the Upper Congo stations—but the gun-shed, and the roads, which the Arabs had for some reason kept clear of grass. Before long we were visited by old Nzigé, Tippoo Tip's reputed brother—an old Arab who appeared to me as if he had just stepped out of one of the pictures of the patriarchs which I used to see in an old family Bible when I was a child. His face was even a lighter yellow than his son Raschid's; and his grey beard, reaching nearly to his waist, gave him quite a venerable appearance. He was dressed in a long flowing white shirt, and had a white turban on his head. I subsequently found out that he had an insatiable appetite for chocolate, and would continue eating it as long as the supply was kept up. Some of the Arabs with him were light-complexioned, and others black as negroes: all were dressed in heavily embroidered long white shirts. Having had a good look round, and inquired into the mysteries of the engine and boiler of the A.I.A., the Arabs presently departed, and I was at liberty to go ashore. All the ground where the old State station had formerly stood was now covered with Arab houses and Manyema huts, surrounded by large tracts of cleared ground, planted with rice, maize, manioc, &c. In the gun-shed were the three Krupp guns, dismantled by Mr

Deane before quitting the station. The breech-pieces, which had been thrown into the river, had been recovered by the Arabs; but the breech-pins, lynch-pins, cottas, and all the small pieces, were missing. The carriages were so twisted—probably through the explosion of the powder-magazine—that only one gun lay fair in its bearings, although the hinges of these bearings had been roughly repaired by Zanzibari smiths, so that the guns could have been used as muzzle-loaders.

Next day, being Sunday, Major Barttelot (who had previously visited the place) took me round the island to see all the principal Arabs, with whom he seemed to be on very friendly terms. The upper part of the island, I found, consisted of a rocky platform, raised some thirty feet above the lower half, on the edge of which was all that remained of the Wenya village seen by Stanley in 1883. At the upper extremity of the island the river tumbles over a reef of rocks twelve or fifteen feet high, after which it pours down in a roaring, foaming rapid, two miles in length, at the foot of which lay the little *A.I.A.*—her white sun-deck gleaming in the mid-day light. A rocky wood-covered islet in the very centre of this cataract formed a peaceful and pleasing contrast to the war of raging waters around; while on the far shore the houses and enclosures belonging to Tippoo Tip and his brother Nzigé, seen against a background of high forest, completed as pretty a picture as any I have seen in Africa.

We then crossed the island, as I wished to inspect the small channel through which Stanley passed his canoes in 1877. The

reef of rocks at the upper end of this channel was quite dry—the water only leaking through fissures down below. The channel is about thirty yards wide, and could easily be converted into a canal by which steamers could pass the seventh cataract of Stanley Falls, and gain access to the twenty-six miles of navigable water between this and the sixth cataract. The latter, Stanley says,¹ might, at certain seasons of the year, be surmounted near the right bank by vigorous rowing. If it could be done by rowing, a powerful steamer would serve the purpose at least equally well, and this would open another twenty-two miles of navigable water. Judging by what I heard from Jamieson (after his return from Kassongo), I believe it would be quite possible to get round the rest of the cataracts of the Stanley Falls series in the same way, and thus open out a continuous road from Nyangwé to Léopoldville. It would certainly be a much more feasible project than the Panama Canal; and when the Congo railway was finished, there would be—with the African Lakes Company service, *via* Zambesi, Shiré, Lake Nyassa, and the Stevenson road to Tanganika—two well-organised lines of traffic into the very heart of Africa. If the present rage for opening up Africa lasts a few years longer, we shall see Cook and Caygill advertising personally conducted tours across the Dark Continent!

During our walk round the island, Major Barttelot and myself looked in upon several of the chief Arabs in their homes, and were hospitably received by all, and regaled on maize-cakes, honey, and

¹ The Congo, vol. ii. p. 155.

fruit. Passing through the native villages, the men and women crowded round us with loud "Sen-nen-é's" and rough hand-shakings; and more than one sable warrior—when none but his friends were near—asked me if I had come to drive out the Arabs, as his people were quite ready to rise against them. All of these hints I was obliged to pretend I did not understand, for I could not tell what on earth to answer. Had I been free, I would gladly have done all in my power to help them; but I was in the service of the Congo Free State, and this Free State had just appointed Tippoo Tip Governor of Stanley Falls. What could I say to the Bakumu and Wenya who crowded round me? Luckily for myself, I knew not a word of their language, and could easily pretend to misunderstand the interpretation of my Bangala boy. The Bakumu are certainly the finest-built men I have seen on the Congo, and I never met any natives who seemed more heartily glad to see white men. These people live principally on fish, of which they catch great quantities when the river is flooded; but, unlike the Bangalas, they do not eat crocodiles. The Bangalas give this as a reason why the crocodile does not eat the Bakumu; but I believe that the crocodiles in this part of the Congo must be of a different species, having several times heard the natives, at various places, assert that there are two kinds—one that eats men, and one that does not.

I have often seen, on mud and sand banks, traces of what appeared to me to be a fight between a crocodile and a hippo. One day, when I mentioned this to my Bangala boy, and asked him which animal was the stronger, he replied, the crocodile, asserting in

proof of this, that the latter will never let a hippo eat men, but comes up when the hippo upsets a canoe, drives him away, and eats the men himself. Sometimes a crocodile tries to eat a young hippo, and then the mother fights him, and, according to the Bangalas, always gets beaten, though, for my part, I should think that the hippo, with his huge tusks and wide jaw, would, being able to use his feet, have a great advantage over the crocodile, who is wholly dependent on his teeth, backed up by an occasional lash of his tail.

As Tippoo Tip was still away at Kassongo, and no one seemed to know when he was likely to return, there was nothing to do but wait till he chose to appear. I therefore took the opportunity of getting the launch and whale-boat cleaned out, and put in proper order for whatever work was coming next. On the afternoon of May 22d, a tremendous discharge of muskets on the right bank announced to me that Tippoo Tip, *alias* Tippooru, *alias* Mtipula, *alias* Hamed bin Mahomed, had arrived, and I soon saw Major Barttelot and Lieutenant Van Kerckhoven crossing the rapids in a canoe. Being busy at the time, I was obliged to remain in the *A.I.A.*, in spite of my impatience to find out whether Jamieson had come with Tippoo, and whether he had succeeded in getting men. Later in the evening, Major Barttelot returned to the island, and with him was Jamieson, dressed in grey trousers, grey flannel shirt, and sun-helmet. After he had washed off the dust of his journey, we all sat down to dinner, and I spent the pleasantest evening I had enjoyed for weeks. Jamieson's stock of yarns seemed endless; and during the short time I knew him, he was always the same: no

matter how badly things went, he never lost his temper, and always had a song or a joke ready for dull moments. His great regret was the scarcity of game. He had—knowing the Zambesi and Matabele-land—reckoned on finding some sport in a country whither, as yet, few hunters had penetrated, and was much disappointed by the discovery that the country round Stanley Falls was almost useless as a hunting-ground, on account of the impenetrable undergrowth of the forests. As he remarked, he had hardly, as yet, seen anything worth wasting powder on, and when he did catch a glimpse of an animal, it disappeared into the dense jungle before he could get his gun to his shoulder. He further informed me that Tippoo Tip had only been able to get four hundred carriers instead of the promised six hundred, as the men would not go to an unknown country.

A day or two later, on walking in to lunch, I found that Tippoo Tip had come over, and was discussing business with Major Barttelot and Jamieson. After the light complexion of the other Arabs, I was somewhat surprised to find Mr Tippoo as black as any negro I had seen; but he had a fine, well-shaped head, bald at the top, and a short black beard, thickly strewn with white hairs. He was dressed in the usual Arab style, but more simply than the rest of the Arab chiefs, and had a broad, well-formed figure. His restless eyes gave him a great resemblance to the negroes' heads with blinking eyes in the electric advertisements of somebody's shoe-polish, which adorned the walls of our London railway-stations some years ago—and earned him the nickname of "Nubian blacking."

As I was pretty busy getting

the launch ready to return to Yambuya, I had not much chance of observing him further; but a day or two later, I crossed the rapid in a canoe manned by Wenya fishermen—who, knowing every current and whirlpool, manage to ferry over their great canoes with comparatively little exertion—and found Tippoo Tip engaged in overhauling a large pile of ivory. On seeing me, he cleared a mat by his side, invited me to sit down, and I spent a couple of hours watching him, as each tusk was brought up and marked by his men, and then entered by him on a piece of paper in Arabic characters. Salim bin Souidi, his interpreter, meanwhile told me how the ivory I saw there—some two tons—had taken about nine months to collect; how some came from the Lomami, and some from the Aruhwimi regions; of the fights they had had with natives, &c., &c., till I could not help wondering how many human lives were represented by each tusk.

This interpreter, Salim bin Souidi, answers so exactly to the description of Mahomed bin Sayid given by Stanley in 'Through the Dark Continent' (vol. ii. p. 119), as to make me suspect him to be the same man under a different name. He was constantly coming to me for such things as oil, cartridges, cloth, &c., telling me Tippoo Tip wanted them; but, in so doing, he had reckoned without his host, as, in the first place, I was not in command of the State expedition, and could give away nothing without an order from the officer in charge; and in the second, Major Barttelot had found him out, and warned us in time. So one day when he came for some pieces of cloth, ostensibly for Tippoo Tip, he was told they were not at hand, and would be sent

over as soon as the bale was opened. No sooner was he out of the way than one of our men was sent to Tippoo Tip with the cloth, and returned in a short time, bringing it back, with the message that Tippoo had never asked for it. After this, Mr Salim never again tried to get cloth out of me under false pretences; but he would freely come up and beg for things on his own account.

The 24th, being the Queen's birthday, was not allowed to pass unnoticed by us; and having obtained permission, I ransacked the "medical comforts" brought up from Bangala, and presented to Major Barttelot one of the two bottles of champagne I found there. Having opened it, he proposed her most gracious Majesty's health, which we drank out of enamelled iron cups, Jamieson remarking that it was no use adding Highland honours, as we could not break the cups without the help of a hammer and anvil.

On May 26th, Major Barttelot and Jamieson left Stanley Falls in canoes for Yangambi, taking with them the 400 men brought by Tippoo Tip from Kassongo, who were to go by land from Yangambi to Yambuya. Tippoo himself was to go round with us in the *A.I.A.* two or three days later. From the 26th to the morning of the 29th I was down with fever; but during the afternoon of the latter day I received a note from the officer in command, saying that Tippoo Tip and twenty of his people would be ready next day, and that a canoe had been sent down-river to tell all the Arabs at the different stations to cut wood for us. A little later two large canoes, containing enough dry wood to keep us in fuel for two days, came alongside. I loaded up with as much as I could carry, and, having got everything ready for

leaving on the morrow, turned in. Next day Tippoo Tip came off, with all his chiefs and women, in two large canoes. Many of these people, it is true, only came to see him off; but, when all were sorted out, I found that, instead of 20 men, he had brought 54 men and 12 women.

There was hardly room to breathe, and the rail of the launch was only some six inches above the water. Going to Tippoo Tip, I told him that, if he wanted to take so many people, he must give us a larger canoe; and he accordingly sent for one which, though large enough to hold some sixty people, made me doubt the power of the little steamer to mount the strong current of the Aruhwimi, with the whaleboat on one side and this canoe (60 ft. $\times$ 4 ft. $\times$ 3 ft.) on the other. However, we had not yet reached the Aruhwimi; so I lashed the canoe alongside in place of our smaller one (which was left in charge of the Arabs), and about 8.30 A.M. we started down river. At eleven we reached Ohioba island, and took the right-hand channel. Here, as the officer in command came forward, I relinquished my place to him, and went aft to have a look at the engines. Hearing a sudden shout, I looked up, and saw that we were going full on to a reef of rocks, over which the water was dashing itself into foam. I shouted to the men in the bows to let go the anchor, but they were too much excited to heed me; so, putting the engines full astern I rushed forward, but was too late, for we crashed on to the rocks with tremendous force, bumped over the first reef, and stranded hard and fast on the second. Tippoo Tip, who had sat still as a statue, was nearly thrown into the water; and

some one having unfastened the bow-lashing of the canoe, she slewed round, and, tearing away the stern-ropes, drifted off downstream, with the commanding officer and about forty men on board. Stopping the engine, I tore off my coat, and going into the water, examined the propeller, rudder, and as much of the bottom of the launch as I could reach, to see if any damage was done. I found that we had escaped with a big dent in the plates, which, but for the reversing of the engines, would certainly have been a large hole. Several canoes full of natives having come up, I sent every man who could swim into the water; and Tippoo with his chiefs getting into the whale-boat (which drew less water, and had thus escaped the rocks), and thus lightening the launch a little, we contrived, with the assistance of the natives, to push her over the reef into the deep water beyond. The current was rushing over the reef like a mill-race, but luckily every one held fast to the boat as she drifted clear, and, with the exception of a wetting, no one was the worse. By this time the men in the canoes had got out their paddles, and being unable to make headway against the current in the centre of the channel, made for the village of Yatakusu; when, having again lashed the canoe alongside, I got into dry clothes, and at noon we set off once more. We stopped that night at Yari-embu, Tippoo and his people sleeping on shore, and next day got off about 6.30 A.M., stopped a few minutes at Yaporo about ten o'clock, and then went on to the Lomami, where we arrived about 1 P.M. Here we found Raschid, who had come down the day before in a canoe, and had a large pile of firewood waiting for

us. We therefore remained for the rest of the day.

Next morning we left the Lomami at 6.30,—Raschid coming with us,—and at 7.30 A.M., on June 2d, entered the Aruhwimi. As I had anticipated, the A.I.A. could not make much headway against the current, with the heavy canoe she was towing, and we mounted but slowly, so that it was late on the evening of June 3d before we arrived at Yambumba, the lowest Arab settlement on this river. Tippoo Tip, on hearing that we could reach Yambuya about 4 P.M. next day, if we had not to tow the canoe, gave orders to his people to get out their paddles, and paddle her up. Accordingly, when we started next morning, we left about thirty Zanzibaris behind, to bring up the canoe. Tippoo Tip, the whole time he was on board, always sat Turkish fashion, in the same place, on some bales of cloth. As it was the month of Ramadan, neither he nor his men ate anything during the day. About 4 P.M. we generally stopped at some Arab settlement, where Tippoo and his men, going ashore, spread out their prayer-mats, and occupied themselves in devotion till six, when, the sun having set, they prepared some food, and feasted during the night. As long as we were in the Congo, we always managed to reach an Arab settlement at night; but on entering the Aruhwimi, we had one night to sleep in a strange country, the Arabs not having yet reached the villages on the lower part of this river. When told that we could not reach Yambumba (the nearest Arab settlement) in time to pass the night there, Tippoo Tip said he would stop at the first island we came to that had a native village on it.

A little after 4 P.M. we came to a village on a small island, and approached the shore. As soon as we were near enough, the Arabs and Manyemas jumped ashore, gun in hand, and drove the natives out of the village, to the other side of the island, where they took to their canoes, and tried to cross the river—the Arabs and Manyemas, our allies! standing on the bank, pouring a perfect hail of iron slugs after the wretched fugitives. Having cleared the island of natives, the Manyemas started to catch all the fowls, goats, and any other live stock they could find; and one of them came out of a hut with a half-boiled, steaming human head—which was, however, speedily thrown into the river by the Arabs. Having seen all right on board the boat, I went ashore, and found Tippoo Tip, Governor of Stanley Falls District for the *Etat Indépendant du Congo*, making himself comfortable in the huts whence he had just ejected the rightful owners.

Leaving Yambumba at 6.30 A.M. on June 4th, without the large canoe, we were able to make a good run, and about 11.30 A.M. stopped at a small Manyema settlement to cut up some wood we had on board, which was too large for the furnace of the *A.I.A.* While on shore looking after the wood, I heard a shout from some of my men, and looking up saw the *Stanley* coming round the far bend of the river. The officer in command of the *A.I.A.* went off with Tippoo Tip in a canoe to meet her; and by the time she was abreast of us, I had enough wood on board, and was ready to follow her up-stream to Yambuya. At 5.30 P.M. I made fast to the bank, just below the spot where Captain Shagerström had moored his steamer.

This was a full mile from the camp, as the river had fallen during my absence, and there was now not enough water over the rocks to make it safe to approach the rapids. I was very glad to see my old friends Shagerström and De Man, the captain and engineer of the *Stanley*; and as soon as I could get clear of the hundred and one things that had to be attended to, I went on board to pay them a visit. I found that the *Stanley* had brought up the long-expected garrison for the Falls Station, in charge of three Belgian officers, one of whom was to act as Tippoo Tip's secretary; and that, just after passing the mouth of the Aruhwimi, they had heard that we were on our way to Yambuya with Tippoo Tip, and had turned back to follow us. Being a much larger and more powerful steamer than the *A.I.A.*, she had picked up the canoe left by us at Yambumba and brought it up with her. Tippoo Tip, highly elated at the arrival of this long-promised secretary, now departed for Salim Mahomed's camp in his canoe, taking with him, to my great relief, all his chiefs, men, women, and household gods. I dined that night on board the *Stanley*, and it was late before I turned in.

Next morning (June 5th) I was up before daylight, and at 5.30 A.M. was on my way to the camp, where I found that Major Barttelot and Jamieson had arrived all right. Troup was much the same as when I left him, but brightened up when he heard that the *Stanley* had arrived, and that he would shortly be able to start down river. Bonny had in some manner hurt his right hand, which was swollen to three times its proper size.

As Tippoo Tip had stipulated that none of the loads carried by his men were to exceed 40 lb. in

weight, it was necessary to reduce 400 loads from 60 lb. to 40 lb. This meant unscrewing the lid of each case of ammunition, removing a portion of the contents, filling up the empty space with dried grass, and screwing on the lids again. Troup and Bonny being laid up, and the Major busy writing despatches, there was only Jamieson to attend to this work. Seeing the state of affairs, I returned to the *A.I.A.*, and having finished the trifling repairs she required, went to the officer in command of the expedition, and telling him my boat was in good order, obtained his leave to take one of my men, and go up to the camp to help. As the Manyemas and Arabs had left the *A.I.A.* and whale-boat in a very dirty state, I set the rest of my men to clean them out in my absence, and was just going to start for the camp when a note arrived from Major Barttelot, asking that two carpenters (natives of Lagos), who had come up on the *Stanley* for the Falls Station, might be sent to assist him. Having obtained these two men, I took a canoe and went up to the camp, where I found Jamieson hard at work with a screw-driver, singing all the time. He was very glad to see the three men I had brought, and in a few minutes we were all busy among the ammunition-cases. I was in that camp three days and two nights, and I do not ever remember to have enjoyed a piece of work more than I did the altering of those loads at Yambuya, for Jamieson kept up a continuous string of yarns, songs, and jokes, which, in spite of the labour, made me sorry that the day was over, when the watchman came to *piga ngoma* (beat the drum) at 6 p.m. During the evening, and far into the night, we sorted out the lighter

loads; and as each was finished, it was stacked in the middle of the camp, under an old tent-cover.

On June 7th I finished the last of the loads; and being by this time fairly tired out, returned to the *A.I.A.* in the evening, turned in, and had a good sleep. While at the camp, I had slept in the mess-room, on an old tent,—the Major and Jamieson lending me a couple of blankets. On the morning of the 8th, I went up to see Tippoo Tip muster the caravan. There were 130 surplus loads; and the Major decided that, as he could not get men to carry them, they would be safest in Bangala. Accordingly, Captain Shaggerström took them down to the *Stanley*, as well as two donkeys—the country through which the expedition had to go being so bad that a donkey would have been no use. About 9 a.m., Tippoo Tip and the Manyemas came for the loads, which were all ready, laid out in rows, just outside the camp-gate. I was talking to Troup inside his hut, when I heard a noise—something between a yell and the howling of hyenas, and rushing out, found that the 400 men brought by Tippoo Tip had refused their loads, because they said some of them were a pound or two over the regulation weight. I do not know whether Tippoo Tip had anything to do with this refusal or not; but he and the rest of the Arabs walked away to Salim Mahomed's house, while the Manyemas dispersed to their camp. Major Barttelot, Jamieson, and Bonny held a consultation, and the Free State officers having come from the steamers, they all adjourned to Salim Mahomed's house, where a big palaver took place. The result of this was very unsatisfactory, Tippoo Tip refusing to force the men to

carry the loads as they were. The loads could not be reduced to the required weight without an immense amount of trouble, as the powder and cartridges were in air-tight, soldered tins, weighing about 15 lb. each. Three of these tins, packed in a wooden case, of from 10 to 12 lb. weight, formed a load. Thus, when one tin of powder was taken out, each load, including the case, would weigh 41 lb. or 42 lb. To reduce this, the tins would have to be opened, and, after taking out a pound or two of powder, soldered up again. Except the engineer of the *Stanley* and myself, there was no one at Yambuya who had either the tools or the practice necessary for soldering up the tins; and as the State officials would not hear of the steamers remaining at Yambuya any longer, things began to look serious.

I had too much to do preparing for departure on the morrow to remain any longer at the camp; so saying good-bye to the Major and his companions, I returned to the launch. Shortly afterwards Troup was brought down in the whale-boat by Captain Shagerström; and going on board the *Stanley*, I found him already looking better. In the evening I heard that Tippoo Tip had been persuaded to pass all the loads containing powder and cartridges in air-tight tins, thus leaving only about 120 loads to be reduced. I also received orders to take the whale-boat up to the camp before daylight next morning, and fetch down Raschid and ten other Arabs. At 3 A.M. on June 9th the *Stanley's* fires were lit, and at 4 I turned out and kindled those of the *A.I.A.* By 5 I had got my Bangalas into the whale-boat, and was being paddled up the stream by starlight. Just as we passed the *Stanley*, whose open furnace-doors shed a weird light

across the dark river, Captain Shagerström ascended the bridge and blew a long blast on his whistle, and before I reached the camp she had turned, and was steaming off on her way to the Falls. On arriving at the landing-place, I found Tippoo Tip waiting with a whole crowd of men and women, whom he wanted to send round in the *A.I.A.* He himself intended remaining behind, to see the expedition start, and then crossing to Yangambi, and going up to the Falls in a canoe. Though day was breaking by this time, I determined to have one more look at the members of the expedition; so I dashed up the bluff, through the water-gate into the camp, and into Major Barttelot's hut. The Major was sitting on some boxes, his face buried in his hands, and his elbows on his knees; he seemed more depressed than I had ever seen him before. "Good-bye, Major!" I shouted; "I have only two minutes to spare." On hearing my voice, he jumped up like a shot, and seized my outstretched hand, exclaiming, "Don't be in a hurry, old fellow. We may all be dead in another week, you know." Just then, the notes of a bugle sounding the recall, and a long whistle from the *A.I.A.*, came floating up on the still morning air, and one of my men rushed in to tell me she was going to start. I turned to the Major, who continued, "I should like to get home to the old place again. If you get home before news of me arrives, tell my father I was all right when you saw me." "All right," said I, as I rushed out. Jamieson and Bonny were in the mess-room, the former in high spirits at the prospect of starting at last. A few hurried words of farewell, and I ran down to the landing-place, when I found that Tippoo Tip had

filled up my boat with about fifty men, women, and boys. After much persuasion, he consented to take twenty out; but even then, I knew we could not go, as the *Stanley* had left with the large canoe fully loaded, and we had nothing but the small launch and whale-boat. However, I started, and when we reached the *A.I.A.*, Raschid, seeing the overloaded condition of the two boats, disposed of ten more people, and we at length got under way. Before we had gone very far, one of my men (a Zanzibari) came and told me that Tippoo Tip had told the Manyemas that, if the Major did not treat them well, they were to shoot him. This was such an astonishing statement, that I could hardly believe it; but it was confirmed by several of Tippoo's own men, then on board, and, some days later, by Salim bin Soudi, the interpreter. Had it been in my power, I would have gone back to the camp and told the Major; but I was not in command, and had to obey orders and go on. From that time until the day when I received the news of the Major's death, I realised what the feelings of Damocles must have been, as, day after day, I expected to hear that the death which I seemed to know was coming, yet was powerless to avert, had overtaken him. Yet when, weeks afterwards, the sad tidings reached me, I hardly seemed to realise it. As long as I live, I hope never to be in the same position again. It seemed like one long, long nightmare: the everlasting falling down a precipice which has no bottom is the only thing to which I can compare the state of suspense I was in for the next ten weeks. But how different was the awakening!

The day after the *Stanley* left

Stanley Falls, as I was on board the *A.I.A.* writing a letter to Mr Deane, to tell him about the present position of affairs in his old station, a steamer appeared round the bend of the river. Taking a canoe, I went down to meet her, and found she was the *Holland*—the new stern-wheeler of the Dutch Trading Company, with Mr Greshoff (manager of their factories on the Upper Congo) on board. Soon after boarding her, I heard the sad news of Mr Deane's death. I could get no particulars, except that, while out shooting, he had been knocked down by an elephant, which had driven his tusk through his neck from behind. I was also told that Captain Bayley had been obliged to go home on account of illness. The *Holland* had picked up Tippoo Tip and his men at Yalasula, to which place they had marched from Yambuya.

The Arabs having departed to their houses, and the *Holland* being made fast, I went up to lunch. On returning to the *A.I.A.*, my unfinished letter to Deane caught my eye. Deane—who in 1886 had, for a whole month, evaded the Arabs, living in the depth of the jungle, with no clothes but a piece of old blanket round his loins, and reduced to eating caterpillars and wood-worms¹ to avoid starvation—all of which had not been sufficient to deter him from returning to Africa,—Deane killed—and by an elephant! I tore up my letter, flung it into the river, and, seizing my gun, went off into the bush to shoot something.

The next few days were spent by me in overhauling the engines of the *A.I.A.*, and by Mr Greshoff in buying Tippoo Tip's ivory with

¹ This is a fact.

gunpowder. The day before I left Stanley Falls, Salim Mahomed arrived from Yambuya, bringing a letter from Major Barttelot to Tippoo Tip. From him I learnt that Barttelot, Jamieson, and Bonny, were quite well, and were encamped six days' march east of Yambuya; that the Manyemas had already begun to give trouble, and that this fact formed the subject of the Major's letter to Tippoo Tip.

On the morning of June 25th, we were visited by a tremendous tornado; but by 8.30 A.M. both the *A.I.A.* and the *Holland* had steam up, and were ready to start, which we did shortly after, leaving behind us the three Belgian officers who had come up in the *Stanley* to rebuild the station. As soon as we were clear of the rocky part of the river, which extends some twenty miles below the Falls, the *A.I.A.* was made fast alongside the *Holland*, and together we steamed down to Bangala, where we arrived on the afternoon of July 3d. On July 6th the *Holland* left for Stanley Pool; and on the 7th I was suddenly seized with violent pains in the stomach, and before night was down with acute dysentery. I tried a large dose (60 grains) of ipecacuanha, which seemed to arrest the disease for some hours, but only to break out again in a chronic form. Of all that happened during the next four weeks I have no very clear recollection. I got little if any sleep, until the *En Avant* arrived from the Pool, with Mr Herbert Ward, who was returning to Yambuya, after having sent off his despatches to the Emin Relief Committee, from Loanda. As Major Barttelot had left Yambuya, Ward was to remain at Bangala till he received further orders from the Committee; and on learning what was

the matter with me, he set to work to make me as comfortable as he could, so that I soon began to improve a little. The *A.I.A.* having meanwhile left for the Pool, I applied to the chief for a canoe to take me down to the missionary station at Equator. On the morning of July 19th, I received notice that the canoe and twenty-two Bangalas were ready for me. I crawled down to the landing-place, and lay down on the top of my boxes, under a kind of awning of mats put up by my boy; and saying good-bye to Ward, was paddled away. In the evening a heavy rain came on, which continued for the greater part of the next thirty-six hours. I managed to keep dry, by crouching in a heap under the only two blankets I had, and at last arrived at Equator on the evening of the third day, more dead than alive. Here I was very kindly received by Mr Banks, of the American Baptist Mission, who took me into his house, and—together with his wife, who made me beef-tea, and anything else that I could take, and was untiring in her efforts for my comfort—did all in his power to restore me to health. In about a fortnight I was able to walk about a little, and began to think I should soon be all right, when eczema broke out all over my lower limbs, and speedily spread, till I was one huge sore from my neck downwards. What saved my face I do not know, but was glad to find that my head was not attacked.

At last, after what seemed to me ages, the *En Avant* arrived from Stanley Falls, bringing the sad news of Major Barttelot's death. I left in her the same day, arriving at Léopoldville, August 22d. There I had a slight relapse, and, learning from the doctor at the station that I should not recover if I remain-

ed in Africa, applied for a hammock and carriers to take me to the coast; and on August 29th, was carried out of Léopoldville on my way to Matadi. I will pass over the miseries of the first stage of my journey, which I duly survived, arriving at Lukungu, September 5th. Here, through the kindness of Mr Hoste (of the A.B.M.U.), who gave me some oxide of zinc ointment, I obtained some relief from the unremitting pain of the eczema; and here, too, I found a friend of mine, Mr Hens, an artist, who had come out with me nearly three years before, and whom I had not seen since I left him at Boma, when going up country. Since that time he had been to Europe, and returned to the Congo, and was now on his way home for the second time, only waiting for the arrival of the mail before starting for the coast. On September 7th, I was greatly surprised by the appearance of Ward, who was carried into Lukungu in a hammock, being unable to walk on account of ulcers on his feet. I was greatly shocked by the sad news he told me of Jamieson's death from fever at Bangala. While deploring the sad event, I could not but admire the devoted and untiring courage with which Jamieson had stuck to his duty till the last; and I hope that when Ward comes home, we shall have full particulars of the events which brought about his death. It seems that after Major Barttelot was shot, Jamieson, leaving Bonny to look after the caravan, returned to Stanley Falls with the assassin, and handed him over to the officials of the Free State, who, after trial, sentenced him to death. He then, having made arrangements with Tippoo Tip for supplying men to take the remaining

loads to Wadelai, started downriver in a canoe to bring up Ward and the loads lying at Bangala. Two or three days after leaving the Falls with a crew of Manyemas, not feeling very well, he was lying down in the canoe under a mat, when some natives, seeing a canoe full of Manyemas, and fearing that the Arabs were descending the river on a raid, prepared to attack them. On perceiving this, the men came to Jamieson, and hearing what was the matter, he stood up in the blazing sun, waving his hat to the natives. The latter, seeing a white man, desisted from the attack; but the exposure brought on fever, and for eight days and nights—until his arrival at Bangala—Jamieson lay in the bottom of the canoe, soaked to the skin by the water which had accumulated there, and without a drop of tea or anything but Congo water to quench his burning thirst. With almost superhuman courage, he attempted to throw off the fever, and at last reached Bangala alive, but that was all. He lived only two days, but, in spite of his weakness, succeeded in telling Ward the state of affairs at Stanley Falls; and then, having done all that a man could possibly do, he died; almost his last words—"Hang this fever! if I could only face it, I could beat it!"—showing how, to the very end, he fought against the sinking stupor. As Ward said, it was nothing but sheer pluck that kept him alive till his work was done. He had simply lived for some days on his determination to reach Bangala, where he expected to find Ward, who would be able to relieve him. His object gained, his strong will gave way under the fearful strain, and one more name was added to the long roll of those

who have given their lives for Africa.

As soon as he was buried, Ward left Bangala in a canoe for Léopoldville, and was now on his way to Loanda to get instructions from the Committee. He only rested one night at Lukungu, and next morning (September 6th), at 6 A.M., he was off for Matadi. To show the speed with which he travelled, I may mention that a few hours later, when my carriers appeared, the chief of the station handed me a letter to Mr Ingham, a missionary at Banza Manteka. This letter, as I subsequently found, Ward had sent off by special messenger two days before his departure from Léopoldville; and Mr Ingham, after opening it, turned to me, and asked why Ward had taken the trouble to write to him, and then come on ahead of his letter, to tell him all the news in person—a question I could not answer. At noon I was carried out of Lukungu, and next day was nearly mad with the pain of the eczema, which was rendered worse than ever by the friction caused by the motion of the hammock. On arriving at Banza Manteka, I was again indebted to a missionary—Mr Ingham—for a temporary respite, and spent a very pleasant evening with him and Mr and Mrs Richards. On the morning of September 14th, I passed through Mpallaballa, another station of the A.B.M.U., where I stopped an hour or two with Mr and Mrs Clark. Leaving here at 2 P.M., I crossed the Mpozo about four o'clock. As I was carried over the top of the last ridge, I raised myself in my hammock; and my men, giving a shout, broke into a run, and carried me suddenly into view of the waters of the Lower Congo. There, almost under my feet, rolled the grand old river,

her waters looking like a flood of liquid gold in the light of the sinking sun, as they foamed and curled away down their rocky channel towards the ocean. Between me and the river lay a rocky ridge, over which I could just see the tops of a grove of trees, marking the site of Matadi. Three or four miles down the river I could descry the roofs of the Baptist Mission-station at Underhill, perched on a high rocky point, behind which the river disappeared from view. Opposite this was the "Devil's Caldron"—a large bay surrounded by cliffs from 600 to 800 feet high. The mighty river, in attempting to reach the sea, has scooped out this huge indentation before taking a turn nearly at right angles to its former course, and now foams round and round in great whirlpools, which seem to flash streaks of light across the dark shadows thrown by the cliffs—the deep indigo of the mountains on the north bank forming a splendid background to the whole picture.

The prospect of speedily finishing their task seemed to animate my men, and they tore down the steep hill at such a pace that I suffered agonies from the excessive friction of the shaking hammock on my sore skin. However, I did not stop them, as I knew that in half an hour it would all be over. Just at sunset I was carried up to the door of the chief's house at Matadi, and was soon made as comfortable as possible in a room, while my carriers were dismissed to the camp. In the evening I heard that Ward had arrived the day before, but too late to catch the steamer, and had, although dead tired, gone to a great deal of trouble to procure a canoe to take him down to Boma by night, rather than lose the Portuguese mail-boat,

by which he intended to send his despatches to the Island of S. Thomé.¹ Having had but little sleep the last few nights, I obtained some opium-pills from the chief of Matadi, and one of them soon sent me into a kind of doze, from which I did not awake till nearly 8 A.M. the next day, when I heard that a schooner was to leave for Boma at eleven. As it was not likely that another steamer would come up that week, I decided to go in the schooner; and accordingly, having had all my loads stowed on board, I was carried down to the beach, and placed in the stern of the vessel, which was an open boat of ten tons, manned by Cabindas. The wind was up-river, and we had to tack, which so delayed us that, by the time the wind dropped, after sunset, we were still fifteen miles from Boma, and I was obliged to spend the night on the schooner's deck, covered with a blanket. Next morning we were off again at daylight, and reached Boma at 9 A.M., where I was glad to turn into bed, in a room given me by the chief of the station. As I was able to get more nourishing food here than up the river, I soon became stronger, and was able to get about a little. For this improvement in health I was chiefly indebted to Mr Ainsworth, of Messrs Hatton & Cookson's factory, Boma, who sent me eggs and other dainties not to be had in the crowded State station, and even offered to accommodate me in his house until the arrival of the English mail-steamer.

On September 21st, the African Steamship Company's steamer *Africa* arrived from Antwerp. She had to go on to Loanda, and was

to call again at Banana; but as there was no other steamer leaving for England, I decided to go on board at once rather than remain at Boma. Accordingly, I embarked on September 24th, and by noon the *Africa* was steaming down the Congo on her way to Loanda. By the 9th of October, when, at 10 A.M., we reached Banana, on our return from that dirty Portuguese settlement, my health had greatly benefited by the voyage, and I was by this time nearly cured of eczema, though still very weak. Mr Hens, who had followed me down to Boma, came on board here, and on October 11th, the *Africa* steamed out of Banana homeward bound. I now congratulated myself that my troubles were ended, but soon discovered that I had been shouting too soon, for I had not yet "emerged from the forest primeval." A day or two later I had another relapse of dysentery, and on reaching Lagos, my disgust with things in general was further increased by the announcement that the *Africa* had been chartered to proceed to Kotonou, and load palm-kernels for Marseilles.

Where in Africa was Kotonou? We soon found out, for five or six hours' steaming westward from Lagos brought us to a miserably small French station, situated on a spit of sand behind which was a large lagoon. There was a terrible surf here, and the place swarmed with sharks. We soon found that, owing to the surf, it would take some thirty-five days for the ship to load up,—but were saved from utter despair by hearing that the s.s. *Biafra*, belonging to the same company as the *Africa*, would come up in a few days, and take us to

¹ There is no telegraph station on the Congo, the cable going right past the mouth to S. Paul de Loanda. S. Thomé is the next nearest station after Loanda.

Liverpool. Late at night, on October 26th, she made her welcome appearance, and next morning Captain Bales came to fetch all the passengers. I was still feeling very sick and weak; and it was not until we reached the Canary Islands that—lying in a comfortable deck-chair lent me by the captain, and watching the sun sink behind the towering peak of Teneriffe—I began to think life worth living, and to find that there were times when one could, in the enjoyment of the present, forget the hardships of the past. On November 22d we at last entered the Mersey, and I experienced a new sensation when, on landing, I found none but white faces around me, and met fair ladies in every street by the score, of whom, during the past three years, I had perhaps seen a dozen. Before evening I was comfortably established in the North-western Hotel, and dined there with Mr Herford, a fellow-passenger, who had spent three years on the West Coast. The fresh food, snowy table-cloths, and good cooking were especially enjoyable after the tinned chop and tough goat of Africa, and the scarcely less leathery beef of the Canaries. We both agreed, as we drank to the girls of Old England in a foaming pint of bitter ale, that no one could properly enjoy a good dinner till he had been to a country

where good dinners were unattainable.

When, on my arrival at the coast, I heard that the Germans and English were blockading the east coast of Africa, Tippoo Tip's excessive eagerness to be paid (not only by Major Barttelot, but by the traders to whom he sold his ivory) in *gunpowder*, recurred very forcibly to my memory. I had several times heard Tippoo Tip express his dislike to the Germans, who, as he said, were driving him out of his country. What more likely than that he should wish to send this powder over to the Zanzibar Arabs, who are fighting the Germans on the east coast? Of what use is a blockade on that coast, while Tippoo Tip is Governor of Stanley Falls, and has the Congo route open for bringing up arms and ammunition? To make the blockade effective, the west coast must be closed to the importation of arms as well as the east; and even this would leave an opening for them to reach the interior through the Portuguese colonies—in spite of Portugal's ostensible approbation of the blockade. Tippoo Tip complains that the Germans entered the territory of the Sultan of Zanzibar, made secret treaties with the native chiefs subject to him, and then claimed the country as annexed by Germany, and forced the Sultan to sign it away.

LADY BABY.

CHAPTER VII.—WHEEL TALLY-HO.

"All engulfed in rock
Of hue ferruginous."

IF Maud was indeed anxious to gain a little more insight into the mysteries of copper-mining, it would seem as though fate were inclined to smile upon her latest desire; for, in the course of the next few days, there came in her way two distinct opportunities of picking up some useful shreds of information.

The first of these opportunities occurred on the very day after the tableaux. Maud had gone into the library after breakfast, with the intention of restoring to their places some of the illustrated histories of costume which had been consulted for the pictures. Maud's habits were methodical in the extreme, and it was by such little services as these that she contrived to keep herself afloat in society. In one corner of the library there stood a glass case with various minute and generally indescribable articles, which had been carefully labelled and ranged there by some Bevan of bygone days. Most of these articles were historical, or at least semi-historical. There was the usual lock of Prince Charlie's hair, which no Scotch family of any note could well be without; there was also the usual piece of exceedingly fine and exceedingly useless needlework of which Mary Queen of Scots seems to have executed so many square miles; there was the unavoidable "quaigh," out of which either Wallace or Bruce, or somebody else, had drunk his stirrup-cup; and all the other interesting if somewhat doubtful relics which,

as a matter of course, are to be found in every glass case of curiosities north of the Tweed. But in this particular glass case the display was varied by a great many curious little lumps of all shapes and sizes, and shining with a dull subdued glimmer of yellowish-green or greenish-yellow. Maud had never thought of examining the curiosity-case before, for neither Prince Charlie nor Robert Bruce interested her very particularly; but on this occasion, as she passed the case on her way to the book-shelves, her eye happened to be caught by a label attached to one of the greenish lumps, and on it there was distinctly written, "Sample of Copper—Wheel Tally-ho, 183-." With awakened interest she stopped beside the case and bent over it. She was standing thus when Lord Kippendale came in.

"Am I disturbing you?" asked Maud. "Shall I go?"

"Nothing of the sort," said Lord Kippendale, briskly—"nothing of the sort; only too glad if any one will look after the books; they've not been in order, for the matter of that, since my father's time. Don't let me scare you away. Nothing like getting a thing done when you're at it. What have you found there to interest you? Eh? Is it Mary Stuart's embroidery you're looking at? I believe there are yards more of it somewhere in a cupboard up-stairs."

"No, I was not looking at the embroidery just now; I was wondering how people ever discovered

that these pieces of rubbishy-looking stones were so valuable. You brought them from Gullyscoombe, I suppose?"

"No; not I. My poor brother did; collected them himself, labelled them himself. Ronald took a terrible interest in the mines."

"And don't you?"

"In the money they bring me," chuckled Lord Kippendale, "yes, a vast interest; but in those holes in the ground, and all the questions about cages and shafts, and pumping-engines and levels, and the 'poor lodes' and the 'keenly lodes,' bless you, no! Details disagree with me, Miss Epperton. Why, the mere idea of writing out those tickets and gumming them on would be enough to send me half-daft. That's the Wheal Tally-ho sample you are looking at now (it was my grandfather who baptised it), old mine shut up thirty years ago; came to grief just about the same time that poor Ronald did."

"Yes?" said Maud, with a distinct point of interrogation, for the cadence of Lord Kippendale's voice seemed to indicate a full stop.

"Yes. You see it had grown very poor—was being worked at a loss, in fact; and then, just as they were trying to make up their minds as to whether they should stop the work or not, half-a-dozen yards of roofing mercifully fell in, and that settled their minds for them. It wasn't worth the expense of clearing out; so Wheal Tally-ho was shut up."

"There are a good many shut-up mines down there, are there not?" asked Maud, bending over the glass case.

"Not on my land, I am happy to say. Tally-ho is the only one that has ever failed me, or is likely to fail me either, from what Captain John says. He's my head

man, you know. According to him the mines we are working now—the 'Bluebell Mines,' we call them (we've always had the christening of our mines in our own hands)—have got copper enough to send to grass for another half-century, another half-hundred of centuries, perhaps."

Maud scrutinised the samples from the Bluebell Mines in the case before her. She wished to know why the colour was so different from the Tally-ho sample?

"That's because they are richer—very much richer. Now poor Ronald could have told you, to an exact figure, how much per cent of copper there is in this stone, and how much in the other; but it's no use asking me those things. All I know is that the workings under the sea have always paid much better than any workings that have ever been tried inland."

The mention of mines under the sea interested Maud very much. It took her only a few minutes to find out that the Bluebell Mines before-mentioned extended to a considerable distance from the shore, and that the miners actually worked with ships sailing over their heads, and could hear the very stones grinding each other into powder upon the ocean's bed.

"And you have heard them?" asked Maud.

"Yes, once. They dragged me down there after Ronald's death. It was a terrible scrimmage. But, to tell the truth, it was the only scrimmage I ever had in connection with the mines, though the whole concern is nominally in my own hands, and would no doubt be an unbearable bother if it were not for Captain John being such an ace of trumps as he fortunately is."

"Oh, I see," said Maud; "but really, Lord Kippendale, I must

not waste more of your time, and these books must positively settle down again to a respectable existence on their shelves: they have led a vagabond life for quite long enough."

Maud's interest in the mines was by no means exhausted, but Lord Kippendale's patience very evidently was. After he had left her, Maud proceeded with some difficulty to restore the various volumes to their places. It was not a joking matter by any means; for, as Lord Kippendale had said, the books had not been looked after for years. It was a fairly large collection of mostly venerable-looking volumes; but as the old Earl himself confined his reading principally to "Jorrock's" and the sporting news, as Nicky never opened a book of any sort, and as Lady Baby found her time amply filled by Mudie's box, it followed that occasional stray visitors were the only people interested in the library shelves; and stray visitors are not generally remarkable for their conscientiousness in replacing any particular volume in exactly the place they take it from. It was no wonder, therefore, that the Kippendale library was a rather maddening place for any one who happened to be conscientious in this respect; that some shelves were overcrowded and others underfilled; that gaps were stopped up with bundles of newspapers, thrust there at random, while tables were littered with the rightful occupants of these gaps; that as many volumes stood upon their heads as upon their heels; that what had once been happy pairs now led a solitary existence upon widely separated shelves; and that what had once been united families found themselves so ruthlessly torn asunder and so recklessly scattered,

that all hopes of reunion must long since have abandoned their papery and somewhat musty hearts.

"It certainly would be a work of mercy," mused Maud as she looked around her, "if any benevolent person would undertake to catalogue and arrange these books. I wonder how long it would take? A month—two months, perhaps; and it's a thing that, once started, would have to be carried out to the very bitterest of bitter ends. Shall I be the benevolent person?" A minute later she shook her head. "Not quite yet. It might be very convenient for me to be sure of two months at Kippendale, or, possibly, it might be just a little inconvenient. A few days more, to see how matters are shaping themselves—just a few days more. As quantities are now distributed, it might turn out to be a mistake." What Maud meant by this possible mistake was only the other end, as it were, of last night's reflections. She was too wise to waste either time or energy upon what she now frankly recognised to be a losing game. Sir Peter was slipping beyond her grasp, and she knew it. True, with time and trouble, passions had been evoked out of less promising materials even than this artistic admiration, which irritated her more than it flattered her; and had not some other elements entered into the question, Maud would undoubtedly have redoubled her efforts, taken all risks, and still have hoped for success. But her perceptions were exceptionally keen. She had become aware of a something new in the atmosphere, unsuspected by most of the others, and the conviction was borne in upon her, that if the retreat had to be made, this was the last possible moment for doing it with anything like dignity or grace.

As regards Sir Peter, therefore, the severed volumes on the shelves might just as well continue to mourn apart, or to groan under each other's weight. But there was also that "new conception," which had dawned in her mind last night at the moment of the opening of the door; and that was why Maud said "A few days, just a few days more."

Maud had not to wait many days before she got her second chance of picking up the sort of information she wanted.

Lord Kippendale appeared one morning at breakfast in an absolutely hilarious mood, and electrified Nicky by telling him that he might buy that team for himself which he had had his eye on for so long—might telegraph for it that very day if he liked.

"That means that you have had a nice letter from Gullyscoombe, I suppose, papa?" said Lady Baby; "and if it is really such a very

nice letter, don't you think that the pony-carriage you promised me for my birthday would look much nicer with two ponies than with one?"

"Eh? We'll see, we'll see," said Lord Kippendale, gleefully pinching his daughter's cheek. He had indeed had a very "nice" letter from Gullyscoombe. The copper was doing more than ordinarily well; also there had been a slight rise in the market, which had sent the price up higher than it had been for some years, and which promised to hold on for some time longer. All this was discussed openly and fully during the greater part of breakfast, and Maud sat by, very attentive, but singularly silent.

After breakfast she retired to her own room, and that afternoon she suggested to Lady Baby that it would be a very good thing if a new catalogue were made of the books in the library.

CHAPTER VIII.—AJAX.

"At first there's nothing to resist;
He fights with all the forms of peace.
And then, unlook'd for, strikes amain."

On the morning after the tableaux, both Sir Peter and Mr Carbury had given orders for their portmanteaus to be packed. Neither of them gave the order with much enthusiasm, but by mid-day both portmanteaus were strapped. After luncheon Sir Peter took his departure, but Mr Carbury, overpersuaded, apparently, told Williams to unpack his portmanteau again. He gave this order with much more alacrity than he had given the first. Having been a fortnight in the house, he had felt it incumbent on him to make at least "an offer at" departure; but per-

haps Lord Kippendale's broad and old-fashioned views of hospitality had removed his scruples, or perhaps Sir Peter's withdrawal from the scene had removed some other objection. For a week past Mr Carbury had felt aware that he was sinking into the background, and this discovery was, of course, extremely unpalatable.

Catherine had departed to her home in Bournemouth, but Aggie and Nicky were staying on at Kippendale.

The reason that Aggie and Nicky were not going yet, was that they had no fixed home to go to. Though

Nicky always had a few horses standing in the Kippendale stables, and always could find a *pied-à-terre* in his father-in-law's house, yet the general course of the Oraigtouns' life was of a semi-nomadic character.

When Mr Carbury decided to stay, Lady Baby thought it very good-natured of a "real London man," such as he was, to put up with a dull country visit, and she resolved to reward him by extra attention. So he was more frequently asked to join the ladies in their rides, he was consulted about the clipping of Zet's mane, and his advice was taken in various minor equestrian matters. When this had gone on for a few days, Sir Peter drove over one afternoon to fetch a pet paint-brush which he had left at the house. Next day he came back for a cake of ultramarine, which it seemed had been dropped in the old schoolroom; and two days after that, he found that his best lamp-black had shared the same fate.

"How many colours are there in a paint-box?" asked Mr Carbury on the occasion of this third visit.

"I have seen them with as many as thirty-six," said Sir Peter, coolly. "Does the question interest you?"

"Not at all. I was only trying to make a rough calculation as to how many more times you would have to cross the Border."

"I am afraid your arithmetic will fall short," answered Sir Peter.

"Artists are always losing their things," put in Lady Agnes, who, being a woman, even if rather a stupid one, could not help scenting danger in the air. "Ah! there is Frances all ready, and the horses are at the door."

Sir Peter went to the door to see them mount, and then watched

them ride away. They made a pretty picture trotting away under the budding beech-trees, and the lines of the avenue were to Sir Peter no doubt as good as a practical lesson in perspective, for he stood and gazed at the prospect during several minutes. Last time he had come to the house he had not had even this much to look at, for the whole party had been out riding and did not return until he was on the point of departure. And it was the same thing every time he came: the ladies had just gone out riding, or were just going. He never saw them but in their habits, and seldom except in the saddle. Once, it is true, he had been told that Miss Epperton was in the library, and, with his sketch-book in his hand, he had hopefully proceeded thither; but, to his disgust, he found Miss Epperton with a handkerchief tied over her head, a large apron over her dress, and enveloped in a cloud of dust, while Lord Germaine, on his knees beside a small mountain-range of books, was vigorously wielding a feather-brush. Sir Peter hurriedly retired. It was quite evident that Miss Epperton was a great deal too busy to act as model just now.

At last one day as he was standing on the doorsteps, rather ruefully watching the start of the riders, Lady Baby seemed struck by the doleful expression of his face, for she checked her pony and asked him suddenly—"Do you think you are too old too learn?"

"To learn what?"

"To learn to ride. You might take lessons."

"From whom?"

"From me."

This seemed to put the matter in a new light, for, after a brief moment of stupefaction, he answered: "Perhaps you are right, and perhaps I am not too old to

learn. I knew a fellow at Rome who began to take drawing-lessons at fifty, and he got to making very clever sketches—very clever indeed."

"I don't suppose you will ever make a really good rider," said Lady Baby cautiously, fearing that she had awakened unduly sanguine expectations; "it certainly is too late a beginning for that. I began at five, you see."

"So did I, but I left off at fifteen. But after all, it is just possible that those bitter lessons of my tortured infancy may have left some traces behind them—a sort of foundation to start upon."

"Well, we can try," said Lady Baby. "Will you bring a horse from Nolesworth? Of course you have plenty. I am always jealous of the Nolesworth horses. There's a jewel of a little bay mare that has often made me wish the old Border customs had not quite died out," and Lady Baby sighed regretfully; "and then your stables are much better than ours—you must have so much room there."

"Lots of room," assented Sir Peter; "in fact there is nothing but room there at present."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean that the stables are empty; there are no horses."

"No horses?"

"No, not even the tail of one. I made arrangements last week for selling my father's stud, and I intend in future to keep only carriage-horses of the very meekest description."

"Sold your father's stud!" almost shouted Nicky, with a stare of horror at the speaker—"What the dev—I mean why?"

"Why? Because upon reflection I found that it was scarcely worth while keeping fifteen horses and six grooms, and spending two thousand a-year, in order to break into

a cold perspiration each time I came in sight of a fence. I did not think that the result quite justified the expense."

"Sir Peter! Sir Peter!" cried Lady Baby, "this is even worse than I thought! I am afraid you will never learn, after all."

"But you said I was worth a trial," urged Sir Peter, who now, contradictiously enough, seemed determined to have his riding-lessons, "and I am not going to let you off your word. Surely you will be kind enough to lend me a mount, since there is nothing at Nolesworth but the old rocking-horse in my brothers' nursery."

"I can lend you a live rocking-horse," said Lady Baby.

Next day orders were given for Ajax to be saddled. Ajax, *alias* the rocking-horse, was Lady Agnes's special steed, somewhat on the same scale as Lady Agnes herself, and quite the quietest horse in the Kippendale stables. He was an ancient animal by this time, very knowing in his ways, and very cool in his head; entirely to be relied upon in picking his way along the roughest of roads, finding the easiest passage through a broken hedge, or similar questions of delicate equine judgment; but most of all to be relied upon for not taking the smallest atom of unnecessary trouble to himself upon any occasion whatever. For though Ajax had lived through a fiery youth, he had long since settled into the wisdom of age. In colour Ajax was a rather pale chestnut; in power it will be enough to say that he was up to Lady Agnes's weight. His general appearance had something unlike the modern horse, something semi-heraldic, semi-historical about it.

"I'd no' tak' it on me to be ower positive about onything," said Adam, the old groom, as he limped rheu-

matically across the stable-yard, "but I canna help thinking that things is takin' a kin' o' a queer turn. M' Leddy Baby gi'en orders for A Jacks" (this was Adam's way of viewing old Greek) "to be saddled for Sir Peter Wyndhurst, and him to be ta'en oot first, for fear o' him bein' ower fresh. I thocht m' Leddy Baby wad hae kent A Jacks a wee bit better nor that. Hi there, lads! Gie me my leg-up." What Adam elegantly termed his "leg-up" was in reality a wooden chair, without which his stiffened joints could no longer hoist him into the saddle; but he had not yet brought himself to ask for the chair *as* a chair—he preferred the sound of the paraphrase. Adam's age was sixty in point of years, but he was never seen as a man of sixty; for on foot he was fully eighty, and on horseback he was barely forty.

This was the same groom whose family history had been marked by the semi-tragical diamond-scene recounted by Lady Baby; but the incident had left little trace upon him, or rather, its memory consisted solely in the indignation of a sternly and somewhat grimly honest man at the trickery and worthlessness of the woman he had married. And the trickery was all the more abominable to him as having been practised against one of "the family." She had been lovely, and he had wooed her with ardour, and won her with rapture; but from the day that, deaf to all intercession, he had turned her out of doors, he had never seen her face again, though she had survived her disgrace for ten years. As for forgiving her after she was dead, or at least making allowances for extreme youth and giddiness, the idea had never so much as occurred to him.

"Is that animal quite tame?" inquired Sir Peter, as Ajax clattered into the stone-paved porch—for he always made a point of quitting his stables with a mock-show of being irrepressible. It was a harmless little joke which deceived no one who knew him, and which appeared to amuse his senile mind.

"Same as a arm-cheer upon wheels, sir," answered Adam, with a faint but deadly smile of scorn.

"Thanks; that is reassuring. From an artistic point of view he looks at this moment more like a dragon spitting fire than an arm-chair. Is this the right way to take the bridle? Which leg must go up first?"

"That's right!" chuckled Lord Kippendale; "try again. I believe you'll make a rider yet."

"Would you like a ladder?" asked Maud from the doorstep, not sorry to shoot an arrow of sarcasm at the man who had refused to be wounded by the other sort of arrow.

"And a leading-rein!" suggested Mr Oarbury, who likewise had come out to see the start. They were all looking on, each person with a different sort of smile on his or her lips. Even Zet, the black pony, who always looked like the incarnation of equine impudence, seemed to have an ironical gleam in the corners of his mischievous eyes.

"Don't speak all at once, or you will flurry me," said Sir Peter, looking singularly unfurried. "Now, memories of my childhood, come to my aid!"

They came to his aid apparently, for in the next moment, rather to his own surprise, he found himself in the saddle.

"There! it's done! Thanks every one for their kind assistance and advice. Germaine, if I hap-

pen not to return, bear in mind that my keys are in my writing-table drawer."

The first riding-lesson was to be confined to the inner park, and for this Adam was considered as sufficient chaperon.

"Your seat is really not so very bad," said Lady Baby, as pupil and mistress moved down the avenue side by side. "You are actually sitting straight."

"It is all a snare and a delusion, I assure you: it may commend itself to the eye, but a feather would knock me off. The unfortunate fact of my sitting straight on horseback was the chief cause of my sufferings as a child. Somebody once had the cruel idea of saying that my seat was graceful; I have never been able to think of that person with any charity since. He confirmed my father in his treatment of me by giving him vain hopes."

"Sir Peter, are you not sometimes given to drawing slightly on your imagination?" asked Lady Baby, with a mistrustful glance. "If half you say were true, you ought to be feeling nervous now, and you look quite calm."

"I always do; it is the calmness of despair. Do not trust to appearances. My position is most insecure."

The distress on Lady Baby's face turned to consternation. "If you really should feel like falling off, remember to take hold of Ajax's mane."

"I have been looking at his mane with a view to that already," said Sir Peter, "but he does not seem to have much mane remaining. The animal has some artistic possibilities about him; they lie, I think, in the antique line. I perceive a dash of the wooden Trojan horse, and at times I catch

a glimmer of something Pompeian. Yes, he is very like a horse in a Pompeian frieze—a slightly dilapidated bas-relief, with bits chipped away, and, unluckily for me, the bit with the mane is gone."

"Do pay attention to your reins," said Lady Baby; "you talk a great deal too much for a beginner. We might try a slow trot, but remember about the mane."

They tried a slow trot, at the end of which Ajax found it proper to fall into one of his smooth rocking-horse canters, which gave him less trouble than any other pace. "If riding is nothing worse than this," said Sir Peter, "I think I could get blunted to it in time."

They drew rein at the end of the park and slowly began to retrace their way, for the first lesson was to be a short one. They were in a mossy path between the trees; above their heads the branches met, the daisies were thickly strewn now, and the hedges were strung with the pearls of hawthorn-buds. Lady Baby broke a branch in passing and stuck it through her saddle-strap. Her eyes were shining with the intense but serious look of enjoyment, which her favourite pastime always kindled there. Her delight was never wont to vent itself in laughter and smiles, and, even as a child, she had never screamed with joy over a new toy. It was in the moments of her greatest delight that she grew the gravest, and in proportion that her enjoyment was deep it was repressed.

They rode for a little time in silence, Ajax profiting by his relaxed reins to make a hearty meal off the young beech-leaves within reach.

"I think some of it will be out for my birthday," said Lady Baby presently, plucking idly at the

hawthorn-boughs. "I shall be seventeen on my birthday."

"Really? As much as that? Are you going to have a birthday cake?"

"Certainly not. I stopped my birthday cakes when I was twelve years old. I am going to have a picnic. I have one every year. You will come to it, of course; I take that for granted."

"A picnic in the open air?" inquired Sir Peter.

"Of course. Why?"

"Nothing; I was only trying to remember whether I brought an overcoat down with me."

"You can drink your tea at home, if you like," she retorted, bridling again on the instant.

"I shall drink it in the open air, or perish in the attempt. But don't you think that a Scotch picnic in May is rather a reckless idea?"

"No, I don't," said Lady Baby, and of course that settled the matter.

"I'm no' wishin' to be ower positive," said Adam, when he found himself in the stable-yard again at the end of that first ride—"I'm no' wishin' to be ower positive aboot onything whatever; but if I could find it in me to mak' an assairtion, I'd say there was a deal o' mischief in the wind. Hi, lads, here! Gie me my leg-doon!"

"Is it the east wind or the west wind the mischief blows from?" asked the precocious youngster who brought the required chair.

"The Hurst wind," said Adam, with a convulsive effort at a joke, and a stare which put even the precocious stable-boy out of countenance. "'Tis in the Hurst wind that the mischief sits," he repeated, grimly pleased with his newly coined word. "Ay, to think that my eyes sud hae lived to see a Wyndhurst puttin' the wrang

foot foremost i' the stirrup, and to think that my ears sud hae lived to hear a Wyndhurst speirin' which way to tak' up the rein! If it had been ane o' oor ain fam'ly, it 'ud hae broke my hert richt oot; but as it's ane o' the English castle folk, it's jist graand!"

All this part of the matter was eminently satisfactory to Adam; for in the tacit feud between the two families he had always played a respectful but enthusiastic part. The pleasure of stirring up, in "oor ain fam'ly," those embers of rivalry which had sometimes seemed in danger of smouldering, had been for long his keenest enjoyment; and this interest had amply made up for the loss of the domestic interest of which he had had so slight a taste. "And to think," said Adam, with a sort of withered cackle which did duty with him for a laugh, and which amply sufficed for his requirements of hilarity,—“to think that yon Sir Peter had the same faither wi' thae bits o' laddies whase ridin' has riled me so sair, mony's the day!" Often upon hunting days, when Adam had met these same "bits o' lads" on their "bits o' ponies," had he painfully studied the clouds for fear lest they should be daft enough to fancy that their budding horsemanship could have any power to extort his admiration. And then, when he had let the tiny riders go by as though they were the emptiest of empty air, would he whip behind a hedge, and from behind that shelter his keen old eyes would follow the small enemies with eager scrutiny. Sometimes, secure of being unwitnessed, he would permit himself the relaxation of an approving smile; or when some particularly small boy had emerged, still in company with his pony, from some particularly big ditch, Adam, in a torment

of mixed feelings, would groan out to the hedges that sheltered him: "Ay, but they can ride, thae Wynnhurst lads!" Neither rack nor thumbscrew would have wrung the same remark from him anywhere within reach of mortal ears. Therefore, to find one of the "English castle folk" sunk so low as was Sir Peter, was grimly gratifying to Adam; but any symptom of hostilities ceasing was to him as gall and wormwood, and there had been more than one symptom lately. Adam declined to be positive on any point whatever, but he remained of opinion that there was "a sicht o' mischief" brewing.

Next day Sir Peter had another lesson, and on the day after that again another. Mr Carbury thought once more of having his portman-teau packed, but only thought of it and let it alone. The riding-lessons somehow tried his temper; they had not turned out as he expected. It had seemed to him almost incredible that a sane man should deliberately propose to make an exhibition of his unskilfulness. Mr Carbury himself would never have mounted a horse if he had known his horsemanship to be anything short of first class. It was the same with everything else he did; and, by reason of letting alone those things which he was conscious of not excelling in, he had gained the name of doing everything he did to perfection. There was no deep calculation in this; indeed, to do him justice, there was no deep calculation of any sort about the man: it was simply the unerring instinct of supreme vanity. Exactly by reason of these conditions of his mind he had promised himself something almost like enjoyment in the spectacle of Sir Peter on horseback. It was Sir Peter's vanity which was to be

mortified, not his own. But his very first glimpse of Sir Peter in the saddle had been a distinct disappointment. Whatever mistakes he might make, however ludicrous an inexperience he might betray, the joke, instead of being on the side of the spectators, was always on the side of the tyro in horsemanship. No laughter seemed to ruffle him, no criticism to put him out of countenance.

While matters were at this juncture, Lady Agnes, sitting alone in her room one afternoon, heard hurried steps stumbling up the staircase, and the next moment Lady Baby, looking rather wild and breathless, stood upon the threshold.

"Nicky? has anything happened to Nicky?" was Agnes's instinctive question; for it was scarcely half an hour since pupil and teacher, under Nicky's protection, had left the house.

"Nothing; no, it is not Nicky," panted Lady Baby. "I don't know where Nicky is. He—he—oh, Agnes, he has done it!"

"Who has done what?"

"Sir Peter. He has proposed to me."

"Proposed to you? Asked you to marry him? *Already?*"

"Yes, asked me to marry him. Can you believe it?"

"No, scarcely; you have only known him three weeks! It is so peculiar!"

"Is it only three weeks? I thought it was much longer. Never mind about the time; you are always so punctilious about doing things exactly like everybody else. That is not the point. The point is his daring to propose to me at all."

"But how did he do it?" asked Agnes, still plunged in ponderous bewilderment, not so much at Sir Peter's proposing, but at his

proposing so quickly. "Was not Nicky there?"

"Nicky? No. I don't know where Nicky was. He started with us, but afterwards he said something about giving Suleika a gallop round a ploughed field, so as to take it out of her, for she was standing on her hind legs more than usual to-day; and he said he would rejoin us higher up, and he took the gallop. But somehow he didn't rejoin us, and then, before I knew where I was, Sir Peter had proposed to me. Agnes, would you mind telling me how Nicky proposed to you? What did he say?" Lady Baby had pulled off her hat to cool her forehead, and, with the end of her habit thrown over her arm, was rapidly pacing the room.

"Nicky didn't say very much," replied Agnes, lowering her ample eyelids over her saucer eyes. "I think he said: 'Agnes, I should be the luckiest fellow in the world if you would consent to gallop on with me this way through life.'"

"You were galloping at the moment, I suppose?"

"Yes; and then he got his horse quite close to mine and took my hand and pressed it. I think he would have kissed it, only that his horse was pulling so."

"Well, Sir Peter didn't do it like that at all, and of course he couldn't go in for acrobatic feats on horseback, like Nicky. I wonder how George proposed to Oatherine?" (the defunct Mr Blashford's name had been George.) "Listen, Agnes: it was just after Nicky left us; we were riding along quite slowly, and I was trying to explain to Sir Peter the theory of leaping. Then we came to a lovely, little fence which looked as if it had been put there on purpose to be used as an illustration, so I just took Zet over it, while Sir Peter looked on, and then suddenly I

heard a strange voice saying, 'Oapital figure for the paper-hoop business!' and I saw a fat little red-faced man leaning against the paling and watching me. Of course I gave him a withering glance. When I got back to Sir Peter he was biting his lips, and he asked whether I wished him to get off and box the man's ears; and when I asked what for, he said, 'For thinking aloud; it is bad taste to think aloud.' I told him I could take care of myself, and he gave a smile—somehow, Agnes, it was a very enraging smile—and when we had ridden on a little way he said, 'Do you mean to take care of yourself all your life?' I asked him what he meant; and he said he meant that possibly somebody else might wish to take care of me, and had it never occurred to me that people sometimes get married? I answered that of course it had occurred to me often, and that I supposed I should get married some day, just like most other people. Then Sir Peter said, 'And have you made up your mind as to what sort of a husband you would like best?' It sounded exactly as if he were asking me whether I would like a wax or a china doll best."

"And what did you say?" asked Agnes, breathless.

"I told him that my mind had been long made up, and that of course, in the first place, my husband must ride straight across country, and, in the second place, be an excellent shot; and that, though I would not positively stipulate that he should be strong enough to hold plunging horses with his bare hand in their nostrils, as Nicky does, still that I wanted him to be as like Nicky as possible in that way; and in the middle of it all, while I was drawing breath in my description, the man quietly asked me to marry

him. I thought I should have fallen off my pony with the surprise. I asked him to repeat his words, and he said, 'Yes, I am asking you to marry me; but there is no reason for looking scared,—of course—you need not do it unless you like.'

"And you refused him?" murmured Agnes.

"Agnes!" cried Lady Baby, stopping short in her walk, and turning a pair of indignant blue eyes upon her sister,—“refused him? What else could I possibly have done? A man who only cares for horses on pictures and bas-reliefs, what possible bond of sympathy could exist between us? Surely, Agnes, you must be forgetting.”

"Yes, to be sure," said Agnes, doubtfully; "but Nicky was saying the other day—"

"What was Nicky saying?"

"That—that many girls would give a good deal for the chance of marrying Sir Peter."

"Nicky didn't know what he was talking about; Nicky shouldn't talk, he should only ride; and besides, he undervalues himself. Don't you remember my always saying that nothing but a second Nicky would do for me? Don't you remember my saying that, Agnes?" and Lady Baby's riding-whip impatiently tapped her boot.

Agnes hastened to remember. "Yes, yes, Frances, I know; and of course, none of us ever thought of your marrying Sir Peter unless you cared for him."

"Cared for him!" echoed Lady Baby, with a rather hysterical laugh; "as if *that* was the sort of man I was likely to care for! And you know quite well that it isn't the riding alone—there are thousands of other things. He doesn't know anything about breech-loaders or matchlocks, and he takes snipe

for woodcock, and partridge for grouse; yes, and I don't believe he had ever heard the word 'covert-shooting' before he came here, and he calls moors 'pretty bits of colour'; and the other day, when we were walking across the heather—I wish you had seen him, Agnes—he kept looking down in a distressed way at his feet, and at last he asked papa why he did not keep the grass better cut in these places. You should have seen papa's face! And this is the man who asks me to marry him! Agnes, it is dreadful!"

"But, Baby dear, don't excite yourself," said Agnes, who could not help recognising that perhaps it was not so very dreadful after all; "since you have refused him, it is all right now."

"Oh yes, of course, *now* it is all right;" and stopping beside her sister, Lady Baby flung herself on her knees, and put down her head on Agnes's lap. She was in the habit of flinging herself down in this way occasionally, when she was particularly in want of being agreed with and petted. Agnes was so good at agreeing, and there was something vast and solid about her personality which made it pleasant to use her as a pillow. And she liked being used as a pillow, perhaps because it was her vocation in life. She had a well-stuffed pillow's properly regulated softness, and not much more than a pillow's emotions. If there were not a fair supply of some such comfortable cushions as Agnes to pad the walls of human society, and to be leant upon and fallen upon, and punched and pinched *ad libitum*, then a good many more of us would dash out our brains and scratch our nails bloody against the walls of this great closed mad-house which we call the world.

Agnes put a large, white hand

down tenderly upon Lady Baby's untidy head. She had no children of her own, and her younger sister came in for a large share in the big fund of her unclaimed motherly affection.

"Baby," she said in alarm, "you are crying!"

"No, I am not crying; and why shouldn't I cry when it is all so provoking? I wish we had never made friends with Sir Peter. The old rules were quite right after all, and no good ever comes of Borderers making friends; and I told him so, too, or something very like it. For although I distinctly said no, very distinctly indeed, somehow he didn't seem to take it quite seriously, and that made me so angry that I think I lost my head a little, and I told him that if I had known it would come to this, I would have walked home through the rain from Nolesworth that day, rather than have put foot within his house."

"Oh, Frances, that was rather cruel! How did he take it?"

Lady Baby suddenly sprang to her feet. "Good heavens, Agnes! it has only just struck me. I don't know how he took it. I didn't wait to see him take it, for I was so irritated by that time that I just turned Zet's head and galloped away, and I quite forgot how he was to get home by himself, and Ajax was rather skittish to-day. Oh, Agnes, I wonder if he can manage him?"

"Here is Nicky," said Agnes, in

great relief. "Baby, I suppose Nicky may know?"

"Yes, yes, anything you like; but ask him whether he has seen Sir Peter."

"I've seen him," said Nicky, sulkily; "he's right enough."

"And, Nicky, Frances has just refused him."

"Then Frances has done a deuced stupid thing," said Nicky, savagely.

"What, Nicky! you too? even you?" cried Lady Baby, aghast. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that Wyndhurst has thirty thousand a-year," said Nicky, doggedly, "that's what I mean, and not a bad thing to mean either."

Lady Baby cast upon her ideal brother-in-law one long look of the blankest consternation, and then abruptly left the room.

Though his own Agnes had married him for his sweet and penniless self alone, Nicky Craigtoun was acutely awake to the value of money, and had more than once reflected that a wealthy brother-in-law would be an uncommonly valuable acquisition, and probably a more tractable article than even a wealthy father-in-law. In his opinion Sir Peter was a muff; but for all that, Lady Baby had done a deuced stupid thing in refusing him. And since Nicky thought so, of course Agnes had no choice but to think so too. She began to take this view of the matter into more serious consideration.

CHAPTER IX.—THE "DOWSING-ROD."

"Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times!"

"What is it?" asked Maud, in deep perplexity, turning over between her fingers an object that looked very much like an ordinary

dead twig. "Lord Germaine, I really can't guess."

"I am quite sure you can if you try," said the young man, with a

sort of bashful bluntness that sat oddly, yet not unbecomingly, upon him. "You can do anything you try to do."

Germaine was a big young man, —very big and very young; a good deal bigger than his five-feet-eleven, and a good deal younger than his twenty-two years. With his obstinately curly hair, lying in silky, gold rings on his head, his wide-open eyes of an infantine blue, his large unformed hands, still bearing the traces of dimples about the knuckles, he looked like the rough outline-sketch of a giant—a sketch which nature might perhaps by-and-by fill in to a very fine picture, but which was as yet nothing more than a sketch. In his face Germaine had a little of each of his three sisters; when he stared, he was like Agnes; when he smiled, he was like Lady Baby; and when the corners of his mouth went down, as they were apt to do on occasion, he looked like an enlarged copy of Catherine.

"It certainly is not a riding-whip," said Maud, still examining the enigmatical twig, which was forked at one end, and had evidently at some remote time been cut from either a hazel or a white-thorn bush. It was in the course of the tidying process in the library that a bundle of these mysterious dry twigs had come to light at the back of a drawer. "I don't suppose it is a wizard's wand; really it seems to be just what I called it, a common stick. Lord Germaine, I give up."

"Well, it *is* a common stick, if you like, and yet it isn't a common stick. It's a divining-rod, you know; they call it a 'dowsing'-rod down there."

"A divining-rod! And are the people 'down there' (which I suppose means Gullyscoombe) actually benighted enough to cling to

such a piece of decayed superstition as a divining-rod?"

"Decayed superstition?" repeated Germaine, tearing open his eyes a little wider, just as though they were not big enough already.

"Yes, which means foolish belief, or absurd delusion." Maud had long ere this discovered that the plainer words she used, the better did she get on with this young man. "I thought that the very word 'divining-rod' was banished from the vocabulary of all but the most gullible of rustics."

"Then you think it is wrong to believe in divining-rods?"

"I think it is worse than wrong; I think it is silly." This answer seemed to trouble Germaine greatly. "Worse than wrong?" he began. How can anything——"

But Maud broke in with an impatient laugh. "Why, you look almost as though you were a secret worshipper of the 'dowsing-rod' yourself!"

Germaine, in genuine misery, balanced himself heavily on one foot, and then on the other. It was great agony to him to brand himself in Miss Epperton's eyes as a "gullible rustic"; but it would have been greater agony to render himself guilty of even an indirect evasion of the truth. "I—I—yes, I always *did* think there was something in it," he stammered, blushing like a schoolgirl, as he plunged resolutely through his confession, but bravely keeping himself from devoting his gaze to his shooting-boots, as he was secretly yearning to do.

"But it is quite an exploded theory," said Maud, speaking with that forbearing patience which generally answers best in the treatment of unreasonable children.

"I don't quite know what that means, but I know that every one swears by it down there; and even

Captain John, who is awfully clever about mines, won't say that he thinks it's nonsense."

"Won't he? Well, that lowers Captain John very considerably in my estimation. What's the way to get hold of the thing? There is an orthodox way, I suppose; and if you miss it by a hair's-breadth, your failure is of course put down to your having had your little finger where your forefinger should have been, or to having blinked your eyes or dared to draw a breath just at the wrong moment; so it is quite impossible that the rod should be to blame. Is this the way?"

It was not the way, however, for the forked ends were the ones to be held, as Germaine explained; and the searcher for hidden metals was to rest his two hands against his sides, keeping the rod before him at a given angle—very difficult to hit off, and almost impossible to maintain when once hit off. And Maud, though she did not believe in the divining-rod, had no objection at all to going through the amusing farce under Germaine's directions.

"Well, it is very clear that we have either not got 'the virtue,' or else that there is no gold hidden under *this* carpet," she said at the end of ten minutes, during which they had both been gravely pacing the floor in the prescribed attitude. "My rod has not got an idea in its head. How is yours getting on?"

"I have broken it into three pieces," said Germaine, ruefully; "but I suppose that's my own fault. Somebody once said that my fingers were all thumbs."

"Well, in this case I should absolve your fingers. I had to handle my own stick just as though it were made of spun glass. If you *do* go in for 'dowsing-rods,' I should advise keeping some

rather less brittle specimens in stock."

"But they are not mere specimens, you see," explained Germaine; "these rods are rather mixed up with the diamond story. They told you about the diamonds, didn't they? and about that villain Christopher Swan? Well, on the day after the robbery, when they searched his room, they didn't find the diamonds, of course, but they found these rods. Swan had always had the name of being a first-rate hand at the dowsing-rod, and at any rate he knew more about the minerals on the estate than even Captain John himself. And somehow it seems that not long before he disappeared, the report had got about that he had hit upon a new copper-vein somewhere about Gullyscoombe."

"Which one of these very rods was supposed to have pointed out?" suggested Maud, derisively.

"Yes, exactly; and as they didn't know which was which——"

"I see; and as it would have been an enormous pity to risk the chance of lightly casting aside so valuable a relic, it was thought safer to preserve the whole bundle; is that so?"

"That is just how it was; you put it so much better than I could. It was Captain John himself who brought the rods to my father, and my father kept them as a curiosity. I don't know whether he believed in the rods, but I know that he believed in Swan's copper."

Maud had once or twice before this heard a casual reference to "Swan's copper." At first she had understood it to be one of the working mines, but had afterwards found out that this designation was applied to a copper-vein whose existence was rather hazily believed in, but the site of which had never been properly

explored, apparently for no other reason than that the "Bluebells" were sending up metal enough for the market demand—the average price of copper in those years not being such as to make it particularly advisable to face all the risks of an additional enterprise.

"And do you believe in Swan's copper?" asked Maud.

"Yes, I do. Swan was always pottering about the place; there is no reason why he shouldn't have spotted a vein. And he always was full of mysteries and secrets. Uncle Ronald used to call him the 'sly and sleekit un.'"

"And does it not strike you as much more likely that the 'sly and sleekit one' should have chanced upon this hidden treasure while pottering about the place, rather than insist on giving the merit to this little bit of twig?"

"I suppose it is more likely," said Germaine, humbly; "it is sure to be if you say so."

And then for a minute the infatuated youth struggled hard to get together something appropriate about there being other sorts of treasures, infinitely more precious than copper or tin, or even silver and gold, and which could only be pointed out by quite another sort of divining-rod. He had a dim notion that the materials for turning a neat compliment were there, but by no manner of means could he get them into shape, and after a moment of painful indecision was reduced to saying with a sigh, "Nobody ever put it in that light to me before; but then I don't suppose that many people in the world know as many things as you do, or are as clever as you are."

"No, I don't suppose so either," said Maud, drily; "at any rate, I am pretty sure that very few people have had such good cause

to practise their wits as I have had, and it is practice that makes perfect, you know."

"Is it? Then what a lot of practice you must have had in—being kind to people. Nobody ever was so kind to me as you are, and nobody has ever had such a lot of patience with me. I know I'm dull, I know I'm slow, I know I can't talk, and yet you let me talk to you as much as I like!" cried Germaine, getting a little mixed.

"Perhaps," suggested Maud, with a slight contraction of her lips, "that is because I have no one else to talk to?"

"You might have the whole world to talk to, if you chose; and yet you never tell me that I bore you, and you never tell me that I'm in the way——"

"If you knock over that inkstand, I will most decidedly tell you that you are in the way,"—and she sharply drew back the hand towards which Germaine had made a sudden vigorous lunge across the table. "There, I told you so; it is over!"

"I am the most confounded fool in Christendom," stammered Germaine, plunged back all at once into his native bashfulness, from which his ardour had for a moment lifted him. "Is it on your dress? Oh, it's only on the carpet. How good you are about it! I wish you would scold me. I suppose I had better not try to do anything to it; hadn't I better tell somebody to wipe it up?" And, covered with blushes, Germaine left the presence of his siren, and thundered down the staircase to bury his confusion in the smoking-room.

Maud likewise sought a retired spot. She had upset no inkstand, and yet she was fully as confused as was Germaine.

"In my grasp," she murmured,

"in my grasp already. He will speak any day I choose; but it is too early. Am I not quite satisfied? I suppose I am,—but still——"

Perhaps it was the very ease of the conquest that faintly marred her satisfaction. She had entered on this campaign, as she had entered on many others, with thought and circumspection, with prudence and wile. She had begun by mustering her forces and sharpening her weapons, and had looked her victim all over, intent, as it were, on giving "the local wound a name." But see—there, before even the point had been fixed, or her position adopted, the victim had shown that he was stricken already, and stricken mortally. There was no object in threatening one who was so ready to die, and no zest in convincing one who was more than half convinced.

This attitude was something new to Maud, and it disconcerted her. She was used to owing her victories quite as much to her wit as to her beauty; but here it seemed that wit was superfluous, and that coquetry was almost too effective to be safe. Experienced though she was, it almost took her breath away to see how the most careless motion of her white hand could command the staying or going, the delight or misery, of this young, blunt-spoken, blue-eyed giant, or to mark how he trembled and coloured, and yet in the midst of his bashfulness grew so daring, when she attempted to practise upon him one of her famous long glances. With this special type of glance—it consisted in a peculiarly slow unveil-

ing of the eyes—Maud had slain many victims. In the circle of Miss Epperton's acquaintances it was known as "the eyelash trick," or sometimes as "the Epperton glance." It had been imitated, of course, but generally with little success. In this case, after a few attempts, Maud had given up using it, for it worked too alarmingly well.

"If only he would not put such absolute faith in every word I say," she sighed, as with restless steps she paced the room. "No one has ever before so blindly believed in me. I am not accustomed to it. It makes me feel—I don't know what it makes me feel,—it puts me out. I don't like his eyes; they are too big and blue and honest—a great deal too honest. I cannot stand being trusted to this terrible degree. Oredulous young fool! It is a shame to deceive children of that age. I have a great mind to throw up the whole game and go back to Brackton."

She dropped into a chair, and began nervously twining the bracelet on her wrist. In the next minute she burst out laughing. "What? was it I who said that? Go back to Brackton? What for? To be asked by my affectionate aunt for how long I have come? And why? Because, forsooth, I have succeeded too well in Scotland, and have become too scrupulous to accept a coronet. I declare I have got a fit of the virtues. Steady, Maud, steady! No excitement, no passion, no impulses; I thought we had done with all that long ago. When once I am Lady Germaine, perhaps I can afford to keep a temper again."

MINICOY: THE ISLAND OF WOMEN.

AN unbroken strip of dazzlingly white sandy beach, fading out of sight in the dim distances north and south,—a background of dark-green palms fringing the beach, and contrasting vividly with the sandy shore,—a few red-tiled or thatched houses peeping sparingly out from amid the dark-green foliage,—a whitewashed circular light-house tower, reaching above the tall tops of the feathery fringe of palm foliage,—low flat-topped plateau-like hills, rising inland beyond the palm-tree screen,—one of them more advanced in position than the others, crowned with feathery casuarina trees, and studded with low red-tiled, yellow-washed, prim-looking buildings, betokening the presence of that world-wide policeman, the British soldier,—other hills of the same kind, lying farther back from the beach, but crowned with the same graceful Australian tree, the sacred tree of the English, as the natives hereabouts regard it, marking the presence, though unseen, of other European houses rising on the hill-tops to woo the grateful sea-breeze which is whistling through the rigging of our ship,—in the farther distance loftier hills, grass and forest-clad,—and towering above them all, some twenty miles inland, the Camel's Hump, highest of a line of rugged forest-clothed mountains, hemming in an outlying mountain buttress of the Western Ghats, with peaks rising to near 8000 feet above sea-level;—the scene above, imperfectly sketched, gentle reader, is the capital of Malabar, the ancient town of Calicut, and its surroundings, as viewed from the deck of one of the many steamers frequenting its roadstead,

under a tropical sun slanting towards the watery horizon in the west.

Look to the right past the mountain buttress above sketched, and in the dim distance you will see a still higher mountainous flat-topped plateau, with just a peak or two, the rounded Nilagiri bluff, and the sharp-pointed nose of Mukurti, breaking the mountainous line of the western or Kundah edge of the famed Nilagiri plateau.

Beyond that again to the right, the mountain wall is of lower elevation, and that sugar-loaf hill marks the confines of the Silent Valley, where never human habitation now is reared, for the coffee industry has been deluged out of that remote spot, and nought but thorny scrub, with here and there a guava-tree, rapidly reverting to its wild state, remains to mark where the forest giants were laid low to give place to the cool, glossy, dark-green leaves and brilliant scarlet berries of *C. arabica*.

If your eyesight is good, you will see still farther to the right another mass of mountain heights; and in the still more remote distance yet another, indicating that remarkable break in the long chain of the Western Ghats, known as the Palghat Gap, through which road and rail run, connecting the Malayalam-speaking race of Malabar with their Dravidian kinsmen, the Tamils, Telugus, and Canarese, of the east coast of the Indian peninsula.

In the immediate foreground a ship or two swing easily to their anchors, and close inshore lies a whole fleet of lateen sail—native craft, with dipping sharp noses, and elevated sterns of a type

that has known no change for centuries.

But where is Calicut? you very justly remark. Well, a city of nigh 60,000 inhabitants lies comfortably covered up in that dense palm-foliaged belt.

Calicut, as we have already said, is the metropolis of Malabar, and Malabar reaches far and wide, embracing within its area scattered bits of land stretching over four degrees of latitude, and more than four of longitude. Up in those Ghat ranges you will find, if you care to go at Christmas-time, and seek for them, woodcocks and hoarfrost-covered crisp grasses, and bright frosty nights. And by way of contrast, away out in the ocean behind us, lie little specks of Malayâli-land amid

“ . . . The glows
And glories of the broad belt of the
world.”

It is not, however, with the mountains and forests and broad rich belts of palm-trees on the mainland that we are concerned at the present moment. Steam is up to the required pressure; the chief engineer, in spotless white, is down below in the engine-room, among his grimy and perspiring subs.

“Stand clear there! Give her a turn ahead, and then one astern, just to make sure that all is right.”

We feel for one instant the familiar throb of the screw, and then all again is quiet, but for the spasmodic rattle of a donkey-engine forward, hauling steadily away at the anchor-chain as it comes slowly clinking in, link by link, through the hawser-pipe.

“All ready below, sir.”

“Thank you.”

The skipper and his lieutenant, the third officer, are on the bridge; the chief is forward watching the anchor weighing; the second officer is aft, standing on the bulwarks of the quarter-deck, with his head and shoulders above the awning, watching for a sign from the bridge.

“All right for'ard?”

“All right, sir.”

“All right aft?”

“All right, sir.”

“Half speed ahead.”

The tinkle of the bell in the engine-room is immediately followed by an answering tinkle on the bridge, and we are off.

“No recall signals up at the lighthouse, eh?” asks the eldest of the party assembled on the quarter-deck of another, who has been busy sweeping the horizon in all directions with a ship's telescope.

“None. The port-admiral has even forgotten to run up good-bye to us.”

“No boats with the flag coming out?”

“None.”

With a heartfelt sigh of relief, as he takes up the latest novel from the station library, and subsides, with a cheroot in his mouth, into a comfortable canvas-backed ship chair, the questioner adds—“Then farewell to telegrams and *tappals*¹ for a fortnight, and hey for Minicoy and its silken-clad dames!”

The party assembled on the quarter-deck, we may tell you, consists of the collector and some of the district officials of Malabar, outward bound on the annual trip to the Laccadive Islands and Minicoy; and in the fore-part of the tight little steamer is clustered a motley crowd of surveyors, medical subordinates, clerks, belted peons, and half a party of that fine body of men, the Malabar Reserve Po-

¹ Mails.

lice, not a man of them under 5 feet 8 inches in height.

As the steamer's bows swing slowly round to two points to the S. of S.W., we begin to realise that our mission lies in that direction. We project our course onwards 243 miles, and there, lying solitary in mid-ocean, directly in the fairway from Aden to Colombo, is a speck of an island, almost invisible on the chart.

That speck on the chart is Minicoy, and the district officers are on their way thither to visit that part of the wide dominions under their control.

Let us follow them in their journey to that speck of coral-limestone in mid-ocean, and see what is to be seen, and hear what is to be heard.

"Coral!" Did we catch the word correctly? "Coral-island!" Is it that we are bound for? Ah! what delightful memories those two words conjure up—memories of boyhood, when we read of coral-islands and coral-reefs in enchanting books,—memories of manhood, too, when coral-islands and coral-reefs and reef-bound lagoons were realities within our ken.

Now there are at least two ways of inspecting a coral-reef. You may walk through the shallow water among "the living mounds of coral," as Mr Darwin did at Direction Island in the Cocos group. But that plan we do not recommend. Coral is sharp, and cuts the feet and boots—coral is uneven, and gives the unwary one a fall—coral clings tenaciously to the bottom, and cuts the fingers,—coral, in short, is a stubborn thing, and will not readily yield itself to the investigations of the most eminent of wading philosophers. Naturally, therefore, perhaps Mr Darwin was in a great measure untouched by the beautiful things that lay among his feet: he ad-

mitted, however, that it was excusable to grow enthusiastic about them, while he condemned the "exuberant language" of other naturalists, who possibly took our plan of investigating the wonders of a coral-reef. So let us to our plan.

We are not naturalists, except in a general sort of way. We doubt if we could at sight distinguish a *madrepore* from a *millepore*. *Porites*, *astræas*, and *meandrinæ* occupy only waste and neglected spots in our cerebral tissue. But we have an eye for beauty of colouring and form; and variety of type combined with radiant loveliness, such as are to be met with on a coral-reef, excites our admiration without any hankering after a closer and more intimate knowledge of the things themselves.

Come with us then, gentle reader, and while our good ship is

"Slipping through the summer of the world,"

on her mission southwards, let us introduce you to a coral-reef on our plan.

First of all, let us select the calmest and clearest day for our purpose,—a day when the blazing sun in the heavens looks down on a glassy sea. It will be hot of course; but a giant white umbrella will keep off the sun's most ardent glances as you lie along the high-peaked decked-in fore-part of a Laccadive rowing-boat. Lie flat on your face, let us recommend, leaving room for yourself to peer down comfortably over the sides of the boat into the watery depths below.

The tide is near the end of the ebb—the water is nearly at its lowest on the reef. By the time we return the tide will be making, the turtle will be swarming into the shallow waters of the lagoon in

search of food, and after seeing the reef we can divert ourselves and replenish our ship's larder by catching a turtle or two for soup on our way back.

"Gently there with the oars! gently! gently! ship the oars and let us drift—and now, look over from your point of vantage in the bows."

The first sensation is—"Why, we are floating on air!" Not a ripple from the oars or boat serves to break the exquisite crystal clearness of the buoyant element. Every grain of sand and tiniest pebble can be distinguished as we lean over the bulwarks and try to touch the bottom with a cane. Vain endeavour! Why the water is still ten feet in depth if it is an inch, and the cane foreshortened in the limpid water attests the depth which lies below.

The floor of the lagoon is carpeted with the most exquisite colours. Here a stag's-horn coral throws up its many grey branches, each tipped with the brightest of bright blue. There, nestling down among its taller brethren, is a tuft of bloom that might almost be a tuft of heather in its brilliant autumn colouring. Near it is a "leech," as the natives hereabouts call it—a harmless creature, jet-black in colour, and from a foot to fifteen inches long. If you touch it, it will exude a liquor which will stain your fingers red. John Chinaman holds it in high esteem for the concoction of soups, and as *holothuria* or *bêche de mer* it is an extensive article of commerce. Here again is a thick stem supporting a flattened arborescent type of polypifer, each of its innumerable branches occupied by countless hosts of coral insects, and all of them in purple robes.

Now for a stroke or two of the oars, and we shoot into a shallower

basin, protected by ramparts of broken coral from the rough swell of the sea. Why, we are floating in the air above the loveliest carpet of flowers! Visions of sunny Himalayan slopes, from which the snow-wreaths have just melted away under the genial warmth of early summer, leaving behind them a robe of exquisite sweet-scented flowers, involuntarily obtrude themselves upon the mind. There, every step seemed to be a desecration of God's fairest creations, for at every footfall we crushed wild hyacinths and other lovely flowers into the dust; here, however, we ride buoyantly above the blaze of colour, and can admire without injuring others of God's fairest gifts.

As the scare of our boat's approach dies off, we see that the water is teeming with life. A tiny hog-nosed fish comes cautiously out of its retreat among the living coral-branches and watches us till reassured that all is safe; then, with a whisk of his tail he darts at some minute crustacean on the coral-rock, over which he hovers for a second with his fins—we had almost said his wings—in rapid motion ere he pounces on his prey. Hanging over the spot, we can see his jaws move as that crustacean is being reduced to pulp; then, with a flick of his tail, he is off like a humming-bird. Now a host of tiny whitebait suddenly flash into view, swimming out and in among the variegated rocks at the bottom. They are red, they are black, they are striped, and green, and yellow, and white, and purple, and blue in all shades. The diversity of colour is perfectly marvellous. The rays of the sun, peering through eye-holes in the coral-rock, seem to break into a hundred rainbow colours, and stamp themselves on the fish sheltering beneath.

Gradually, and without disturbing the water, we have drifted into a still shallower basin, and are now on the reef itself. The water is but a few inches deep. Crabs of strange forms shelter themselves in the many sinuosities of the broken coral fragments which strew the reef. We lift a piece of it, and out runs in alarm a bloodthirsty-looking hirsute crustacean on to our hand. Ugh! with a splash he and his house are dropped into the water, and our blood runs cold with visions of tarantulas and other such horrors. That wavy yellow-and-black soft-looking substance conceals the shell of a *chama*. Be careful about putting your fingers into its open mouth, for its strong stony jaws will close upon them with the power of a vice. Here is bright-green wavy sea-weed, and clinging to and feeding on it are hosts of cowrie-shells of a creamy greenish-yellow, still used as money in some parts of the East. The fish spreads a membranous envelope over the back of its shell, and slowly withdraws it when disturbed. There, too, are other *cypreas*, which slowly disclose their spotted beauties to view as we lift them from their soft couches among the sheltering sea-weed.

But how shall we describe the wealth of the mollusc world which meets us in our researches in the treasury of a coral-reef at low tide? Let us land on this shell-strewn spit of sand.

Why, the whole place is alive! Can it be that the molluscs we have just been visiting in their quiet homes among the sea-weed have taken to walks abroad, and on dry land, too, in their leisure moments? For as we jump ashore, numberless shells of all shapes and sizes start suddenly into life on the beach, and run aside to give

us place. Legs they *must* have, to go that pace over the uneven shore. There goes a *turritella*! We shall be safe in handling him by reason of the spiral pyramid which those legs—*legs* they must be—carry upon their back. Moreover, he makes comparatively bad time in getting out of our way, for a *turritella* is an unwieldy thing for legs to carry over an uneven shore. We lift him up gingerly with thumb and forefinger to look for those legs, and the secret is out. Of legs we can see nothing, but closely fitted into the opening of the shell, as if originally made for the place, we discover the brilliant scarlet and white mandibles of a hermit-crab.

These, then, were crabs that were in such a hurry to get out of our way,—crabs, certainly, and of considerable size, too, some of them; some babies among them, only big enough to fit the smallest whelk; others large enough to fill with their mandibles the opening in a marbled *turbo*, largest of its species.

But why call these gentlemen hermits? So far as we can judge, they are the most gregarious of their kind. Of their battles to secure a coveted tenement we could tell some stories; and their wars and loves and hates would fill . . .

Ugh! a sharp nip on the thumb from the fighting mandibles of a big hermit-crab is a thing not to be easily forgotten! He interrupted us in our discourse, and shall suffer for it. But how are we to get at him? It is not an easy thing to coax a hermit out of his shell. Pull him out? Oh no! He would allow us to tear him limb from limb rather than quit his domicile. We are humane, and only want to frighten him a bit, as well as to inspect his inte-

rior structure and economy. The end of a lighted cheroot deftly applied to the apex and sides of his calcareous tenement will make him uncomfortably hot without hurting. Look out for your fingers while you are about it, else the fighting mandibles will again close sharply and painfully on thumb or finger. His shell becomes hot, and our friend becomes restless. It becomes hotter; frantic are now his efforts to reach the enemy's thumb and fingers; but they are of no avail. "This really cannot be borne a moment longer;" and, suiting the action to the words, out he comes with a flop. A sorry and a despicable object he looks, as every one too lazy to build a house for himself ought to look—a miserable soft body, covered only with skin ending in a prehensile pointed sort of a tail, one pair of huge fighting mandibles, and legs. These make the sum total of our hermit's parts. Moreover, he is evidently ashamed of himself, for he tucks his body under his legs till it is nearly out of sight—a wretched and miserable object. Now let us give him back his shell. In a very gingerly and careful manner he examines it, till satisfied that the abnormal heat has departed, then with a backward step or two, and a ludicrous sort of a jump, his prehensile hinder-end is again safely ensconced in its secure retreat, and the brilliant scarlet-and-white mandibles are again ready to do battle with all comers.

The tide has been making fast while we have been trifling with the hermits, so let us to boat once more, and this time take a seat at the stern, for now we have other work in hand.

Kutti Ali, a spare but sinewy boatman of middle age, takes our post on the high-peaked, decked-in

bows, and standing up, shades his eyes with his hand, and looks abroad. He is intent on action, for as he looks he tightly girds his loins, after stowing away securely in a corner of the boat his small packet of betel-leaf, areca-nut, tobacco, and lime, and a bright-coloured handkerchief, of which he is very proud. His skull-cap, too (for is not he a true follower of the prophet of Mecca?), is laid aside, and all superfluous clothing with it, and he stands before us with loins girt, looking, in his bronzed and sinewy strength, a perfect athlete, ready for action.

A word or two from him puts spirit into our boatmen, who quicken up into a short, sharp, steady stroke, and an excited quiver runs through us all, for our game is in sight. Where? We look intently in the direction in which our boat is heading, but can discern nothing. The water is deep, ten, twelve, fifteen feet or more, but the bottom is of pure white coral-sand, illuminated by the blazing sun overhead. Patches of living coral of a darker shade are strewn here and there about the lagoon, and it is for one of these that we are evidently now heading, though it is still one hundred yards away. Kutti Ali, from his point of vantage in the bows, has seen a small dark shadow pass into that clump of rock; he has been watching intently since, and that shadow has not passed beyond the clump in any direction. At a word from the look-out, our boatmen slow down as we approach the dark patch. Can Kutti Ali have been mistaken as to that shadow? For we reach the place, some ten or twelve yards in diameter, and still nothing appears. The boat has almost stopped, the oars are still, and we are just beginning to peer down into the

clear depths, when, with a flash, something suddenly springs into active life down below. The rogue! he has found safety in the dark shades of a living coral-patch before in his lifetime, else he would not have lain so still, to be started at last almost like a hare from its form.

Out into the clear sunny depths overlying the coral-sand he flashes. We catch a sight of him for an instant as he shoots away; but now it is all eyes in the boat to get her round, for he has taken us at a disadvantage, and is off on our port quarter. Even Kutti Ali, still standing in the bows, helps in getting the boat round, using for this purpose a long bamboo pole, laid ready to his hand, but without taking his eye for an instant off that quickly fleeting shadow under water. The boat is round at last, but with all our haste that fleeting shadow has gained seventy yards on us or more in the interval, and is making for a much larger patch of rocks lying close to the reef and the deep sea beyond. If he gains that patch, we shall in all probability lose him, for he will gain the reef and reach the sea while we are looking for him. That patch of rocks he must not be permitted to reach.

As the boat's head comes straight, six pairs of lusty arms settle down to get us to that patch of rock before that swiftly fleeting shadow can reach it. "*Valli—valli—oraka valli, kuttigalé!!*" (Pull—pull—pull strong, O my children!!) shouts Kutti Ali excitedly, capering about on the fore-deck, brandishing aloft his long bamboo pole the while. We are gaining undoubtedly, but half the distance is done, and still the shadow fleets steadily ahead of us. A quarter of the distance only now

remains, and the flying shadow is still ahead, though distinctly visible now. Can he keep it up and do the best time on record in the turtle world? I believe he would have escaped, only that knowing fellow in the bows is up to tricks. With the stump-end of his bamboo pole he suddenly brings a resounding thump down on the hollow deck planks of the boat, and as the sound reaches below the turtle shoots quickly forward, for a few yards distancing us, but as quickly comes back as soon as the increased effort dies away. Another thump, another spurt, and the pace is evidently beginning to tell. Those spasmodic efforts have tended to exhaust the stock of air in the turtle's wind-bag. Next instant he for the first time leaves the bottom, close to which he has been all along racing, comes suddenly to the surface with outstretched head and neck, springs nearly clear out of the water to take breath, and again dives.

As we race alongside of him, he sheers off from his original line—that coveted patch of rock and safety are never to be reached again. Kutti Ali again induces him to further efforts, which end in further exhaustion, and all the while he is being headed away from the big rocky patches near the reef.

The boatmen, all breathless, perspiring, and excited, ease off a little, and having got our quarry to a safe distance, now take up his line directly. As we near him, however, he suddenly doubles and shoots off to the side, thereby gaining twenty yards or so before the boat can be brought round. Again we approach, again he turns, this time diving right under the boat, and racing away by the stern, thus gaining ground once more.

But we can see as he passes

astern that his flippers are beginning to flag, and are working convulsively.

Round comes the boat, the men quicken up, and quickly overhaul him on the starboard bow.

Now comes the time for the man in the bows to display his skill. Watch him as he poises himself preparatory to his spring—fists clenched, arms bent at the elbows, and pressed closely to the sides. Watching his chance, he swings his body slowly back, poising it on his left leg, and as the boat, still going at racing pace, reaches alongside within a yard or two of the turtle, he springs clear into the air over the starboard bow, and turning face towards us in the air as he springs, disappears feet downwards into the water, a yard or two ahead of the turtle. As the boat shoots rapidly past the spot, we see for an instant in the troubled water a confused jumble of legs and feet and arms and flippers. But our quarry has evidently been hunted before, for as the boatman touched the water he turned suddenly, and just in time to evade the fatal grasp of the flippers. Turning back under the boat, he again puts his old game in practice, and in the excitement of the moment our steersman springs head-foremost into the water to intercept him, and fails.

Two men in the water to be picked up, besides sundry things, which in the hurry and excitement of the moment have gone overboard on voyages on their own account, give our quarry abundant time to make tracks; but he cannot now go the pace he did. The men are picked up, the floating things too, the boat is turned round, and again we are off in pursuit.

Quickly overtaking him once more on the port bow, Kutti Ali this time vows to have him.

Again the spring in air, again the quick face-turn towards his antagonist, again the confused jumble of feet and legs and arms and flippers down below, and once more the old dodge of doubling sharp back,—but our quarry's movements are not now so nimble as they were. A hind-flipper comes within reach of Kutti Ali's vice-like grip, and is held fast by the one hand, while, reaching forward with the other, a fore-flipper is also grasped high up. The race is over; our prey is captured.

As man and turtle rise quickly to the surface, another boatman—they are all amphibious—jumps overhead to assist the laughing, breathless, but exultant diver. The turtle is turned on his back in the water, puffs out his chin, draws a long wheezing breath through his horny beak and nostrils, struggles for an instant with his captors, and then submissively yields to fate.

One gunwale of the boat is gently inclined downwards, hands in the boat help those in the water, and with a heave and a shout, and much laughter and excited talk, our quarry is pulled into the boat, and slides on his back into the bottom beneath the stretchers, smartly slapping his yellow-and-green oozy stomach the while with his horny flippers.

This was a smart race, for our quarry was young and vigorous. The full-sized lusty fellows—we once caught one in this way that weighed 350 lb. avoirdupois, the shell measuring 3 feet 8 inches in length by 3 feet 4 inches in breadth—do not, as a rule, show so much sport. Their dimensions are aldermanic, and their wheezy breath, as in the case of portly middle-aged bipeds, is scanty and soon exhausted. They are more easily overtaken and caught, but

not so easily brought to the surface or hoisted into the boat. Sometimes two divers go down below to bring them to the surface, one of whom passes his hand warily—for that powerful horny beak can nip off a finger or two with the greatest ease—over the neck and head, and plants a thumb and forefinger in each eye of the turtle. Thus blinded, the turtle, it is said, rises to the surface at once. Turned on his back, and his head released from chancery, the fight then recommences—a second, a third, sometimes a fourth, boatman jumps into the water and lays hold each of a flipper, amid much laughter and excitement and splashing. Tired out at last, all hands are turned on to the task of hoisting the turtle into the boat, and not unfrequently the boat capsizes and fills. Crew, turtles, and all are launched into the water, and a scene of boisterous mirth and excitement follows, till the boat is righted and baled out, and all the missing things recovered, including as many as possible of the turtles thus restored unexpectedly to their native element.

We could tell you of other sources of sport and amusement furnished by these brilliant lagoons—of fish and turtle spearing by torchlight—of boats being dragged about by gigantic skates and sharks, which occasionally find their way across the barrier reefs into the quiet lagoons, and of many other things; but it is time to return to the good ship, which has all this time been steadily ploughing her way towards that speck in mid-ocean with which we are chiefly concerned.

The skipper and his officers have been busy at night with their sextants shooting stars to determine the ship's exact position; for a little dot of an island only a mile

or two wide lying solitary in mid-ocean, and showing, palms and all, not 100 feet above the water, is an easy thing to miss. As day breaks we should, according to the ship's reckoning, have the island dead ahead and within sight. As yet, however, the lascar on watch on the foreyard-arm makes no sign. We strain our eyes and sweep the horizon with our telescopes, but it is of no avail—not a speck of land is visible anywhere. It is the chief officer's watch, and he is on the bridge, binoculars in hand, steadily gazing ahead. The skipper turns out of his snug cabin on the upper deck, and goes up to the bridge too. He is clad in the airiest of sleeping garments, with an old pea-jacket atop; he, too, can make nothing of it. It is dangerous to chaff a skipper when you think he has made a bad land-fall, so give the bridge a wide berth till all is settled up there. The chief is sent aloft to spy the land; not satisfied with his report, the skipper himself follows. The sun is up, an hour of daylight is gone; for half an hour more no word comes down from the foretop. Have we run past it in the night? Impossible: the glare of the lighthouse would have been seen, even if the light itself were invisible; for Minicoy has a lighthouse we may tell you—one of the first magnitude too; but of that more anon.

"Land ahoy!" at last comes down from the watch.

"Where is it?" is shouted in reply from the bridge.

"Straight ahead, sir."

"Just where it ought to be," growls the skipper, looking more pleased than, from his gruff words, you would judge to be the case.

Now we may speak—*now* even some mild chaff may go round; so

we crowd up to the bridge, all eager to get a first glimpse of our destination.

"We have had a strong current against us all night—should have been here at daylight."

"Oh! that's the reason, is it? Now, did you ever yet know a skipper out in his reckoning but he hauled in a current or something to put himself square? Currents are handy things at sea to explain away knotty points."

"Knots is it? why, there's fifteen of them gone clean out of the ship's run in twelve hours."

Whereat we all laugh and take to our telescopes and binoculars.

A long low line of shadowy somethings showing above the filmy mirage to the left—then a break and a white pillar (that is the lighthouse, of course)—another break—and, finally, another and shorter line of shadowy somethings—that is all we can see. But as the ship holds on her way, the nearest of the shadows to the left are quickly taking shape and resolving themselves into palm-trees, and we can make out that an unbroken semicircle of them runs from the northernmost corner of the island right round to and past the lighthouse, which is close to the southernmost point of the land. Then there is a break, and further west lies a detached clump of palms, marking the quarantine islet of Viringilly. A square object we could not at first make out begins to loom larger in the filmy haze, and we discover it to be a big boat, carrying a huge square sail, set well forward, and without a jib. Another, and another, and another seem to spring up and set their sails. "These must be the *más* boats going out to fish," says one of the party, who has been here before.

Now we come in sight of high

combing rollers as they flash white in breaking on the shallow reef at the northernmost point of the land. Beacons are also visible, hardly distinguishable at a distance from the bare masts of other *más* boats, still at anchor in the lagoon, laying in their stock of whitebait before proceeding to the fishing-ground outside the barrier-reef. These beacons mark the boating passages in the coral-reef, which we can now distinguish stretching away in a wide western semicircle from the north as far as the islet of Viringilly, near the southernmost extremity of the land.

A low-lying, piratical-looking craft, with raking masts, showing an immense capacity for spreading canvas, is anchored inside the lagoon. A workman-like boat she is—owned, we find on subsequent inquiry, by the Sultan of the neighbouring Maldivé Islands, and commanded by a smart Minicovite born and bred. They are born seamen, these Minicoy islanders, as we shall presently learn. Three or four other native boats are now distinguishable lying at anchor in the lagoon opposite the little township. Island-built, island-rigged, and manned by smart island-seamen, familiar with the use of the sextant and European navigating tables, these boats set out on trading voyages annually—to the Maldives, to the Malabar coast, and Colombo, and farther still, to the Bay of Bengal. The "James and Mary," and other treacherous quicksands of the Hooghly, are familiar to them. Chittagong is perhaps their farthest point eastward on the coast of India, and Bombay their farthest point west.

The annual setting-out of the fleet, after the S.W. monsoon has moderated its squally force, and its

annual return in March or April, are the two great events in island life. For four months, May to August, the sailor lads are at home to gladden the hearts of their island wives and sweethearts; for eight long months the latter remain in their island-home, looking longingly forward to the day—well watched for—when the shiny white sails, dimly visible on the horizon, come sliding safely homeward over the summer seas, or when, at night, blue lights come flashing their weird gleams through the gloom, and rockets flying skyward proclaim to weary watching women on shore that the sailor lads are safely back again.

"Safely back again." Ah! who knows? Did not one hundred and twenty sailor lads in the prime of life sail gallantly forth with the fleet in 1867, and only a few of their shipwrecked comrades return to tell the sorrowful tale of disaster and ruin—how three of their fine island-vessels had gone down in the cyclone waves in the Hooghly at Calcutta? Twenty years have passed away, and still that sorrowful tale is told; and many a Minicoy heart is yet aching for the loved ones who perished amid the crash and splinters and wreck of vessels broken loose from their moorings, and driven madly and blindly, pell-mell, in a heap on the wreck-strewn shores of the Hooghly.

No such catastrophe has happened this time, however, for there floats at anchor the Dharia Dowlat, 700 tons burden, with her spars and rigging intact. Yonder comes the Dharia Beg, the other 700-ton leviathan of the fleet, with every inch of canvas spread

to woo the loitering breeze, and flags floating gaily from all her masts. And the Kuduja Pali (Small or Saucy Polly?) can just be descried on the horizon bearing down upon the island.

As the truth is realised that the fleet has really returned, a great long-drawn shout goes up from those upon the watch; this is caught up by those who hear it, wherever they may be, and however engaged, and the great volume of sound travels up and down the township, men, women, and children joining in it, and then rushing tumultuously out upon the sandy coral-strewn shore of the lagoon, to verify for themselves that the joyful and exciting news is really true. Glad tidings, indeed, it is, for those ships are freighted with all sorts of goods of value in feminine eyes, besides the stores of rice on which the islanders chiefly subsist.

In order that you may not bear away the impression that we are romancing, we will not attempt a description of our own, but will quote here from a staid and solemn official report:—

"Every woman in the island is dressed in silk. The gowns fit closely round the neck and reach to the ankles. The upper classes wear red silk, and earrings of a peculiar fashion. The Melacheri¹ women are restricted to the use of a dark striped silk of a coarser quality. Every husband must allow his wife at least one candy² of rice, two silk gowns, and two under cloths a-year. He also presents her on marriage with a fine betel-pouch (brought from Galle), and a silver ornament containing receptacles for lime and tobacco, and instruments of strange forms intended for cleaning the ears and teeth."

¹ The lowest class or caste, whose men are occupied chiefly in climbing the palm-trees to draw palm-toddy or to pluck the nuts, &c.

² 5 cwt. or 560 lb.

And again—

"The women appear in public freely with their heads uncovered, and take the lead in almost everything except navigation. In fact, they seem to have as much freedom¹ as there is in European countries. Inquiry into their civil condition (whether they are married or unmarried) is regarded as an unpardonable affront. Unmarried men may converse with maidens, and *courtship is a recognised preliminary to marriage*. The girl's consent is, in all cases, necessary, and the *kāzi* (priest) will not perform the ceremony unless he has sent two *mukris* (sextons) to ascertain that she is willing."

An Eastern people like this, which treats its women with such marked respect, deserves to be intimately known; and so, with your permission, gentle reader, we will now revert to our voyagers, who have all this time been steaming gently onward to the anchorage indicated by the ancient island-pilot, who has been fetched to show the way.

What wind there is is coming from the east or north-east, so the skipper and pilot in consultation decide that we shall cast anchor on the south-west corner of the reef, so as to be under the lee of the island.

There is no need to take precautions here against hidden rocks and reefs as we approach the anchorage; for the chart shows a hundred fathoms *at least* of depth almost within gunshot of the barrier-reef enclosing the lagoon! And the same freedom from shoals holds good all round this tiny island. It is only about five miles in length, by about the same in breadth; and it rises sheer, so far as we know, from the bottom of

the ocean, lying probably 6000 feet (over a mile)² beneath the surface on which our good ship floats.

Realise the fact for an instant, —remember that there is no other land anywhere near it: it lies solitary in mid-ocean, as we have already said more than once, a tall and comparatively slender column of rock over a mile in height; perhaps even the column is not so large below as it is on the surface, and the island and its rocky foundation may be umbrella-shaped—who knows?

It was Mr Darwin who originally suggested, in regard to coral-reefs in general, that the land had slowly sunk beneath the waves, and that the reef-forming coral insects kept it from submergence by their ceaseless labours in elaborating limestone from the briny deep, and piling it up on the mountain-tops. How much of that 6000 feet have they built up in this way? How long have they been about it? Is the land slowly sinking still? These are questions which we will not attempt to answer. Some doubts have recently been cast on the accuracy of Mr Darwin's theory; but we would suggest to the doubters to visit Minicoy, and account for its formation in any other way.

Our skipper is a Scot, and therefore cautious—too cautious as it turns out; for he not unnaturally dislikes the idea of his ship swinging in close to the barrier-reef should the wind suddenly change to the S.W. point, and he therefore lets go the anchor on the sloping limestone, worn smooth by the wild waves

¹ We should rather say more freedom—see what follows.

² The Beagle expedition found, at a distance of only 2200 yards from the edge of the Cocos or Keeling group of islands, no bottom with a line 1200 fathoms (7200 feet) in length.

of the S.W. monsoon. The day is calm, the barometer steady, and coals are dear within the tropics. Our fires are allowed to go out. In the first watch of the night the ship begins to change her position. Is the anchor holding? No; we are distinctly moving. "Pipe up all hands and see what has gone wrong." The anchor-chain hangs perpendicularly from the bows; the anchor has slipped down the smooth sloping limestone, and tumbled over the edge of the stupendous submarine precipice beneath us; and we are helplessly adrift on the Indian Ocean, with fifty fathoms of heavy anchor-chain, and a heavy anchor at the end of it, hanging from our bows! Fortunately the night is calm, and the current carries us away from the island. "How soon can you get up steam?" "Two hours, sir." "Then get it, please, as fast as you can." These words ring out sharp and clear in the night air, and so for two hours at least we drift helplessly about. The light from the lighthouse is growing fainter; at last the donkey-engine begins to snort, and farewell sleep. Link by link the chain comes laboriously in through the hawser-pipe, amid much spasmodic snorting from the donkey-engine, and convulsive quiverings of the ship from stem to stern. The anchor is at last recovered, and we steam slowly about till daylight enables us to fetch up to the island once more and drop our anchor, this time more securely, in a pot-hole among the living coral-rocks closer inshore.

The islanders have been on the watch, and, as we come up to our anchorage, we can see boat after boat hoist their huge square lug-sails, and come away from their

bait-grounds inside the lagoon, under a spanking north-easterly breeze. They are all making for that narrow passage through the barrier-reef marked by a line of beacons; and handsome they look, as one by one, with curving lines and full-breasted, they shoot through the narrow passage into the open sea, and then with the wind well abaft, sweep down toward our ship. The clean sharp stems of the boats show to great advantage as they approach under full sail. Those boats can sail, it is very evident; moreover, they are prepared to meet with heavy winds—for line above line of reefing-points can be seen flying freely in the breeze as they approach. The number of lines seems extraordinary, for when the last reef is taken in there can be but a foot or two of the sail left aboveboard to sail with. And yet the men evidently know perfectly well what they are about, and can be trusted to put no more reefs in their sail than are absolutely required for navigation. As they approach our ship we can see the order given, without any fuss or needless talking, to lower the sail, and on the instant a dozen hands are hard at work taking it in, and stowing it securely away to prevent its getting wetted. The sail is of finely plaited matting, with a quaint device or two in black on the outside. Having stowed the sail securely, they are busy next with the mast,—a man at the bows is gradually slackening the ropes which keep it in position, and half-a-dozen hands are standing on the thwarts of the boat ready to catch it in its descent and guide it to its place of rest, an upright post just in front of the rudder. No lifting of the ponderous mast is necessary, you see; for, as the ropes are slack-

ened forward, the mast comes gently backward and downward of its own accord, till it is securely lodged in the hollowed-out top of the upright post aforesaid.

And now look at the boat itself. Where have we seen that shape before? The gondola-like, graceful, upright sweep of the cut-water, terminating in an elegant and quaintly painted stem-post rising high above the boat, reminds us powerfully of moonlight nights on the Grand Canal, and musical Italian voices singing "Stali-i-i!" The great breadth of beam, and weather-boarding on the sides—the fine lines and great depth of keel—remind us, though we cannot exactly remember where we have met them before, of cloudless Mediterranean skies, and deep sapphire-coloured waves. The bows are decked in as far back as the mast, and the stern ends in a lobster-tail shaped platform, projecting considerably beyond the sides of the boat. That platform is useful when the boatmen congregate at the stern with their fishing-rods to catch the *bonito* as their boat, under full sail, passes and repasses through the shoals of that fish, which periodically visit the neighbourhood of the island in the fair season. You can see their rods lying, tied up in a bundle all ready for action, above the weather-boarding forward. A closer inspection reveals the facts, that the rod consists of a stout pole, and that the line and hook together are exactly of the length of the rod. Moreover, the hook is unbarbed, and consists of a piece of white metal flattened out for an inch and a half or so, and then turned up at one end into a barbless hook, while at the other end (also curved) there is a knob to which the stout cord forming the

line is securely fastened. Trailing these bright metal hooks over the stern, the boat under sail passes and repasses through the shoals of fish, which, mistaking the hooks for silvery fish-fry, dash at them and are hooked,—the point of the rod is raised, and the fish is without further ado swung round into the boat. Disengaging itself readily from the unbarbed hook, it is left to flounder about in the bottom of the boat, while the fisherman proceeds to capture another. To attract the fish, the wells in the boat you see are already stocked with the brilliantly coloured tiny whitebait, with which we became acquainted in our excursion to the coral-reef, and which is ladled out by a scoop from the water-tight compartments into which the boat is divided at the thwarts as soon as the boat comes among the *bonito* shoals.

The *bonito* they thus catch is of two kinds. One is the *Khalubida mäs*, vulgarly called *Komboli* or *Combally* or *Cobally mäs* by the Portuguese writers (*Scomber pelamys*—Linn.) It is striped lengthways with blue or purple stripes, with a small silver thread in the middle of each stripe. *Khalu* means black in the language of the island (*Mahl*). *Bida* may mean striped, but we are not very sure about that. And *mäs* is certainly fish. The other kind is called *Kanali mäs*. It is not striped, and it probably corresponds with the *skip-jack* well known to English sailors. The prevailing hue of both kinds is black.

Let us go ashore with the boatmen and see what is to be seen on the land. As soon as our intention is known, the whole of the cargo of living whitebait is unceremoniously bundled overboard, except some which we reserve for a real

whitebait dinner on board. Stepping on to the stern deck-platform, we are at once charmed with the extreme cleanliness and neatness of all the appointments of our craft. There is absolutely no fishy odour, although the whitebait has just been bundled overboard before our very eyes, and although the boat was probably loaded to the gunwale yesterday with the catch of *bonito*. The Minicovites evidently take great care of their boats, and scrub them well after each day's fishing.

The men themselves are smart, active, sinewy fellows, with no spare flesh about them. They are dressed in brilliantly coloured pantaloons, and each wears a coarse goat's-hair girdle round his waist, pendent from which hangs a regular seaman's knife hooked to the girdle by a solid silver twisted wire. Their jackets are of various makes and of various materials; and on their heads, in addition to the orthodox skull-cap of the Muhammadans, they wear some of them brilliantly coloured handkerchiefs—others have helmets of European patterns, much battered by rough usage—and one in particular, the skipper of the boat, has a well-worn military forage-cap, with a stiff projecting brim to it to shade his eyes.

The skipper, taking his stand behind where we sit on the stern platform, proceeds to steer the boat, working the rudder with his feet and knees, standing the while on a plank projecting inwards at right angles from the rudder-post. Beneath this plank there is a square box, holding spare wooden pins and sundry other things belonging to the boat, in addition to some quaintly carved cocoa-nut shells, which serve as drinking-cups.

At a sign from him the oars, all lying snugly shipped along the

inside of the boat, are shot out through the rowlock-holes in the weather-boarding forward, and a dozen pairs of sinewy arms pull us some fifty yards from the ship. Then at a word from the skipper—these Minicovite boatmen are remarkably sparing of words—the oars are again slid inboard, and all hands set to work to step the mast and hoist the huge mat-sail. We shall have to beat up to windward in order to reach the narrow passage through the reef, and the boatmen will be able to display the good sailing qualities of their craft. Two of the men attend to the sheets which control the peaks of the huge lug-sail, while the skipper himself hauls in the mainsheet, which he secures to a peg in the upright post already mentioned for supporting the mast when it is lowered.

The boat has good weathering qualities we can see directly the wind catches the sail, and we are off in a spanking breeze and a smooth rolling sea. Talk of centreboards and wedge-shaped boats, these Minicovites have evidently learnt the art of boat-building; and as the boat lies over under the huge press of sail, we feel that we are as safe as in a house ashore, thanks to the great beam and deep keel with which the boat is furnished. The rippling water comes coursing in along the lee gunwale, and splashes in at times through the rowlock-holes in the weather-boarding forward; but on the weather side she is as dry as if floating in a mill-pond, although every now and again she dips her nose into the long ocean-rollers.

We have already weathered on the ship considerably, when again, at a word from the skipper, all hands prepare to tack. How is it to be done? Shall we have to

lower that huge heavy sail and haul it laboriously round the mast? Not a bit of it. As the helm is put down the boat's nose runs up into the wind's eye, and such is the pace we are going, and so fine are her lines, that she is round and ready to go off on the other tack inshore almost in three times her own length. Haul in the forward peak, slacken away the aft, let go the main-sheet and pass it forward to the bows, and pass aft the other sheet which has secured us to the stem on the port tack we have been making. The thing is done in a couple of seconds, the boat has lost no way, and in far less time than it takes to write or read the description of it, the huge sail comes bellowing round the front of the mast to the starboard side, is instantly secured, and again our craft heels over, and goes spanking through the water on the shore tack.

The smart handling of such a big boat is interesting and pretty to watch, and as we become better acquainted with the boat and boatmen, our admiration of both increases. A joyous sense of bounding freedom possesses us, such as a rider knows with a strong-going horse beneath him, and a limitless grassy down in front. The exhilaration of our spirits is such that we feel inclined to shout or dance a hornpipe on the sloping deck!

But at last we have weathered the narrow entrance through the reef, and for the last time the helm is put down, the boat comes round, and running free, we glide swiftly in towards the reef. Shoaler and still more shoal the water becomes. We catch flying glimpses of lovely living coral-rocks below the surface, magnified to double their actual size for an instant as a smooth

ocean-roller slides quietly over them. A turtle raises its head above the glassy swell, and then with a flip dives beneath, and shoots away like an arrow. We can see the bottom now quite easily, and mark that the arborescent kind of polypifer has disappeared, the hard limestone bottom has been worn smooth by the fret of the waves and the grinding of the masses of coral-rock they churn up and strew about on the shallows—rock which either goes to maintain the barrier-reef, or drops in time back over the stupendous submarine precipice, to find a resting-place at the bottom of the ocean several thousands of feet below where we are now floating.

The channel narrows as we approach the first guiding beacon, a cairn of poles kept in an erect position by laboriously piling round their butt-ends, resting on the hard limestone-rock, the pieces of coral wrenched from their places by the waves, and thrown broadcast by them during the heavy weather of the south-west monsoon season. It is a laborious business keeping these narrow channels open, and on the day appointed for the purpose the whole of the male population of the island assembles to perform the task.

As the actual reef is reached, we find the passage through it just wide enough for one boat to enter at a time. We leave the swell of the ocean behind us, and find ourselves in the lagoon in perfectly smooth water, except that it is rippled slightly by the wind, and with a brilliantly white coral sandy bottom below. We take a pull at the main-sheet, and bring in the after-peak of the sail a little to correspond, and then our course is set on the starboard tack, straight across the lagoon, to where the

township lies embedded in that huge grove of palm-trees. A line of beacons, and sundry others dotted here and there, denote shoal patches of coral-rock to be avoided. These beacons are the favourite resting-places of a solitary sea-gull or tern or cormorant, which obtain a comfortable footing among the bundle of dry twigs at the top of each, and lazily take flight as we swiftly rush past them.

These coral patches in the lagoon are the bait-grounds of our fishermen, for the fish-fry congregate for safety and shelter about them. A narrow-meshed net, lying out to dry on the deck forward, is employed to catch them. When caught, they are transferred to one of the transverse water-tight compartments into which the boat is divided by planking running across it under the thwarts of the boat. A plug is withdrawn, and

in rushes the water through the boat's bottom: it rises till it is on a level with the water outside; and as the plug is not replaced, the water in the compartment is kept fresh for the whitebait, which are thus kept alive until wanted.

As we approach the shore, one of the first objects that attract our attention is a snow-white egret standing on something floating in the water, and eagerly watching something below. That floating thing is a huge rough basket structure anchored in the lagoon, and used for storing the live whitebait until they are required for the fishing, and the egret is dining off incautious specimens which come too near the surface of the square hole in the lid which gives access to the basket. There are several such baskets floating about, and on nearly every one there is an egret, or perhaps two, thus engaged.

(To be continued.)

SCENES FROM A SILENT WORLD.—II.

BY A PRISON VISITOR.

THE history of the last fifty years seems to indicate that it is the mission of the nineteenth century, at least in this country, to make a searching examination into the condition of most of our time-honoured institutions, whether social, moral, or religious, and expose without mercy any error or weakness in their *modus operandi*. It is to be hoped, therefore, that this active spirit of investigation may now be turned more seriously than has hitherto been the case, to the various branches of our existing criminal law, and especially to the working of the *lex talionis*.

In spite of the well-known fact that there has always been an influential minority in England who doubt the expediency of the capital penalty, and that the question has been repeatedly raised in Parliament, only to be summarily dismissed with the stock arguments on the subject,—the prejudice in its favour continues to be so strong amongst us, that we have not even arrived at any consideration of a desirable change in the mode of its enforcement, such as has lately become law in America.

We venture to think, however, that the simple record of the working of the *lex talionis* in individual cases, which our prison experience enables us to bring before our readers, may tend to show that the theories on which the capital penalty is founded and maintained do not always hold good when confronted with the stern reality of actual facts.

Before entering on this comprehensive theme, we must ask leave to make a personal explanation,

like a maligned member of Parliament, in the shape of a strong protest against the charge that we are actuated by motives of "benevolence" in any statements we may make which suggest a doubt as to the righteousness or wisdom of the death penalty.

No sooner does any one presume to write or speak in any way against this irremediable punishment, than they are immediately stigmatised as "benevolent" persons,—that courteous term being merely a thin disguise for the conviction that they are weak-minded idiots, who give all their pity to bloodthirsty murderers, and are blandly indifferent to the fate of the murdered.

Prison visitors see too much of crime in its worst aspect to be capable of false benevolence, or to have the smallest desire that assassins should escape the direst penalty which can be awarded to them for their cruel deeds; but they cannot be blind to the facts bearing on the administration of the law in all its phases, which are brought into strong relief by the true histories they have to tell. These facts may be left to speak for themselves, as the subject is assuredly not one in which there is any room for private fancies, or for the indulgence of an unreasoning sentimentality; but we may briefly enumerate the difficulties respecting capital punishment which they seem most forcibly to illustrate. We may instance, first, the inequalities and actual failures of human justice in meting out a penalty that can never be revoked, even if proved to have been mis-

takenly awarded to the innocent. This argument was very comprehensively stated by Lafayette when he declared that he would oppose the death decree until the *infallibility* of human judgment could be demonstrated to him; and the position was to some extent borne out, we think, by the history, already given in these pages, of a man who was executed for the wilful murder of the woman he most desired, above all others, to preserve in life. Our own experience has also brought to our knowledge certain most startling revelations on the subject of the miscarriage of justice, which we shall hope at some future time to bring to the light of day.

For the present the true stories we have to relate will be found to bear mainly on the conviction of the opponents of capital punishment, that it is not a deterrent of crime, but rather in some strange instances the reverse; that it is not the punishment most dreaded by criminals; and further, that it is not necessary or even conducive to the public safety.

Within a very short time after Ted Brown,¹ the human gorilla, had passed from our prison to the realms unseen, a man, whom we will call John Butler, was brought to it on a charge of wilful murder. His personal appearance was very unlike that with which an assassin is usually credited—there was nothing in the slightest degree cruel or sinister in the expression of his countenance, which was on the contrary remarkably gentle and pleasant. He was a handsome fair-haired man, tall and strong, in the very prime of life. He gained his living at a lucrative trade, and had always occupied a position of great respectability in his native town,

where he was much esteemed and beloved by numerous friends and relations. Butler had married at an early age, and with his young wife and four fine children, to whom he was deeply attached, he led a happy, peaceful life for several prosperous years. Then suddenly a dark shadow fell on the brightness of his days, the fiat came to him as to Ezekiel in the ancient time—“*Behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke*”—death entered into the midst of the little family in their pleasant cottage home, and took away the tender wife and mother, who was the source and centre of all their happiness. Butler followed her to her grave, half stupefied, and came back to look sorrowfully on his children—the youngest little more than an infant—and wonder what was to become of them while he was absent all day at his work; indeed, even if he had been able to stay at home, which as the breadwinner of the family was impossible, he would not have known how to care for them properly. A very poor expedient was resorted to for a time in the shape of a visit from his old mother, who reluctantly left her own household gods to come and indulge John's children in the most injudicious manner possible, and make abortive attempts with her failing eyesight to cook suitable dinners for them.

She found the little girls comparatively easy to manage, but the two boys, left to run wild, tormented her to the gradual extinction of her small stock of patience, and within a very few months the old woman struck work altogether, and declared she would have no more of it. She gathered up her small personal effects and went back to her own home, leaving

¹ See ‘Maga’ for November 1888, p. 682.

John, as the *patois* of his native place expressed it, to "fend" for himself as best he could. Now John had an intimate friend, a very respectable man, generally supposed, we believe, to be gifted with great common-sense. This admirable quality he forthwith exercised on behalf of Butler, in a piece of advice which he was destined to expiate at a later period of his life in the bitterest regret and remorse: he solemnly counselled him to make a *mariage de convenance*—just such an alliance as in France is contracted between the son of a marquis and the daughter of a countess, from motives of the purest expediency, without any pretence of an attachment subsisting between them. John was personally not at all desirous to replace the dear wife he had lost, but he was ready to make any sacrifice on behalf of his children, whom he loved with a very unusual strength of affection. He answered his wise counsellor, therefore, by saying that he supposed it was the best plan he could adopt for the proper care of his little ones, only he did not know of any woman that would suit. His friend intimated that he did;—there was a certain single woman, robust and capable, living in the place, with apparently no family ties or encumbrances of any kind, who appeared to be very respectable, and likely to prove an excellent manager of a household. It seems not to have occurred to this friend, in spite of his remarkable common-sense, that the fact of the woman living a long way apart from all her relations might indicate some strong peculiarity in her temper or disposition which made her absence from those bound to her, even by the ties of blood, an imperative necessity; nor did any such ominous thought pass

through the mind of poor John himself. He meekly consented to follow his friend's advice, and annex this desirable female to his little kingdom if she were willing to become his second wife.

On that point the lady left no room for a moment's doubt. She closed with John's offer in so vehement and expeditious a manner as to suggest the probability that she looked upon it as her sole chance of matrimony.

Mainly by her strongly expressed will, the marriage was hurried on as quickly as possible, and the unfortunate John had literally not spoken to her much more than three times when he was summarily borne to the church, and there bound to her irretrievably till death should them part. On their return to John's house from the due performance of the ceremony,—at about that stage in the wedding festivities when in another rank of life the bridegroom is expected to rise to his feet and declare that it is the proudest and happiest day of his life,—the newly made Mrs Butler took her husband by the sleeve and led him into a corner apart from the guests, in order to make him a confidential communication: it was expressed in the following words—

"John Butler, now I have got you, I'll let you know what I am."

And she did let him know—during several years of unutterable wretchedness, and, in all that concerned the fate of his miserable children, of absolute torture.

The woman, his sensible friend had so obligingly recommended to him, proved to have the temper of a fiend, and to be endowed also with certain other qualities which are supposed to be eminently characteristic of the denizens of an unmentionable region. Within ten days from the time of their

marriage, she had, according to her promise, imparted to poor John such a remarkable knowledge of what she really was, that he went off in hot haste to the distant village where her parents lived, in order to ascertain what her character and antecedents had really been. A terrible revelation was made to him there ! He learned that no human being had ever been able to live with the woman ; that she was malicious, cruel, and vindictive ; and that her own father and mother had for their very peace and safety been compelled to dismiss her from their home and repudiate her altogether. Nevertheless, John Butler had taken her for better, for worse, and he had no alternative but to return to his own abode, and bear the curse he had brought upon his life as best he could. Then, in that cottage home where he had hitherto reigned as undisputed lord and master, there occurred a phenomenon—one not unknown to history certainly, but still surely a phenomenon. John Butler was, as we have seen, a man of extremely powerful *physique*, and his wife was a small wiry-looking woman of very insignificant appearance. Yet she managed in some inscrutable manner to acquire a despotic power and dominion over her husband, which reduced him to a condition of the most abject submission and slavery. How helplessly he writhed under her indomitable tyranny was soon very sadly proved by his utter inability to shield even his children from her cruelty. It seemed incredible weakness on his part ; yet he spoke of it to the writer as if he had been under a spell which bound him as in chains of iron. During the years which elapsed before he broke through his terrible bondage by a stroke that

brought death to himself as well as to her, he saw first his youngest child—once a merry rosy-cheeked girl—done to death by ill usage, and laid, a wasted, pallid little corpse, by the side of its true mother. Then his eldest boy Harry, his especial favourite, and his only remaining daughter, a gentle young girl, were turned out of the house by their step-mother, and told that they were to darken her doors no more,—they might find a home and a living for themselves in any way they could. A lady consented to take the poor girl into her service, and the boy went to London, where he succeeded in getting only a very hard ill-paid situation, in which after-events proved that he had been exceedingly unhappy. There remained the younger boy, who earned a little money at his father's trade, and the woman therefore allowed him to remain ; but she indemnified herself for this indulgence by systematically starving him. How she intended him to live without food has never been explained ; but the mode in which he actually received his necessary nourishment was by his father concealing certain portions from his own meals in a secret place known only to the boy, where he went to find it when he could succeed in eluding his step-mother's notice.

It may be imagined that during these miserable years the unhappy man often felt that he must free himself from his terrible tyrant by any means, right or wrong. He knew too little of legal processes to be aware that he might have sued for a formal separation, and probably the expense of such a proceeding would have been beyond his means. Anyhow, he did continue to endure his misery, although his wife gradually became a confirmed drunkard, and

also, it is said, added to her other misdeeds by certain sins against her husband, for which, had he been a Turk resident in Constantinople, he might have openly tied her up in a sack and plunged her into the Bosphorus, with the entire approval of the public, and all judicial authorities. The true gentleness and generosity of his nature were, however, shown on one occasion, when, by merely remaining passive, he might have got rid of his incubus for ever. In a fit of drunkenness the woman suddenly attempted to destroy herself, and Butler's little son one day ran to tell him that his step-mother had hung herself in the cellar. The man instantly rushed to the place, cut the rope which held her, carried her tenderly upstairs in his arms, and by the most strenuous exertions succeeded in restoring her to the life that was not yet extinct. This was certainly a sufficient proof that no premeditated idea of violence towards her had entered into his mind.

About a fortnight before the day when John Butler was brought handcuffed between two policemen to the prison, he had one morning received a telegram from London, vaguely stating that his boy Harry had committed suicide, but with no details as to the circumstances under which the tragedy had taken place. Now Harry had only left his father's house the day before, having been allowed to go home from his situation for a very short holiday. What might have occurred there to drive him to quench his own young life is not known, but the act was very significant. Butler was almost beside himself with distress at this terrible news respecting his favourite son, and wished to start instantly for London to learn what

had really occurred; but his determined tyrant peremptorily stopped him from doing anything of the kind. She intimated that he was to stay at home and attend to his work, while she herself would go to London to investigate the matter, and at the same time pay a visit to her sister who resided there. She coerced the unfortunate man into submitting to this arrangement, and departed. Of course he expected to hear from her immediately; but for three days she left him in his cruel suspense without any tidings from her whatever. At last she sent merely a vague telegram saying that the inquest on his son was over, with the usual verdict; and then, half maddened by his continued uncertainty as to the cause and manner of his poor boy's death, Butler took the next train to London, and went first to the house of his wife's sister, where he believed her to be. She was not there, nor had she slept in the house at all. Where was she then? The woman was compelled to admit that her sister had spent the time, when she was supposed to be inquiring into the death of her step-son, in a disreputable house, drinking and otherwise indulging her peculiar tastes.

For ten days after that date Butler remained in his house, to which both he and his wife had returned, maintaining an imperturbable silence,—while he struggled fiercely with the storm of resentment and intolerable misery that raged within him. A touch must have opened the flood-gates of his almost uncontrollable wrath at any time; and at length the fatal moment came.

He returned home from his work one day, tired and wretched, and fell asleep before the fire. He had that morning sold some of his

possessions, probably requiring to meet the unusual expenses his poor boy's death had brought upon him; and when he woke, he found that his wife had rifled his pockets of the money thus acquired, and had gone out to spend it in the public-house. His daughter came in to see him just then for a few minutes, and to her he spoke quietly and kindly. She was soon followed by her step-mother, who instantly began to taunt him about the suicide of his beloved son, in terms so cruel and revolting, that the young girl told the writer afterwards, she felt as if she could herself at that moment have killed the woman who was casting such vile aspersions on her dead brother. She went away, leaving her father alone with the deadly enemy of his children. What passed during the next fateful moments can never be fully known, though it is a significant fact that when Butler was next seen he had a fresh wound on his face as if some assault had been made upon him; but it is certain in any case that the pent-up exasperation and misery of all the past years culminated then and there in one instant of blind unreasoning passion, which drove him to snatch up a knife from the table and put an end to the woman's life and his own agony with one swift stroke.

Where, in the sudden madness of that white heat of ungovernable rage, was there any room for the supposed deterring influence of the death penalty on murder? If the hangman and his rope had been facing him at the moment, it would have made no difference to the frantic impulse which goaded him to avenge the wrongs of his children and himself with a single fierce blow. When John Butler came to himself and saw what he had done, he went and called for his

next-door neighbour to be a witness against him, and then calmly gave himself up to justice so soon as the police could be brought on the scene.

The popular sympathy on behalf of this man was widespread and deep; even his wife's own sister and other relations declared to the writer, that all their compassion was for him and not for the unprincipled woman who had driven him to madness. In prison his demeanour was uniformly gentle and humble, and he manifested unbounded gratitude for the simple fact that no one molested him or spoke any harsh or cruel words, which seemed to him, in comparison with his home life, to be extraordinary kindness.

Moreover, his repentance, as in the sight of God, for his one moment of fatal anger, was profound and genuine. He told the writer, with tears streaming from his eyes, that he repented of his crime with all his heart and soul, and was prepared to expiate it to the uttermost. He had not the smallest wish to live, he said — only his children! — worse than motherless so long, and now fatherless! Sobs choked his utterance. He wrung his visitor's hand in a passionate grasp, and tried to stammer out words of blessing on any who would care for his children.

The day of Butler's trial came, and he took his place in the dock. On account of some legal technicality, rather incomprehensible to ordinary mortals not learned in Blackstone and other authorities, the counsel engaged to defend the prisoner considered it undesirable to bring forward any witnesses as to the provocation he had received. Practically, therefore, the evidence simply went to prove the self-evident fact of the murder; and the attempt to reduce it to man-

slaughter failed. The judge's charge said nothing of extenuating circumstances; and the jury were, with extreme reluctance, compelled to pronounce the man guilty. They accompanied their verdict with a strong recommendation to mercy, of which the judge took no notice whatever.

The dramatic effect of the scene at the moment when the sentence was pronounced was very striking. His lordship was a small elderly gentleman, whose appearance, so far from being imposing, was somewhat ludicrously feminine in his red gown and grey wig. Sitting in his chair, he leant forward on his cushioned desk, and facing the powerful fine-looking man who stood before him and could easily have flung him aside with a movement of his strong hand, he composedly doomed him to be hanged by the neck till he was dead; and further informed him that his body was to be buried in the precincts of the prison.

John Butler heard his sentence standing motionless with head erect. Only once during the whole course of the trial had his self-command given way, and that was when allusion was made to the suicide of his son; then tears burst from his eyes, and his broad chest heaved with smothered sobs; but it was only for a moment. He speedily regained his composure; and as he turned to leave the dock he calmly waved his hand in token of farewell to some of his friends in the crowded court, who on hearing his sentence had given vent to their feelings in piteous cries and exclamations.

It so happened that very soon after the capital penalty had been adjudged to John Butler for the murder of his wife, a man was tried in London for precisely the same crime, and we copy from the

official report of the case the sentence pronounced on him. In this instance, although the woman was effectually killed, it had been permitted that the deed should be entitled manslaughter. The judge described the provocation the man had received from his wife, and then said, that "*the prisoner seemed, in a paroxysm of rage, to have inflicted injuries upon her which caused her immediate death. He had indeed been guilty of manslaughter; but he could not bring himself to pass a longer sentence upon the prisoner than that of a term of imprisonment, the result of which, was that he would be discharged.*" The term of imprisonment to which he was sentenced being, we believe, less than the time he had spent in jail awaiting his trial, the practical result of the punishment awarded to him was that he left the court at once a free man, entirely exempt from any legal consequences of his crime.

We do not for a moment doubt that the judges who tried these two cases were both men of the highest principle and integrity, conscientiously desirous of performing their onerous duties to the very best of their power; but they differed in opinion and disposition, as units of the human race are wont to differ, and the consequence was, that to the one criminal was awarded life and honourable liberty, while to the other was given death, with irremediable disgrace on the children who survived him. We would venture merely to ask, whether it is well that the lives of our fellow-creatures should be dependent on peculiarities of temperament in her Majesty's judges?

The law—or rather the State—had not yet done its worst for John Butler; a further penance

was decreed for him, which according to the legal code in America would there have been wholly impossible. The man had been recommended to mercy; and as the circumstances which had led to his crime were well known—some not very scrupulous persons even affirming that he had done right in ridding the world of such a being—it was confidently expected that the sentence would not be carried into effect. Nevertheless strenuous efforts were made to ensure this result. A petition was sent to the Home Office from Butler's native town, which was signed literally by almost the whole population; another went from the city where the trial had taken place, endorsed by all the most distinguished names belonging to it, including one very eminent legal authority; and lastly, the jury forwarded an appeal of their own, signed by every one of the twelve men, good and true, who had been unwillingly compelled by the machinery of the law to pronounce the word "guilty,"—and no one doubted that such an array of petitioners united in opposition to the execution of the sentence would prevail.

It had been impossible to conceal these efforts from the prisoner himself. His children and other near relations were allowed to visit him, and they naturally told him what had been done, with the further information that a preliminary answer had been received from the Home Office, which stated that the prisoner's case with the appeals made on his behalf were under consideration. After that, no doubt was felt by most that Butler would be reprieved; and this opinion received strong confirmation from the fact, that nearly the whole of the short period allotted to criminals between their trial and exe-

cution had passed away, before the decision of the State authority as to his life or death was made known. Then the answer came—the law was to take its course; he was to die, early on the second morning after the letter reached the prison. Little more than forty hours was granted to this man to prepare for his dreadful doom.

This is no unusual circumstance in connection with the infliction of the capital penalty. Whenever a criminal has been recommended to mercy, and there is a further appeal for his life in consideration of extenuating circumstances, the decision of the Home Secretary is almost invariably delayed till within a day of the execution, and the inadequate space of time thus allotted to a preparation for the dread mystery of death, has been repeatedly brought into notice in the public papers by prison chaplains and others.

A law has recently been passed in America which deals with the whole subject of the capital penalty, and a good deal of interest attaches to some of its more important enactments as compared with our English customs; but we may here transcribe the clause which defines the due interval of preparation to which every criminal has a right in face of his irreversible doom:—

From section 491 of the Code of Criminal Procedure of the State of New York.

"When a defendant is sentenced to the punishment of death, the judges holding the court at which the conviction takes place, must make out . . . a warrant . . . appointing a week within which sentence must be executed."

(Section 492.) "The week so appointed must begin not less than four weeks, and not more than eight weeks after the sentence."

The rule in England, even in cases where there is no doubt that the sentence will be carried out, allows three Sundays only to intervene between the trial and the execution—so that if a man is tried on a Saturday, he has very little more than a fortnight allowed him to prepare; but where there is hope of a reprieve, the delay of the announcement that the man is to die till within a few hours of his execution, not only adds a torturing element to his punishment which he has not legally incurred, but it limits the time of his real preparation to the one last agitating day when his friends come to take a final leave of him. The matter is not one of minor importance, as was keenly felt, we believe, by the saintly Abbé Oroze, the chaplain of La Roquette in Paris, who ministered to all the culprits that during a period of twenty-five years expiated their crimes on the guillotine. The French system of leaving a man in complete ignorance of the time when his execution is to take place until the fatal hour actually arrives, told very heavily against that good priest's efforts to bring such criminals as Tropman, Avignoin, and Billoir to a fit state of preparation for their entrance on the dread eternity. The strange laxity of French prison discipline allowed some of these men to be engaged in playing cards with their jailers till within a few hours of their death; but it may be doubted whether the more decent provisions of our English custom, which dedicates a condemned man's last day to farewell interviews with his friends, can avail to render that brief space of time sufficient for the heavy responsibilities with which it is weighted.

In the case of poor John Butler, who was passionately beloved by

his children and brothers, it was spent in all the agony of mind which the sight of their uncontrollable distress could not fail to awaken in him. One of his brothers was an invalid helplessly crippled, and as he looked up at the tall powerful man glowing with health and vigour, who was some years younger than himself, he exclaimed impetuously—

"John, John! I wish to heaven they would let me die instead of you! You might have a long life before you still; strong and hearty as you are, and fit for good work wherever you might be, and here am I but a useless burden on my family,—I'd go to the gallows for you willingly, if they'd only let me!"

"No, Richard, no! I would never consent to that," said the doomed man, pressing his brother's hand; "it is I alone must suffer, for it is true that I did the deed, and it was very wrong and cruel—it was done in a moment of madness, when I was quite beside myself, and no one on earth knows what I had suffered till I was fairly driven out of my senses. They made no account of that at my trial; but I can tell you this, my life at home was made such a hell upon earth, that I have felt quite happy and peaceful since I have been here away from it all, though the time has been spent in a jail, with the sentence of death hanging over me."

John Butler's singularly affectionate disposition became strongly manifest in the few last hours allowed him by the State after his death-warrant arrived. It was with difficulty that his children were torn from his arms, and he could scarcely bear to lose sight even for a moment of the chaplain, to whom he had become strongly attached. His last messages on

his way to the scaffold next morning were for those who had shown him sympathy and kindness. Thus every instant of his brief interval *in articulo mortis* was saturated with the influence of his strong earthly affections; and it must have been wellnigh impossible for him to turn his dying eyes from the beloved faces he should see no more, in order to look into the mysterious darkness of the unknown state that awaited him beyond these farewell hours.

Since it is no part of the law that a criminal should be kept in ignorance as to his doom till within a few hours of its accomplishment, and the matter is entirely dependent on the will of one State official, it is to be hoped that the strong representations already made on the subject may produce a change, at least in this particular as regards the treatment of prisoners.

The story of John Butler is a very clear illustration of the truth which has been forcibly demonstrated to us in our visits to the silent world—that the capital penalty is not a deterrent of crime. We shall hope at a future time to give the history of a very singular case, in which the prospect of death following at once on a murder, seemed to have been one of the motives for its commission by a most unhappy man; but for the present we are only concerned to show that this portion of the penal code in our country has no real effect in the prevention of deeds of violence.

There is one factor in the inducements to crimes of this description, as regards the weaker sex, which has a force that dominates their whole being to the exclusion of any other influence whatever—and that is the uncontrollable passion which often takes possession

of a woman for the man who is her lover.

Where there is no moral or religious principle to produce self-restraint, as is generally the case among the uneducated classes, the hopeless abandonment of a woman with all her natural affections and impulses to this one overpowering sentiment, is often a very remarkable spectacle. Some time previous to the death of John Butler, that same prison held within its silent walls a young woman who had been condemned to death for the murder of her only child. At the time when she was seen by the writer, there was no reason to doubt that the sentence would be carried out; though ultimately it was found that her condition of health formed a legal obstacle to her execution, and her sentence was commuted to that of penal servitude for life.

When the door of the condemned cell was opened, and she was first seen, she had no idea that any hope of the kind could exist—there had been no recommendation to mercy in her case, and she believed herself irrevocably doomed to suffer the extreme penalty. All that she said, therefore, was uttered with the black shadow of death shrouding her from any participation in the living world, and thus giving a strange significance to the burning words in which she told her history.

Judging by her appearance, it would have seemed impossible that she could be capable of any act of violence whatever. She was young and fair, with delicate features and large blue eyes—her flaxen hair drawn round her head, and leaving exposed a face of waxen whiteness, set in the patient calm of despair. She was placed on the one seat which the cell afforded, quite unoccupied, with her

hands folded in her lap. She looked like a meek and harmless young girl, and she spoke in a soft low tone, with no emotion apparent in her voice.

"Yes, I have got to die," she said, when some gentle allusion was made to her sad position. "I know that quite well, but it is not a matter of any consequence now."

She laid great stress on that last word, then gradually the expression of her visitor's compassion and desire to serve her broke through the cold apathy in which she seemed plunged, and she manifested an eager desire to tell her whole story to her hearer. It was evident that it would be the greatest relief to her to do so, for she had already passed many days in the regulation silence of prison discipline, and she had found no vent for the memories and thoughts that were for ever curdling round her heart in its sleepless agony.

"Let me tell you how it has all been with me," she said, flinging out her hands as in a despairing appeal; and while she spoke with rapid eager utterance, her whole appearance became transformed by the passionate excitement of feeling which caused her to live again in the days that were past. The pale, half-insensible statue she had looked when first seen, appeared to spring into vivid burning life, that flamed in the sudden brightening of her great blue eyes, and sent a crimson flush to her white cheeks.

"Listen!" she cried—"I will tell you all. I was a poor wretched creature with no one to care for me or wish me any good. I had been betrayed and left with an infant on my hands when I was little more than a child myself, in ignorance and helplessness. Then in all my misery I met *him*, and

he said he loved me!—do you hear?—he loved me! and he offered me to come and live with him always, and he would take care of me and make me happy, and give me all my heart's desire; but oh! my heart's desire was for him and him alone! he was so kind, so good, and grand to look upon, there was no one like him in the world for goodness and beauty, and I just adored and worshipped him. I can't find words to tell you how I loved him—there are no words that could tell it: he was my treasure, my joy, my king. I'd have laid down my life for him a thousand times over if he had asked it. A look, a whisper from him was enough to make me do anything he pleased; and I was happy—oh, how happy!"

She stopped for a moment to dash away the passionate tears which the remembrance of her past happiness had evoked, and then went on in a lower tone. "There was just one trouble—the child. It had grown to be some years old, and he hated it—he always did from the very first. I hid it away from him as much as I could, and it was easy while it was still a baby; but when it could run about and call me mother, he saw it and heard it, and he grew to detest it so, that he said he could not endure it in the house any longer. He had threatened me many times that if I did not get rid of it he'd leave me; but I could not believe at first he really meant it. I was willing enough to be quit of the child; for I could not think of it at all when I had him. I had given all my love and heart and soul to him, and he filled my whole life. There was no room for any other—not even the child I had borne. There came a day when it had angered him more than ever before, I don't

know why. He was going away for a night to a town at a distance, and when he was ready to start he came to me. He put his two hands on my shoulders, and fixed his eyes on mine, and looked stern and fierce as I had never seen him. 'Now understand,' he said, 'I'll have no more delay. You must take that cursed child away while I am gone, and leave it where I can never set eyes on it again, or else all will be at an end between you and me. I tell you plainly, if I find that child here when I come back to-morrow, I will leave you then and there, as sure as there's a sun in heaven, and I'll never look on your face again, or have anything more to do with you as long as you live.' He pushed me away from him and went out, but I rushed after him and flung my arms round his neck and cried out—'Don't—don't say you'll leave me—I can't bear it; I'll do what you wish—I'll find a place for the child—I'll take it away,—only don't leave me—never, never!' 'See you do it, then,' he said; 'take the brat to the workus and have done with it.' He went away, and I had no thought but to make sure that he'd not leave me, whatever it might cost me to keep him with me. I knew it was no use to take the child to the workus,¹ for I had tried that before; but they would not take it unless I'd go in too and stay in the house myself altogether. That would have been worse than death to me, as it would have parted me from him. I never gave the workus another thought. That evening after he was gone, and I knew he'd be back next morning, and would leave me for ever if he found the child still there, I do

not think I rightly knew what I was going to do; only I took it in my arms and walked with it as quickly as I could towards the river. When I got to it, there was not a creature to be seen far or near, and it was nearly dark. All the way as I went I had seemed to hear his voice saying over and over that he'd never see my face again, and it goaded me on, and left me no power to choose. The sound of his words came so loud, just when I got to the river, that I rushed down to the edge as if I had been driven by some one at my back; and then,—oh, to think of it!"

Suddenly a spasm of pain passed over the woman's face, and she put her hands over her ears as if to shut out some torturing echo from the past, to which yet her blanched, quivering lips were constrained to give utterance. "Then," she whispered hoarsely, "the child said to me, 'Oh, mother! don't put me in the dark water.' Yes, he did—he did"—and her voice rose to a shriek. It was evident that this dreadful remembrance scorched her very heart, and drove her to put into audible words the piteous cry that haunted her night and day. "Yes, he said that—my child did; but I only cried out—'I can't part with my love for ever,' and I let the little one drop out of my arms into the deep rushing river. The moment it was done, I would have snatched it out if I could, but the stream carried it away, and I saw it no more." She let her head fall down to her very knees, and crouched there in the grasp of an intolerable agony.

Presently she lifted up her convulsed face, and said with a bitter, withering smile, "Do you know

¹ According to the English poor-law, the workhouse could not have taken the child without the mother.

what was the end of it? As I walked home I met a woman who had seen me go out with the child in my arms, and she was one who knew well how he hated it. She asked me where it was, and what I had done with it. I said I had left it with a friend; and she answered, 'Yes, a fine sort of a friend, I expect;' and she went straight away to the police. That was a kind neighbour, was it not? They took me that same night, and locked me up,"—then she broke into a wild despairing cry, as she exclaimed—"I've never seen him since. His words came true, for all I gave up my child so cruelly, only to keep him with me—to be near him—my only love. We are parted now—parted for ever. I can't break down these walls to go to him. Oh, I hope they'll kill me soon! I can't live without him; let me die—let me die!"

What deterring power had the thought of any ulterior consequences on this woman's crime? If this passion of love—"strong as death, and cruel as the grave,"—could overcome the laws of nature and the divine instincts of motherhood, it would certainly make no account of the worst that human laws could do, to avenge the guilt of its unbridled indulgence.

We had another instance once, in a very different case, of the extraordinary power which such indomitable affection has over the life and soul of a woman. There came into the prison on a trifling charge which did not involve a long detention, one of the most pitiable-looking beings it was possible to see,—a woman young in years, but haggard and wasted to the last degree, and with a great gaping wound, still open, on her forehead, which seemed to have been caused by a blow from a

hatchet. She made no difficulty in explaining how she had received this serious injury; it had been done by her lover, with whom she had lived some years, though he was not her husband.

"He has a terrible temper," she said; "the least thing puts him in a fury, and then it's always on me he takes revenge. He has brought me nigh to death's-door many a time; and I know very well that he'll kill me in the end. I know he will."

She went on to give further details of the utter misery in which she lived. The man spent all his earnings in drink, and starved her. She toiled beyond her strength to gain a little money for food, and when she came home after a hard day's work, he snatched her wages from her, and went off to the public-house. Then when he came back, he beat her because she had not supper provided for him. There seemed no possible element of attraction in the life she led with him, even apart from the certainty which was ever present in her mind, that he would compass her death at last—some destined day. Yet when the visitor, anxious to rescue her from the sin and wretchedness of such an existence, offered to provide for her entirely if she would leave the miscreant to whom she was not bound by any righteous tie, she only lifted up her hollow mournful eyes, and said,—“I will never leave him—never.”

Finally, in answer to the strong remonstrances made to her on the ground at once of the guilt and the misery of her life, she answered that she knew it was all true. She suffered night and day, she owned, from hunger and pain and ill usage, and she could not even pray to God to help her, because of her sin. She knew she would

be murdered in the end, and she supposed her soul would be lost, but still—"I cannot leave him—I will not—never, never—though you offered me to live in the Queen's palace; I'll go back to him the moment I am free, and I'll stay with him to the last hour of my life, however it may end,"—and she did. The utmost efforts to shake her resolution availed nothing—no human power could cope with the might of her passion for her destroyer; and she went back to him, saying that she would rather die by his hands than live without him.

The conviction that no case is absolutely hopeless, no criminal, however guilty, altogether impervious to good influences, is that which mainly sustains those who have to work among the inmates of a prison; but the instance we have just recorded was undoubtedly an exception to the rule—it was literally impossible to help the woman in any way. She would not abandon the fascination which held her as in bonds of iron, even to save her own life; and it is certain that no dread of legal penalties would have deterred her from any crime her tyrant had willed her to commit.

The instances we have been able to record in our present limited space, of the working of the *lex talionis* in individual cases, apply only to those arguments in its favour which concern the policy and expediency of its enforcement in relation to the practical results; but there are other and far deeper principles involved in its

theoretic position as a righteous enactment of the law, which must sooner or later be thoroughly investigated in the light of a more advanced civilisation than that of the days when the death penalty was left to be the punishment of one especial crime, even while happily banished from the code of lighter offences. On those weightier matters we may possibly touch at some future time; but meanwhile, we earnestly trust that the readers of these pages may share our conviction—that the whole subject we have so far endeavoured to elucidate by the true histories we have given, is of far more serious importance than appears on the surface. Many wise persons among our legislators and others are of opinion, judging by the signs of the times, that the lower stratum of society, from which the criminal classes are recruited, may at some future period, more or less distant, become a great, perhaps a dominant power in the kingdom. Surely, therefore, it would be well, while there is yet time, that a careful consideration should be given to such portions of the existing legal code as may seem to them to savour of injustice or oppression. An eminent counsel speaking recently in defence of a prisoner, stated openly that various important changes in the administration of justice were already in contemplation by the authorities. We trust, therefore, that such light as these scenes from prison life can cast on the subject will prove to have been not ill-timed.

TITUS OATES.

It is to be regretted that so few memorials of Titus Oates are to be found at the two Stuart Exhibitions now on view at the New Gallery and the British Museum; for whatever may be the estimate in which he is commonly held, it cannot be denied that he played prominent parts in the reigns of the two last kings of that house. During the first, as the "saviour of the nation" and discoverer-in-chief of the Popish plot, and during the second, as a vile wretch fit only to be condemned to be whipped to death between Newgate and Tyburn, he attracted the blessings and curses of mankind in a greater degree than has probably ever fallen to the lot of any one man. The sunshine in which he basked under Charles II. was relatively as bright as the storm and tempest were black which overtook him when James II. came to the throne. The liberal pension and handsome apartments which had been given him by the "merry monarch" as a reward for his services to the State, were exchanged for the jail, the pillory, and the cart's tail; and though, on the accession of William and Mary, he was restored to liberty and granted a new but smaller pension, he never recovered from the odium of the crimes which had been brought home to him during the preceding reign.

Historians commonly represent Titus Oates as the vilest of mankind, and exhaust their vocabularies in seeking to find terms suffi-

ciently vituperative with which to describe him. To a great extent this is the result of a generous feeling which makes it appear to them impossible that men should be found who could be capable of planning the fiendish design which Titus attributed to the authors of the "Popish plot." In England at the present day it may safely be affirmed that such a scheme would never enter into the hearts of men to conceive; but in less favoured lands we have within the last few years seen a sovereign assassinated, the lives of others attempted, and a reigning prince kidnapped by political enthusiasts, who are confessedly less under a sense of compulsion than those fanatics who believe that they are acting under religious inspiration. But, unfortunately, in the time of Titus Oates attempts on the lives of English sovereigns by Roman Catholic agents were fresh in the minds of men, and deeds had been done in the sacred name of religion both in England and Ireland which made the ears of the nation to tingle. Men had not forgotten that the life of Queen Elizabeth had on more than one occasion been attempted, nor was the Gunpowder Plot an event which was likely soon to pass away from their memories.

Such murderous attacks were viewed with the abhorrence which is universally felt by Englishmen at the idea of assassination. The trade of secret murder had never flourished in England. It had

Authorities: (1) The Dulwich College Collection of Contemporary Pamphlets; (2) Burnet's History of his Own Time; (3) Cobbett's Complete Collection of State Trials; (4) The Memoirs of Sir John Reresby; (5) The Somers Collection of Tracts.

always been regarded as an evil of foreign growth, and as more especially belonging to that country where Popery has its headquarters. It was easy, therefore, to associate the two products of Italy, and to look upon Papists as assassins, or the apologists for assassination. But it may be doubted whether such outrages as those spoken of would alone have been sufficient to account for the dread and hatred of Popery which had overspread the land. Isolated acts of violence committed on members of a small privileged class, however much they may be reprobated, do not stir deeply the minds of the people at large. But to every Englishman of the time of Titus Oates the Roman Catholics had given abundant evidence to prove that the lives and properties of Protestants were no longer safe when committed to their hands. The cruelties which had disgraced the reign of Mary, and the horrors of the Popish rebellion in Ireland of 1641, had brought home to the minds of Englishmen with realistic force the danger of allowing any encroachment on the part of the aggressive enemy. The anxiety of the situation was accentuated by the fact that the Duke of York, who was the next heir to the throne, had proclaimed himself a Roman Catholic; and it had become not only possible but probable, therefore, that a line of Popish monarchs might be established on the throne. Sunday after Sunday the people were exhorted from countless pulpits to resist the advance of a religion which was said to sanction cruelty when Protestants were the victims, and to approve of murder when its interests were at stake. The statute-book bore testimony to the depth of the feeling of the nation. The Test Act was passed, which prohibited Ro-

man Catholics from holding any civil or military office, and numerous laws were enacted which forbade the public exercise of their religion and the sale of Romish emblems.

But the prospect of the immediate future which filled the minds of the people with such dire forebodings produced among the Roman Catholics an elation which they found it difficult to repress. They confidently looked forward to a time when their position and that of the Protestants would be reversed, and the more intemperate among them were unable to refrain from openly announcing the prospective measures by which the Protestant clergy would be compelled to give up their churches and parsonages to the priests, and the owners of monastic lands would be called upon to restore their properties to the Church from which they had been taken. The spirits of the Catholics were still further raised by the indolent and easy-going disposition of the King. The pursuit of pleasure in which Charles was engaged indisposed him towards the infliction of pains and penalties on any section of his subjects for the sake of a religious belief. It is commonly the case that those who indulge in the pleasant vices are tolerant of the religious foibles of their fellow-men, and in Charles the tolerance produced by indifference was still further fostered by a secret leaning towards the persecuted faith. The Roman Catholics had therefore good grounds for expecting a speedy relief from the disabilities under which they laboured. Not only in England, but among the Dominicans in Rome and the Jesuits in France and Spain, hopes were openly expressed that a good time was coming for the English followers of their faith, and that

before long Mass would again be celebrated in Westminster Abbey.

It was while the nation was in this feverish condition that Titus Oates announced his discovery of a "Popish plot" for the murder of the King, the subversion of the Protestant faith, and the overthrow of the Government.

Oates had led a professedly checkered existence. He was the son of a ribbon-weaver, who had been originally an Anabaptist teacher, and who had conformed and become a clergyman of the Church of England. Titus likewise, who was born at Hastings in 1620, took holy orders, and acquired a benefice in Kent. But his temper and disposition were not such as to befit him for the life of a country clergyman. He was proud and overbearing, and at the same time ignorant and ill-tempered. His tongue was so little under his command that he allowed himself to speak slightly in public of some of the most sacred mysteries of his faith, and on one occasion he was prosecuted for perjury. After these experiences he became a naval chaplain. But here also either an ill-fortune or a just retribution overtook him, for a charge being made against him of infamous conduct, he was dismissed from the fleet. His next office was that of chaplain to the Duke of Norfolk—a strange post for a Protestant clergyman to hold, and one which could only have been offered to him with the intention of perverting him to Roman Catholicism. At all events, this result followed almost immediately. To Hutchinson, a Jesuit in the household of the Duke, belongs the honour of having perverted Titus. But the proselyte was as little popular in his new communion as he had been in the old, and to discipline him into sub-

mission he was sent to the Jesuit college at St Omer. Thence he was despatched on missions through France and Spain, where, as he affirmed, he gathered the particulars of the plot which on his return to England in 1678 he determined to divulge.

But the matter was one which required careful handling. An undue publicity might have subjected Titus either to have been whisked away by his co-religionists or to have been incarcerated by their influence as an impostor. It was necessary, therefore, that the revelation should be made privately, in the first instance, to the highest personages in the State. A certain Dr Tonge, a simple and credulous chemist, who though truthful and sincere was prone to wild schemes and notions, happened to be an acquaintance of Oates and a friend of one Kirby, who was employed in the King's laboratory. To him, therefore, Titus confided a portion of the plot, with the request that he would induce Kirby to mention the matter to the King. This Kirby did, and Tonge was summoned by the King to an audience. Of this opportunity Tonge made good use, and gave the King so many particulars tending to prove the existence of a plot against his life, that the King, though disposed to be incredulous, felt bound to take some notice of the communication, and handed him over to Lord Danby for examination. Danby, however, was even less inclined to believe in the plot than Charles, and treated the whole affair with indifference. Shortly afterwards, anonymous letters of a mysterious import referring to plots and discoveries reached Bedingfield, the Duke of York's confessor, who carried them to his master, who in his turn laid them before the King. But still

so little faith was placed in the reports, that six weeks were allowed to pass without any notice being taken of them.

Titus felt, therefore, that some further step was necessary to convince the Gallios of the Court of the truth of his revelation. Again Tonge was made his instrument, and this time he was sent to Dr Burnet, whose influence at Court was well known. To him Tonge stated, among other things, that Conyers, a Benedictine monk, had undertaken to stab the King. Amazed at the communication, Burnet took counsel with Dr Lloyd, the rector of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, a man of profound erudition, and of whom Bishop Wilkins used to say, "he had the most learning in ready cash of any he ever knew." Lloyd hastened to the office of the Secretary of State with the news, and Oates was summoned to appear before the Privy Council the next day.

But Oates's experience of the Ministers was such as to make him fear that they might again turn a deaf ear to his discoveries. He therefore determined to place his account of the plot on record before presenting himself at the Council-chamber. The most eminent justice of the peace in London was Sir Edmondbury Godfrey. At the time of the Plague, when all his brother magistrates had sought safety by flight from the fever-stricken city, he had the courage to remain at his post. For this signal instance of public spirit he had been knighted, and was universally esteemed for his courage and ability. He was a zealous Protestant, but was at the same time so entirely free from bigotry that he lived on excellent terms with his Roman Catholic neighbours.

Godfrey's name was therefore

the one of all others which was best calculated to give an air of respectability to a deposition, and it was before this magistrate that Oates presented himself on the eve of his examination before the Council. Substantially, he asserted that there were two plots: one emanating from Rome, which had for its object the subversion of the Protestant religion, and in furtherance of which a whole hierarchy of officials had been nominated by the Pope; and the other, having its headquarters in France, which aimed at the murder of Charles, the overthrow of the Government, and the transfer of Ireland to the French King.

On all these points Oates dilated at length on Michaelmas eve before the Council. From six o'clock until ten he poured forth a torrent of accusation against Lords Arundel, Powis, Stafford, Bellasis, Petre, and other peers, as well as against Coleman, the Duchess of York's secretary; Langhorn, a celebrated lawyer; Ireland, Whitehead, and a host of other Jesuits. But the central point of the French plot he declared to be the murder of the King. Conyers and Anderton, two Benedictine monks, and four Irishmen, were, he asserted, told off to stab the King at Windsor. In case these emissaries should not be able to effect their purpose, two men, Grove and Pickering, were deputed to shoot him as he walked in St James's Park; and in the event of circumstances preventing the execution of their design, Sir George Wakeman, the physician to the Queen, was to mix poisons in his cup. Poniards and eighty guineas had been given to the first batch of would-be assassins, with the approval of Coleman, who had personally given a guinea to the messenger who carried the reward

to the hirelings. Pistols and silver bullets had been provided for Grove and Pickering, the first of whom was to receive £1500; and the second, being a religious man, was, at his own request, to be awarded 30,000 masses, which, at a shilling a mass, came to the same amount. Wakeman was offered £10,000 for his share in the undertaking; but as he objected to that sum as being too small a figure for so great a service, the amount had been increased to £15,000.

On the rising of the Council, Oates was examined personally by the King, who, though disinclined to put full credence in his evidence, was staggered by the circumstantiality of his narrative, and by the multitude of details which he brought forward. On one point the King was able to refute him. Oates had stated that when at Madrid he had been introduced to Don John, who had promised to further the plot.

"What sort of man is Don John?" asked the King.

"A tall, lean man," replied Titus.

"On the contrary," said the King, who knew Don John well, "he is a short, fat man."

"I was only told," replied the redoubtable Titus, "that the gentleman I saw was Don John, and I suppose, therefore, there was some mistake."

This tittle of inaccuracy was not held to be sufficient to invalidate Oates's testimony, and that night warrants were issued against several Jesuits, Coleman among others. So soon as it became known that mischief was intended against them, the Jesuits prepared to escape. Coleman destroyed his papers and went into concealment. But a day later he surrendered himself, and was put under arrest. On his house being carefully

searched, a deal box containing letters was found in a receptacle behind the chimney, and some packets of letters were discovered in a drawer under the table. All these letters related to the years '74, '75, and '76, and had probably been overlooked in the general destruction of his correspondence.

Coleman was a clergyman's son, and at an early age had become a pervert to the Church of Rome. Whether his perversion was the result of conviction may well be doubted. At least on all other occasions he acted with a sole regard to his private interests. He was an active, busy, able, and arrogant man, always assuming a prominence to which his merits failed to entitle him, and always grasping after money to which he had no possible right. The letters which were found in his house revealed the fact that he had carried on an active correspondence with P. Ferrier, the French King's confessor, and with P. de la Ohaïse, who succeeded to that office on the death of P. Ferrier. In one and all of these letters he dwelt on the favourable opportunity which then offered for supplanting the Protestant religion by that of the Church of Rome. He enlarged much on the zeal of the Duke of York in this cause, and constantly urged his correspondents to supply him with money for the advancement of the interests of his religion and of the French King. To such good effect did he plead for supplies of French pistoles, that, as he afterwards confessed, he was personally the richer by £2500, owing to the liberality of the French King. But this sum was but one item in the numerous bribes which he received, and which enabled him to live in luxury.

The tone of the discovered letters was regarded as bearing a treasonable construction, and the following passage was particularly relied upon to prove his reckless designs against the Church of England as by law established: "We are," he wrote, "about a great work,—no less than the conversion of three kingdoms, and the total and utter subversion and subduing of that pestilent heresy (Protestantism) which hath reigned so long in this northern part of the world; and for the doing of which there never was such great hopes since our Queen Mary's days until this time." This probably referred only to the known Catholic tendencies of the King, and the expected succession of James. But his prosecutors thought otherwise, and argued, that if this was the tone of letters which through carelessness he had omitted to destroy, what must have been the character of those letters which had been committed to the flames.

Numerous other arrests followed, and the news spread like wildfire through the country that the State was in danger, and that there was a design for the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic faith as the State religion. In every county the Protestants were up in arms, and in London the excitement was so great that it was dangerous for any professing Catholics to appear in public. While public feeling was thus deeply aroused, an event occurred which confirmed the populace in their belief of Oates's revelations. Shortly after it became known that Sir Edmondbury Godfrey had taken Oates's deposition he received threatening letters, and though he took no precautions against the dangers which these foreshadowed, he was not without

apprehensions as to the possible consequence of his action. "I believe," he said to Dr Burnet, when speaking of these circumstances, "I shall be knocked on the head."

On the Saturday week after Oates had announced his discovery, Godfrey left his home in the morning, and was seen at one o'clock in the neighbourhood of St Clement's Church, in the Strand, but from that hour he was never seen again in public alive. As it was thought possible that he might have been called away into the country, no public notice was taken of his disappearance until the Tuesday following, when his relatives becoming seriously alarmed, reported the matter to the Council. On consideration, the Council was preparing to issue an order for a house-to-house search, when they were diverted from their purpose by the Duke of Norfolk, who, according to Burnet, informed them that Godfrey had been secretly married, and was keeping out of the way for shame's sake. Men's minds were also then, and later, disturbed by other mysterious coincidences. On the Tuesday, so it was subsequently sworn and attested, Dugdale, Lord Aston's steward, asserted, in a public-house in Staffordshire, that a Westminster justice of the peace had been murdered. And at mid-day on Thursday an unknown man stated, in a bookseller's shop, that Godfrey's body had been found pierced through with a sword. That evening his body was discovered in a ditch, near St Pancras Church, thrust through as described. At first it was suggested that he had committed suicide; but this was negatived by the fact that his neck was broken, that his chest was much bruised, and that, as the medical evidence

showed, the sword had been run through him after death. The idea of a murder having been committed for the sake of robbery was disproved by the discovery that his money was untouched in his pockets. It was further observed that on his clothes were drops of white wax-lights, such as were used by "persons of quality" and priests, but such as it was known he never employed.

In the excited state of the public mind this outrage inflamed the passion of the people to an extent which caused apprehensions lest there should be a rising against the Roman Catholics in London—a danger which was shortly afterwards increased by the news that a man named Bedlow had made a deposition before the magistrates at Bristol to the effect that Godfrey had been murdered by Roman Catholics in revenge for his having taken Oates's evidence. Bedlow's testimony was confirmed on oath by Prance, who was drawn into the case by a strange coincidence. By trade he was a goldsmith, and was employed in making religious emblems for the Queen's chapel. On some rumours of treasonable conduct he was arrested, and was being borne to Westminster when he was recognised by Bedlow, who happened to be passing at the time, as one of those who had been concerned in Godfrey's murder. On being interrogated Prance at first denied all knowledge of the crime, but subsequently asserted that two priests had engaged him and three others to commit the crime. With the minutest detail he stated that Godfrey had been decoyed to the back of Somerset House and there strangled; that his body had been first taken into a room in Somerset House, and subsequently had been carried to the place where it was found.

This evidence was to a degree supported by the testimony of the people of a public-house where the conspirators were said to have met, and by the sentry at Somerset House, who saw the sedan-chair, destined, as it was stated, to carry out the body of the murdered justice, borne into the building; but he denied having seen it carried out. The three men accused of the actual murder were tried in the following February, and were all hanged. To the last they protested their innocence, and died with either a lie on their lips or a sentence of judicial murder against the authorities.

But to return to the subject of the main plot. On the 27th November 1678, Coleman was arraigned for high treason before Sir William Scroggs, the Chief-Justice. This judge was not the possessor of a very enviable reputation. In private life he was depraved and dissolute, and as a judge he was noted rather for his readiness in speaking than for his knowledge of law. From the first he took a strong line against the prisoner, and gave credit to the testimony against him with a readiness which unquestionably suggests bias. At the same time, against Coleman there was evidence of what, it was contested, amounted to treason in the letters which had been found in his house. The authenticity of these letters he frankly admitted, but added, "I deny the conclusion; but the premisses are too strong and artificial."

"You cannot deny the premisses that you have done these things; but you deny the conclusion that you are a traitor," remarked Scroggs.

"I can, safely and honestly," answered Coleman.

"You would make a better Secretary of State than a logician,"

replied the judge, "for they never deny the conclusion."

In all other matters connected with the plot Oates and Bedlow were the principal witnesses, and not having any direct evidence with which to refute their testimony, Coleman was compelled to rely on finding discrepancies in their narratives. Oates, when first confronted with Coleman before the Council, had failed to recognise him, and as, at the trial, he owned that he had been in his company on several occasions previously, this disagreement was urged against him. With considerable readiness he affirmed that the examination before the Council was held late in the evening, when he was tired out with his exertions in arresting prisoners, and that the light in the room was very dim. He failed for these reasons, so he said, to recognise Coleman on the instant, but that directly he heard his voice he was ready to swear to him. Unfortunately for Oates, it was shown that Coleman had given his evidence before Oates was asked whether he recognised him, and in this dilemma Titus took refuge again in the fatigue which had benumbed his senses.

One witness testified in a general way that Coleman had been in Warwickshire the greater part of August, and that he could not therefore have been at the meeting at the Savoy when the £80 were paid for the murder of the King. But this evidence was not esteemed of much value, and Coleman did not generally display either tact or ability in his defence. He was wordy and involved in his speech, and almost justified Scroggs's remark: "What kind of way and talking is this! You have such a swimming way of melting words, that it is

a troublesome thing for a man to collect matter out of them." Finally, the jury unanimously found him guilty of treason, and he received sentence of death. "You shall return to prison," said Scroggs, "from thence to be drawn to the place of execution, where you shall be hanged by the neck, and be cut down alive, your bowels burnt before your face, and your quarters severed, and your body disposed of as the King thinks fit; and so the Lord have mercy upon your soul." On the 3d of December this barbarous sentence was carried out. To the last Coleman protested his innocence with regard to any treasonable design. But the effect of this denial was weakened by the fact that up to the last moment he expected a pardon. "There is no faith in man," were his last words, when, as the executioner adjusted the rope, he recognised that all hope was vain. With Coleman's condemnation and execution followed, as a matter of course, the condemnation of those others who were charged with similar offences. The nature of the evidence was in all cases alike, and the principal witnesses were the same. In nearly every instance the first witness examined was Oates, whose misshapen figure and strange features appeared to the accused as a *memento mori*. Short in stature, with a "bull" neck, an awkward gait, a strangely long chin—so long, indeed, that his mouth was said to be in the middle of his face—a cast in his eyes, and a large wart on his eyebrow, he presented at all times a revolting appearance. But when inflated by pride and puffed up with the royal approval, which found expression in a pension of £900 a-year, he assumed the airs of a grandee and the dress of a bishop, there were few who could

look upon him without disgust. After Coleman's execution, he adopted the manner of a "saviour of the nation;" and when called upon, on December 17th, to witness against Ireland, Pickering, and Grove, he bustled into court with all the assurance of a man who held the fate of the prisoners in the hollow of his hand. And so, to all intents, he did. It was mainly on the accusations levelled by him that the verdict of guilty was given against all three.

But in these cases the degrees of guilt were not quite the same. Ireland, who was an educated man and a gentleman, was charged by Oates with having attended a "consult" of Jesuits at the White Horse Tavern, in the Strand, at which the murder of the King was planned, and the amount of the rewards to be given to the assassins was arranged. This was the head and front of his offence; but coupled with it was his participation in the plot for the subversion of the Protestant faith and the overthrow of the Government. The main point of Oates's evidence, and that of Bedlow who supported him, was the treason hatched at the consult. If Oates's testimony on this point were true, the guilt of the prisoners was unquestionably established. On this subject he swore that he attended at the consult, having come over from St Omer for the purpose; that Ireland was present; that when the plot had been arranged by which Pickering and Grove were "drawn down" to murder the King, the conspirators separated, forming themselves into small clubs; and that he had carried the paper containing the resolutions arrived at to each conspirator for his signature, and to Ireland among the rest.

He also swore that Pickering

and Grove undertook to murder the King; and he added that they had made several attempts to execute their design. Several times they had lain in wait for their victim in St James's Park; and on one occasion they would probably have effected their purpose had not the flint of Pickering's pistol been loose—for which piece of carelessness Pickering, being, it will be remembered, a religious man, had undergone a penance of twenty or thirty strokes.

This evidence was met by the prisoners with the assertion that Oates was at the College of St Omer during the whole of April, and therefore could not have been at the White Horse Tavern on the day he mentioned. But they brought no witnesses in support of their contention. In supplementing Oates's evidence, Bedlow swore that Ireland was present at a consult at the end of August, in the rooms of William Harcourt, a Jesuit, when the murder of the King was again discussed. To this Ireland answered that he was absent from London from the 3d of August to the middle of September. On this point he called as witnesses his mother and sister, who testified that he left London on the 3d of August, and returned a fortnight before Michaelmas; a servant, who witnessed that he saw Ireland at St Albans on the 5th of August; and a Mr Giffard, who said that he was constantly in Ireland's company at Wolverhampton during the last part of August and the beginning of September. In refutation of this evidence, a servant-maid, who had at one time been in the service of Grove, was called, who swore that she had seen Ireland at the door of his house in Fetter Lane on either the 12th or 13th of August. Grove and Pickering had nothing

to say for themselves except to deny point-blank all the testimony against them, and to cast doubt on the evidence of the witnesses.

In these circumstances it is almost needless to say that the Chief-Justice summed up strongly against the prisoners, and that the jury—which was composed, not of uneducated, ignorant men, but mainly of baronets, knights, and esquires—found them guilty. Jeffreys, who was then Recorder, passed sentence of death upon them at the close of an edifying harangue, in which he said, "Whatever you may apprehend, yet all men that will lay their hopes of salvation upon anything that is fit for a man to lay his hopes upon, which is upon the merits of a crucified Saviour, and not upon your masses, tricks, and trumperies, do abhor the thought of promoting their religion by massacring kings and murdering their subjects." He assured them that they had been "fairly heard," and "fairly tried and convicted," and concluded by describing in detail the process of their execution, which was the same as that in the case of Coleman, with the addition of some further shocking indignities. All three men died protesting their innocence; but their protestations were popularly met in the spirit of the remark of the Chief-Justice, who, when Pickering said at the trial, "I will take my oath I was never in Mr Bedlow's company in all my life," rejoined, "I make no question but you will; and have a dispensation for it when you have done." A further doubt was also subsequently thrown on Ireland's evidence by a Mr Jennison, a Roman Catholic, who came forward on reading the report of the trial and execution to testify that he had seen Ireland in London on the 19th of August. The fact that

Ireland had died with this lie on his lips so shook Jennison's faith in their common religion, that he abjured, and became a Protestant.

Almost immediately after this, circumstances came to light which still further served to discredit the evidence of the conspirators. Reading, a lawyer of "some subtilty but of no virtue," was employed by "the five Popish lords" in the Tower to prepare their defence. This man insinuated himself into the confidence of Bedlow, lent him money, of which he was always sorely in need, and at length proposed to him that he should so far modify his evidence as to leave the accused a loophole by which to escape. If he would consent to do this, Reading promised him, on behalf of Lord Stafford, a present of two or three hundred pounds. The other lords, he said, had refused to have anything to do with the matter. But Bedlow, possibly through honesty, or possibly foreseeing the value to him of the card the other had put into his hand, communicated the proposal to both Prince Rupert and the Earl of Essex, while at the same time he kept up negotiations with Reading. On a given day he arranged that the emissary should come to his chambers further to discuss the matter, and at the time appointed he concealed two witnesses in an adjoining cupboard. In the hearing of these men he drew from Reading a full statement of his suggestion, and holding in his hands the paper which embodied the terms, and which Reading had brought for his signature, he summoned the listeners. With such evidence against him, Reading could do nothing but submit, and a lengthened exposure in the pillory was the penalty he paid for his indiscretion.

It was under the weight of the additional prejudice begotten by this circumstance that the five Jesuits — Whitebread, Harcourt, Fenwick, Gavan, and Turner — were put upon their trial (June 13, 1679). Scroggs again presided on the bench, and Jeffreys appeared as Recorder. Other reasons besides Reading's felonious attempt, combined to animate the popular feeling against the prisoners. They were all Jesuits, Whitebread being the Provincial of the Order, the witnesses which supported them were all Jesuits, and certain documents found amongst their papers were, when read under the existing impressions, most damaging to them. But while admitting these facts, it is impossible to read without a shudder of the acclamation which filled the court at the taunts of Scroggs, or without horror of the shouts of applause which greeted the barbarous sentence pronounced by Jeffreys upon them.

The evidence against White, *alias* Whitebread, Harcourt, Fenwick, and Turner, mainly turned on their presence at the consult said to have been held on April 24th. Oates, as usual, was the first witness, and swore to having been present at the meeting. To prove the fact of the consult, the Crown produced a letter found among William Harcourt's papers, apparently addressed to him by Edward Petre, in which the writer said:—

"I am to give you notice that it have seemed fitting to our master Consult, Prov., &c., to fix the 21st April next, *stilo veteri*, for the meeting at London of our congregation; on which day all those that have a suffrage are to be present there, that they may be ready to give a beginning to the same on the 24th. . . . Every one is reminded also not to hasten to London long before the

time appointed, nor to appear much about the town, till the meeting be over, lest occasion should be given to suspect the design. Finally, secrecy as to the time and place is much recommended, . . . as it will appear of its own nature necessary."

Of this letter the Crown made full use. Why, asked Scroggs, should such secrecy be demanded, if the object of the consult had not been treasonable? and what was the design which it was so necessary to prevent even a suspicion arising about? William Harcourt explained that the "design" of the consult was to choose a Procurator to proceed to Rome. But this explanation was scouted as insufficient, and another letter was also put in which was considered to be equally damaging. It was signed Christopher Anderton, and was dated Hilton, February 5th, 1674. Hilton, as Oates explained and Harcourt admitted, meant Rome. In course of the letter Anderton wrote, "When I writ that the Patents were sent, altho' I guess for whom they were, yet I know not for certain, because our Patrons do not use to discover things or resolutions till they know they have effect. And therefore in these kind of matters I dare not be too hasty, lest some might say, 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'"

The patents referred to were interpreted by the Crown to mean the commissions which Oates had sworn had been conferred by the Pope on the officials who were to take over the administration of the country on the suppression of Protestantism. White, on the contrary, explained that the word meant the *literæ patentes*, appointing him Provincial. But as the date of Anderton's letter was three weeks subsequent to his appointment as Provincial, little

credit was given to this explanation.

But the principal evidence adduced in refutation of the incriminating testimony was that of sixteen young men from the Jesuit College of St Omer, all of whom stated with the greatest positiveness that Oates was at St Omer during the whole of April and May; and they further asserted that two of those with whom Oates swore he had come over to England had, during the whole of the same months, been resident in Flanders. In reply to this part of the prisoner's case, Oates called a former master of his at the Merchant Taylors' School, a Dominican friar, and two or three servants, who all swore that they had seen him and conversed with him in the month of April. Dugdale, Bedlow, and others were called to give evidence on other points, among which were matters incriminating Gavan in the conspiracy to murder the King. When called upon to speak in their own defence, the prisoners all declared in the most solemn way that they were innocent of the crimes laid to their charge. But these declarations availed them no more than did the evidence of the students from St Omer, and without hesitation the jury found them guilty. On the announcement of the verdict, Jeffreys addressed the jury in a short speech, in which he said,—“But upon a long evidence, a full discussing the objections made against it, and a patient hearing of the defence they (the prisoners) made, they are found guilty. And I do think that every honest man will say that they are unexceptionally found so, and that 'tis a just verdict you have given.”

Probably with the grim intention of saving time, the sentence on the prisoners was reserved until

the conclusion of Langhorn's trial on the following day. The principal charges against Langhorn were that he had received and distributed the commissions from the Pope, among which was one constituting him Advocate-General, and that he had consented to the murder of the King. Practically the same evidence was adduced as at the former trial, with the addition of the testimony of Oates that he had seen and read the commissions in Langhorn's chambers. As a certain confirmation of this evidence, Dr Burnet states in the ‘History of his Own Time’ that Langhorn's wife, who was a Protestant, told Dr Tillotson, before Oates had even mentioned the commission, that her son, who was “a hot indiscreet Papist,” had said that “their designs (*i.e.*, of the Roman Catholics) were so well laid, it was impossible they could miscarry; and that his father would be one of the greatest men of England, for he had seen a commission from the Pope constituting him Advocate-General.” Whatever may have been the true weight of the evidence for the Crown, it must be confessed that the prisoner's defence was very weak; and the jury, following the direction of the judge, found no difficulty in returning a verdict of guilty. Jeffreys, as usual, passed sentence on the prisoner, with those who had been tried on the preceding day, and, especially addressing Langhorn, he said:—

“Your several crimes have been so fully proved against you, that truly, I think no person that stands by can be of any doubt of the guilt. Nor is there the least room for the most scrupulous man to doubt of the credibility of the witnesses that have been examined against you. And sure I am, you have been fully heard, and stand fairly convicted of those crimes you have been indicted for.”

The five Jesuits, who were executed on June 20th, and Langhorn, who suffered death on July 14th, all died vainly protesting their innocence. On the scaffold, Fenwick emphasised his denial of all knowledge of Godfrey's murder by adding, "Now that I am a dying man, do you think I could go and damn my soul?" "I wish you all the good I can," answered the sheriff; "but I assure you I believe never a word you say."

But though, under the influence of Scroggs's taunts and Jeffreys' rhetoric, people were found to shout for joy on the condemnation of men to suffer a cruel and barbarous death, the nation at large had "supp'd full with horrors," and so many had walked "the way to dusty death," that the public conscience felt that justice should now be satisfied. One illustrious head was to be laid on the block, but not yet; and the next men who were called upon to stand at the bar to defend themselves against Oates, Dugdale, and Bedlow, were Sir George Wakeman, the Queen's physician, and three Benedictine monks (July 1679). So confident had the accusers become by the faith in which their evidence had been received, that they had not hesitated to accuse the Queen of participation in the plot; and the trial of Wakeman was popularly regarded as the test of the Queen's innocence or guilt. So far as the principal *dramatis personæ* were concerned, this was but a repetition of the previous trials. Scroggs still presided on the bench, Jeffreys was the Recorder, and Oates, Dugdale, and Bedlow stood ready to do their best to swear away the lives of the prisoners. But a marked change appeared in the nature of the evidence. For the most part it was mere hearsay,

and the attempts made to prove the direct complicity of the prisoners were exceedingly lame. Oates, who at the earlier stages of his revelations had declared that he knew little against Wakeman, now swore that he had seen a letter signed by the prisoner, in which he said that "the Queen would assist him to kill the King." The testimony of the other accusers was open to the charge of equal inconsistencies and of equal improbabilities, and though Scroggs passed some remarks on the defence of one of the monks, which read almost like the rhetoric of Jeffreys, he summed up generally in a manner favourable to the prisoners. The jury, who evidently shared his view of the evidence placed before them, after an hour's deliberation returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

The result of this trial was at first received with much popular approval; but an incident occurred in connection with it which did much to shake the faith of the people in the just conduct of the case, and to suggest that Court influence had been brought to bear to gain the acquittal of the prisoners. By a curious piece of maladroitness, the Portuguese ambassador went on behalf of the Queen to Scroggs to thank him for his behaviour at the trial. No action could have been worse conceived, and it gave the witnesses some ground for asserting that their evidence had been rejected, not on its merits, but at the bidding of the Queen. This was the last case in which Bedlow was destined to appear. He returned to Bristol shortly after the acquittal, and was there seized with an attack of smallpox, which terminated fatally while Chief-Justice North was conducting the assizes in the town. At the approach of death

Bedlow sent for North, and in the most solemn and formal way swore on oath that all the evidence he had given at the several trials, with the exception of that which reflected on the Queen and the Duke of York, was absolutely true, and that in fact he had not pressed so heavily on the accused as he might have done. This affirmation was carefully taken down at the time, and was incorporated by North into a report to Parliament. The fact that Bedlow was a Protestant procured for his dying declaration an amount of credit which all the protestations of the Roman Catholics on the scaffold failed to secure. The remarks of the judges at the trials testify how completely the Catholics had forfeited the confidence of Englishmen in their words, by the actions of Garnett and others, and by the utterances of some of the Popes and high dignitaries of the Church:—

“If you had a religion that deserved the name of a religion,” said Scroggs, addressing one of the prisoners at Wakeman’s trial, “if you were not made up of equivocation and lying, if you had not indulgences and dispensations for it, if to kill kings might not be meritorious, if this were not printed and owned, if your Popes and all your great men had not avowed this, you had said something; but if you can have absolutions either for money or because you have advanced the Catholic cause, as you call it, and can be made saints as Coleman is supposed to be, there is an end of all your arguments.”

This fairly represents the popular estimation in which the word of a Roman Catholic was regarded. Not only in the streets and the coffee-houses, but among high officers of the State and ministers of religion, the unsupported oath of a Catholic was considered a

trifle light as air. In a sermon preached at St Margaret’s, Westminster, on the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, Stillingfleet said, speaking of Garnett:—

“When the Lords asked him whether he had any conference with Hale, he denied it upon his soul, and reiterated it with such horrible execrations as wounded their hearts that heard him, and immediately upon Hale’s confessing it, he excused himself by the benefit of equivocation, which being objected against Garnett after his execution, the Roman Jesuit Eudæmon Johannes defends him in it, and saith it is lawful for a man to swear and take the sacrament upon it, when he knows in his conscience what he saith to be absolutely false, if he doth but help himself by a mental reservation. And Tresham, a little before his death in the Tower, subscribed it with his own hand, that he had not seen Garnett in sixteen years before, when it was evidently proved, and Garnett confessed they had been together but the summer before; and all that Garnett had to say for him was, that he supposed he meant to equivocate.”

When such evidence of the fatal untruthfulness which was countenanced by Roman Catholic theologians was constantly being insisted on by such men as Stillingfleet, it need not surprise us to find juries and mobs treating the solemn asseverations of Catholics as idle words.

One more life was destined to be sacrificed to this unfortunate tampering with falsehood. Shortly after the meeting of Parliament in 1680, the Lords determined to put on their trial “the five Popish lords,” Stafford, Arundel, Powis, Bellasis, and Petre, who had been confined in the Tower on the charge of complicity in the plot. The *prima facie* evidence against these noblemen was not equally incriminating. The only testimony

against Arundel, Powis, Bellasis, and Petre was that of Oates; and recent events, more especially Wakeman's trial, had tended to throw considerable discredit on the word of that informer. Against Stafford, however, there was a stronger case. Not only was Oates ready to swear that Stafford had received from the Pope a commission as Paymaster-General to the army, but Dugdale was at hand to testify that he had offered him £500 to kill the King; and Turberville was prepared to state on oath that he had made overtures to him on the same treasonable business. It was therefore determined to put Stafford upon his trial first.

With all the pomp and ceremony common to the trial of a nobleman by his peers, the Lords assembled in Westminster Hall on the 30th November 1680. Eighty peers formed the august tribunal. The Earl of Nottingham was the Lord High Steward, and among the triers were not a few relations of the prisoner. In such an assembly there could be no tampering with justice, and the peers, jealous of their privileges, have always shown a disposition to secure the most perfect freedom of opinion on such occasions. Stafford was safe, therefore, from both the time-serving spirit of Scroggs, and the cruel vindictiveness of Jeffreys. Sir William Jones conducted the prosecution with great ability. He first called testimony to prove the existence of a plot, and then, having established this on a basis which it was difficult to upset, he called Oates, Dugdale, and Turberville to prove Stafford's complicity in it. Not much reliance was placed by the prosecution on Oates's evidence. His star had passed its apogee, and was fast sinking into that blackness of darkness which

was so soon to follow. But Dugdale had been Lord Aston's steward, and though the defence tried to throw discredit on his character, it was proved that he was a man who was held in consideration in the country-side. He detailed the circumstances of the interview at which Stafford made the proposal to him, and stated that he had had several conversations with the prisoner at Tixhall, Lord Aston's house in Staffordshire. Turberville swore that he had met Stafford in Paris, and that Stafford had there invited him to join in a conspiracy against the King.

Stafford showed little ability in conducting his defence. To the evidence tending to show the existence of a plot, he said little or nothing; and in his cross-examination of Oates, Dugdale, and Turberville, he displayed neither quickness nor discretion. He carped at small points in the evidence, allowing more important matters to go almost unchallenged; and his positive assertion that he had only once been in Dugdale's company alone, was refuted by several witnesses whose good faith was not disputed. After a patient hearing, which extended over five days, the Lords proceeded to record their votes, "Guilty" or "Not guilty." When the numbers were counted, fifty-five Peers found the prisoner guilty, and thirty-one were for acquitting him. The Earl of Nottingham then pronounced judgment, in a speech which Burnet describes as one of the best speeches he ever made. "But," adds the historian, "he committed one great indecency in it; for he said, Who can doubt any longer that London was burned by the Papists?" Death was the sentence; but while awaiting his execution, he made an attempt to procure a pardon. He

told Burnet, who visited him in the Tower—

“He could discover nothing with relation to the King’s life, protesting that there was not so much as an intimation about it that had even past among them. But he added that he could discover many other things that were more material than anything that was yet known, and for which the Duke would never forgive him. And of these, if that might save his life, he would make a full discovery.”

Upon this he was called before the House of Lords; but as his main accusation appeared to be intended to blast Lord Shaftesbury’s political reputation, he was ordered back to the Tower, from which, on 29th December, he was carried to Tower Hill, where he suffered death. On the scaffold he showed great firmness and composure; and denied most positively all that had been charged against him.

This execution made a deep impression on the country. The opinion of the important minority who had voted for his acquittal was shared in by a large section of the community, and when in the next reign it became a matter of common belief that Oates and the other witnesses had been guilty of perjury, efforts were made to annul the attainder. Circumstances, however, made it necessary to postpone this act, and it was not until the reign of George IV. that the stain was wiped off the escutcheon of Stafford, and that the family was restored to its ancient dignities. But this change of popular feeling, which synchronised with the gathering strength of the Duke of York’s party at Court, though ineffectual to rehabilitate the family of the luckless Lord Stafford, was sufficiently strong to secure the acquittal of the four “Popish lords” who had

shared Stafford’s imprisonment, and to lend countenance to the first step in the prosecutions which were to overtake Titus Oates.

It was beyond question that Oates had on divers occasions, and, as he said, with good cause, expressed his opinion that the Duke of York was a traitor. As the tide was running fast in favour of the Roman Catholics, and as Jeffreys had assumed the judge’s ermine, the Duke determined to proceed against Titus for libel, under the statute *de Scandalis Mag-natum*, and to lay the damages at £100,000. From some unexplained cause, probably because he had no defence, Oates did not appear to answer to the charge. The prosecution and Jeffreys had therefore the matter in their own hands. Witness after witness appeared to testify to the use of the words complained of, and Jeffreys interposed remarks on the conduct and character of Oates which contrasted strangely with his demeanour towards him when, as Recorder, he had served on the trial of Coleman, Langhorn, and others. The jury caught the spirit of the judge, and when Jeffreys had summed up in his usual terse and vigorous English against the defendant, they found no difficulty in giving the plaintiff the full damages claimed. But because Oates had nothing to pay, he was thrown into prison, where it was intended he should remain during the remainder of his life, or until the time should arrive when his further prosecution would be likely to meet with success.

This time soon came. The year 1685 saw the Duke of York on the throne, and Jeffreys raised to the peerage and to a seat in the Cabinet. The new reign had begun under the brightest auspices. The liberal professions of the new King

had set the nation in a blaze of loyalty, and few were found to mar the general harmony by watching too closely the words and actions of the co-religionists of the King. The time was therefore level with the wishes of James; and as soon as was possible the prosecutions of Oates for perjury were ordered. The charges were divided into two heads. First, that he had falsely sworn that a consult of Jesuits was held at the White Horse Tavern on April 24, 1678, at which the murder of the King was determined on; and secondly, that he had falsely sworn that Ireland was in London between the 8th and 12th of August in the same year. Jeffreys was appointed to try the indictment, with Justices Withins and Holloway to assist him. The result of the recent libel case had shown how little mercy Titus had to expect from his savage judge; and the sheriff, who was a strong Tory, took care that the jury should be as nearly in harmony with Jeffreys as it was possible for ordinary men to be with so extraordinary a minister of justice.

For the Crown a cloud of witnesses appeared from St Omer, who swore, as they had sworn before, that Oates was at St Omer during the whole of April, when he had stated on oath that he was in London. To refute this testimony, the prisoner produced the witnesses who had appeared at the former trial, or, at least, so many of them as dared to face the violence of the officers of the court and the brutality of Jeffreys. He further appealed to the credence his former evidence had always received. But on all points he was cut short by Jeffreys, who raved at him and bullied him and his witnesses in

a manner which reads like a travesty of judicial procedure.

"‘Ay, Mr Oates,’ he shouted, ‘we know there was a time when there were ignoramus juries, and things were believed and not believed as the humour went. What can you, Mr Oates, say to it [the evidence]? I must tell you, *primâ facie*, it is so strong an evidence, that if you have any sense in the world you must be concerned at it.’

"Oates. ‘Not at all, my lord; I know who they are, and what is the end of it all.’

"Jeffreys. ‘Upon my faith, I have so much charity for you, as my fellow-creature, as to be concerned for you.’

"O. ‘It is not two straws’ matter whether you be or no; I know my own innocency.’

"J. ‘Thou art the most obstinately hardened wretch that ever I saw.’”

When such amenities were being exchanged between the bench and the dock, it would, under any circumstances, have been difficult for the jury to preserve an even mind; but Jeffreys well knew that the verdict was secure, and in his summing up he felt at liberty to indulge in language such as has seldom been heard from an English judge.

"Nay," he said, speaking of the faith formerly put in Oates's evidence, "it was come to that degree of folly, to give it no worse name, that in public societies, to the reproach and infamy of them be it spoken, this profligate villain was caressed, was drunk too, and saluted by the name of the Saviour of the Nation. O prodigious madness! that such a title as that was, should ever be given to such a prostitute monster of impiety as this."

But not content with railing at the living, he broke forth against Bedlow, who had been dead and buried some years.

"I cannot but lament likewise," he said, "the wickedness of our age,

when I reflect upon the testimony of that other wretch, . . . that when he was going into another world should persist in such gross falsities; I mean Bedlow, infamous Bedlow—and let his name be for ever infamous to all mankind that have any regard or deference for the truth; that he should with his latest breath dare to affirm that every word he had said of the Popish plot was true; when it is as clear as the sun, by the testimony of this day, that every word he swore about Ireland was utterly false. Good God of heaven! what an age have we lived in, to see innocence suffer punishment, and impudent falsity reign so long!”

This was the same man who, as Recorder at the former trials, had declared that the evidence of Oates and his friends was unshaken, and who, at the trial of Richard Baxter, declared that he and Oates were “the two greatest rogues in the kingdom!” But his violence served its purpose. The King was gratified, and the jury was safely guided to a verdict of “Guilty” on both counts. Withins pronounced the sentence, which ran—that Oates was to pay a fine of 2000 marks; that he was to be stripped of his canonical habit; that he was to stand in the pillory for an hour before Westminster Hall, with a paper over his head declaring his crime; that he was to stand in the pillory for an hour at the Royal Exchange bearing the same inscription; that upon the following Wednesday he was to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate, and upon the Friday he was to be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn; that on the 24th of April of each year, so long as he lived, he was to stand in the pillory for an hour at Tyburn, opposite the gallows; and that on every 9th, 10th, and 11th of August and 2d of September he was to stand in the same way respectively at

Westminster Hall gate, Charing Cross, the Temple gate, and the Royal Exchange. This was doubtless intended to be a sentence of death, and it would unquestionably have proved so to any man possessing less animal vigour and strength than Oates. Savage as the penalties were, they were inflicted with equal savagery. With merciless cruelty the hangman laid on the lashes as the wretched man was dragged from Aldgate to Newgate. At first the prisoner bore his agonies in silence; but at length his stubborn endurance gave way, and he shrieked aloud until he passed into unconsciousness. So frightful had been the scene of this first punishment that the King was implored to remit the second flogging. But James was inexorable. “He shall go through with it,” he said, “if he has breath in his body.” On the Friday, therefore, he was drawn on a sledge from Newgate to Tyburn, and seventeen hundred lashes were again laid on his scored and wounded back. The wretched man appeared to be, and doubtless was, unconscious the whole time, and was eventually carried back to prison to die, as most people thought.

But Oates's vitality was proof against even such tortures as these, and in his gloomy cell at Newgate he recovered from his punishments with a rapidity and completeness which gave his friends occasion to proclaim the interposition of a miracle. For four years he endured this solitary confinement, varied only by his appearances in the pillory, as ordered by his judges. But with the Revolution came also a return to temperance and judgment; and so indefensible had been the punishment inflicted on Oates, that in 1689, Justice Dol-

ben brought into the House of Lords Writs of Errors affecting the charges brought against Oates of perjury and libel. After considerable debate, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal reversed the judgment in the case of libel brought by the Duke of York, but affirmed the decisions in the cases of perjury. In consideration, however, of the extreme severity of the punishment already inflicted on the prisoner, they petitioned the King to grant him a pardon. This was graciously accorded, and a few days afterwards the House of Commons came to a resolution, "That the prosecution of Titus Oates, upon two indictments for perjury, in the Court of King's Bench, was a design to stifle the Popish plot, and that the verdicts given thereupon were corrupt; and the judgments given thereupon were cruel and illegal."

A bill to this effect was sent up from the Commons to the Lords, and was read a first time. But the Lords, mindful of their former votes, desired to introduce certain amendments, to which the Commons would not agree, and the bill was lost. The King, however, felt that the resolution of the Commons left him at liberty to exercise his own discretion in his conduct towards Oates, and in virtue of it he awarded him a pension of £260 per annum.

After the recovery of his freedom, Oates, finding that Churchmen held aloof from him, desired to join himself to the Baptist communion, and addressed many unctuously worded letters to the leaders of that sect, which may have been dictated by religious conviction, but which certainly lack the air of perfect sincerity. He was, however, admitted into their body. But his fellowship with

them was of short duration, for, before long, circumstances arose which led to his retirement from among them, and from that time until his death he remained in obscurity. He died in 1705, at a good old age, and in receipt of his pension, if not in the odour of sanctity.

On reviewing the whole train of circumstances connected with "the Popish plot," it is impossible to doubt that the main charges brought by Oates and his confederates were pure fabrications.

"But," as Lord Somers says in his *Tracts*, "fortunately for the contrivers of these figments, the general scope of their evidence coincided with the busy and bustling intrigues by which Catholic priests are almost always endeavouring to extend the pale of their Church. The religion, or rather bigotry, of the Duke of York, had already countenanced those measures in favour of the Catholics which he afterwards persevered in, to the loss of his crown and the ruin of his family. And thus it was, generally speaking, true that a plot was in agitation against the Reformed Church, although the extravagant circumstances in the following abridgment [of the plot] were the devices of perjured informers, who wished to raise themselves into wealth and importance by feeding the epidemic terror of the nation with a thousand inconsistent surmises of horror and treason."

It is only necessary to glance through collections of the pamphlets of the time to see how deep and widely spread this epidemic terror was. From the highest to the lowest, the nation was infected by it; and while ignorant men railed against "the Papists," scholars and divines exhausted their eloquence in holding up Roman Catholicism to reprobation, and in proclaiming that even the oaths of its followers were unworthy of credit. With a bold cunning, Oates,

taking advantage of this religious frenzy, raised a fabulous superstructure of treasonable designs on the basis of the inconsiderate utterances of religious enthusiasts. A notable instance of this manufacture of treason is furnished by the charges he made in relation to the celebrated consult of Jesuits on the 24th April. He had doubtless heard the consult spoken of, and had become acquainted with the date on which it was held ; but he was completely ignorant of the objects of the meeting, as well as of the place of assembly. As a matter of fact, the consult took place at St James's, as James II. subsequently told Sir John Reresby. "There had been," said his Majesty, "a meeting of the Jesuits that day (April 24th). . . . But it was well Dr Oates knew no better where it was to be ; for they met at St James's, where I then lived,

which, if Oates had but known, he would have cut out a fine spot of work for me."

In the very qualified sense prescribed by Lord Somers, it may then be assumed that there was something which may be called a plot ; and it is beyond question that a consult of Jesuits was held on the day mentioned by Oates. But neither at the time nor since has there been produced any genuine evidence to connect these transactions with treason. The only testimony in this direction is that of Oates and his accomplices. History has pronounced with sufficient plainness on these men ; but it must ever be a matter for wonder and surprise that the nation could have become so blinded by prejudice as to have given a moment's credence to their monstrous inventions.

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.

WHY I BECAME A LIBERAL UNIONIST.

At the outset I ought perhaps to apologise for the prominence which is given in this article to the experience of a person so humble as myself, and for the assumption that any change which may have taken place in my views on the Irish question can be of interest to the general public. In justification I may be permitted to say that it is only because my experience touches the great and vital issues which are now before the country, and may therefore be not only of interest but of service to others, that I venture to place it on record. I trust that, notwithstanding the personal tone which one must perforce adopt in such an article as the present, the reader will acquit me of all desire to be egotistic, and that he will also be able to discover sufficient reason for the publication of this paper.

What I propose to do is to tell how, from being an ardent Home Ruler, I have become a convinced Liberal Unionist. This change may be described by a singular phrase, which has gained considerable currency during the controversy which has been waged within the last two years betwixt Unionists and Home Rulers. It was first used, I believe, by Mr Campbell-Bannerman, who spoke of his conversion to Home Rule as a process through which he had "found salvation." For my own part, I do not admire the taste thus displayed, as I cannot think that the phraseology of the professional revivalist is becoming to politicians, and I only refer to the phrase because it is in vogue and has a well-understood significance, and also because incidentally it

illustrates the extravagance and sensationalism which now seem to infect every department of modern life. The purpose of this article is to show how I "found salvation," not to Home Rule, but from it.

Very frequently it happens that those who find salvation in the revivalist's sense are able to point to the time and place where the great change occurred. In a similar manner I can refer to the time and place when and where my conversion commenced, if I cannot exactly tell the date of its consummation. A few months ago I landed in the United States a pronounced Home Ruler; a few weeks ago I left New York with my face turned towards Liberal Unionism. Whence the change, and why? To put the matter in a sentence: my experience in the United States opened my eyes to the malignant hostility which is there cherished and cultivated towards this country, not only by the Irish in America, but by the bulk of the Americans themselves, and led me to the conclusion that it would be the height of folly to arm with constitutional powers, practically unlimited, a people who are hostile to us, and who would use those powers to our hurt wherever possible; and who, moreover, would be supported in such courses by a great nation on the other side of the Atlantic.

It was while I stood in Madison Square Garden, New York, on 25th October of last year, that these thoughts pressed upon me, with a power till then unfelt—a power almost overwhelming. The occasion was a great meeting of Irishmen, convened by Mr Patrick

Ford, by means of funds supplied by the Republican party, and presided over by the same notorious individual. There were from fifteen to twenty thousand persons present, not by any means all Irish as to their nationality, but all intensely Irish in their disposition; for they were animated by a spirit of fierce hatred towards England, and were all anxious to manifest that hatred in some overt way to England's disadvantage. The notion which is so widely prevalent in this country, that this hostility is confined to the Irish in America, is a pure fiction; as a matter of fact, it is largely shared by Americans proper. On this point I shall have more to say presently; at this stage I merely note that the meeting to which I am referring illustrates and establishes the truth of my contention. For at this "meeting of dynamiters, presided over by a collector of 'emergency funds'" (so it was described by the 'New York Times'), James G. Blaine was the chief speaker, and this gentleman did not think it beneath him to vie with Messrs Ford and Egan in rancorous and scandalous abuse of this country. Mr Blaine is a representative American, if there is one, and he is reported to be the most eminent orator and statesman of the great Republic (which is not saying much for the rest); he has occupied the position of Secretary of State, and he has been the candidate of his party for the Presidency; he is now, though in an unofficial position, the most powerful man in the ranks of the Republican party, which is now dominant in the States. It is not open, therefore, to Americans to disclaim his representative character, or to disavow his utterances as the intemperate ebullitions of an

irresponsible fanatic. Not only at this particular meeting, but at a dozen others during the Presidential campaign, Mr Blaine indulged largely in his favourite amusement of slandering the English. Why did he do it? Because it is popular and pays; his audiences like it. The injudicious and irritating conduct of Mr Blaine while he was Secretary of State under Garfield has not been forgotten, and the taste which he then gave of his quality ought to have sufficed his colleagues for ever. Yet, because he is powerful enough to force himself into some office, and because his presence is not desired at Washington, it has actually been proposed to send him here as Mr Phelps's successor! This is the very last country in the world to which a man with such a record ought to be sent. Happily Lord Salisbury, who is under no delusion in regard to the real disposition of the Americans, is at the Foreign Office, and he may be trusted to put his veto upon the appointment of Mr Blaine to the Court of St James, should General Harrison be so unwise as to permit those who rule him to make it.

At the date of the meeting to which I have referred, Lord Sackville's letter had just been published, and in treating of this incident Mr Blaine played down to the basest prejudices of his Irish auditors, and took the utmost pains to make it clear that he hated England with an exceedingly bitter hatred. This meeting was not so much Irish as anti-English. What specially struck me was one of the mottoes, and some of the sentiments of Messrs Ford and Egan: The motto was this—"I have claimed for Ireland's Parliament power to protect Ireland's industries."—CHARLES STEWART PARNELL. Considerable light was

thrown upon this by certain remarks of Egan to the effect that Mr Parnell, three years ago,

"Claimed that the Home Rule Bill, then about to be formulated for Ireland, should give to Ireland the right to protect Irish manufactures—at least for a limited period; but so great was the alarm aroused among the English shopkeepers and the Liberal Cobden Club free-traders, that he has not dared to say one word more on the subject."

Egan also says:—

"In Ireland my countrymen are struggling for protection for Irish labour, protection for Irish manufactures and commerce, protection for Irish homes; while Irish landlords, English monopolists, and Cobden Club theorists want free trade in Irish eviction, free trade in Irish land, free trade in Irish labour, and a free market for English manufactures in Ireland."

As for Ford, he declared in an address read at the meeting in Madison Square, that

"The great leader of the Irish people, as a practical man, has openly declared for protection. Parnell demands an Irish Parliament, not a Parliament in name but in reality. He demands an Irish Parliament *that will have power to foster and protect Irish labour, and make Ireland industrially independent of England and of foreign nations.* WITH PARNELL ALL THAT IS NATIONAL IN IRELAND IS IN HEARTY AGREEMENT."

Again Ford says:—

"With the sentiment of filial affection that we cherish for our motherland, and of loyal, unswerving devotion to the land of our adoption, *there issues also a sentiment of undying hostility to that evil power which is called England, and which has been the traditional enemy of both Ireland and America.* The assaults of this evil power upon our independency and prosperity, though changed in method, are persistent and unceasing."

Here, certainly, was food for

reflection; though I confess that I was in no mood for reflecting upon it calmly when I heard it in that meeting. Phlegmatic Briton as I am, my blood was up; my love of country was fanned to a pitch of ardour that I had never known before; and though a man of peace, and precluded by my profession from bearing arms, I felt that I could fight for the dear old motherland. I discovered that I was an Englishman before I was a Home Ruler, and that if Home Rule meant arming Ireland with weapons to injure Great Britain, I would have none of it. Moreover, I could not resist an uncomfortable impression that this was what it did mean, at all events in the form in which it was proposed by Mr Gladstone. It was impossible to lightly dismiss from my mind what I had seen and heard. These Irish leaders in America are in intimate alliance with the Irish leaders in this country. Mr Parnell, I am aware, doubtless for good reasons, represents Ford as being unfriendly to him and his work; but even he will not deny that the Irish Nationalists have profited largely by funds which Ford collected. Nor will Mr Parnell disavow intimate relations with Egan—and it is Egan, not Ford, who reviles the English as a nation of shopkeepers; who pours contempt upon English Liberals who are free-traders, and accuses them of desiring free trade in Irish eviction, and does this at the very time when the bulk of such Liberals are actually allying themselves with the Parnellites to obtain Home Rule for Ireland; and who explicitly declares that Parnell's ultimate aim is to establish a protective system in Ireland. I came home with a settled purpose to reconsider the whole question impartially and dispassion-

ately, and in the light of all the facts at my command, without regard to the effect of this re-examination on my former views. If those views should thereby be confirmed—well, I should hold them with a firmer grip; if they should under this test prove unsound and crumble away, well, again; I must rejoice at their loss for the sake of the new truth which I had found. I have carried out my purpose, looked at the entire subject afresh, and the conclusion at which I have deliberately arrived is, that it is impossible for me longer to support that form and measure of Home Rule which is identified with the name of Mr Gladstone. This, be it observed, is quite a different thing from saying that I am against Home Rule of every kind and degree. One thing that I have discovered from reading over again the debates on the Home Rule Bill in 1886, is, that all the Liberal Unionists are in favour of some sort of Home Rule, and that not one of them has taken up the position that no extension of local self-government whatever is to be granted to Ireland. The question between Unionists and Home Rulers is, after all, not so much as to whether any Home Rule is to be granted to Ireland or not, but rather as to how much Home Rule it is, under all the circumstances, desirable or safe to grant. Personally, I take the position that Ireland should have just as much Home Rule as she can use for her own good; but not sufficient to enable her to use her enlarged powers to our hurt.

Since my return home I have naturally regarded all that appertains to this subject with sharpened interest, and all the utterances of political leaders upon it have appealed to me with new

force. One thing that I have come more clearly to see is, that the pith and essence of the question is, not whether Ireland is simply to have a Legislature of her own, but whether that Legislature is to be accompanied by an Executive Government which shall be independent of the British Government. This point is not kept in the foreground as much as it ought to be; and when it is brought forward, it is by Ministerial, not by Opposition, speakers. Great prominence has been given to it on at least two occasions recently by members of the Government. Sir E. Clarke, Solicitor-General, speaking at Colchester in favour of Lord Brooke's candidature on December 12, said:—

“With regard to Ireland, the real question which was before the country in 1886 was whether there should be a separate Parliament for Ireland, with an Executive dependent upon that Parliament, and exercising powers independent of the Executive Government of the United Kingdom. It was easy enough to speak vaguely of Home Rule. Some of Sir W. B. Gurdon's supporters would no doubt speak of Home Rule as it embodied the desires of Mr Dillon and Mr O'Connor; others would speak of Home Rule as if it merely were an extended form of local self-government, such as might be readily and safely accepted by even the most prudent persons. . . . With regard to an extension of local self-government to Ireland, the question was simply, when would Ireland be ready for it? No one desired, he believed, to withhold from the Irish people the privilege of managing their own affairs as soon as it was clear that that privilege would not be used for treasonable purposes.”

Sir Edward Clarke here touches what is undoubtedly the weakest point of the Gladstonian position—viz., that there is no authoritative and generally accepted decla-

ration of the nature and degree of Mr Gladstone's Home Rule; nobody knows what it now is or how far it will go, and the Gladstonian policy seems to be to keep the public in ignorance on this vital question. Mr Barker, the Gladstonian candidate at Maidstone, promised to vote for Home Rule conditionally and in a qualified form; but what conditions and qualifications he would insist upon he never, to my knowledge, stated. His most specific words were, "On condition that it be such Home Rule as will be consistent with the unity of the empire," which probably indicated nothing more definite than the retention of the Irish members at Westminster. But this, as Sir John Lubbock pointed out at the time, and as has often been pointed out previously, means that Irishmen are to vote on our affairs, while British representatives are to be excluded from voting on theirs. The question of going to war is an Imperial, or in other words, a British question; and through the Irish vote in Parliament war might take place, but the cost would fall upon the British taxpayer. This would be an obvious and palpable injustice. Yet the only condition upon which Mr Barker seemed disposed to insist was that the Irish members should be retained in a position where they would be powerful for evil—where they could harass and overthrow Governments, impose enormous expense on the British taxpayer, and inflict incalculable injury upon the empire. It is nothing to the point to say that the Irish members would never do these things; they ought never to be placed in a position which would give them the power to do them. This branch of the question, however, has never been cleared up, and what Mr Glad-

stone's present policy is in regard to it nobody knows. He has emphatically declared that it passes the wit of man to devise a satisfactory method of separating Imperial from purely Irish affairs, and yet his followers are permitted to believe that he is now in favour of attempting this impossibility and retaining the Irish members in the House of Commons expressly to vote on Imperial matters.

Lord Salisbury, speaking at Edinburgh on November 29, devoted nearly the whole of an important speech to an explanation of the enormous difference between a Home Rule which gave mere powers of legislation, and a Home Rule which bestowed both legislative and executive powers. More forcible speeches on this subject were probably never delivered than the two delivered by the Premier at Edinburgh last November; at any rate, I never read speeches which impressed me more deeply. A more telling exposure of the weakness of Gladstonian Home Rule, especially with regard to this vital point of an independent Executive, and of the dangers which would attend it, I have never seen.

"It is not only legislation that is in question," said Lord Salisbury. "The Legislature of our day—the Legislatures of free countries—do a great deal more besides legislation. They do something that is infinitely more important than legislation. . . . The majority of the Legislature have the absolute control of the executive power of the country. If it was only a question of legislating for Ireland, I can conceive—though I should think it a very unfortunate experiment, a very bad measure—still I can conceive your establishing a separate Legislature for Ireland, with only powers of legislation. Mark, I can contemplate it; I do not approve of it. I can conceive it as a lesser evil, because the veto of the Crown might

be used to prevent dangerous measures from being passed. . . . For centuries the Irish Parliament has had the power of legislating, but the Royal veto was always the clog which prevented them from going wrong. In Grattan's Parliament they had it without a check, but what they have never had before—and it is a point upon which I should like, if I could, to concentrate deeply the attention of all reasonable men—the power which they have never had before is the power of nominating the Executive Government; the power of appointing the judges; the power of controlling the operation of the law; the power of governing the constables; the power of affecting men in every detail of their daily life, and carrying out their principles or their animosities in the exercise of that power. . . . That is the real danger of Home Rule. Legislation is very bad, but it is not the real danger. The real danger is handing over the Executive Government to the enemies of law and order; and if we go beyond the interests of our loyalist friends, if we go to the great interests of the empire, what shall we find? It is entirely a question of Executive Government."

Under any circumstances, one must have felt the force of this, but its effect on my mind after my recent experiences in America was very great indeed.

In the same speech Lord Salisbury expressed the opinion that "if an Irish Parliament were assembled, the first thing it would do would be to abolish free trade, and the second thing would be to abolish landlords and private property, and the third thing it would do would be to repudiate the public debt." Of the probability that such action would be taken in relation to free trade I have already adduced some evidence—and this is a matter which I, for one, regard as of vital moment. Indeed there is probably no man in Great Britain, whatever his views on free trade, who would

be willing to see Ireland enter on a war of tariffs with the British kingdom. Every one will admit that such a state of things would be most irritating and mischievous. As a follower of Mr Gladstone on the Irish question, I deemed it my duty to acquaint him with the new ideas which were stirring in my mind, and to ask him for explicit direction and advice on some points concerning which I was in doubt. Accordingly, some correspondence passed between us, which I would gladly give here in its entirety; but Mr Gladstone regards the correspondence as personal and private, and is not willing that his letters should be published. The purport of what he said, however, will be sufficiently apparent from my answers to his first two letters; and therefore I will not characterise his part of the correspondence further than to say that, while his communications were courteous and kindly, they were vague and unsatisfying, and left untouched the very matters which I regarded as of vital importance. My first letter was dated December 6, 1888, and was as follows:—

"DEAR MR GLADSTONE, — A recent visit to the United States has given me an insight into the disposition which is there cherished towards this country, not only by the American-Irish, but by the Americans themselves, and has convinced me that it would be exceedingly unwise and dangerous to place in the hands of the Irish people any weapons which could be used against ourselves. I have always been a Home Ruler, and I heartily supported your Home Rule Bill, both in the press and on the platform during my candidature for Durham. But I fear that I cannot, with the new light

which I have received, support that Bill, or any policy which follows upon its lines, any longer.

"Let me be explicit. While I am still in favour of giving to the Irish people a Legislature of their own, similar to Grattan's Parliament, I am not in favour of giving to them a separate Executive. If any measure of Home Rule can be devised which will enable an Irish Parliament to deal with Irish as distinct from Imperial affairs, and which will limit the powers of that Parliament to the treatment of affairs which are properly and peculiarly Irish, I am prepared to support it. But the appointment of judges and police, the general administration of the law, the imposition and collection of taxes, are not strictly Irish matters; they are matters which affect the interests of the entire United Kingdom. If the Irish people were kindly affectioned towards us, or if they were even disposed to treat us with justice, there would be no danger in committing these large powers into their hands; but seeing that their disposition towards us is hostile, if not malignant, it seems to me that we should simply be sowing the seeds of future trouble if we placed the Irish nation in a position to retaliate upon us and annoy us. Up to a recent date I hoped and believed that a change had come over the Irish mind with regard to England; but I regret to say that my experiences in the United States have convinced me that my former views on this point were much too sanguine.

"The Irish leaders in this country will not disown Mr Patrick Ford and Mr Patrick Egan, who were, I believe, among the founders of the Land League, and certainly were numbered with its most active supporters. When I was in

New York, Mr Ford was on terms of the closest intimacy with Mr James G. Blaine, who is notoriously an enemy of England. In my hearing, Mr Ford referred to my native country as 'the traditional enemy of both Ireland and America,' and avowed, on behalf of himself and his countrymen, 'a sentiment of undying hostility towards that evil power which is called England.' Mr Egan, also in my hearing, savagely denounced this country. Just before this he had, through the 'New York Tribune,' referred to the English as 'a nation of shopkeepers,' who had for their own selfish ends inflicted the accursed system of free trade upon Ireland through the instrumentality of the Union.' Mr Egan also said that 'Irish landlords, English monopolists, and Cobden Club theorists want free trade in Irish eviction, free trade in Irish land, free trade in Irish labour, and a free market for English manufactures in Ireland.' From this it will be seen that English Liberals, at the very time when they are striving to secure Home Rule for the Irish nation, are covered with scorn and obloquy by the leaders of the Irish people, and accused of desiring free trade in Irish eviction, simply because they believe in the economic doctrines denominated by the term Free Trade. At the New York meeting to which I am alluding this motto was exhibited: 'I have claimed for Ireland's Parliament power to protect Ireland's industries' — CHARLES STEWART PARNELL; and Mr Ford asserted that 'the great Irish leader had openly declared for protection,' and had demanded 'an Irish Parliament that will have power to foster and protect Irish labour, and make Ireland industrially independent of England and of all

foreign nations'; while Mr Egan affirms that Mr Parnell is in favour of a protective policy in Ireland, only he dare not say much about it for fear of the despised English 'shopkeepers' and the knavish 'Liberal Cobden Club free-traders.' These sentiments of the Irish leaders in America have never been repudiated by the Irish leaders in this country, though they are perfectly well known to them.

"Lord Salisbury said at Edinburgh, on November 29, that 'if an Irish Parliament were assembled, the first thing it would do would be to abolish free trade.' Undoubtedly he is right. Of course the Irish Parliament would do a very foolish thing, and would injure the Irish people far more than the English. But that is not the point. The establishment of a protective policy in Ireland would be regarded, and rightly, as a manifestation of hostility towards this country, and it would produce irritation and friction in a highly dangerous degree. In presence of such a condition of things, all the talk in which we have indulged with regard to the new-born love of Ireland towards England would appear supremely ridiculous.

"I have referred to Lord Salisbury's Edinburgh speech. Permit me to say that I think the dangers which he anticipates as likely to arise from the establishment of an independent Executive in Ireland, are not imaginary but real, and they are so because this country is, as a matter of fact, regarded with dislike and distrust by both the Irish and the Americans. I observe that one of your former colleagues, Sir Lyon Playfair, holds the opinion that if ever the United Kingdom should be in danger, 'there would be an irresistible demonstration in America to give us

both moral and physical support in any emergency.' No evidence is, however, adduced in support of this view, and I regret that my experience and observation have impelled me to precisely the opposite conclusion. Dr Playfair himself says more in favour of my conclusion than his own. Both the American and Irish peoples would, in my judgment, be glad to see England in danger, and would rejoice in her defeat.

"It becomes, therefore, a serious question how far Englishmen who desire to be loyal to their own country can support what is ordinarily known as Home Rule. Personally I have reached a position in which I can no longer give my adherence to any plan of Home Rule which involves the establishment of an independent Executive in Ireland. As your Home Rule Bill has been withdrawn, and is generally supposed to be dead, it is possible that your views as to a separate Executive for Ireland may have undergone some modification, and that you may be able to relieve my perplexity in reference to this point.—I am, dear Mr Gladstone, faithfully yours,

"GEORGE BROOKS.

"The Right Hon.

W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P."

Of Mr Gladstone's reply to this letter I will say nothing, as its nature is clearly indicated by my answer to it, which was dated December 10, and was as follows:—

"DEAR MR GLADSTONE,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 9th inst., for which I beg to thank you.

"Looking at your letter as a reply to mine of the 6th inst., I fear that I cannot regard it as adequate; and reluctant as I am to trespass further upon your val-

uable time, I am afraid I have no alternative.

"The last paragraph of your letter is by far the most important, and it is to this alone that I need to ask your attention. It runs thus: 'I think you will find that the provision made in our plan for maintaining and duly arming the office of the Lord Lieutenant—to say nothing of the veto—was amply sufficient to secure the political rights and duties of the Government and Parliament.'

"I have tried to extract some satisfaction out of this utterance, and to gain some relief for the perplexity which prompted my former letter, but I cannot honestly say that I have succeeded. What, for example, is meant by 'the political rights and duties of the Government and of Parliament'? I referred to certain specific matters—viz., the appointment of judges and police, the general administration of the law, and the imposition and collection of taxes—as not being, in my judgment, strictly Irish matters, and which ought not, therefore, to be under the absolute control of an Irish Executive. Yet all these matters, if I understand your plan of Home Rule aright, would by that plan be placed under such control. But on these points you say nothing.

"I further expressed the opinion that the Irish people would, if empowered to do so, set up a protective system ostensibly against this country, with a view of retaliating upon us, and I stated the reasons which had led me to form such an opinion. To this point you make no reference whatever in your reply. Perhaps you regard it as quite incidental and subordinate? Yet I can hardly conceive that you would be prepared to defend such a position. Surely the disposition which is cherished by

the Irish people towards Great Britain goes to the essence and root of the whole matter? If that disposition is hostile, it is clear that any system of Home Rule which would enable the Irish people to gratify the revenge which they feel—and foster—towards us, could only work injury to the people of Great Britain. That is my main point, and to that point you did not address yourself.

"May I ask if you are willing to favour me with an expression of your views on this aspect of the matter? Am I not right in assuming that you rely upon the friendly disposition, and, indeed, the active assistance, of the Irish people and their leaders, for the successful working of your scheme of Home Rule?

"Thanking you for your courtesy, and trusting that I may not have further occasion to occupy your time,—I am, faithfully yours,
"GEORGE BROOKS.

"The Right Hon.
W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P."

Of Mr Gladstone's reply to this letter, he will not object to my saying that it intimated that I had not "clearly in my mind the provisions of the Bill of 1886," and that it suggested that he should send me a copy of his speech on introducing that measure. I wrote to thank him for his considerate offer, saying that the speech was in my possession, and was read at the time it was delivered, but that I would carefully peruse it again, and then communicate with him further. Perhaps I may also go so far as to say that Mr Gladstone, in his reply to my second letter, said, "Undoubtedly I rely upon the friendly disposition of the Irish people." After reading his speeches on the Home Rule Bill of 1886, I

finally wrote to him at Naples on December 29, as follows :—

"DEAR MR GLADSTONE,—You will probably recollect the correspondence which passed between us in the early part of this month in reference to the hostile disposition of the Irish people towards the British, and the danger which would consequently arise if an independent Executive were to be granted to the Irish nation. I instanced especially the question of Protection, and expressed my fear, grounded on what I had seen and heard in America, that one of the first things which an Irish Parliament would do would be to set up a protective system.

"On December 11 you sent me a note, in which you expressed the opinion that I had not clearly in my mind the provisions of the Bill of 1886, and suggested that I should read your speech on introducing it. I replied on the 12th, to the effect that I would refresh my memory as to your speech, and then communicate with you again.

"I have now read your speech very carefully, and indeed all your speeches on the Home Rule Bill, as well as most of the other important speeches which were made upon that measure, and I have read them with special reference to the point I raised as to protective duties, &c. In your speech of April 8, 1886, you treat at some length of 'the fiscal unity of the empire.' On this point you declare that while 'a general power of taxation should pass to the domestic Legislature of Ireland,' one important branch of taxation—viz., customs and excise duties—is excepted. In order to maintain the fiscal unity of the empire, you proposed, subject to three conditions, to 'leave the authority of levying customs duties, and such

excise duties as are immediately connected with customs, in the hands of Parliament here.' This proposition, however, was made dependent upon 'the consent of Ireland,' and that consent was never given. In the same speech you treat the question as an open one, the settlement of which is dependent on the will of Ireland. These are your words : 'If you maintain the fiscal unity of the empire, if you do not erect—which I trust you will not erect—custom-houses between Great Britain and Ireland, if you let things take their natural course, according to the ordinary and natural movement of trade, £1,400,000 will be paid to the benefit of Ireland as a charge upon the English and Scotch taxpayer, and will form a portion of the fund out of which Ireland will defray the Imperial contribution which we propose to levy upon her.' There is a hesitancy in your treatment of this matter which seems to indicate that you do not regard it as in any sense vital; and the impression made—on my mind at least—is that you are quite willing that the Irish people should have their own way about customs and excise.

"In summing up the debate on the first reading of your Bill on April 13, 1886, you make further reference to this point in these terms : 'I find I have been reported as having stated that the assumption of customs and excise by this country and the absence of Irish members from this House were likewise vital and essential conditions. *I do not think I used those epithets. If I did, it was probably an inadvertence, for which I apologise*; and unquestionably it was in entire contradiction to what I had stated before, in which I laid down *the only essential conditions*.' This was said in answer

to Sir M. Hicks-Beach, who had immediately before referred to the matter as one of considerable moment. He said (I quote from the 'Times' debates): 'This is one of the vital propositions and essential parts of the foundation of this Bill, to quote the Prime Minister's words (Mr Gladstone nodded dissent). I took the words from the right hon. gentleman's speech. He said that the Irish customs and excise were to be under the Imperial Parliament. Does he contradict that? (Mr Gladstone was understood to say that the right hon. gentleman had made a mistake.) . . . I must say that if this is not a vital proposition, it ought to be, for I cannot conceive anything worse for the interests of Great Britain and Ireland than this—that the customs and excise should be partly under the Parliament at Westminster and partly under the Parliament at Dublin.'

"It appears, moreover, that your original intention was to place the Irish customs and excise under the absolute control of the Irish Legislature and Executive. This I gather from the statement of Sir M. Hicks-Beach, who asserted in the debate on the second reading (June 7, 1886) that the first draft of your Bill, submitted to your Cabinet while Mr Chamberlain was a member, left the customs and excise in the hands of the newly constituted Irish authority, and that this provision was changed in the complete scheme which was submitted subsequently. According to Mr John Morley (speech on introduction of Home Rule Bill, April 9), this change was made to satisfy Mr Chamberlain. Mr Morley's words are: 'In the matter of the control of the customs and excise we have met my right hon. friend.'

"From all this I infer that you,

personally, were not unwilling to place this important branch of taxation under the Irish Government; and that if your Home Rule Bill had got into Committee, and the Irish members had there proposed to amend it in this sense, you would have accepted the amendment. I am aware that Mr Parnell professed himself satisfied with the measure as you introduced it; but he did this in very half-hearted terms. He said (April 8, 1886): 'In giving up the customs, we should practically give to you the whole control of six-eighths or three-fourths of the revenues of Ireland.' There is a suggestion of grudging and discontent in the tone of this. The next day Mr Chamberlain referred to the matter thus: 'The hon. member for Cork has again and again in his public speeches stated in the most emphatic way that he would not be satisfied with any Parliament which did not leave the customs and the excise, and the right, if necessary, to put a protective duty on Irish industries, with the Irish authorities.' Mr Parnell at once rose and replied: 'I have said frequently that I should claim that right for the Irish people; but the right hon. gentleman the Prime Minister has certainly in his speech yesterday been enabled to show us that we are getting a very good *quid pro quo* in exchange for giving up this right of collecting the customs, in the shape of £1,400,000 a-year.' But Mr Parnell carefully abstained from pledging himself not to continue to 'demand that right for the Irish people.' On the occasion of the second-reading debate (June 7), he went a little further, and said: 'I have claimed the right of protecting Irish manufactures, and it is said that this Bill gives no such right. Well,

undoubtedly I claimed that right. But it was not when a Liberal Government was in power. . . . I never should have thought of claiming protection from the Liberal party, and therefore I recognise the settlement as final without protection.' Even here, however, Mr Parnell cautiously limits his 'recognition' (not acceptance) of the measure to himself.

"In 1881 you drew a contrast between Mr Parnell and O'Connell—not to the advantage of the former. You said: 'Mr O'Connell professed his unconditional and unswerving loyalty to the Crown of England. Mr Parnell says, if the Crown of England is to be the link between the two countries, it must be the only link; but whether it is to be the link at all, is a matter on which I believe he has given no opinion whatever. O'Connell desired friendly relations with the people of this country—cordial and hearty friendship. What does Mr Parnell desire? *He says the Irish people must make manufactures of their own, in order that they may buy nothing in England.* . . . Friendship with England was the motto of O'Connell, who on every occasion declared his respect for property—and, as far as I know, he consistently maintained it; but what says Mr Parnell upon that subject? . . . Mr Parnell has a new and an enlarged gospel of plunder to proclaim.' Is there any reason to believe that Mr Parnell has changed? that his former hatred to the British Crown and people has been turned into affection? that his designs on British commerce are any less hostile now than they were then? As Lord Hartington put it in the debate on the second reading of your Bill—'I want to know which of the doctrines that were held by the hon. member for Cork at that time, and which were thus denounced

by my right hon. friend (yourself), have ever been renounced or repudiated by the hon. gentleman or by his party in this House.'

"You will remember that it was precisely this question of the hostility of the Irish towards the British which induced me to address you in the first instance—a hostility the nature and depth of which I did not fully realise until I went to America. What I should now like to know is this: Do you think that an Irish Government, to which you dare not trust the settlement of the land question, ought to be intrusted with power to harass British commerce by means of protective duties? In the event of your being able to again propose a measure of Home Rule for Ireland, how would you propose to treat this question of customs and excise?

"I propose to publish this correspondence—if you have no objection.—I am, dear Mr Gladstone, faithfully yours,

"GEORGE BROOKS.

"The Right Hon.

W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P."

To what has been said in these letters I may here add that there has always existed considerable soreness betwixt Great Britain and Ireland on the subject of trade and manufactures. Dean Swift advised his countrymen to abstain from importing English goods, to burn everything that came from England *except coal*, and to use exclusively Irish products. The same spirit survives in Mr Parnell, as even Mr Gladstone admits; and it burns still more strongly in the breasts of those who control the Parnellite movement from the other side of the Atlantic. Moreover, it is a significant fact that Grattan's Parliament had control of the customs and excise; of land-ownership

and tenure; of education; of the judges, the police, and the army. Even Mr Gladstone, intense as was the ardour of his new-born zeal for Home Rule, did not propose to give such extensive powers as these to the new Irish Parliament. *Why not?* Dare Mr Gladstone, or any of his lieutenants, give a plain answer to this question? But though he did not give these powers directly, it is by no means certain that he did not give them indirectly. By giving to the new Irish Parliament an Executive responsible only to that Parliament and the Crown, he was placing in the hands of the Irish people an instrument by which they would gain for themselves all the prerogatives possessed by Grattan's Parliament, and more besides. The Nationalist party, at all events, will never be content with anything short of Grattan's Parliament. Mr Parnell, speaking in the second-reading debate on June 7, 1886, said: "Undoubtedly I should have preferred the restitution of Grattan's Parliament; it would have been more in accordance with the sentiments of the Irish people, whose sentiments in such matters it is most important to regard." Professor Galbraith, of Dublin, a leader of the Nationalist movement, when asked to define what he meant by Home Rule, replied: "Give us back that of which you foully robbed us—Grattan's Parliament: we ask for nothing more; we shall be satisfied with nothing less." As Grattan's Parliament had full control of the excise and customs, these utterances, taken in conjunction with other and plainer declarations of Mr Parnell, Mr Davitt, and others, can mean nothing less than that the Irish people intend to again have control over these matters, as well as over all others

which were committed to Grattan's Parliament. If, in the meantime, they profess their willingness to accept something short of this, it is because they know that with an Executive of their own they will soon be able to obtain all they desire.

Another significant fact is, that soon after Grattan's Parliament was set up, a serious conflict arose between the two nations over this very question of commercial relations. The solution of this constitutional difficulty taxed the ingenuity and resource of Pitt and Fox, of Flood and Grattan, and in the end it was never really settled. In Dublin the people rose against the importation of goods from Great Britain; British importers were tarred and feathered in that city; and British manufacturers formally resolved that "a real union with Ireland under one Legislature would take away every difficulty." This is the union we have to-day, and it will be surprising if British merchants assist in the efforts which are being made to destroy it. Of one thing our men of business may be sure, and that is, that similar difficulties would arise under any such system of Home Rule as it is now proposed to give to Ireland. History would again repeat itself; the British and Irish Parliaments would be in conflict over fiscal and commercial questions; and bad blood would be created between the two nations in a greater degree than ever.

Doubtless it will be said that the hostility towards this country on the part of the Irish and the Americans, on which I have been commenting, is a mere bugbear. With regard to the Americans, there is some excuse for the incredulity. On this point I can only say that I speak of that which I know, and testify of what

I have seen and heard; and I declare, without hesitation, that the Americans in the mass are hostile to this country, particularly with regard to Home Rule, their sympathies on this subject being wholly with the Irish people. Mr Godkin, an Irish-American editor of New York, says: "Go where you will in the United States, you will find that popular feeling, however ignorant about the facts of the case, runs in favour of the Irish, and the farther west you go the stronger it will be. I have not yet seen, nor have I heard, of a single American newspaper, north, south, east, or west, which does not side with the Irish on the question of Home Rule." How much this "opinion" is worth may be judged from the statement of Mr Godkin, that he has never met an educated American who had an intelligent conception of the Irish question. But the fact that this opinion is fanatical and sentimental, only makes it the more probable that it will go to absurd lengths, and shows its character to be the more dangerous. Mr Parnell, speaking of America, says that "the sympathy with the just settlement of the claims of Ireland by the concession of a domestic Legislature is shared by all classes in that country, whether Irish or native-born Americans;" and therein he is right.

As to the Irish people themselves, the belief is widespread that their disposition towards this country has of late undergone a thorough and complete change. Mr Gladstone earnestly, and doubtless sincerely, believes that they have renounced those antipathies towards England which, not so long ago, they used to manifest so unpleasantly; and of course all his followers profess the same faith. What we wish to believe we believe easily, however strong may

be the evidence on the other side. But even Mr Gladstone will hardly stretch his credulity to the point of saying that the American-Irish are friendly to us; for no man knows better than he how malignant and implacable is their hatred of the British people. Lord Salisbury, as is evident from his recent speeches, is under no-illusion as to the real state of feeling which exists towards us among all classes in America; and if he had been, Lord Sackville would soon have undeceived him. The point to be noted is, that the Irish in America are the masters of the Irish in Ireland, and they are so because they hold the purse-strings. It was announced on December 31 that Mr Fitzgerald, president of the Irish National League in the United States, had forwarded to Mr Parnell, shortly before that date, £15,000, and that he was going to send £20,000 more in the next six weeks. About the same time Mr O'Reilly of Philadelphia sent £2000 to Dublin for the "tenants' fund," and I believe the same gentleman has since sent £2000 more. In the face of such facts as these, who can say that the Parnellite dog is not wagged by the American tail? Lord Salisbury said at Edinburgh, on November 30, that the Irish members as a class "owed their position in society more to the American dollar than to any other element;" and though the statement sounds harsh, it is literally true. Democrats are not supposed to look with a very friendly eye upon the money-power in politics; but it cannot be denied that the Nationalist agitation has been built up and supported by money—and that money almost exclusively American—more than by any one power besides.

Mr John Morley, in his Clerk-enwell speech, felt constrained to

notice Lord Salisbury's description of the dangers which would accompany Home Rule, and he asked: "Without Home Rule does not disaffected Ireland meet you, frustrate you, baffle you, partly and a little in your colonies, and a great deal when you want to negotiate with the United States? Is it strengthening the empire to have the Irish in America hostile?" And then he commits himself to the surprising statement, that "if our policy had been accepted in 1886, we should have had a friendly Ireland all over the world;" and this ridiculous assertion was received by the ignorant auditors with loud cheers. Really, there are no limits to the credulity of a man who can believe that the Irish in America could be brought into friendly relations with this country by any measure of Home Rule whatever. Such a man knows nothing practically of the American Irish. Mr Morley's optimistic picture of "a friendly Ireland all over the world" is mere moonshine. To his question the answer is simple and complete. It does not strengthen the empire to have the Irish, in America or elsewhere, hostile to us; but the Irish over-sea will remain hostile in spite of all the Home Rule that could be given to Ireland. Lord Derby answered Mr Morley's question at Liverpool a week later: "You are sometimes told that there will be no peace till you have conceded Home Rule to Ireland. I answer—*Will there be peace then?*" A very pertinent question, and one which, in my humble judgment, must be answered, if answered honestly, in the negative.

From being a disintegrationist I have become an Imperialist; an Imperialist in the sense that I desire to maintain intact our empire as it now exists, and to provide for the necessities of its

diverse and distant parts by a wise scheme of federation. In this direction we shall find the true solution of our difficulties. By Imperial federation, properly carried out, we may at once cement more closely the tie which connects the various countries constituting the empire, and at the same time give more play to the interests which are peculiar to each country in its distinctive character. Freedom of the parts, and harmony of the whole; consolidation and development; Imperial unity and national autonomy,—may all be attained by proceeding carefully along this path. Ireland has received many a boon denied to every other part of the empire; she must now be content to wait patiently for such an extension of autonomous power as she may prove herself entitled to, and as may be found consistent with her position as an integral part of the United Kingdom. With enemies in all parts of the world—enemies, some of whom speak our own language, while others are within our own borders—the present is no time to gamble with the lofty interests of the empire, to put them up as stakes in the political race; it is rather a time when every patriotic Briton should resolve to stand up for those interests, and to maintain the position and renown of his beloved and glorious country among the nations of the earth. Whether the British Empire is to be preserved in its integrity, or whether it is to go to pieces, may after all depend on the answer which is given to the two questions which, as Lord Hartington says, are now the main concern of this country: Shall the legislative union with Ireland continue? shall the law of Great Britain continue to exist and to be supreme in Ireland?

GEORGE BROOKS.

A PHILANTHROPIST.

A TALE OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT SAN FRANCISCO.

WE were seated in a corner of the smoking-room of the good ship *Etruria*, bound from New York to Liverpool. It was in the month of May, and there was barely sufficient breeze to scatter the smoke of our cigars as it floated out through the open doors and windows. As is usual on these voyages, our little knot of talkers was made up of very varied types: a veteran New York journalist coming over to England to report the approaching Jubilee; a young English doctor returning from a trip to the United States, undertaken for the purpose of studying the American systems of treating lunatics and criminals; two or three merchants of different nationalities, and two or three other travellers, including the writer, of no particular profession or calling.

The conversation, which began with the usual remarks concerning the prospects of fair weather, the number of knots run by our ship and her merits as compared with other ocean-liners, gradually assumed a more earnest character. A chance allusion to the probable insanity of a notorious criminal drew out the doctor, whose account of some of his recent observations soon involved us in a discussion as to the difficulty of drawing any hard-and-fast line between sane criminals and criminal lunatics.

Dr Hudson thought that, under the influence of a mental shock, occasioned by the sudden destruction of some long-cherished plan or ideal, a man of generous nature and superior intellect might be led momentarily to discard all the principles which had previously guided him. During the time he was thus influenced, it would be unfair to hold him accountable for his actions.

Several passengers at once assailed the speaker, whose views, they asserted, were full of danger to society. It was impossible to believe in the reality of such a sudden and temporary transformation as Dr Hudson had described; if he were right, who was to be trusted? Here the correspondent, who had hitherto seemed absorbed in the enjoyment of his cigar, for the first time broke silence.

"I agree with the doctor," he said, in clear if somewhat drawling tones. "I once knew a man whose talents and acquirements I have never seen equalled, and whose whole life was devoted to the benefit of his fellow-creatures. Nevertheless, the last deeds of that man were in direct contradiction with the whole of his previous career."

He was about to enter into details when he was interrupted by the sound of a bell, which led to the immediate dispersion of the company in the direction of the dining-saloon.

When we met again after dinner, it was easy to perceive that but few of the smokers were in a mood to pursue the discussion that had preceded our meal. For my part, however, I have always felt a deep interest in the fate of those exceptional beings upon whom the rarest gifts seem only to have been lavished to lead to their ultimate misfortune and ruin. I therefore begged the correspondent, whose name I had learnt was Hastings, to tell us something more about the man he had referred

to. The result of my request was that some few of those present withdrew to a distant corner, but it was so warmly supported by others, that Mr Hastings expressed his readiness to comply with our wishes; and after waiting until we were supplied with our favourite drinks, he began as follows:—

HASTINGS' STORY.

"Before some of you were born, far back in the fifties, I was sent over to San Francisco by the managers of a leading New York journal, who were anxious to obtain trustworthy information concerning the organisation and proceedings of the Vigilance Committee, whose vigorous action in putting down disorder in the capital of the gold districts was exciting much interest in the Eastern states. The story of the foundation of this Committee, and the measures by which they succeeded in re-establishing peace and order in San Francisco, has been too often told for me to repeat it now. When I reached my destination the excitement was at its height; two or three of the boldest assassins had already been arrested and hanged, but the rowdy element was still sufficiently strong to give life in San Francisco an ample spice of the sensational. To take a mild average, not a day passed without one or two murders, followed by a vigorous pursuit of the criminals and a desperate struggle between their chums and the Vigilants, which invariably ended in the defeat of the former and the execution of the murderers. The disorderly section of the population, although, in reality, only a very small minority, was still, however, sufficiently strong to give a general tone of recklessness to the course of events in the Golden City. One morning, for instance, a band of disappointed diggers would enter the

town disguised as Indians, and commit every kind of excess, until shot down or put to flight by the respectable inhabitants, who, on the alarm-bell at the fire-station being rung, would come rushing out of their dwellings, armed every man with his bowie-knife and pistols, the latter of which were freely discharged in the supposed direction of the enemy, without over-much consideration as to whether the bullets found the right or the wrong billets. Later on, the same bell perhaps would ring a furious alarm of fire; and scarcely had the firemen collected, when they would have to exchange shots with a band of maddened broken gamblers, who were determined to burn down the 'gold hell' in which they had been ruined, without the least regard for the fact that its destruction by fire would probably involve that of about half the town. The frequent occurrence of incidents of this nature, and the serious personal risk I had run as a spectator, soon so completely took the edge off my curiosity, that I scarcely cared to go farther than the post-office, unless I had received positive information that something unusually interesting was on the cards.

"I was engaged one hot summer's day in drawing up a detailed account of the proceedings of the Vigilance Committee, from such notes as my position as a representative of a leading Eastern paper had enabled me to collect, when I was interrupted by the

noise made by a number of shots, following one another in such rapid succession as to sound almost like volleys of musketry. The sounds proceeded from the opposite side of the small square in which my hotel was situated. From the window close to my writing-table I could see a strong and apparently disciplined body of men, flanked by a disorderly mob, furiously attacking a small two-storeyed log-house. The defenders kept up a steady fire from the windows, with fatal effect upon their regular assailants and the crowd of volunteers. Amongst the latter I could readily distinguish the types of a great variety of races. Citizens of the Eastern and Southern States of the Union, Englishmen and Irishmen, Spaniards and Germans, a band of Indians in their war-paint, and on the skirts of the mob some Chinamen as spectators. Conspicuous as being mounted, whilst every one else was on foot, was a little knot of Mexicans, with their richly braided jackets, broad-brimmed *sombreros*, high-peaked saddles, and shovel stirrups. Those horsemen seemed to take no part in the attack, but sat calmly smoking their cigarettes, with the exaggeration of elegant listlessness they love to assume when anything is going on which is exciting to look at, but in no way concerns their personal interests. They were armed in the fashion of their country, with *lazos* and long *machetes* or swords.

"Presently, from a window not far from the one out of which I was gazing, I heard the order given to open ranks, disperse, and re-form behind the hotel. The men who constituted the disciplined nucleus of the assailants of the opposite house at once dropped back amongst the crowd, and in a few minutes I saw them fall in

again beneath my back windows. They numbered about one hundred in all, of whom fifty, in obedience to an order from the same man who had recalled them from the attack, prepared to form a battering column. For this purpose two huge pine-logs, about thirty feet in length, were brought from a pile of lumber in the neighbourhood and raised upon the shoulders of the men, carefully selected in pairs; the remainder of the little body was directed to advance in skirmishing order, keeping up a hot fire upon the house.

"Whilst these arrangements were being made in the empty space behind the hotel, the mob had been passing the time in discharging their pistols at the massive logs which formed the outer walls of the beleaguered house. The enjoyment derived from this harmless exercise lost none of its zest from the fact that the garrison thought fit to reserve their fire for worthier foes. The ball-practice was soon interrupted by a characteristic incident which appears to me worth noticing. One of the crowd, who had worked himself into a state of exasperation owing to his six-shooter having got hampered and no longer discharging its six shots in as many seconds, raised a sudden cry of 'Burn him out!' and was preparing to carry out his idea by setting fire to a heap of chips and shavings piled up against one of the walls of the house. At the critical moment a fellow-rowdy stepped up to him and shot him through the head, shouting out, by way of explanation, 'The powder-magazine!' such a building being in fact only separated from the log-house by a few yards of waste ground. Several other gentlemen then came forward and expressed their approval of the

presence of mind displayed by emptying their six-shooters into the dead body, an operation which was soon interrupted by the arrival of the men with the battering-rams.

"The storming-party consisted of two bands of twenty men each, bearing the pine-logs on their shoulders. At the word 'Charge!' the first log was carried forward at a run, with the intention of driving in the entrance door of the house attacked; but scarcely had half the necessary ground been covered, when six shots rang out almost simultaneously, and the six front supporters of the log fell wounded to the ground, immediately followed by the majority of their unwounded comrades, and by the ponderous mass itself. The ground was rapidly cleared of dead and dying, and at the word 'Charge!' the second log was borne forward towards the door, though perhaps at a somewhat slower pace than the first. Again the shots rang out from the house, and again the log fell to the ground.

"Great was the exasperation of the crowd, and as various as wild the schemes proposed by amateur generals who formed part of it. Some were for setting fire to the house and letting the powder 'rip' if it chose; others for removing it from the magazine and then burning down the house. Whosoever had a proposal to make began by shouting it out at the top of his voice, and a second later he would be engaged in furious altercation with the nearest of those who had any objection to his plan. The dispute generally closed by the discharge of a few pistol-shots, which caused much scattering of the crowd, but did little harm to the combatants. The rough black house stood its ground, grim and

impassive, as if in contempt of the futile schemes suggested for its destruction.

"Meanwhile the leader of the Vigilants, who constituted the main body of the assailants, seeing the uselessness of a direct attack upon the wooden ramparts opposed to him, determined to resort to a blockade, and a cordon was formed round the house. Few of the mob had any ammunition left, and most of them were thinking of dinner, and gradually moving away from the scene of action, when suddenly the door of the invested house was thrown open, and into the very midst of the guards leaped a herculean figure in a red shirt, with flowing grizzly beard, and hair reaching down to his shoulders. In his right hand he carried an axe of unusual size, whilst his left brandished a broad bowie-knife. Close behind him ran two tall and slender boys, the one a mulatto, the other a fair-haired English-looking youth: they were both armed with long Indian lances and light hunting-knives.

"For a moment there appeared to be a fair chance that the daring assailants would succeed in cutting their way through the guards, who had evidently received orders not to use their firearms. As to what remained of the crowd, there was scarcely a man whose revolver was loaded, and there was certainly not one disposed to engage in hand-to-hand conflict with the formidable athlete in the red shirt. The three fugitives were already fast approaching the hotel, when the voice that had directed the attacks on the log-house was again heard, 'Now, Señores Mexicanos,' whereupon the little knot of horsemen dashed with lightning speed to the front, and instantly las-

soed and threw to the ground the three men, who were promptly secured by the Vigilants, who had followed close upon their tracks.

"The cry 'Bully for the Vigilance!' was now raised by the crowd, who, to my astonishment, fell back and made way for the removal of the prisoners, without any great show of reluctance. Some few followed, shouting 'Lynch them!' but the majority repaired to the now defenceless house, evidently with no friendly intentions. There again, however, they were stopped by another body of men belonging to the ubiquitous committee, before whom the crowd fell back, growling but unresisting, like a dog whose bone has been taken from him by his master.

"The drama on the square had now come to an end, and I hastened to seek for some explanation of the strange incidents of which I had been an eyewitness. In the same hotel as myself lived one of the leading lawyers of San Francisco, who was generally believed to exert no slight influence over the proceedings of the Vigilance Committee. As the voice that had directed the assault on the house came from the window of one of his rooms, I felt justified in inferring that he would give me some information as to what had occurred.

"In reply to my questions, Mr Russell, as I may as well call him, told me that the house attacked was the dwelling of a man known as Nat Turner, who had been at San Francisco for some little time, and who was supposed to be a 'Britisher' by birth. Shortly after his arrival he had taken the house in question, partly furnished, and had stored in it the contents of a number of cases which had arrived

by sea. He was accompanied by two youths, the one a white, the other a mulatto, who were popularly supposed to be his own sons. The fact of his receiving no visitors, and never being seen in a drinking-saloon, had excited considerable curiosity, which his invariable refusal to allow any one to cross his threshold had not tended to allay. The two boys had been stopped and questioned to no purpose, and two or three of the leading citizens who had tried to draw Turner into conversing about himself, had been repulsed in a somewhat abrupt manner. The result was, that before a month had elapsed he had become unpopular with all classes of society, and it was generally expected that he would soon find the place too hot to hold him. When the rowdies became aware that the new-comer would receive but scant support from the respectable portion of the community, two or three of the boldest made up their minds to try his mettle. Consequently one day, when on his road to the post-office, where he was wont to repair almost daily for books and newspapers, of which he received a large supply, he was stopped by three of the most notorious bullies of the town, one of whom took him by the arm, and endeavoured, with the assistance of the other two, but with a show of playful violence, to force him into the nearest drinking-shop. Nat allowed himself to be hustled along as far as the corner of the street, where a pile of refuse of the most unsavoury description was rotting in the sun. Stopping suddenly, he swung the man who held his arm head over heels into the midst of the garbage, and with a strength and agility far surpassing all that they had hitherto experienced, gripped

the other two rowdies by the collar, kicked their legs from under them, and deposited them on the top of their sprawling comrade. Before they had time to recover, Nat Turner had disappeared into the post-office. As might have been expected, when he came out half an hour later, he was assailed by the three bullies, cheered on by a crowd of their admirers. Each of them held in his hand a six-shooter, which he pointed at Turner's head. 'Now then, you English skunk ! let's see what you look like when you've got to go under,' said the foremost, taking deliberate aim. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when the revolver was wrenched from his hand, he himself was sent spinning into the gutter by a splendidly delivered left-hander, and before the other two had made up their minds to shoot they both rolled over, shot through the right shoulder by their crony's revolver. Turner having thus rapidly got rid of his principal opponents, turned upon the crowd with so fierce a look that the nearest recoiled upon those behind them to make room for him. Seeing that no one appeared inclined for a trial of skill with him, he pushed straight on towards his house, not only without further molestation, but accompanied by more than one shout of 'Well done, Britisher !' from the faithless crowd. The reckless daring of the man who, single-handed and unarmed, had encountered and utterly discomfited the three leading champions of the disorderly classes, had the desired effect, and he was thenceforth left to pursue his own course until an opportunity should offer for paying him off without too much personal risk. About a year had elapsed since the encounter had taken

place, Turner's three adversaries had gone off to the diggings, and his peculiarities were in a fair way of being forgotten, when the whole town was thrown into a state of excitement by the disappearance of a young Frenchman named St Valentin, who had powerful friends amongst the Southerners. After a prolonged inquiry, it was ascertained that he had last been seen near Turner's house ; and on the matter being laid before the newly established Vigilance Committee, it was decided that his house should be searched. The two men who volunteered for the duty had been refused admittance ; and on their attempting to effect an entry by force, they had been shot down just outside the doorway. Thence the attack on the house which I had witnessed.

"If, added my informant, I felt any desire to be present at the examination of the house, which had been intrusted to him, he would willingly incur the responsibility of allowing me to accompany him. I at once closed with this offer, and soon afterwards we entered the mysterious building together.

"It was, as I have said, a small two-storeyed building of massive logs. It consisted of six rooms, besides an underground kitchen and store-rooms. There was but little furniture beyond the three beds and a few chairs and tables ; but the walls were covered with carefully executed and well-framed drawings, designed to illustrate the effect of every conceivable torture on the countenance of human beings. Side by side with these hung other drawings, labelled 'probable effect of operation A, B, &c.,' the meaning of which we could not make out, though the placid faces of the persons represented certain-

ly stood out in striking contrast to those of the victims in the adjacent frames, and to those of the plaster models in the corners of the room, which represented the sufferings of the human frame when racked by painful diseases. Farther on were numerous drawings, plaster casts, and wax models, reproducing anatomical preparations of portions of the body in a pathological condition. I noticed likewise a number of portraits, bearing names more or less familiar, such as Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, Cagliostro, Harvey, Hunter, Claude Bernard, and Magendie, and many others which I have forgotten. One whole room was given up to a collection of arms of a very complete character. Each description of weapon was arranged in a series, ranging, for instance, from the prehistoric flint knife to the modern bowie-knife,—and so on in each class. Another room was devoted to the illustration of experiments in vivisection. I noticed in particular a small oven, out of which projected the head of a stuffed lapdog, labelled ‘King Charles, used by Claude Bernard in his celebrated experiments; lethal heat in this case, 112° centigrade.’ I would rather not describe other still more horrible models in illustration of the experiments on living criminals, of Falopius, Vesalius, and others; indeed I think that I have said enough to convince you that the contents of Turner’s house were such as would furnish a very complete museum of horrors. One peculiarity of this museum, from my point of view, was the strange impression of familiarity it produced upon me. Although the objects of which it was composed were evidently all originals of rare individual merit, and such as could only have been brought together

by a highly trained if somewhat morbid intellect, I felt convinced that I had seen most of them before under totally different circumstances; the pitifully distorted head of the lapdog, amongst others, appeared to recall to me a familiar sensation of horror connected with bygone days.

“I was cudgelling my brains to discover where and when I had become acquainted with mimic horrors resembling the objects in Turner’s museum, when I was reminded of the motive of our visit by the shouts of those who had gone straight to the basement. After breaking open several doors strongly secured by lock and bolt, the searchers had come upon a kind of tank filled with quicklime. The result of a closer examination was the discovery of the remains of two men—the one of singularly powerful frame and large stature, the other a slender youth—and of an unusually large dog. The features of the larger corpse were no longer recognisable; but the lawyer who had accompanied me felt confident that the body would be identified as that of Teddy O’Brien, an Irish prize-fighter, whom Turner had rescued when drunk from the bowie-knife of a rowdy who had an old score to pay off, and who in return had attached himself to Turner, being in fact the only outsider who ever crossed his threshold. As to the slenderer corpse, it was evidently that of St Valentin; if any doubt could have existed, it would at once have been dispelled by the presence of the dog, an animal who followed that interesting youth everywhere, and who displayed the most devoted affection for him. The doctor who was called in to express an opinion as to the mode of death manifested intense surprise, not

unmixed with admiration, when he had examined a large wound on St Valentin's head; but he refused to explain, on the plea that his opinion must be reserved for the official report. Indeed, even if Turner could have been completely exonerated from all responsibility for the death of the two men whose bodies had been found in his house, he had unquestionably killed a large number of men, and nothing could save him from the last penalty of the law. 'As a matter of sentiment,' said my lawyer friend, 'I am glad to believe that Turner was not a cold-blooded assassin; we did what we could for him, but he wouldn't listen to reason.'

"There being now no motive for prolonging our stay in this ill-fated house, I returned to the hotel to take notes of what I had seen. A few hours later I received a message to the effect that the prisoner Turner would be deeply grateful if I would visit him in his prison, as he wished to speak to me on business of vital importance.

"I must admit that this communication aroused feelings of a very mixed character. In the interests of my employers, and for the sake of my own reputation as a 'cute correspondent, nothing more fortunate could have occurred; but at the same time I felt a decided repugnance to the idea of making capital out of the last moments of a man in whom I felt an involuntary interest. As I approached the prison, which was situated at a considerable distance from my hotel, a thousand wellnigh forgotten associations arose in my mind, and pleaded with me in favour of the man who now lay helpless and hopeless in the town jail. The glimpse I had caught of Turner, as he broke

through the Vigilance guards, had recalled to me the image of a hero of my younger days. When I was a law student at Dublin, the leading spirit of the university was Fitzgerald, known amongst us as 'Madcap Harry,' or the 'Admirable Crichton,' according to the mood in which we found him. He was unquestionably superior to the majority of his fellow-students, in athletic exercises as well as in intellectual gifts. Beyond the precincts of the university very little was known of his life. From the reckless way in which he spent and lent money, without ever being troubled by duns, we assumed that he was rich, an impression which was confirmed by the lavish manner in which he had filled his rooms with everything connected with his varied pursuits. Fitzgerald, who had been two years at Dublin when I joined the law classes, was a medical student, and was fond of taking us over his very original collection of anatomical specimens and models. Yes; there could no longer be any doubt about it, that was where I had seen the model of Claude Bernard's oven. I remembered that during one long vacation, Fitzgerald had gone over to Paris to attend a course of lectures given by the distinguished physiologist, and had brought back with him the model in question. The stuffed dog was, he said, the one hundred and fiftieth animal of that species which had been experimented on. The prisoner under sentence of death in the San Francisco jail, and my old comrade Fitzgerald, were one and the same person!

"After exhibiting my permit, I was shown into the room where Turner was confined. I found him quietly smoking a short pipe, and apparently waiting my arrival.

By his side stood a small table, on which lay some sheets of paper closely written over.

"'Will you forgive me for troubling you?' he said. 'I had accidentally heard of the presence here of a correspondent of one of the leading New York journals, and I would rather trust a man fresh from the East than any resident of this town. But surely,' he added, as I took the chair he had offered me, 'your name must be Hastings. If so, you are not the man to be ashamed to recognise Fitzgerald, your old college chum. A law student who has knocked about the world wellnigh a score of years, is likely to understand that a man may be a dangerous criminal in the eyes of the law, and yet a well-meaning enough sort of fellow in reality.'

"Even my remembrance of the proverbial coolness of my old friend had not prepared me for this address. I had expected a certain amount of embarrassment, perhaps some hesitation or doubt, as to whether he should make himself known to me, lest I should repudiate all previous acquaintance with him. His attitude was not in the least that of a man who feels that he owes apologies, or at all events explanations, to his old friends, before he can meet them on equal terms.

"I was too deeply impressed by the horror of his position not to do my best to conquer any feeling of repulsion I may have felt. I could think of nothing better than to catch hold of his hand and give it a friendly grasp.

"'I had hoped to meet you under happier circumstances,' I said, huskily.

"'I have quite made up my mind as to what has to follow,' he answered calmly; 'but I can't help feeling a certain amount of

bitterness when I think that the prize I have been striving to reach during long years of toil will, owing to my death, be withheld from the world for an indefinite time longer. But there is little to be gained by dwelling on my feelings. To judge by the howling of those white savages outside, I shan't be allowed to be many minutes longer with you, and there are one or two things I want you to do for the sake of old times. Those papers on the table contain a short account of my life, which I think will explain how I have come to my present position. When Mr X—, the leader of the Vigilant party who attacked my house, has read these lines, I think, from what I know of him, that for the benefit of science and in the interests of the world at large, he will not allow my collection to be scattered. Will you place this manuscript in his own hands after you have read it? and if you please, take a copy of it yourself. I am sure I need not ask you to do what you can to prevent the utter waste of a whole life's work. Poor boys!' he continued, pointing to the youths I have already mentioned, who were lying side by side fast asleep on a mattress in a corner of the room—'poor boys! I might have made something of them but for this unlucky ending of all my schemes. So good-bye, old fellow! God bless you! I die with the consciousness of having striven hard to do good to the world. I must pay for a moment of madness with my life, and, harder by far, with that of those poor boys.' With a last shake of the hand I left him, taking with me the manuscript, and returned to my hotel, somewhat dejected by this meeting with an old college friend on the eve of his

execution. I had not a sufficient sense of my duty to my employers to attend on the occasion ; but I heard later that the three culprits had met death with a coolness worthy of their reputation for fearlessness."

"Is that all?" I cried, in accents of ill-suppressed indignation, as Hastings quietly lit a cigar and commenced smoking, without any sign of an intention to vouchsafe us a more satisfactory ending than the foregoing ; "and have you kept us all day listening to an unsolved riddle? We want to know how Fitzgerald could be innocent of the four murders committed before his house was attacked, and what was the mysterious object he was pursuing for the benefit of humanity?"

"Well, gentlemen," returned Hastings, quietly, "I can give you no explanations. If you won't make too much row, however, to-morrow, if we all feel inclined, I will read you the manuscript, of which I have a copy by me. It will tell you all about the murders ; but without the collection and its explanatory catalogues, I am afraid you won't be much the wiser as to Fitzgerald's philanthropical aims."

Next day after lunch Hastings took up his usual position, and proceeded to read the following pages :—

FITZGERALD'S MANUSCRIPT.

"My parents died when I was still a very small child, and I have no distinct recollection of them. I was taken charge of by my father's younger brother, who enjoyed some reputation as a physiologist, and who certainly did his best to train me for taking my place amongst the votaries of his pet science. For this purpose he early initiated me into the mysteries of the dissecting-room, and when he deemed my nerves sufficiently hardened, he revealed to me in due course all the secrets of the laboratory of a devoted vivisectionist. Before I was eighteen, I could approach a painful experiment in vivisection with the gleeful delight experienced by the skilful surgeon in performing a difficult operation from which he anticipates extraordinary benefit for the patient. I learned never to shrink from the dissection of a living animal, nor to hesitate in inflict-

ing any amount of pain, if I saw the least chance of an approach to some discovery likely to benefit humanity. I had been duly taught that the sufferings of the higher animals, when the cuticle had once been pierced, were scarcely inferior to those of human beings ; but I considered it perfectly justifiable that beasts should be made to suffer for the advancement of a science whose discoveries were calculated to diminish the sufferings of human beings. It was under the empire of this conviction that I approached my work ; and even before I entered upon my regular studies at the Dublin University, I had acquired such skill and strength of nerve, and such indifference to the sufferings of my subjects, that I already was worthy of the proud title of 'a real artist in vivisection,' which was subsequently conferred upon me by one of the great French masters."

Here Hastings stopped for a moment to explain that he had thought it best to drop certain details given by Fitzgerald in illustration of his proficiency in vivisection. He then continued reading :—

"I had but little opportunity at Dublin itself of adding to my knowledge of this important branch of medical science; but I took advantage of the vacations to attend lectures wherever an opportunity offered. The death of my uncle, which occurred soon after I had taken my degree, left me in possession of sufficient means to prosecute my experiments in the most satisfactory manner; and before I was thirty, I was thoroughly acquainted with the labours of the greatest authorities, most of whose experiments I found means of repeating independently. The result of my studies was a conviction that the action of the nerves in mental as well as physical disorders, had been singularly underrated, not to say entirely overlooked, by previous inquirers. By means of a series of careful experiments, I found that the excision of certain important nerves would, according to their position, either stimulate or extirpate such qualities as courage, fidelity, industry, patience, &c., which mankind possesses in much the same degree as the lower animals. The nerves I operated upon with unfailing success exist in man; and from a careful study of curious medical cases, I thought it highly probable that they might be worked upon with the same useful effects. This fact once satisfactorily established, observations might be made with a view to the discovery of the other nerves capable of exercising an influence on the human character and constitution. If successful, the inquiry might serve a double purpose: it might lead to a new classification of the diseases under the direct influence of the nerves, and, further, result in the discovery of processes by means of which skilful specialists, operating on infants, might eliminate most of the vicious in-

stincts which are a fruitful source of misery in the world. A hereditary tendency to drunkenness, violence, or dishonesty might thus be counteracted, to say nothing of the facility with which more tangible diseases, such as gout and consumption, might be eradicated from the system should they be found, as I fully anticipated, to depend upon a morbid condition of certain nerve-centres. I refrain from going more deeply into professional details, as the result of all my experiments is set forth at full length in a manuscript, which will be found behind the dog in Claude Bernard's oven. It will therefore be sufficient for me to add, that a long and varied experience in hospitals and on battlefields has furnished me with ample evidence in support of my theory. I have seen a sober man become an inveterate drunkard on recovering from a fit of insensibility, caused by the fall of a piece of brick on his head from a scaffolding he was passing under. On the other hand, I have come across a dull and stupid fellow who, thanks to a sabre-cut above the brows, which exposed the brain, was eventually converted into a man of delicate wit, fertile imagination, and picturesque narrative powers. The extraordinary development of certain faculties under the influence of mental disease is too well known for me to dwell upon it now. What is wanted is an opportunity of proving by direct experiment that given effects will result from a given operation. In the good old days I might have had an opportunity of experimenting on some of those ruffians who are howling outside; but nowadays a student of physiology has difficulty enough about puppy dogs and rabbits, to say nothing of men.

"I was led to transfer my

laboratory to San Francisco, by the accounts I had read of the disorderly conditions of society here. The number of crimes of violence was extremely great; and I thought that the make-shift hospitals of a new community might perhaps afford me opportunities of making the desired experiments *in corpore vili*. I was not wrong in my previsions. Some opportunities did offer, of which I took advantage, taking care to select individuals whose death would be a clear gain to the world. I was not very successful; but of course the chances were strongly against my patients being wounded in the precise manner I required, and I did not feel justified in treating the charges of men whom I temporarily replaced, as freely as I might have done my own.

"I am now coming to the incidents which have led to my being placed in my present disagreeable predicament. Teddy O'Brien and St Valentin were, as is well known, two notorious characters in their respective ways: about ten days ago they disappeared from their usual haunts, and were finally traced to my house, where indeed their bodies will be found. The facts of the case are as follows. Poor Teddy, a splendid boxer and a good enough fellow when sober, had been playing cards with St Valentin in a neighbouring drinking-shop. The good stupid fellow had no chance with the professional card-sharper, and was stripped of his last cent. Just, however, as St Valentin was about to land another large stake on credit, his big dog placed his paw suddenly on his arm, which caused the *left bower* to fall out of his sleeve. Up jumped Teddy, and, vowing that he had

been swindled, seized the whole of the money still lying upon the table, and rushed out of the house to avoid St Valentin's revolver. The little Frenchman followed; but only caught him up just as he had plunged into the door of my house, which one of the boys had opened on seeing Teddy's danger. The Frenchman entered after him, before the door could be closed, and with him the dog. When Teddy saw a pistol pointed at his head, he threw himself on one side, so that the bullet only grazed his cheek, and struck out violently at his adversary. I was aroused from my studies by the sound of the shot, followed by a groan and a heavy fall. When I arrived on the scene of action, one boy was trying to remove a fallen body, and the other endeavouring vainly to assist poor Teddy, who was struggling for his life with St Valentin's wolf-hound. Before I could interfere, he staggered and fell backwards, dragging the dog with him. Both were dead: the brute had torn out Teddy's wind-pipe, and the prize-fighter's iron hands, in the convulsions of death, had crushed the dog's throat and neck into a shapeless mass. Seeing that life was extinct in the nobler animals, I turned to St Valentin. His heart was still beating, and we carried him into a room where Teddy had occasionally slept: he was suffering from a deep wound on the skull, caused, we ascertained, by his head having come into violent contact with the lock of the front door when he fell beneath Teddy's blow. So far as I could see, it would not be impossible to save St Valentin's life, although, of course, complications might manifest themselves. I applied the needful bandages, and arranged with the boys to keep watch by

turns on him. The following day the patient recovered his speech; but there was an incoherency about his language, and a peculiar indistinctness about his pronunciation, that rendered it evident to me that the blow on the head had produced internal injuries of a serious character. The following morning the symptoms became so marked that I was convinced that a fragment of the skull was pressing on the brain in such a manner as to produce paralysis. My journal contains a full professional account of the symptoms that led me to conclude that the operation of trepanning was absolutely necessary to save the patient. This operation I accordingly performed, with a scrupulous observance of all the precautions prescribed by the greatest authorities who have dealt with the subject since the days of Ambroise Paré. It was so far successful that St Valentin awoke immediately from the state of coma into which he had fallen soon after he recovered his senses; but, contrary to the results experienced on previous occasions, he appeared to be still so far under the influence of the shock his system had suffered, as to be incapable of understanding or replying to the simplest sentence addressed to him. A few hours of careful attention led me to the conclusion that unless some remedy were found, the quick-witted energetic gambler would remain a hopeless idiot. I felt it my duty to attempt the excision of a particular nerve, which was fortunately easily to be got at through the fissure in the skull. I was not long in arriving at this decision. In spite of the regularity of the features of the man lying before me, it has seldom been my fate to gaze on a lower countenance than his. I had

heard of him as a heartless gambler, and I had proofs of his contempt for human life; but whatever may have been the extent of his actual criminality, there was cruel assassin, cowardly perjurer, mean puppy, and contemptible villain clearly legible in the lines of his face. Should he die under the operation I was about to perform, nothing would be lost to society. I should not perhaps have been justified in attempting the experiment, had I seen the remotest chance of his ever recovering his intellect. As it was, death was far preferable to the existence mapped out for him by fate. If I succeeded, the benefit to the whole human race might be infinite. I should establish the soundness of my theory, that a man born with the vilest hereditary instincts might, by means of a simple operation, be converted into a useful member of society. Once establish my discovery as a recognised fact, and the whole of the criminal classes, now the bane of all civilised societies, might rapidly be replaced by an equal number of persons who, to say the least of it, would not be specially biassed in favour of a life of debauchery and crime. I have said enough to make my motives clear. I performed the operation, and the result exceeded my expectations. Before half an hour had elapsed, St Valentin had sunk into a deep sleep, from which he awoke towards nightfall. The moment I had been anxiously awaiting had come at last.

“‘You have saved my life,’ he said, ‘although I have richly deserved death.’

“I would not allow him to continue. I felt that the least excitement might prove fatal. I told him rather sharply to hold his tongue, if he did not wish to

make all our efforts useless, and administered a sleeping-draught, which he took with the docility of a trusting child. In a few minutes he sank into a peaceful slumber. Until they closed, his eyes remained fixed upon mine with the absorbed look of a grateful dog. The experiment had been successful beyond my wildest hopes. The few words uttered by St Valentin, accompanied by that haunting glance, were sufficient to indicate a complete transformation of his nature. It appeared to me, perhaps under the influence of an imagination unduly stimulated by long watching and anxious meditation, as if the creases, in which the misdeeds and evil longings of a short but active life had left their stamp upon his face, were gradually being smoothed out before my very eyes, as if by an invisible hand. I saw greed, low cunning, treachery, and spite falling off like scales. Beneath the magic wand of science the leopard had been made to change his spots. At first sight it will appear certain that my overwrought fancy had made me the victim of a strange delusion. Even if the inward change had commenced, how could it have become manifest externally with the rapidity I have described? But after all, did not history recall instances of changes from good to evil and from evil to good equally sudden and striking, and equally patent to all beholders? To say nothing of the softening light cast by death on every human countenance not distorted by some atrocious final spasm, why should not a fundamental change in a man's nature be as rapidly mirrored on his face as the mock passions of the stage on that of a trained actor? Nay, more, if that fundamental change had, as I verily believed, indeed taken

place, what I now saw was only its natural result.

"Sustained by the conviction that my life's devotion had at length been rewarded by the achievement of a discovery the benefit of which to humanity it was impossible to overrate, I watched contentedly by his bedside until the first grey light of dawn stole through the shutters. My life on the whole has not been an unhappy one, and I suppose it is given but to few to feel the happiness that pervaded my being during those hours. There was still much to be done before the pedantry of science and the dull routine of social government could be overcome to such an extent as to admit of the general application of my process.

"Just as the shivering feeling of depression which, even under the most favourable circumstances, succeeds a sleepless night, began to creep over me, St Valentin awoke. The first sun-rays lighted up his face, which shone with a more death-like pallor in contrast with the long black locks and mustachio: the bandage about his temples, flecked here and there with clotted blood, added a peculiarly weird look to the long oval of his countenance.

"'What have you done to me?' he said; 'by what superhuman power is my nature so changed and softened that I overflow with intense gratitude to you, mingled with a hideous loathing of myself?'

"'For pity's sake!' I cried desperately, 'think of nothing but getting well; the least excitement may ruin all.'

"'And end in my death,' he retorted, with sudden fierceness. 'Would you wish me to live under the frightful weight of dishonour I now feel for the first time? In-

deed, how can I live!' he added, with a bitter laugh: 'the wolf's teeth are drawn; what place is there left for him in the struggle for existence? I cannot return to my former life, and I am unfitted for any other.'

"I tried a few words of comfort. 'Stop,' said he; 'you mean well, but you have been very cruel in your kindness. It would have been better to toss me out into the street to become the prey of dogs and turkey-buzzards, instead of bringing me back to life to suffer the agony of shame I now endure. For the first time I realise the depth of my degradation. I cannot bear to live, loathing myself body and soul as I now do. The men of my race, with all their faults, have always known how to die. Thanks—farewell!' Before I had time to interpose, he had violently torn the bandage from his brows, and dashed his wounded skull with such strength against the wall that the blood gushed out in streams, and he fell back into my arms with one convulsive shiver—dead! And with him died all my schemes—the fruit of all my labours. I was overwhelmed with despair.

"As I sat gazing at the corpse with purposeless eyes, my brain dizzy and confused by the combined influences of long watching and the frightful disappointment that had ruined all my hopes, I was roused to consciousness by two revolver-shots fired in the direction of the entrance. The combative instinct, which is perhaps the last to die in natures like mine, brought me to my feet in a moment. I rushed towards the sound, snatching up a revolver as I ran. It was too late. The two boys stood gazing, half triumphantly, half regretfully, at the bodies of two men stretched in

the mud just outside the hall door. Without a word I approached the wounded men, and after a short examination re-entered the house and closed the door. They were both quite dead.

"Frederick, the white boy, then drew near to me, and laying his hand timidly on my arm, 'They tried to force their way into the house,' he said, in deprecating tones; 'they swore they would roust out that beggar, St Valentin, or his carcass, and as we had your orders to admit no one, we told them they could not come in. They drew upon us; but you have trained us to shoot quickly, and they both fell before they could pull the triggers of their revolvers. One fellow is still grasping his, and the other man's is lying there close to the bottom step.'

"'Who sent them?' I asked.

"'They spoke of the Vigilance.'

"There was nothing more to be said. Those two rowdies, who belonged to a set I had once got the better of, thought they saw their opportunity for revenge; they were not mistaken, although things had scarcely taken the course they had pictured to themselves. The game was up; before many hours had elapsed, a swarm of men, utterly insensible to all reasoning, would demand admittance to my house. There were the dead men lying before the door. Yes; and there, not one hundred yards off, were a dozen of their comrades coming towards the house. They would force their way in and find poor Ted's body, with St Valentin's bathed in fresh blood; they would ask no questions; we should be carried off and 'lynched,' whilst the contents of the house, the results of many years' unceasing labours—my models, my anatomical prepara-

tions, even to the manuscript records of my discoveries—would inevitably be destroyed. Should I tamely submit to the utter annihilation of everything I most cared for? The wild blood that runs in every Englishman's veins, beneath the calm and disciplined surface, was now fully aroused. Just at this moment the mulatto, Sam, cried out in excited tones, 'They are coming! what shall we do, master?'

"'Stop them!' I said violently; 'bolt and bar the door, and show them what our revolvers can do, if they attempt to break it in.'

"'They have got a large white handkerchief on a stick,' said Fred; 'that means a flag of truce, doesn't it? One man is coming on quite alone.'

"'I will speak to him,' I answered, handing my revolver to Sam and opening the door.

"The man drew near—a fine soldierly-looking fellow, a West Point cadet in earlier days, to judge by his way of speaking.

"'Do you mean to fight?' he said. 'I am sorry for you, but there is no use in deceiving you: the boys have condemned you already for the sake of the two scoundrels lying there, and we are scarcely strong enough—I mean the Vigilance, in whose name I am here—to get you off, even if you could prove your innocence. Take my advice and run for it. There is an English ship just getting up steam in the port, and the way will be open enough for fellows like you for the next hour or two. It will take us fully that to get our men together and organise the siege.'

"'I am grateful to you,' I replied, 'for a piece of unlooked-for kindness, and I know that I am condemned beyond hope; but I can't run away just to save my

skin, leaving everything I have worked for to perish at the hands of the mob.'

"'But think of the boys. I don't know what they are to you; but can you bear to see them hanged before your eyes?'

"'The boys are free, and might go if they pleased; but they will stay, and we shall die together. They have no one but me, and I can't live when everything that makes life worth having is torn from me.'

"'As you will,' rejoined my unexpected friend; 'but you will let us remove this carrion: that was my pretext for approaching you under flag of truce, and those skunks are already getting impatient.'

"I gave him one look of heartfelt gratitude, and re-entered the house to prepare for defence. I soon heard the curses and foul language of the rowdies, as they carried off their dead comrades. I had not misjudged my enemies: they all vowed they would burn my house to the ground, and not leave a vestige of 'his tarnation scientific muck on the face of this continent.'

"I had always been prepared for a sudden assault. The house was only open to attack in front: it was built of massive logs, strongly clamped together, and was perfectly bullet-proof. The aperture at the back was a very narrow one, and so secured as to offer more resistance than the main walls; the windows on either side of the entrance door were closed with iron shutters, leaving nothing but loopholes to fire through, some ten feet from the ground. On the upper floor a kind of verandah ran round the house: it was protected by a log parapet five feet high, pierced with loopholes, and so constructed as to command all the

approaches to the house. They would scarcely use artillery, owing to the risk to the town; or fire, owing to the close vicinity of a large powder-magazine. I mention these facts, in order to exonerate from blame the commander of the attacking party. I owe him this much, in return for the consideration shown to a man who had no claim upon him beyond that of being a fellow-worker in the field of science. The result is now known to all: we might have held out for months and got good terms, as we had plenty of provisions, and water from a well in the house. But unluckily, through some blunder of poor Teddy's, our stock of ammunition had got wet. If I had managed to reach the hotel, I think the director, who owes me a good turn, would have got the boys smuggled away. The mob would have probably been satisfied with hanging me, and I meant to give myself up without resistance, on condition that my collection was preserved. But I had been much overworked recently, and the consequence was I forgot the *lazos* of those Mexican cowboys, and we had left our revolvers behind, to avoid carrying unnecessary weight during the rush. Poor boys! there is no hope for them; but after all, death is no such misfortune when you have no ties to attach you to life. They are no kin of mine: I picked them out of the Mississippi. A steamer blew up close to our own, and I saw the mulatto swimming

pluckily with one hand, whilst the other supported the body of his white half-brother, who had been struck on the head by a splinter. That was last year; since then they have lived with me. The father was a planter, who was moving down the river with all his belongings to a new plantation he had bought. Everything was lost in the wreck. The boys have shown me a grateful attachment, which has prevented me from regretting a departure from my vow never to bind myself by human sympathies until I had worked out the problem I had undertaken to solve. Will that problem ever be solved, and by whom? My collection contains all the materials for its theoretical solution; but who will care to resort to practice, at the risk of being treated as a murderer. I originally formed the collection of horrors in the first rooms to show how little hesitation had been felt in sacrificing human life when the stake at issue was of far less importance.

"I have but one word to add. I freely admit that I had no right to sacrifice a score of lives in defence of my collection; but my nerves were overstrung by seventy-two hours' watching, and blow after blow had quite upset my judgment. In short, I was a dangerous madman for the time, driven distracted by an agony as fierce as that which gets possession of a poor beast robbed of her young."

"There," said the journalist, "is the end of my holding forth. I am off to see how many knots we ran yesterday. The story is yours, gentlemen; you may publish it if you please. In the meantime, I think I have furnished you with a very pretty subject for discussion."

And discuss it we did, that day and every day until we separated at Liverpool, with about as much result as is usually derived from such discussions.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

It is with a pang that one writes for the last time a well-known name, or speaks with tones subdued the familiar and friendly syllables once uttered so lightly. The circle contracts with the increasing years; the lights go out one by one in the windows that once sent forth so pleasant a greeting into the night. Wherever we move there is a vacancy, a place that can be filled no more; and I know nobody living who can fill the place made vacant on that dull December day which has just gained the illustration of Laurence Oliphant's name. He was so full of life and energy, so certain that he had yet a great work to do in the world, so confident of victory over all the presages of death, that it was impossible to think of him as we do of other men who have reached the further confines of middle life, and are within reach of the snows of age. He was one of the men who are ever young. His spirit was indomitable, and even his bodily frame, though shaken by illness, still so elastic and capable of sudden recoveries, that to associate the idea of death with his wonderful personality was the most difficult thing in the world. But it has been done. Faith and the aid of all sweet spirits have not delivered him from the dismissal, which, indeed, in his very human and tender heart, worn by much traffic with the world and much experience of its falseness, he was glad enough to anticipate, had not the thought of a great work to do held him back. But whatever the value of that work may be—and to sober minds it was always too perplexing for easy judgment

—it is now evident that the great Ruler of all things can do without it in His management of this world,—a thing which to all prophets and consciously inspired teachers it is so hard to learn and so difficult to realise.

This man, by whose loss the world is so much the poorer, was an adventurer, a traveller, a born statesman, a trained diplomatist, a keen and shrewd man of business. No man was keener to see an opportunity or an advantage, or more intent upon work and production; no man ever loved action and movement more completely, or had a more cordial, almost boyish, pleasure in being in the heart of all that was going on. Yet above all, and in the midst of all his perpetual business, his pleasures, his love of society, he was a visionary—one of the race to which the unseen is always more present than the palpable. He was like Gordon, our other and greater hero, in this prevailing spiritual atmosphere which filled his life; though Gordon had the great advantage of being content (with a few eccentricities) with the faith of Christianity; whereas Oliphant's was a mysticism of his own, which he fully believed to be developed out of Christianity, but which had not always the sanity and reasonableness of divine religion. In his most worldly days, the favourite of London drawing-rooms, a brilliant man about town, his mind had already begun to seize upon every element of vagrant spiritualism that then was floating about between two worlds—not with the half-belief half-scorn which moves so many, but at first with intense realisation

of a something which was indispensable to him, and afterwards, when his ideas developed, with the equal intense contempt of a spirit which had outgrown childish things. There have been other men as brilliant in thought and expression, as varied in capability, though few combining so many gifts; but it was this mystical element, underlying and overlapping everything, that gave its wholly individual character, its irresistible attraction and repulsion and never-failing interest, to Laurence Oliphant's life.

He was born of one of the Perthshire branches of the Oliphant family, his father, I think, having been the brother of a late Oliphant of Condie. There was a pleasant superstition of kindred between us, which had no existence save in the far and misty distance of centuries, beyond the reach even of a Scottish genealogist; my own family, the Oliphants of Kellie, in Fife (died down into landlessness and obscurity many generations ago), having been the first offshoot, as his was one of the last, from the parent stock. The father of Laurence, Sir Anthony Oliphant, a lawyer of repute, and withal, it is said, something of a visionary too, ended his life as Chief-Justice of Ceylon, after holding other colonial appointments; and his mother was of Dutch descent, met and married at the Cape while Anthony Oliphant served there. He was their only child, and his education was a little irregular: strange scenes and men, the continually passing crowd, including every kind of personage, which streams by a colonial station on the way to India, affording endless entertainment and insight into humanity, more interesting than books, to the keen-sighted and all-observant

boy. His own 'Episodes in a Life of Adventure,' first published in this Magazine under the title of 'Moss from a Rolling Stone,' afford a delightful record of his early adventures and of the ever-humorous, ever-active lad, seeing fun and loving excitement in everything, who sets before us now the old overland route—far more amusing than the present well-regulated traffic to India—by which he made his way at twelve, through all sorts of happy incidents, to Ceylon: now the wonderful beauties and risks of that wonderful island; now the tumults and wars of 1848 in Italy—where he went with his father during an official's holiday—the fervent Roman mob carrying with it, of course in the front rank, a certain bright-eyed English boy, all aglow with fun and mischief and sympathy, to see and note everything. Two years' wandering thus, in the midst of many tumultuous and exciting, and now historical scenes, did probably a great deal more for the development of a young capacity, which was in no way scholastic, than Cambridge, which had been his proper destination, could have done; and he ended these early and manifold adventures by settling down in Ceylon, on his father's return there, as his secretary, and finally at the Ceylon bar, where he had, he tells us, "some curious legal experiences, not the least of which was that, at the age of twenty-two, I had been engaged in twenty-three murder cases." After a youth so full of animation and movement, his first independent step was an expedition to Nepal as the guest of one of the first and most important of those interesting Orientals who have awakened the curiosity of English society, Jung Bahadoor. This trip,

into a country almost unknown, and full of Eastern magnificence and picturesqueness, brought to the young man his first literary success—a success, however, not so much of literature as of adventure, though the book was so far different from an ordinary travel-book that the lively narrative was running over with youthful spirit and originality. After this he came to England, at once to get himself called to the Scotch and English bars—a “very uninteresting operation”—and to bring out his book. But scarcely poising upon one foot for a month or two, he was off again—to Russia this time—just before the Orimean war, when every information on that subject was fresh and important; thence to America, a little later, with Lord Elgin; again in the Crimea, in America, in India—from one quarter of the world to another—always in the heart and heat of everything that was going on; always with every faculty alert, ready to seize an incident in the picturesque background, or make a flying sketch of national manners and ways, even while drawing up a protocol or condensing a *précis*. A more bright, varied, and delightful picture of vigorous and capable youth, good for everything that came in his way—the hunting-field, or the ball-room, or the council-chamber, or those wilds where nature is known unveiled, and even guile is primitive—could not be than that which the ‘Episodes in a Life of Adventure’ affords. It is full of humour, of ready wit, of understanding, and the brightest play of intelligence, and shows how a young man can use his life and enjoy it, with every day and moment full, with a youthful ardour and careless courage and strength which are exhilarating to behold. Good luck

and good friends, and a hundred chances, of dangers to run, knowledge to acquire, service to render, came in his way. Never did such a crowd of adventures happen to a tame spirit. Japan was the most exciting of all, for there a struggle for life, in which the hero of so many incidents was badly wounded, gave a new variety to the record. And when nothing exciting was at hand in diplomacy to employ him, a revolution somewhere, in Poland or with Garibaldi, would present itself, to carry on the extraordinary strain of adventure, which kept all his faculties in the liveliest exercise. These interludes, however, were but by the way, to fill up the crevices of time, which was generally well occupied by official business. And in the gravest moments of that business, as well as in the wildest lawless expedition on which pure love of adventure carried him, this gay, dauntless, light-hearted rover was at all times, and almost from his earliest youth, a man of original ideas, of singular insight, forming judgments often as just as they were vivid, both of men and things; a natural observer and critic as well as humorist, seeing and noting every detail of interest, and as capable of affording information to a statesman as amusement to a group of listeners. His wanderings threw him in the way of all kinds of interesting and important people. And he had that easy and delightful gift of conversation which is one of the most certain of social talismans. Few men talked so well; but he never overbore the lesser voices, or neglected to hear a humble interlocutor. He talked out of the abundance of his mind, because he had a natural illustration for everything in his immense experience, and scarcely a word could be said that

was not a suggestion to his full and teeming spirit. How delightful that talk was, how full of life and naturalness, never out of place, whoever his companions might be—and some of them were very great, and some of them queer enough—nobody who ever met him will need to be reminded.

After a youth so full of exciting and wonderful adventures, it was perhaps a dangerous experiment for such a man to come home to political life in England, with all its conventionalities and party necessities. He had been trained, indeed, in those expedients of diplomacy which so often decide the character of national changes. He had learned the skill, the caution, the tact with which one plenipotentiary must encounter, watch, observe, yield to, or resist another, until between them, by successive manipulations, a treaty is made that will hold water, or an arrangement by which men and trade may be reconciled. Some of the actual and existing groundworks of international intercourse we, in fact, owe altogether to him, as is generally believed; and he had mastered all the expedients of that highly polished and perfected science. But the ways of Parliament were perhaps more difficult to acquire than that skilful fence with equally skilful opponents, which makes diplomacy so fine and so fascinating an art. The methods were less fine in the House of Commons even in that day, which was in its turn much better than the bear-garden which we sometimes have the pain and grief to listen to now. But the infinite talk about nothing, often so tedious and with so little meaning, which every sturdy parliamentary stomach must be content to feed upon, was little adapted for a mind which had roved through everything that was most

fresh and full of life in every sphere.

Mr Oliphant entered Parliament in 1865, the same year in which he published his '*Piccadilly*,' the most brilliant satire upon society which, it might almost be said, was ever published. I do not mean to pretend that it could take a permanent place beside the more delicate and minute and deep-going satire of Thackeray; but Thackeray was an anatomist rather than a surgeon,—and the dashing onslaught, which was like a charge of cavalry suddenly delivered, without warning or declaration of war, with a wild-eyed prophetic missionary in the front of the attack, among all the gay and shouting cavaliers, was the attack of a reformer as well as a critic—a leader not content to comment, but eager to save. Nothing could be more remarkable or characteristic of Laurence Oliphant than that he should have entered society, with an apparent intention of spending his life at home and in these circles, yet launching before him that most keen and sparkling missile. Notwithstanding its seriousness and its tremendous velocity and force, the lightness of the daring hand that directed it, the flash of humour and almost reckless wit which dazzle the beholder, made this brilliant attack—as, indeed, successful satire always is—delightful to the world which it assailed, and which has this one quality at least, that it always relishes and applauds an attack upon itself if guided by competent forces. '*Piccadilly*,' however, with all its wild wit and trenchant touches, was something more than an attack upon society. It was the first indication of a new and strange but most powerful influence which had crossed

the wanderer's path, and was to shape the whole of his after-life. Before this time Mr Oliphant had been known as one of the "mediums" who, half in play, yet much more than half in earnest, were making the lately discovered "spiritualism," so called, which was one of the first fashions which had floated hither from America, popular in society. While still occupied with these ideas, he told me, on one occasion when we met, an exceedingly picturesque and striking story of an incident which had happened to himself: how a great lady of his acquaintance had unconsciously betrayed to him in the scribbles made under his influence, and which at the first glance seemed meaningless, a most compromising secret, the mystery of her own life. But the next time in which I had the occasion of speaking to him on this subject, his tone had changed. He had rejected these experiences as the mere vulgarities of a new revelation, not ceasing, indeed, to believe in the fact that there were a crowd of shivering and homeless spirits about the world, too glad to take refuge for a moment in a table or a pencil, and dictate nonsense to gaping inquirers—but regarding them with reprobation and contempt: and had himself progressed to a much higher elevation, having entered to his own profound consciousness into the very secret of life.

The scene in which I first became aware of this changed view, and of other deeper sentiments, was a curious one. It was in one of the galleries of the House of Commons, then, and probably still, appropriated to ladies; but opposite to the dark oriental bird-cage called the Ladies' Gallery, from which women are permitted to peep at the legislators of the country, and

affording a much better view of the House in its perspective of benches, culminating in the majesty of the Speaker's wig and all the accessories of the chair. The occasion was an important one. It was the evening on which Mr Disraeli was to bring forward in the form of Resolutions the same Reform Bill on which he had just succeeded in driving Mr Gladstone out of office—while the latter statesman, suddenly turned into opposition respecting his own measure, had to do his best by all practicable parliamentary wiles to destroy its chances of success in other hands—one of the most curious manifestations of government by party which has perhaps ever been seen in England. We talked in the tedium of the early evening business, while the ordinary routine was being gone through, before the House had settled down to the work of the night; but I had only time to observe the different tone in which Mr Oliphant talked of his spiritualistic experiences, when some chance question as to how a parliamentary life suited him, drew from him an outburst of impatience and indignation for which his hearer was quite unprepared. He declared it was a life unendurable, which he at least could support no longer; that truth of purpose or earnestness was not in it; that no one, except a few powerless individuals, cared for the country or the real benefit of the people, but each party for the triumph it could win over the other, the opportunity of securing an advantage, the hope of placing itself first, and pulling down its opponents. This sudden burst of indignant disgust with the realities of life, so fiery and lofty in tone, so unexpected from those easy yet eloquent lips, to which banter and jest seemed more familiar than denunciation, in face

of that slumbrous scene, so tedious yet so full of expectation, ready in a moment to wake into brilliant conflict, was very remarkable. A natural reluctance to believe in such a verdict, or accept a general and sweeping censure of the sort, mingled in the mind of the hearer with regret and sympathy for the higher aims and disappointed ideal of the speaker. It was, no doubt, the very curious transaction then going on, and which soon filled the empty house with eager listeners, and silenced every whisper to hear Mr Disraeli's statement, which had brought to a climax Oliphant's doubts and difficulties.

I add the following report of his own account of this matter, which had a great influence on his mind, from the recollection of another friend. Mr Oliphant had come into Parliament as a Liberal, and follower of Mr Gladstone. After Mr Disraeli had intimated his intention of reviving Mr Gladstone's Reform Bill—

"A great Liberal meeting was held at the Reform Club to consider the state of affairs, when Mr Gladstone made a speech, in which he said that the principle of the bill was good—as it was one for which he was personally responsible—and that, of course, they must support it; but that its details must be greatly amended. A hole was to be picked here, and another there; such a clause must be cut out, and such another put in, till Laurence Oliphant clearly saw that the real intention was to wreck the bill, if possible, rather than let it count to the opposite party. This utterly silenced him, and convinced him, as he said, 'that there was no honesty on either side,' as a party at least. With the help of a few genuine Liberals, who refused to join in the party tactics, he formed a cave, called the Tea-Room Cave or Clique, because they used to meet in the tea-room. The object of this party was to pass the Reform Bill at all hazards. It must be remembered

that, while he considered Mr Gladstone's conduct as the most inexcusable, he always thought it dishonourable of Mr Disraeli to take up his adversary's measure, which I think he had opposed before when he was out of office. Only Laurence could not see that this was a reason for opposing a bill that was good in itself. He was quite ready to serve God though the devil bade him; only it gave him a lower opinion of the devil."

Various things which had passed during the conversation above described, added to the intimations in 'Piccadilly' of some new and potent influence affecting its author, made me write to Mr Oliphant to ask for some information on these points. His answer was so serious that I was half ashamed of an inquiry prompted more by curiosity than by any graver motive—and plunged me at once into a mystical atmosphere for which I was quite unprepared. The reader will remember that when the hero of 'Piccadilly' is at his wildest, half mad with moral dissatisfaction and reckless wit, there appears "One," who takes him by the arm, and calms his perturbed spirit, and places before him that command to "live the life," which was at this period all Laurence Oliphant's gospel. I suddenly found myself in presence of the still veiled but imposing image of this prophet—a man to whom, according to his disciple's fervent belief, all things were revealed, who spoke face to face with our Lord and His saints, while going about the common ways of the world, and was one with Christ in a mysterious physical as well as spiritual union, somehow wonderfully evidenced by a change of respiration, a bewildering medley of the seen and the unseen, which affected me with a sort of moral vertigo, which, I fear, has been the chief effect since of further and

more advanced revelations of a similar kind upon my intelligence. This correspondence ended, after a few exceedingly interesting but highly confusing letters, by an offer on Mr Oliphant's part to put me in communication with Mr Harris, before which proposal I fled dismayed, feeling the bondage of many *impedimenta* in the way of duties and belongings from which my friend was free, and fearing to encounter an overwhelming influence which might bid me also to arise and go, to America or the end of the world.

It was a little after this that Laurence Oliphant suddenly left London and all his prospects in the world. He had at that moment before him the promise of almost every success that life can bring. He had made no particular mark in the House of Commons, but his powers and worth in diplomatic work, his readiness and energy and experience, were already well known; and he might have risen to the highest honours in diplomacy, or been trusted with the most delicate of missions: there was nothing that need have been too high for his aspirations. And he had already achieved a great popularity in literature, and in that department, too, had the ball at his foot. He had also, what is sometimes more prized than either, attained undoubted success in society; all doors were open to him. There was no assembly so distinguished as to be indifferent to his name in its list of notables. With everything thus at his command, he suddenly abandoned all, and disappeared into the unknown. A universal cry of consternation followed this disappearance, vented half in regrets for the deluded one, and half in scorn of his prophet—the wretched fanatic, the vulgar mystic who had got

hold of him, by what wonderful wiles, or for what evil purposes, who could say? A man who thus abandons the world for religious motives is almost sure, amid the much censure that is inevitable, to encounter also a great deal of contempt; yet had he become a monk, either Roman or Anglican, a faint comprehension of his desire to “make his soul” might have penetrated the ordinary mind. But he did not do anything so comprehensible. He went to no convent, but far away into the wilds, to “live the life,” as he himself said,—to join a community where everything was in common, where every member worked at whatever might be necessary, and the purpose was to copy Christ, whatever shortcomings there might be in the practice. He disappeared thus out of Society, out of Parliament, out of the world where he was so much at home, so much prized, so likely to “rise,” as everybody hopes to do, with the fullest knowledge of all that he sacrificed, and of all the blame and the scorn which he would have to bear. M. Yriarte, the well-known French writer, tells an amusing anecdote of his comprehension of the shock he had given to the world. Just before he left London, M. Yriarte was walking with Oliphant along Piccadilly, when they met Sir Frederick Leighton, who passed without taking any notice. Laurence turned to Yriarte and said, with a look of great amusement, “Voilà Leighton, qui se dit: Ce pauvre Oliphant! il est fou; ce n'est pas la peine de le saluer.” Thus he saw the humour of the situation even in the midst of the pangs of renunciation, and, not without a certain amused sympathy with the astounded and angry critics, who thought him mad and a fool for his pains, carried out his sacrifice.

I cannot remember how many years passed before he was seen again—not more, I think, than three or four, if so much. The usual tales were current that he had been quickly disenchanted, had found out his prophet, and returned to his senses, and so forth, when it was known that he had come back—stories which I for one hoped were not true, feeling what such a disenchantment, after such a sacrifice, must have been for such a man. But no such thing was the case. He came back more assured in his faith than ever, as serious, as humorous, as entertaining, as delightful a companion, and as much disposed to social enjoyment as when he had been one of the most popular men in London. And as he was one of those whom Society, always eager to be entertained and amused, does not forget, he stepped back out of the wilds into his place again, and became the courted of many circles, as if he had never missed a day. During this time he came one day to see me, and told me a great deal about his new life. His sudden retirement had not been without motive, any more than his return. The first he explained by saying that Mr Harris exacted a two years' probation from his disciples as a test of their sincerity, that he might have no fanciful followers coming and going as feeling or caprice moved, but a band whose truth and endurance had been fully tested, and who knew their own mind, and the ground of their allegiance. The test in Laurence Oliphant's case had been the severe and extraordinary one of giving up all congenial work, all adventure, novelty, society, everything he had hitherto lived for, and making experience of the hard existence of the labouring man. He worked upon the

farm, which was the headquarters of the community in America, at some place near Buffalo of which I forget the name, a teamster, he said with a laugh, and a very bad one, oversetting his cart in the mud, and committing all manner of awkwardnesses. It seemed to my mind to put a certain reason, satisfactory in its way, into this ordeal, that it was not a mere fantastic preference of the ruder life of the fields, but had a real meaning as a proof of absolute sincerity and truth. While the probation lasted, the neophyte had stuck at nothing. He had "cadged strawberries" along the railway line, not as a penitential self-humiliation, but because it was a thing that had to be done by somebody, and conveyed to his mind no humiliation at all. He told me many incidents of this life, and of individuals who had been drawn into it from the very mouth of hell, so to speak, and with apparently no bond of doctrine or demanded belief, but only with the charge to "live the life." For his own part, having fulfilled his probation, his prophet and director, in whom his faith was unbounded, had bidden him return to his own sphere of work, and take up again his accustomed tools. All this seemed perfectly natural and reasonable when once the wisdom and greatness of Mr Harris was granted, and of that he had no doubt. Laurence Oliphant had made over all he had to the community—I do not know that it was very much—and the community made him an allowance when he returned home, to provide for his necessities until he got remunerative work. With this little provision, and with all his former prospects thrown aside, he came back in the full force of his matured powers—as ready, as witty, as cheerful, as

potent a personality as ever—to do whatever Providence might send him to do.

The next time I saw him was in Paris in 1871. He had in the meantime gone through the war with the German army, and was then settled in Paris as the 'Times' correspondent there, in a position of great importance and influence. His mother, Lady Oliphant, who had followed her beloved and only son to America, to the community, and through a probation still more hard and cruel than his, was then with him,—or rather was not with him, for this to them simple cause—that a friend of his had lost wife and elder daughter in a short space of time, one following another to the grave, and leaving a forlorn family of little children motherless and uncared for, which was reason enough—and what reason in pure Christianity could be more valid?—for a good and tender woman bound to "live the life," to take up her abode in the desolate house, and become the grandmother of all the little ones. The mild good sense and kindness of the mother were as unlike anything extravagant or fanatical as the keen humour and brilliant intelligence of the son. And the problem grew all the greater in sight of this second convert of the veiled prophet in the West. It would be vain to say that Oliphant's position in Paris as 'Times' correspondent was equal to the hopes he had relinquished in leaving London; but it was a position peculiarly suited to him, and one full of interest. Why it was that he felt himself suddenly obliged to withdraw from it I do not know. It was again a sacrifice almost as great as the first, and made with the same unhesitating obedience.

Before this, however, a great

event had happened in his life. He had met in Paris—led, I have heard it said, by prophetic indications, but I have no warrant for the report—one of the most entirely charming persons it has ever been my good fortune to meet—Alice L'Estrange, a young lady very well known and admired in society both in London and Paris, and, without the need of any prophet in the distance to tell him so, an ideal mate for Laurence Oliphant. How much religious thought and hope had to do with their wooing I cannot tell; but the intimation which he sent to me of his new prospects was full of happiness and joyful anticipation. He had not thought, he said, that any such good fortune would ever come to him, and sent with his letter a photograph of the sweet and animated face, so bright and full of intelligence, of his bride. Miss L'Estrange on her side had been very ready for the communication of the sacred fire. She had longed for something more real than the inoperative religion which was taken for granted, or lightly jested at, or worked out in mere observances, which she had seen about her; and even before the marriage, had become, if that was possible, more completely than her husband a disciple of the prophet. They had not, however, been married above a few months when they were whirled away once more out of the known, out of their natural circumstances and condition, into the mystic American community, and another probation, and labours, and wonders, to us only dimly revealed, either in the facts of them or the reason of them. Whether it was to carry out the ordeal of the test that Mrs Laurence Oliphant was sent by herself into California, to

employ her great talents as a musician in teaching the children of miners, and common people on the way to be rich, I have never known. It would seem to be the most likely explanation. Whatever it was, it was accepted by both, with apparently the most cheerful confidence, as the present duty, and the right thing to be done. Laurence on his side had many missions, and came again and again to England, while his wife pursued her path on the other side of the Atlantic. Their marriage was in many respects unlike ordinary marriages, as they were unlike ordinary people. It involved perfect independence in the duties which fell to the share of each. They had indeed this additional bewildering quality, among many others, of a perfect freedom from all hindrances in doing what they believed right and best. Those considerations which limit the most of us, as to whether we *can* do a certain thing that we know to be good and noble, never came into their calculation at all. My own half-whimsical alarm lest, should I encounter Mr Harris, he should command me to arise and go, which would have been a thing impossible in my circumstances, had no reflection in the minds of this wonderful pair. They were both of them ready to arise and go, at a moment's notice, anywhere. No question of could or should existed for them—not even that bond acknowledged by so severe a judge as St Paul, that the husband must consider what will please his wife, and the wife what will please her husband. With both the religious necessity was absolute. When the call came, at whatever moment, he or she rose up from the other's side and went about the work. If the one was called to California,

and the other to London, what matter? Nothing was permitted to restrain their full freedom of action—I ought to say in this stage at least—of obedience.

It was, I believe, during this period that he had work to do for English shareholders in respect to the telegraphic cable between England and America. A friend has lately told me the following anecdote on this subject. One of the chief persons with whom he had to do in America was the well-known Jay Gould, a financier of much greater force than this new adventurer in such unaccustomed fields, and against whose overwhelming cleverness his friends warned him. His account of how he met this danger was exceedingly characteristic. He went to the remarkable personage in question with that fine frankness which is one of the most polished instruments of diplomacy, being the plain truth. He said to him, "I do not think that your interests and those of my clients are opposed to each other, but if you take them in that light, I am not equal to you in ability; I cannot fight the question with such a champion as you are—I must go to the wall." Jay Gould was man enough to understand and appreciate, and during the whole negotiations treated his unusual opponent with perfect good faith and honour.

During one of his visits to London about this period (in the year '79, I think), I saw Laurence Oliphant several times, and he brought and read to me on one or two of these occasions some most curious rhymed effusions, which he read with the strangest boyish pleasure and shyness, astonished at their cleverness, and pausing now and then to assure me that of himself he could

not produce a rhyme to save his life. It is only right while doing the fullest justice to the strength of his faith, not to omit all notice of its occasional weakness. These were communicated to him by the inspiration of some spiritual companion to whom he gave no name, but who, by a gentle compulsion, made him write—the strange, bald, clever verses he read to me. It is a difficult position at any time for an unwilling critic to sit in judgment upon the productions of an author read by himself; and the wonder with which one could not but contemplate this brilliant writer—a master of vigorous English in his own proper person, smiling and blushing over the inspired rigmarole of verse which it was his boast was not his, but something far finer than he could ever have produced by himself, was wellnigh stupefying. His mind was much excited at this time by what he called the doctrine of Counterparts, which had been specially revealed in America to his own good mother by some singular experiences of spiritual reunion with her husband. Much of the after-development of Laurence Oliphant's opinions sprang from this, as he himself, I think, states in 'Scientific Religion.' A suspicion was in his mind at this time, afterwards quite dispelled, that he and his delightful wife were not each other's spiritual mates—and it was some angelic pretender to that title who communicated the verses to him. There was, however, no sentiment or softness in them, but much criticism of the world and its ways, and that rather of a cynical kind. I do not know whether the supposed revelation to Lady Oliphant had in some ways lessened his entire devotion to Mr Harris, to whom that truth had

not been manifested; but I think the little rift within the lute must by this time have begun. These things were very bewildering; but the absolute good faith of all parties was unquestionable, and it is needless to say that a mind more capable of discriminating sense from nonsense and of forming its own judgment than that of Laurence Oliphant, did not exist.

I think it must have been in the same year that his wife at last returned to England. People quite unacquainted with the character and meaning of these two remarkable persons have upbraided him with what is supposed to have been his carelessness of her comfort, and, indeed, neglect of herself—as how could a superficial judgment decide otherwise on seeing the husband's frequent reappearance in London society while the wife was enduring unknown humiliations in California, living and working alone? I hope I have said enough to show how vain were any such superficial estimates of their real position. She came, however, at last, and after a short stay with him in London and other places, delighted me greatly by establishing herself in my own close neighbourhood, in a cottage on the edge of the great park at Windsor, to rest and recruit, when he again went off on another voyage to America. I find it difficult to give in words any fit description of the fascinating and delightful woman who was Laurence Oliphant's wife. The dark and vivacious beauty of her youth could only, I think, have been enhanced, in expression at least, by all the experiences she had gone through. She was now at the full height of life, the *mezzo del cammin*, and a little worn with delicate health and many labours, but so sweet, so

bright, so gay in her profound seriousness, so tender in her complete independence, that all the charms of paradox were added to those of nature. She had the gift (which is an inheritance and special endowment of some well-bred Englishwomen) of a certain soft eloquence and command of perfect words which was delightful to listen to—like music, but better than music to ears uninstructed in that art. Her husband was a brilliant conversationalist, but she was something more. Her beautiful sentences flowed like the easiest of chatter; her sweet speech, in which the most keen critic could not have found an inappropriate or misplaced word, seemed simple as the utterances of a child. She had caught in America, with her fine musician's ear, a slight accent, which was amusing and piquant in an Englishwoman, though perhaps in itself scarcely delightful to English ears, and the extraordinary mixture in her of the finest culture of the Old World and the freedom and strange experiences of the New—the latter acquired not in sophisticated places where New York or Boston holds the mirror up to London and Paris, but in the Far West, and in the primitive country districts, where all is individual and strange,—was more fascinating, amusing, and curious than words can say. She was in all her beliefs and sentiments a mystic of the mystics, outstripping even her husband in devotion to the mysterious faith which had held them in such complete subjection, and perhaps with a greater instinct of progress, of pushing these principles into further development than he had at least as yet shown. She would talk in her beautiful way freely of what that faith and these principles were; but I am bound to admit for

myself, that though the talk was delightful, and to listen to the voice of the charmer as long as she pleased to discourse a constant fascination, yet I was little more enlightened at the end than at the beginning. She lent me several of the publications of the community, which had a similar bewildering effect. I believe that these were little more than enlargements of some of the doctrines of Swedenborg. Their chief subject was the union of the feminine with the masculine in the character of God, so that He became mother as well as father, including the special gifts of both sexes, and giving a development to the woman within the man, which to their fervent hearts and imaginations seemed a great revelation. I am not able myself to see that this idea gives any deeper or more attaching tenderness to the all-embracing love of the Father in heaven: but many good people have felt otherwise. This, with the new revelation as to spiritual counterparts, and all that was involved in it, were the chief points that I could make out. But they were both fully persuaded, and especially this beautiful and delightful apostle, that the salvation of man was involved in the full acceptance of these doctrines, and that they themselves were working for the race which they knew sooner or later would universally receive these truths and live.

During the time that his wife spent in Windsor, Laurence Oliphant was again in America, among other things to see his mother, who had been ill. She died suddenly at his side in the midst of a conversation about the surrounding angels, to the great disappointment of her son, who had hoped that she might, by the

strength breathed into her by her spiritual mate, never die—but not to his discouragement, for death to them was but an incident transforming human relations into something higher and holier, and nothing more. They felt, or persuaded themselves that they felt, nothing of that horrible void and sense of utter separation which dictated the poet's cry—

“ Our lives are put so far apart,
We cannot hear each other speak.”

It was some considerable time before this that Laurence Oliphant had taken up the idea of establishing in Palestine a colony of Jews. I do not know what it was that suggested to him this idea. It was not any thought of helping prophecy to fulfil itself; that, I am sure, was not in his mind: but rather a strong practical sense of a vacant place to be occupied on one hand, while those most qualified to do this were suffering and misplaced on the other. What he thought of was not the prosperous and money-making Jews of European cities, but the poor agriculturists and workmen, hated and despised of their neighbours, who have had so much to bear in Austria and Poland and the adjacent States. He had attempted in vain to get a grant from the Sultan of land on which to establish his colony; but in this, notwithstanding all his diplomatic friends and skill, he had not succeeded, and he was therefore very ready to accept the commission offered him to distribute the Mansion-House fund for the distressed Jews in Galicia. He and his wife started together on this mission in the summer of 1880, I think.

This step changed to a considerable degree the plan of their lives. Before leaving London, they had, I believe, finally renounced the

leadership of Mr Harris. This man, who had been so great an influence in Laurence Oliphant's life, and who, through him, has been heard of by many to whom no information as to his character or aims has been possible, has had, perhaps, hard measure from the critics. We have all been ready to believe that he was a charlatan, an impostor, a man whose motives could not be other than interested. But there is little evidence that he was any of these. His influence was so strong as to lead to the great renunciation of prospects and possibilities already referred to, and secure the instant obedience of a most capable and critical mind at various great conjunctures of life, and to keep the allegiance of that mind for many years. He was a man whom Oliphant described (with reverence be it spoken) in almost the terms used by the woman of Samaria, “He told me all that ever I did,” and whose extraordinary knowledge of persons and scenes out of his natural reach, Mrs Oliphant described in similar terms. It is little respectful to them to believe that their prophet for so many years—their master whom they obeyed—was an illiterate charlatan. I am not able to give any information about him, for I have none; but he must, to judge by his disciples, have been no common man. I think, but for his marriage, that Laurence would probably have remained a disciple all his life; but as iron sharpeneth iron, these two keen and brilliant souls together inspired and stimulated each other. They struck out into fresh paths, they conceived a fresh theory of how restoration and renovation were to come to the world: the old ways, wild as these had been thought by most other human creatures, became too straight

and commonplace, and their chains fell off from them. Their discipleship was over. They were henceforward to go their own way. The prophet who had hitherto held them in his hand did not like it, we may well suppose—perhaps made some efforts to win or to drag them back; but his failure and downfall were inevitable.

How Laurence Oliphant went to Haifa, how he established himself there, his winter life at the foot of Carmel, among the friendly Germans and the poor emigrants, to whom he was a sort of Providence,—he has himself narrated with every lively circumstance and graphic detail. His active work of ministration to the Jews, and his travels about the Holy Land, were not sufficient to absorb his energies, and a new source and spring of literary work burst up in the midst of these occupations. He produced in quick succession 'Altiora Peto,' 'Masollam,' 'The Land of Gilead,' and the 'Life at Haifa,' with various pieces of anonymous work beside. And the latter part of his stay was taken up by the composition—a mysterious joint work, which neither of the originators of that new evangel could carry out alone—of one of the last books which bear his name, and in which the elements of a new religion were given to the world. This was work important enough to consecrate any sojourn, and the life at Haifa had every appearance of being the happiest portion of their united existence. A beautiful climate, a country full of endless interest, a race more interesting still to study and help, and many friends appearing from time to time to cheer their solitude, with no longer the sudden thunderbolt hanging over their heads of an order to depart or to separate—all was in favour

of the reunited pair. The delicate health of Mrs Oliphant seemed to improve, and both blossomed and expanded in the freedom of a life without control. But this halcyon moment was but of short duration. The error of a dragoman, who pitched their tents one evening while they were travelling over the plains in a fever-stricken spot, plunged the beautiful life into destruction. They were both seized with fever, and, although able to be removed to the cottage on the mountain, where it was hoped the pure air would restore her, Mrs Oliphant reached that spot only to die. Her husband, with the same malady in his veins, and with the sensations almost of a dying man, conveyed the delightful partner of his days down the steep paths of the sacred mountain, and laid her in the little cemetery which the German missionaries had made below at Haifa. For some days after he lay in his vacant house between life and death; but then—a sudden rush of renewed health and vigour and joy came upon the sick and weary mourner. The time of complete union had come at last. His Alice had returned to him, into his very bosom, into his heart and his veins, bringing with her all the fulness of a new life, and clearing away the cloud of natural grief like the morning vapours before the rising sun.

So he told me when he came back, much worn and still subject to violent attacks of fever, one of which seized him while staying for a day or two with the Princess Christian—always one of his kindest and warmest friends—but cheerful and full of the happiness of the perfected union. The grief and longing of the bereaved were not in him: why should they? when she whom he had lost was

now with him more completely than ever, a part of his very being. So he believed. And to hear him tell that bewildering tale, and to remain unaffected by his entire and happy certainty of what he said, was impossible. One wondered and envied that faith; but who could have desired, even had it been practicable, to shake it? With this subdued ecstasy of consolation in his mind, he told me the story of the origin of 'Sympneumata,' then just published. He had felt himself, he said, in a sort of restless excitation, full of the idea of writing something, but quite unable when he took his pen in his hand to gather together or express his ideas, and unable to give any reason for this mingled desire and incapacity, when his wife suddenly called him, and told him that there was something in her mind to which she desired to give expression, if he would put it down for her. They then began together, she dictating, but he so entirely in accord that he would finish the sentence she had begun. It was, however, so much her work that, after a chapter or two had been completed, he suggested to her that she should go on with it alone, which she attempted to do; but soon found herself, as he had been before, incapable of expressing the ideas of which her mind was full. He then resumed the pen, both of them feeling that it was intended to be their joint work: and thus the book was written. I wish I could feel any enthusiasm about this book, or even could say that I understood it. The strange story of its origin is very attractive to the imagination, and they were a pair from whom one would gladly have accepted teaching. But — nature has its limitations: there are some

fervent souls here and there to be found to whom it was a revelation, those who had the ear to hear.

The last time I saw Laurence Oliphant he was on the eve of publishing his last volume—'Scientific Religion'—which was a kind of vulgate to the 'Sympneumata'—not too easy indeed to understand for the common reader, but more comprehensible. He had spent most of the intervening time since his wife's death in the composition of this further deliverance of their doctrine, and in every page, to his own consciousness, she had been with him, inspiring and guiding. "I have laid my egg," he said, with the laugh which was never long absent in his gravest moods; "I will perhaps not live to see it hatched, nor do I wish much to do so; but come to life it will—of that I am quite sure." The book has been now before the public for some time and has been judged upon its merits—by most critics with a bewildered effort to comprehend which has not been very successful; but yet by many readers with an understanding and sympathy which justify its author's conviction. The believers whom by these mystic ways he has led to a deeper comprehension of the mystery of being, have gained, or seem to have gained, an elevation of thought which makes them, if not indifferent to mortal vicissitudes, at least much more strongly convinced of the final restitution of all things than the ordinary orthodox, to whom the promises of religion have grown faint and far away: and this is a proof of the highest kind that something divine must be in the work. To those who *can* feel like Laurence Oliphant that the separation of death is nothing—that it is indeed almost an advantage, as uniting us more closely to those

who have passed into the unseen—it is easy to understand that the problem of life must be easier to solve and its difficulties less terrible. This supreme consolation is well worth a life's work to attain and communicate: but like all revelations, it requires the ear that can hear.

He was more worn than ever last spring upon the occasion I have mentioned, still preserving a marvellous youth and freshness, but with that look of physical exhaustion which recalls the old world-worn simile of the sword wearing out the scabbard. He had passed a winter in Syria after his wife's death, carrying with him a band of people to be helped or to help, one of whom was a clergyman with a romantic story, dissatisfied with his work and his fitness for it, whom Laurence, with that disregard of worldly precautions and restraints which he had himself so often proved, bade to come with him and leave his untenable post, an advice which was accepted with congenial daring and magnanimity. But after that one season he returned, I think, to Haifa no more. He came to England to finish and revise the 'Scientific Religion,' which was published last spring, and between that time and the next that was heard of him, went again on one of the numerous visits to America, which had become an act of little more importance to him than the crossing of a ferry. Afterwards all his friends heard with dismay of his dangerous illness, which followed with a very short interval his marriage with Miss Rosamund Owen, a lady who entirely shared his views, and who, he hoped, was to carry out with him the great work which he aspired to do, and in which he so warmly and fully believed. Alas! so far as he was

concerned, the only work of this devoted lady was to nurse him till his death. He was perfectly well aware of his condition, and equally incredulous of it, a month or two ago—smiling with friendly acceptance in the face of death, but persuaded that God did not mean him to die, and believing in the strength to be conveyed by secret and mystic methods, by celestial influences, that he should surmount the disease which the doctors proclaimed to be hopeless. The issue did not disturb him either way: if saved, it would be for God's work—if not, he would be with Christ, which is better. I would not venture to put these words into his mouth, not knowing exactly in what light he regarded that sacred name—although he held his own mystic development of religious faith to have been revealed and made possible only by our Lord's coming—had it not been for the report I have been allowed to see of one of the last conversations he ever held on earth, and where it is told that, two mornings before his death, "he called his wife and said: 'Darling, if I were to live now, I should be quite different to what I have been. Christ took me in His arms last night and pressed me tight, and cleansed me from all my sins, and all is pure now, and all is joy.' He had long struggled against the feeling of repugnance to being bedridden for years, which a few weeks before he thought might be his fate; but not long since he said, 'I have overcome that feeling, and I can now carry on Christ's work on a sick-bed, if He so wishes it, as if I were well.' He was constantly humming and singing 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and, by his widow's special desire, his favourite hymn was sung over his grave." Thus, whatever unauthorised flights that

fervent spirit may have taken into the unseen, however bold had been his fancies or overstrained his hopes, the foundation of Christian faith was his at the last.

His teaching may not come to much among the many wandering voices which have echoed in the wilderness: but he himself is more than many books, or a world of sermons. He gave up for what he believed to be the work of God everything that he had formerly thought most worth having in the world—renouncing all, not sadly or painfully, but with all the joyousness and cordial warmth of a nature full of sunshine. No idea of penance or voluntary humiliation was in his thoughts, as nothing more unlike an ascetic could be imagined than his life. He loved life, and enjoyed it, and was amused and interested by every detail of it, as much when he was following his mud-cart in the American wilds as when he was dining with princes or comparing experiences with statesmen. But to him it was the most simple and natural of impulses to throw aside whatever stood in the way of the work to which he believed God called him, and that without even a passing thought of merit in the renunciation. His sacrifices did not weigh upon his mind as they did upon ours. To us they seem un-

paralleled self-abnegation, to him the simplest necessity. Words are not sufficient to mark the singular contrast. The priests and martyrs of the old ages had even too much conscience of what they were doing, and never made light of the sacrifice; but the nineteenth century has this advantage over its predecessors which we call the ages of faith. It is all for materialism, for profit, for personal advantage—the most self-interested, the least ideal of ages. But when, here and there, a generous spirit, emancipated from these bonds, rises above the age, his sacrifice is no longer marked with gloom, or made into an operation of pain; it is a willing offering—more than willing, unconsidered, lavish, gay, the joyous giving up, without a backward look or thought, of everything for the love of God—except the love of man, warmed and mellowed by the divine flame which, with no cloud of smoke or odour of burnt-offering, ascends clear and brilliant as light itself to the realms above.

Of such was Gordon; and of such were Laurence and Alice Oliphant. Fragrant be their names and blessed! I can wish no *Requiescat in pace*, but only increasing joy and power and life and love, to these chosen and beautiful spirits.

M. O. W. O.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN SCOTLAND.

WE are told that another Local Government Bill is in preparation, and that Scotland is this year to be the subject of the experiment. We are by no means persuaded that any sweeping change will be for the better, and it is always on the cards that we may do harm instead of good. It is hard to mend: it is easy to mar. The county government of Scotland, from a theoretical point of view, has been anomalous and indefensible; and all that can be said in its favour is, that it has worked remarkably well. The *doctrinaire* finds it intolerable, and contrary to all sound principle; in point of fact it has been thoroughly efficient and surprisingly economical.

We must bow, however, with our betters, to the inevitable; and we are quite prepared to admit that the existing system is not perfect, and that in some respects it may be revised with advantage. But we are anxious that the experiment should be undertaken in a right spirit, and with adequate knowledge. The Government will no doubt find plenty of advisers, and in the multitude of counselors there is safety. The departments will supply them with statistics in abundance; and it is probable that before the session is far advanced they will hear more about commissioners of supply, and road trustees, and parochial boards, and police committees, and conveners, and provosts, and bailies, and the misdeeds and misadventures of each and all of these local "bodies," than they will be able to assimilate with advantage. It will not be for lack of information if they go wrong. But in a mat-

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ter of this kind, it is of paramount importance that they should approach the subject in what we venture to call the "right spirit." There are two modes in which Local Government may be treated. We may insist upon theoretical uniformity. The English counties have got what professes to be a scientific constitution; the Scottish counties must have the same. We must bring the machinery of the Local Government Bill across the Border; we must have county councils, and county councillors, and county aldermen, and all the rest of it. We are to cart the old structure bodily away, and put a brand-new article in its place. It may or it may not suit its surroundings, it may or it may not harmonise with the landscape: if it does, well and good; but if it does not, we are still bound to go on. That is one view. The other, and, as it seems to us, the juster and wiser, is that there is no absolute obligation in the matter,—the simple duty of the Government being to adopt what is best suited to the existing conditions of local life in Scotland. Now it cannot be denied that of that life the *parish* is the central fact. The parochial machinery, in one shape or other, has existed for generations. It is a natural growth of the soil. Everybody is accustomed to it. The meetings of the heritors, of the kirk-session, of the parochial board, are the invariable and indispensable incidents of rural life. We are told that anything like timidity would be fatal, and that we are bound to treat the question in an intrepid and independent spirit. Most of us have

heard of measures which were at once timid and revolutionary; of measures which, on the other hand, were at once bold and cautious. It appears to us that so long as we recognise the parish as the *unit* in any system of local government, we may safely pledge ourselves to a large and comprehensive measure of reform. So long as we work *upwards*, so long as we lay a broad foundation by utilising institutions which are identified with the lives and habits of the people, we can afford to be bold; but when we throw the whole gear into disorder to humour a Radical fad, we cannot congratulate ourselves on any exceptional heroism.

We start, then, with the proposition that the parish should be the unit in Scottish local government, just as the kirk-session is the unit in Scottish ecclesiastical government. But we admit at the same time that duties have been intrusted to the local bodies which represent the parish—mainly by recent legislation—which they are indifferently qualified to discharge, and that the constitution of the local bodies themselves requires revision. The true policy, it seems to us, is to reform the parochial boards, so that they may deal more successfully with parochial work, and to relieve them of the performance of duties which may be more economically and efficiently undertaken by a council representative of different interests and of a wider area.

The existing scheme of local government in Scotland comprises, speaking broadly, three distinct organisations, which may be roughly classified as the *parochial*, the *municipal*, and the *county*. The constitution and functions of each of these administrative bodies must be intelligently understood before it is possible to determine on what lines the reform of local government should proceed.

I. We start with the parochial board,—in other words, the board of the parish.

Parochial boards, in so far as their constitution is involved, may be distinguished into two classes,—burghal (which may be defined as the parochial board of parishes situated wholly within burghs) and non-burghal. Of the 886 parishes into which Scotland is divided, 11 are burghal or combined, 875 are non-burghal. The burghal or combined parishes are understood to comprise Edinburgh, Glasgow, Barony, Govan, St Outhbert's, Dundee, Paisley, Aberdeen, Anstruther Easter, Queensferry, and Stranraer; but it is not certain that the list is exhaustive.

Both the burghal and the non-burghal parochial boards contain a certain proportion of elected members; but while in the burghal parishes nearly all the members are elected, in the non-burghal the proportion of elected members is comparatively small. All rate-payers who are rated for the relief of the poor, who have paid their rates, and who are not otherwise represented, are legally qualified to vote at the elections both in burghal and non-burghal parishes. It is specially provided, however, in either case, that the voting power of each elector shall depend to a certain extent upon the value of the property which he owns or occupies in the parish, and on which he is assessed. Section 19, which regulates the mode of voting in burghal parishes and combinations, declares that every person assessed for the support of the poor shall be entitled to vote, whether such assessment be made in respect of ownership or occupancy; that an owner or occupier under £20 shall have one vote, an owner or occupier between £20 and £40 two votes, an owner or occupier between £40 and £60

three votes, an owner or occupier between £60 and £100 four votes, an owner or occupier between £100 and £500 five votes, an owner or occupier of £500 and upwards six votes,—an owner who is also occupier being entitled to vote in both capacities, provided that no person shall have more than six votes in all. Section 24, which regulates the mode of voting in non-burghal parishes, is substantially to the same effect, except, of course, that no provision is made for the representation of owners of lands and heritages of the yearly value of £20 and upwards, who are already members of the parochial board. The sections of the Poor Law Act dealing with the qualifications of voters were obviously very carefully considered, and it may be doubted whether any of the more recent contrivances (such as the cumulative vote) is better fitted to give expression to what may be called the real mind and intelligent sense of the constituency.

In the non-burghal parishes, where, as we have said, the elective element is comparatively limited, the parochial boards consist,—(1) Of the elected members, who represent the whole of the tenants or occupiers and the class of small owners (under £20); (2) A representation of the kirk-session; (3) A representation of the magistrates of any royal burgh within the limits of the parish; and (4) The owners of any description of lands and heritages, the annual value of which is £20 or upwards. The members who are such in respect of ownership are permitted to vote by mandate; and in some parishes the numbers who can thus vote are very great. In Old Machar, for instance, where there are upwards of two thousand members of the parochial board, the vast majority are in this position.

The parochial board is a Jack-of-

all-trades. Its original function was the relief of the poor; but many other duties have latterly been added. Thus it is intrusted with the administration of the Public Health Acts, of the Lunacy Acts, of the Vaccination Act, of the Burial Grounds Act, and others.

The assessment for the relief of the poor is levied by the parochial board. It also collects the School rate, the Registration rate, the Public Health rate, as well as the assessments under the Burial Grounds Act, the Valuation of Lands Act, the Public Libraries Act, and others. All these assessments are collected along with and in the same manner as the Poor rate,—one-half being recovered from the owners and one-half from the occupiers. They are imposed, not on the gross rental as entered in the valuation roll, but on the annual value (that is, after certain statutory deductions have been made) as entered in the assessment roll. In about two hundred parishes there is a classification of occupants according to the purpose for which the property is occupied; and without going into details, it is enough to say that under this salutary provision the rate on agricultural land is about one-third or one-fourth of that on house property.

A limited number of parishes still maintain their poor by a voluntary assessment, and in others the assessment is levied according to the usage existing before the passing of the Act. But the whole number is inconsiderable, is constantly diminishing, and the time appears to have arrived when no exceptions to the almost uniform practice of an equal rate need be allowed.

The assessments levied by the parochial board amount to about £900,000, of which nearly £800,000

is expended on the relief and management of the poor. The parliamentary subventions to parochial boards amounted last year to about £120,000.

The weakness of the constitution of the parochial board is mainly to be attributed to the disproportionate number of small owners who are members. Old Machar is not a solitary instance,—there are boards all over the country where the members are numbered by hundreds. Such a board (were all the members to attend) would be unwieldy and unworkable; in point of fact, however, the great majority (except when a free fight on some question of local interest is in prospect) do not attend, and even when a burning question arises, it is mainly by the somewhat unscrupulous use of mandates that the issue is decided. On such occasions the working members, who have borne the heat and burden of the day, are generally in the minority, while the restless and reckless orator of the village public-house, with a bundle of mandates in his pocket, can do very much as he likes. The representation of the kirk-session (once defensible enough) has now become anomalous, and in many parishes is attended with serious evils. In a small parochial board the dead weight of the minister and elders is altogether excessive; and as the clerical element is apt to be swayed by “humanitarian” and sentimental considerations (which are out of place in a statutory board), the presence of the kirk-session, to say the least, does not conduce to the firm and intelligent administration of the law. It may be added that (with the exception of the Government grants) there is no official audit of parochial accounts, and the consequence is, that the ratepayers are unprotected against extravagant or illegal expenditure,

which, however, it is believed, is of comparatively rare occurrence.

While much of the parochial work is well done (and it must be admitted that approved principles of poor-law administration have made much way of late years), it cannot be denied that the administration of the laws affecting the public health is far from satisfactory. The members of these boards are more or less indifferent to, or ignorant of, the requirements of sanitary science. The small ratepayer who has been used to a foul ditch in front of his house all his life, or who has drunk impure water without being seriously inconvenienced, will not believe in the epidemic which bad water and drainage are certain, sooner or later, to produce. His father, he will tell you, lived till he was eighty, and his grandfather till he was ninety. When the inevitable outbreak occurs, he either runs away (if he happens to be an excitable Celt) in abject terror; or, if he is an orthodox Lowlander, regards the fever or diphtheria as a divine dispensation, and does everything that is possible to spread the infection by rashness and obstinacy. There is no epidemic hospital within reach; and even if there were, it is doubtful if he would go himself or allow his children to be sent. This is the rural ratepayer's record; and a board of which he is one cannot appreciate the necessity of spending money on main-drains or gravitation water. A sanitary inspector or a medical officer who understands his trade, must be adequately remunerated, and in a limited area (where the assessments are already excessive) the employment of skilled officials is out of the question. The salaries paid by the parochial boards and by the local authorities in the smaller burghs are too often

nominal and illusory, and the steady pressure of the central board is required to prevent the Public Health Act in these localities from becoming a dead letter.

The collection of the various assessments by parochial and other district boards is, it may be added, attended with quite unnecessary expense and inconvenience. It is absurd that a collector's office and a staff of officials should be maintained in every parish and burgh, however insignificant they may be. This is clearly a duty which ought to be performed by a body whose authority extends over a wider area. The whole assessments within the county should be collected in a lump—a change which would be equally welcome to the ratepayers and to the boards. In making this suggestion, however, we are not advocating, be it observed, the combination of parishes for poor-law purposes. These combinations have always been unpopular in Scotland; and though facilities were given by the Act for union, they have not, except in the case of six urban parishes, been taken advantage of. The popular sentiment in this respect, however, rather coincides with the conclusions of experts; for it is now generally acknowledged by those who have studied the subject at home and abroad, that in poor-law administration the area should be so limited as to admit of constant and thorough supervision. But a scheme by which all the assessments required for parochial purposes should be levied by the county board within the parochial area might be easily devised. The school rate is at present levied by the parochial board, who are certified once a year by the school board of the amount required; and a certificate from the parochial board might in

like manner be the warrant on which the county board should proceed in imposing an assessment within the bounds of the parish.

II. It is unnecessary at this stage of our argument to consider the position (as regards a Local Government measure) of certain populous places which, for certain purposes, have been taken out of the parish, and erected either by charter or statute into independent corporations. It is enough to say here that the primary duty of the parochial boards—the relief of the poor—has not, even within the municipal boundaries, been transferred to bodies whose functions are mainly connected with what, in the broadest sense of the words, may be called *police administration*. We shall deal with the executive authority in the burghs—town councils and police commissioners—later on.

III. We now pass to the *county* boards, of which the body known as the Commissioners of Supply is the most important and characteristic. This is the body which it is proposed to supersede. Its place will be taken by the new County Council.

The Commissioners of Supply meet in the county town, and their jurisdiction for certain purposes extends over the whole county. Besides the sheriffs and magistrates, the members are the owners of lands and heritages of the annual value of £100, the eldest sons of owners of not less than £400, and the factors of owners of not less than £800. It is not, therefore, an elective body in any sense; and if we except the officials, it may be said truly enough to represent the landowners only. It meets once or twice a year, but the business is mainly transacted by committees.

The duties of the Commissioners, if not heavy or of vital import-

ance, are multifarious. They apportion the land-tax, they manage the county police, they appoint the prison-visiting committee, they are the judges of appeals under the Valuation Acts, and they levy assessments for a great variety of purposes connected with the general expenditure of the county. It is unnecessary to enumerate the various assessments collected by them, but it may be pointed out that the county rates, with few exceptions, are recovered from the owners of lands and heritages, and not from the occupiers. The total assessments levied by the Commissioners amount together to about £163,000, of which upwards of £156,000 is paid by the owners.

The District Boards of Lunacy, which were appointed to provide accommodation for pauper lunatics, and which consist of the Commissioners of Supply and the magistrates of royal and parliamentary burghs within the districts; the Road Trustees, who maintain the existing and construct new roads, and who comprise the Commissioners of Supply, representatives of the police burghs and other incorporations, and a certain number of elected members,—these, and other bodies to which special duties are assigned, may be regarded as committees of the Commissioners, and will no doubt be absorbed in the County Council of the future.

The local taxation of the whole of Scotland, distributed between counties and burghs, amounts to not less than £3,420,000. The amount collected by the Commissioners of Supply is thus comparatively a trifle; and it is clear that if the occupiers as well as

the owners are to be represented in the County Council, there must be a change in the incidence of the county rate. For the future, the occupier must be prepared to take his share. The equity of such a division has already been recognised; for under the Roads and Bridges Act, which provides for the direct representation of the ratepayers upon the county road-trusts, the assessment for maintenance is imposed one-half on the owners and one-half on the occupiers.

The Commissioners of Supply receive a proportion of the imperial grants in aid of local taxation. A large grant has been made towards the pay and clothing of the police, and a still larger towards the maintenance of public roads and bridges. The future distribution of these grants—or rather of the substitutes provided by Mr Goschen—as between county and town will require to be carefully considered; but no insuperable difficulty need be found in securing an equitable division. The Scottish members will, no doubt, take care that Scotland receives its due share. During the current year the English grants in aid have amounted to about three and a half millions; the Scotch, to not much more than a seventh of that sum.¹ This is exclusive, however, in either country, of the grants for public education, which for many years have been rapidly increasing. But the education grants ought not to be mixed up with the ordinary grants in aid; and it is for this reason that, in our survey of the local boards that will be affected by the new Bill, we do not include the school board. Whether it will be possible to deal

¹ England, £3,520,000; Scotland, £535,000. But the Scottish grant in aid of the maintenance of roads has, we understand, been increased since the Estimates were issued. Our figures are taken from the Estimates for 1888-89.

with it hereafter in connection with the simplification and consolidation of local government remains to be seen. The time is not yet.

The *finance* of the county boards involves the consideration of many difficult questions, on which, however, in a rapid sketch like the present, it is unnecessary to enter. The local boards in Scotland have availed themselves largely of the borrowing powers conferred upon them by different Acts. The local indebtedness at the present moment amounts to not less than £25,000,000. The loans are made upon the security of the assessments, and in general fall to be repaid within thirty or forty years. It has been suggested that the existing loans might be converted into a general county stock, it being assumed, apparently, that the credit of the county would enable the county board to obtain better terms from lenders than is possible at present. The process of conversion, however, would be attended, it seems to us, with almost insuperable difficulties; and it must be remembered that a very large proportion of the total amount has been borrowed from the Public Works Loan Commissioners at easy rates of interest.

The reader who has followed us thus far will be able to understand the general features of the scheme of local government which we are inclined to recommend. Though a complete scheme, it yet carefully utilises the existing machinery. It can hardly, therefore, be condemned for timidity on the one hand, or rashness on the other. It is a remedial measure, the abuses it is intended to cure being admitted and notorious; and the indispensable reforms are secured, not by revolutionary methods, but with the least possible disturbance of a system to which the people

are used. We propose nothing, in short, which has not been tried and approved in one shape or other.

The main provisions of such a Local Government Bill may be briefly indicated. We start as before with the parochial board. Our proposals are:—

I. As regards the *constitution* of the parochial board—

(a) That, except as regards the representation of the kirk-session and magistrates, the parochial boards in burghal parishes shall be constituted as at present.

(b) That the proportion of elected members in non-burghal parishes shall be largely increased.

(c) That the elected members shall represent an increased number of owners, so that no owner whose rental is less than £300 shall as such be a member of the parochial board.

(d) That owners of £300 and upwards shall be members, but that no owner shall be entitled to vote by mandate, except when a commissioner has been appointed and the commission duly recorded.

(e) That the representatives of the kirk-session and magistrates shall cease to act.

(f) That the election of elected members shall be conducted as at present—the number of votes which each ratepayer can give being proportioned to the rental of the property of which he is owner or occupier, according to a scale to be afterwards approved.

II. As regards the *duties* of the parochial board—

(a) That the administration of the laws for the relief and management of the poor shall remain with the parochial board. But that

(b) The administration of the Sanitary and other Acts not connected with the relief of the poor shall be transferred; and

(c) That the parochial board

shall cease to levy the poor-law and other parochial assessments.

III. As regards the *constitution* of the county board—

(a) That each parochial board, or each group of parochial boards, shall be an electoral district.

(b) That the parochial board or boards in each electoral district shall send a representative to the county board.¹ Or otherwise,

(c) That the owners and occupiers within an electoral district who are assessed for the relief of the poor on an annual rental of not less than £4 (as in police burghs) shall elect a representative.

(d) That, in the event of the latter alternative being adopted, the mode of voting shall be similar in all respects to that provided by the Poor Law Act for the election of managers in burghal parishes and combinations.

IV. The *duties* of the county board shall be—

(a) To impose and levy the parochial, county, and other assessments; and for this purpose to appoint a collector or collectors. [But the areas over which the assessments are presently levied shall not in the meantime be increased or diminished.] The 36th and 37th sections of the Poor Law Act shall be repealed, and in lieu thereof it shall be provided that in all parishes the assessments shall be levied on the gross rental, as appearing in the valuation roll, one-half to be recovered from the owners and one-half from the occupiers, the rate on the occupiers of agricultural lands to be one-fourth of the rate on occupiers of house property.

(b) To distribute among the

parochial boards the proceeds of the probate duty, and the other duties or licences assigned by the Act, in such manner and on such conditions as may be provided.

(c) To appoint an auditor or auditors to audit the accounts of the various boards.

(d) To administer the Public Health Act, and to appoint a duly qualified sanitary inspector and medical officer for the county.

(e) To administer the statutes presently administered by the Commissioners of Supply, the Road Trustees, the District Boards of Lunacy, and other county boards.

It is tolerably certain that the body to which these and similar duties are assigned will not be idle; but by judicious subdivision, we have no doubt that the work can be overtaken by an administrative board of, according to the size of the county, from fifteen to fifty members.

So much for the position and duties of the parish and county boards. The question remains—What is to be done with those parts of the parish which have been formed into burghs? The answer, we think, must be, that, except in the case of the most populous, they shall be regarded for the purposes of the Act as districts of the parishes in which they are situated. They have been erected into burghs for municipal purposes only (and they will still retain their municipal privileges, and exercise their powers of police); but in a general scheme of county government the burgh ratepayers cannot be distinguished from the landward—although it will probably be found convenient to form

¹ Or it might be provided that each group of parochial boards in an electoral district should send *two* representatives to the county board,—one an owner and one an occupier. It would not be necessary to restrict the choice of the parochial boards to their own members,—they should be free to select *one* representative at least from outside.

the burghs, where the population is sufficient, into separate electoral districts.

The burghs, for the purposes of the Act, may be divided into three classes,—burghs where the population is over 50,000, where it is under 50,000 but over 10,000, and where it is under 10,000.

There are seven burghs in Scotland where the population is over 50,000,—Edinburgh (which is the only county of a city), Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Greenock, Leith, Paisley. It may be assumed that in each of these communities a burgh county board will be established. The burgh county board, though it will undertake similar duties within the limits of the burgh, will be independent of the county board, and we see no reason, we confess, why these duties should not be assigned to the existing burgh authorities. We are satisfied, indeed, that it would be expedient to provide that the councillors and magistrates should sit, when necessary, as the burgh county board,—thus avoiding the expense and worry of a double election, and the possible inconvenience and friction of a divided jurisdiction. If the precedent of the English Act is followed, the other burghs—those under 50,000—will be represented, according to population and rental, on the county boards. But it appears to us that while in the burghs whose population exceeds 10,000 the police commissioners must continue to administer the Sanitary Acts, the administration of these Acts in the burghs where the population is under 10,000 should be transferred to the county board. The action of a prompt and capable sanitary officer is nowhere more urgently needed than in some of the smaller burghs.

There are thirty-three counties in Scotland; but the Act will probably combine some of the smaller counties,—Berwick with Haddington, Bute with Renfrew, Kinross with Clackmannan, Elgin with Nairn, Peebles with Selkirk, Ross and Cromarty with Sutherland. On the other hand, the great industrial county of Lanark must be divided into at least two administrative counties,—the upper and middle wards forming one, and the lower ward the other. Orkney and Shetland are small counties, but their interests are so different, and the difficulties of communication are so great, that they cannot well be united. There would thus be twenty-eight county boards, which, with the seven burgh (or city) county boards, would make thirty-five in all. One member from each parochial board would give (if equally distributed) an average of twenty-five members for each county board. The mean population within each administrative county would be about 70,000, rising from 30,000 in Shetland to over 200,000 in each of the Lanarkshire divisions, and the number of members in each board would vary according to population, valuation, and area.

We have now briefly traversed the whole ground (so far as it is within the range of practical politics); but there is another matter (on which at present we only venture to touch) which by-and-by may have to be seriously considered. The cry for Home Rule is confined, in the meantime, to a few ignorant and fanatical busybodies; but it is possible that it may gather volume, and become irritating and dangerous. We have all along been of opinion that private parliamentary legislation affecting Scotland should be referred, in the first instance, to a

tribunal sitting in Scotland; and it is understood that the Cabinet are not unwilling to comply with a demand which has received the cordial assent of men belonging to all political parties.¹ What occurs to us is this: the government of the Scottish Church is intrusted to ecclesiastical courts comprising kirk-sessions, presbyteries, synods, and a General Assembly. In civil matters the parochial board may be held to represent the kirk-session (or presbytery); the county board, the synod; and the question naturally arises, Can we not have a secular General Assembly as well as an ecclesiastical? It may be assumed that

the most industrious and influential members of the parochial boards will be sent to the county boards; and there does not appear to us to be any reason why the *élite* of the county boards—say a member from each—should not sit as a central or general board, to which, along with certain skilled assessors, the consideration of provisional orders and local bills might be referred. If the general board were divided into committees, the whole of the private legislation affecting Scotland would then be disposed of,—rapidly and economically, yet, at the same time, with due deliberation and after adequate inquiry.

¹ "Home Rule for Scotland,"—'Blackwood's Magazine,' January 1887.

SIR PATRICK MAXWELL AND THE DEVIL.

Note to Article "Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe," in 'Maga,' December 1888, p. 836.

Among certain of the descendants of Sir Patrick Maxwell of Springkell [1683-1720], some consternation seems to have been caused by the mention in the above article, on the authority of the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who in his turn was repeating a current Dumfriesshire legend, that Sir Patrick "had given over his first-born in 'kain' to the Devil," and that on another occasion he had been adroit enough "to outwit the fiend himself."

The writer of the article assures us that he cited this curious tradition merely as an illustration of the class of legends in which Mr Sharpe took a special delight, and without any intention of casting reflections upon either of the Personages implicated in the alleged transactions.

For our own part we regret, and feel still more surprised, that the repetition of so remote and silly a legend should have been capable of exciting any feelings of either pain or indignation. We therefore take this opportunity of emphatically contradicting, on the authority of one of the descendants of Sir Patrick who repudiates the legend, the statements that Sir Patrick Maxwell of Springkell gave over his first-born to Satan in "kain" or otherwise, and that the same gentleman had the cleverness "to outwit the fiend himself," which we had no idea any one could have believed.

Having said so much, we must decline to concern ourselves further with an incident so ridiculous. Mr Sharpe's very full and interesting accounts of the legends will be found in the recently published 'LETTERS FROM AND TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE,' vol. i. p. 6.—ED. B. M.



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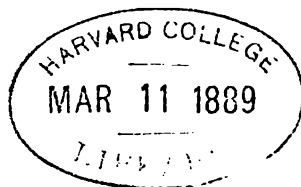
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MINICOY: THE ISLAND OF WOMEN.

CONCLUSION.

LET us now turn our attention to the shore, which we can see is crowded with people. Those groups in dark long robes must be women. They have heard of our arrival, and as the boats are returned so early from the fishing-grounds, we must be coming on shore, and so they have come out to see and welcome us.

They are not disappointed. We land opposite the Government office of the island—a neat little thatched stone-and-mortar house, with a verandah running round it, and on the sea-front a large thatched *pandal* (structure raised on poles) to give additional shade, and to keep off the glare, while admitting every breath of air that blows.

We find it stocked with a table and one or two wooden chairs and benches, so we sit down to breakfast, and rest before starting to view the settlement.

As the meal is finished, and

cheroots are lighted, a deputation is announced. Who? Only the ladies of the island come to pay their respects to the strangers. The deputation is ushered in, and, headed by a grave matronly lady, a bevy of modest-looking healthy girls, bearing island produce of all kinds, comes forward, and spreads at our feet a number of baskets containing eggs and vegetables and fruit, and an odd chicken or two. The striped silk gown worn by them extends nearly to the ankles, and has a hole for the head to pass through, and short sleeves, in many cases very tastefully embroidered. The gown fits pretty closely to the figure, and shows off its wearer's charms very becomingly; and sometimes a white, sometimes a green, under-garment shows itself below the skirt of the gown. Although Muhammadan by religion, they are all unveiled and bareheaded. We ask a few ques-

tions through an interpreter, convey our thanks, and then, with much propriety, the deputation files out. What? Another deputation of ladies? Yes; in they come, and lay their gifts before us and depart. And another, and another, and another succeed each other in quick succession, till we are perfectly bewildered with deputations and gifts, and ask how many more there are to come. We are told there are ten altogether; and then we begin to wonder, Is there any magic in the decennial number? Why not eleven or nine?

Our interpreter begins to explain that there are ten *varāngis* in the island. But what is a *varāngi*? we perplexedly ask. A *varāngi* is a female institution peculiar to Minicoy; at least we have met the organisation nowhere else.

The ladies are organised separately from the men, who again are organised into attiris. Happy matrons!—happy men!—we interject.

Let us investigate this a little. But, hilloa!—here come the deputations back again; for as we settle down to a cross-examination of our interpreter, a fresh bevy of girls and women comes filing into view, each carrying a water-pot. Why the water-pots? But we are speedily enlightened; for, just throwing a curious glance or two at us, they file past our verandah, and one by one pour water into a big tub. That water is intended for our use while ashore. We are proceeding to thank the women for their services, and begin to think of remuneration, when our interpreter stops us. It is the custom of the island for the women so to treat strangers, and no remuneration is either asked or expected; their head-women arrange it among themselves, we are told,

and each *varāngi* takes its turn at the task. So we just throw a grateful glance or two at the bonniest and sonsiest of our fair servers, who receive the attention nothing loath, but with much decorum, and then we settle down again, determined to get at the bottom of this *varāngi* and *attiri* business.

We find that the township is divided into ten *varāngis*, but into only nine *attiris*. Comparing the names, however, we discover that the two exactly correspond, except in regard to two of the former, to which there is but one corresponding *attiri*. These divisions of the township, then, are territorial in their character.

But for what purpose are these separate male and female divisions organised? is our next point.

The answer we receive is a curious one, and takes long to tell.

Did you ever hear of the discoveries of Trembley about the middle of last century? We presume not; so let us explain a little. Well, then, there is a zoophyte called *Hydra viridis*, of the order of *Acalephæ*, or Scannettes, which possesses certain extraordinary qualities. Those qualities Trembley discovered and made known to the astonished scientific world. With the aid of a thick pointless boar's bristle, and delicate manipulation, he turned that unfortunate zoophyte inside out, just as you might do the fingers of a kid glove. The polype died, of course, you suggest. No such thing. It lived: and, what is more, its stomach became its outer skin; and its outer skin, finding itself in such a novel position, adapted itself to circumstances and became its stomach, able to digest worms and other such succulent morsels!

Now we are going to ask you to

effect a somewhat similar operation on yourself! It is not, however, with your stomach we wish you to deal, but with your mind and its associations!

Take unto yourself a new understanding—we do not say that that is an easy matter, far from it. The needle stuck through the neck of the polype, which prevented its reversion to its original form, will be indispensable in your case if you wish clearly to apprehend what follows.

You have hitherto been brought up to consider that the man is the natural head of the house and of the family. Put that idea away from you for the present, and imagine a state of society in which *the woman and not the man* is the recognised head of the house, and in doing so you will have taken the first and most important step towards a clear apprehension of the relations between the sexes in Minicoy.

Have you got that fact clearly and firmly fixed in your mind? Yes. Well, then, you are ready for the next step in advance, and you will accept without cavil or ungallant comment our next position, which is, that the ladies so placed manage their affairs far better than the gentlemen. You doubt the fact. Then go to Minicoy, and satisfy yourself how it can be done.

There the ladies will have no breaking up of homes, until sheer necessity from want of space compels them to it. There you may see with your own eyes grandmothers, mothers, and daughters all living peaceably together; and not only that, but grandfathers, fathers, and sons all members of the same household—eating out of the common pot, and living in peace and friendship *all under one roof*.

“Every woman in the island is dressed in silk,” says the official report already quoted; and well they can afford it too, say we, for are not the economy of the plan and the wisdom of the ladies self-evident?

The houses belong to the women,—everything in the house belongs to them; the men work hard as sailors and fishermen and tree-climbers, in plucking nuts, but whatever they earn goes into the family stock, and increases the family substance.

The men even belong to the women, and wise they are to accept the position, and to submit to their fate!

But, you suggest, you have already told us they marry among themselves—what happens, then? you ask.

There is, let us say, a household of Browns, and another household of Joneses. Moreover, A, a daughter of the household of Brown, loves, and is beloved by, B, of the household of Jones. B comes home from a voyage to Calcutta in the *Dharia Beg*. He brings with him in his sea-chest the silken gowns and other joys which A expects. Happy is their meeting, and in the great marrying month of May, when the island registrar is busy with his books, they are duly wed. Well, what happens? Does Miss A. Brown become Mrs. B. Jones, and live happy ever after? Not a bit of it. *Au contraire*, Mr B. Jones becomes—how shall we express the idea?—our English fails us to find an equivalent,—but if we might, without unsexing Mr B. J. (for he is far too smart a sailor to permit of us doing him that injustice), say that he becomes Mrs A. Brown, we should be conveying as near an approach to the truth as our halting English will allow!

Anyhow, the result is that, with his acquisitions, either hereditary—for the Minicovites follow strictly the Prophet's law on that point—or self-amassed, Jones passes quietly into the Brown family household, sinks his Jones patronymic, and becomes a Brown!

Jones's children, who are, of course, like himself Browns and not Joneses, in due time succeed to Jones's separate property, for at his marriage the acquisitions he brought with him belong to him and his wife as long as they remain members of the Brown household. Following the Muhammadan law, Jones's sons get double the portions of his daughters. The sons in due course marry, and in like manner become, let us say, Robinsons, and take with them to the Robinson household their shares of Jones's goods. But Jones's daughters remain always Browns, and their shares go to swell the household stock of the Browns, augmented, of course, in due time by the goods their husbands bring with them from, let us say, the household of Smith, among whom they select their husbands.

Let us follow the fortunes of the Browns a little further. The Brown daughters are numerous and prolific; the Brown family house is incapable any longer of holding them all; there is no land adjacent whereon to build the additional accommodation required—what happens then? Such a contingency is not regarded with much equanimity either by the elders of the Brown household or by the younger members themselves; but of course necessity—and this applies more particularly to the poorer classes of the community—sometimes compels them to break up the household. And in such a case the husbands and

men of the Brown household select a fresh piece of land, and build for the eldest daughter and her husband and family a new house, to which the eldest daughter and her family are in due course transferred, thereby founding a fresh household of Browns, which, to distinguish it from the original house, is called, let us say, the household of the Brown-Smiths.

In like manner the second daughter and her family are next, if necessary, provided for, and so on until the original Brown household is reduced to manageable proportions once more.

Sheer necessity, from lack of space, however, alone compels the family thus to break up, and often the family house is much overcrowded by reason of the reluctance with which the members resort to the extreme step of founding fresh households. The ladies, in particular, endeavour most zealously to keep the family together, *for thus economy in management is most readily secured.*

But enough for the present of mere talk, let us go out and view the ladies in their own homes. The sun is high in the heavens, and although there is a strong breeze blowing, we shall be the better of white umbrellas and sunshades in the open spaces uncovered by trees. So, thus provided, we start. First we come across a group of children of both sexes crowding to the apothecary to be vaccinated or treated for petty ailments. A gateway to our right in a stone-and-mortar wall leads into the Great South Pandāram, a huge orchard of cocoanut-palm and other trees, of which more anon. But what is this tied conspicuously to a palm-tree at the gate? a bit of the tip end of a cocoanut-leaf, with part of the stem bared of the fronds, and the remaining fronds

tied with a knot at the end of each, and so splayed out. That means that no islander may, without special orders from the headman of the island, pass into the orchard, which is strewn temptingly with nuts which have dropped from the trees.

We next pass some tanks of fresh water cut out of the solid limestone rock, which underlies the soil of the island at a depth of a foot or two. Sweet and wholesome the water is, as we have already tested, and yet it rises and falls with the tides!

Just before we enter among the houses the pathway diverges, and at the angle is the dry leafless branch of a tree stuck into the ground. Pendent from the crooked points of the branch hang numerous vessels formed of double cocoanut-shells. One shell is placed end up on another shell, the joint is neatly fitted, and the two shells are tied together firmly by three strings of finely twisted coir yarn; to the lips of the upper shell a string is attached for the vessel to hang by, and the vessel itself is half full of a liquid which we find to be palm-juice toddy of the unfermented kind. To prevent fermentation, a limestone pebble or two from the beach are placed in each vessel. But why are these hung here, we ask? And the answer is, that the toddy-drawer draws for several households, and the household vessels full of toddy are placed here, to be removed by the households at their leisure. It is clear that thieving is not common among the community, for the toddy-pots full of the liquid are left here in a retired but public spot without any protection against theft.

From the unfermented sweet toddy the islanders prepare sugar and sundry toothsome sweetmeats.

But here we come to the village—the sandy path is clean, and we fail to discover the slightest ill odour. Moreover, the path is neatly fenced off from the courtyards of the houses by rough stone walls or by plaited cocoanut-leaf hedges.

Passing a mosque, with its adjacent burial-ground, we are struck by the care taken to mark permanently the last resting-places of the community. At the head of each grave is a beautifully carved and inscribed headstone, a foot to thirteen inches in height, those of males being distinguished from those of females by having a square point to the rounded top of the headstone, while those of females have the top rounded off.

The path becomes very narrow, and the houses more and more numerous. The latter are all thatched. What havoc a fire would make, we imagine! but the danger is not really so great as it appears, first, because the township lies hidden in a regular blanket of lofty cocoanut-palm trees which prevents the breeze from striking it severely; and next, because the islanders—the men—are admirably organised into *attiris*, and one duty of the *attiri* is to assemble sharp at the point of danger directly three blasts on the island alarm-trumpet—a conch-shell with a bit broken off at the apex—go booming through their island homes.

But what jauntily decorated building is this on our right, with its gable-end set off with quaint designs in bright green, and yellow, and crimson? A low murmur of people talking reaches our ears—not men's voices clearly. As we approach the quaintly neat stone-built and plastered but thatched structure, our approach is observed, and there is a rush of silken-clad

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mosquito-curtains, which effectually provides such privacy as the Minicovites desire. Each daughter of the house has her own cot, occupied by herself and her husband when he is at home. The cots are made to swing, and so to keep the air in motion to prevent mosquitoes—surely there are nowhere mosquitoes so numerous or so bloodthirsty as those of Minicoy—from attacking the occupants of the cots while the mosquito-curtains are up. The children of the house have swinging cots of their own. The cots themselves are plain slabs of wood, of various patterns and devices, covered with gay quilts, and hung by a rope at each corner to the beams and rafters of the roof. A low railing runs round the edge of the bed, to keep things from falling off it, and here there is considerable room for a display of taste in the colouring, carving, and lacquering of the rails. A few large wooden bins for keeping grain, sundry very handsome grass mats for the floor or to serve as dinner-cloths, a chair or two of European pattern, a box or two, and perhaps a table, complete, along with flaring native pictures on the walls, almost the whole of the furniture. The wealth of the family is shown in tasteful carvings of verandah pillars and doors and windows, and in various cornices and brackets on the walls.

The township stretches along the shore of the lagoon a distance of three-quarters of a mile to a mile, but inland it is not more than 100 to 200 yards in width. In this space there is congregated a population of between 3000 and 4000 inhabitants—the females being by far the most numerous. Behind the houses lie the gardens, which are cultivated with much care, and produce vegetables of

various sorts—particularly the sweet potato and several kinds of yams, betel vines, and a little Indian corn. The fruit-trees comprise, besides cocoanut-palms, limes, citrons, and a large number of the seedless variety of the bread-fruit tree. There is no authentic record of when and how this latter tree was introduced: the old people say it was brought from Point de Galle in Ceylon. It is believed to be indigenous to the South Sea Islands only; and it is well known that about a century ago the *Bounty*, rendered famous by the mutiny of its crew, was sent to those islands to procure a supply for introduction into the West Indies. The tree is propagated by suckers, which spring plentifully from its roots. The coast natives call the fruit the *divi chakka*—that is, the island jack-fruit, from its resemblance to the fruit of the real jack-tree (*Artocarpus integrifolia*). The fruit is usually boiled for the table.

The township is very clean; its streets and by-lanes are swept daily, and all rubbish removed and burnt or cast into the waters of the lagoon. This latter practice leaves something to be desired in the matter of sanitation; for the waves cast up the light floating refuse on to the foreshore, which is in consequence always more or less in a filthy state.

But the sanitary arrangements of the community do not end here. The quarantine islet of Viringilly we have already noticed. Thither the islanders send all cases of infectious disease—smallpox, cholera, &c.—for treatment. Moreover, they have separate burial-grounds for persons who die of these diseases. And away to the north of the township lies a small collection of miserable thatched huts, in which there dwells, in great

discomfort and under many privations, a small colony of lepers.

"The islanders have," says the official report from which we have already quoted, "from time immemorial adopted the precaution of separating lepers from among them. On the appearance of the disease the sufferer is called before the *kāzi* (priest), and if the leprosy is pronounced to be contagious, he is expelled to the north end of the island, where a place is set apart for the purpose. A hut is built for him, and he subsists on supplies of food and water, which his relatives bring at intervals and leave on the ground at a safe distance."

The Minicovites, it will be seen from the above, follow the Old Testament ordinance in regard to lepers (Leviticus, chaps. xiii., xiv.); and the interesting question arises how such a custom was imported into the island, for nowhere else that we know of is it followed among races connected with India. Moreover, it is not a Muhammadan institution in any way.

Were the Minicovites at any time Christians? One Christian custom they certainly have, "which," says the official reporter already quoted, "as far as I know, is without parallel amongst any

society of Mussulmans—namely, that the men are monogamous. I was assured that it was an established custom that no man could have more than one wife at one time." Can this be the "Female Island" spoken of by Marco Polo in the thirteenth century A.D.? Marco Polo's male and female islanders, if such ever existed anywhere, were undoubtedly "baptised Christians," and maintained "the ordinances of the Old Testament," he tells us. Moreover, they had "no chief except a bishop, who is subject to the archbishop of another island, of which we shall presently speak, called Scotra. They have also a peculiar language."¹

However, Marco Polo (A.D. 1292-93) insists that there were two islands, in one of which dwelt the women alone, and in the other the men. The two islands again, he said, lay about thirty miles distant from one another, and some 500 miles south of the Mekran coast. But let us quote his exact words² :—

"In the island, however, which is called Male, dwell the men alone, without their wives or any other

¹ Yule's 'Marco Polo,' 2d edition, vol. ii. pp. 395, 396.

² The account of a similar island given by the Chinese traveller Hwen Thsang (A.D. 629-645), may be fitly introduced here for comparison: "Au sud-ouest du royaume (Po-la-sse-Persia) dans une île, se trouve le royaume des femmes d'occident; on n'y voit que des femmes et pas un seul homme. Ce pays abonde en productions rares et précieuses; il est sous la dépendance du royaume de Folin (Byzantine Empire), dont le roi leur envoie chaque année des maris qui s'unissent avec elles; mais lorsqu'elles mettent au monde des garçons, les lois du pays défendent de les élever."—'Histoire de la vie de Hiouen Thsang, &c,' by Stanislas Julien (Paris, 1853), p. 208. It is noteworthy that Hwen Thsang connects the story of the founding of this "royaume des femmes d'occident" with that of the settlement of Ceylon from South Indian sources.—*Ibid.*, pp. 194-198. The connection with the Byzantine Empire, moreover, accounts very naturally for the facts stated by Marco Polo that in his time the islanders were "baptised Christians," ruled by a bishop subject to the Archbishop of Scotra. No traces of Christianity have as yet been discovered on the island, notwithstanding a diligent search. A copper image, 12 to 18 inches high, was found some years ago, it is said, and sent to Cannanore. Three or four or five earthen figures were likewise found about the same time in a search for hidden treasure at the site of a church or temple still pointed out,—but none of these could be traced.

women. Every year when the month of March arrives the men all set out for the other island, and tarry there for three months—to wit, March, April, May—dwelling with their wives for that space. At the end of those three months they return to their own island, and pursue their husbandry and trade for the other nine months.

“They find on this island very fine ambergris. They live on flesh and milk and rice. They are capital fishermen, and catch a great quantity of fine large sea-fish, and these they dry, so that all the year they have plenty of food, and also enough to sell to the traders who go thither.

“As for the children which their wives bear to them, if they be girls they abide with their mothers; but if they be boys the mothers bring them up till they are fourteen, and then send them to their fathers. Such is the custom of these two islands. The wives do nothing but nurse their children and gather such fruits as their island produces; for their husbands do furnish them with all necessities.”

Let us consider how all these statements of fact fit in to what we know of Minicoy and its people.

First of all, we may notice that Messer Marco's islands were Indian islands (‘Marco Polo,’ ii. 393). Minicoy is certainly an Indian island; and the “peculiar language,” of which Marco makes mention, may well have been Mahl, the language common to the Maldivé islanders and to Minicoy. Of the peculiarities of their language we cannot say very much, because there has been as yet no adequate opportunity of studying it; but we may note that, although living in an island, they have no word expressive of the idea conveyed by our word island: they call it “country.” Again, their system of notation is duodecimal to a certain extent. Seventeen is with them not 7 and 10, but 12 and 5. One hundred is 96 and 4; but here their duodecimal notation

ends, for they have borrowed a word to signify a hundred; and so 101 is, as with us, 100 and 1, and so on, with duodecimal numbers until the next hundred is reached. And so it goes on; for 1000 there is a special word. The Koran they call *Tiriss*, which is the Hindustani word (corrupted) for 30; and their reason for calling it so is, that in the big copy of the Koran in their chief mosque the Scripture is written on 30 portions, each consisting of 12 leaves, or 360 leaves in all. But let us pass to other matters.

It does not appear that Messer Marco ever visited the islands themselves, so his ideas in regard to distances must be accepted as only roughly approximate. And his statement that there was a special island for the males can be explained only by the suggestion that the men did in his days, as they do still, proceed to the Maldives proper, and to Ceylon and elsewhere on trading voyages. It is certainly still the fact that a large majority of the men remain away from the island on trading voyages during seven or eight months every year, and return to Minicoy in March and April annually, and May is down to the present day the great marrying month. Let us quote from the island marriage registrar's books on this point. In the year 1885, 67 marriages in all were registered in the island, of which number 34 took place in May, the next largest figure for any month being 7 in March. In 1886, there were 49 marriages, of which 24 took place in May and 8 (the next largest figure for any month) in June.

If Marco's account of the time during which the men remained in the Female Island be correct, the custom must have changed since his day; for the men return from

their voyages nowadays about April, and remain in the island with the women during the south-west monsoon months of May, June, July, and August. When the island was officially visited in 1876, there were 1179 women on the island and only 351 men, whilst 383 men were absent on voyages. The official report adds: "But when all are present in the island, the women exceed the men by 26 per cent."

"Ambergris," of which Marco Polo makes mention, continues down to the present day to be a royalty. As regards their food, it may be noted, in passing, that the islanders live principally on the dried flesh of the *bonito*, which they call *mās*. They have no special word for flesh, which they also call *mās*. There is at the present time a considerable export of dried fish (*mās*), so that Marco's account, if it applies to Minicoy at all, is even yet literally true of this branch of their industry, which is still—as will be gathered from what has already been said above—in a flourishing condition.

As to the age when the boys pass from under the jurisdiction of the head-women to that of the head-men of the *attiris*, that has already been stated to be seven years, and not fourteen, as it seems to have been in the time of Messer Marco.

Lastly, as to Marco's statement that "the wives do nothing but nurse their children and gather such fruits as their island produces, for their husbands do furnish them with all necessaries," we have already quoted an official report detailing what things are brought home annually to the women from the trading voyages to Bengal and other places; and we will now proceed, if you please, to follow the crowd of women in one of their

periodical visits to the great orchard known as the Great South Pandāram, "to gather such fruits as their island produces," to use Messer Marco's own words.

The great orchard stretches away to the south of the township, a distance of about three miles, and extends to the whole breadth of the island, from the shore of the lagoon to the sea-shore on the opposite side. It is nowhere more than 500 or 600 yards wide, and towards the lighthouse end it tapers considerably. It is densely crowded throughout with trees, among which the cocoanut-palm predominates.

But the ladies are just gathering at their *varāngi* meeting-houses with their baskets, and are not yet ready to start. Let us go on with the *Khalu* men, who have turned out in great force to climb the trees, and who are mostly provided with short sticks attached by cord to their right wrists.

Just as we enter the great orchard through the gateway already mentioned, where is posted the splayed-out cocoanut-leaf—the sign that it is forbidden ground—a dozen fine athletic fellows begin swarming up the smooth stems of a dozen palm-trees. Are they going to pluck the nuts? No; we will attend to that presently. Their present objective is—rats!!

Nowhere, we fancy, on the whole globe is *Mus rattus* (or is it *M. decumanus*?) so abundantly supplied with food and drink, or so comfortably quartered, as he is among the branching crown of leaves of a productive Minicoy cocoanut-palm tree. The coarse fibrous sheath which protects each tender frond as it shoots into the upper air from the head of the palm-tree bursts asunder as the frond swells out. Shreds of it may be seen still hanging from

the parent frond, other shreds fall down and lodge at the roots of the mature fronds beneath. When the palms are systematically handled, as they are on the coast, this fibrous matter is all cleared away regularly by the tree-climber; but in Minicoy, in the great southern orchard, the trees are allowed to grow as nature listeth, the head of spreading fronds is never cleared of this refuse fibre, and comfortable, not to say luxuriously warm and snug, quarters are thus provided in the top of each palm-tree for the innumerable colonies of rats which swarm up the trunks to feast on the abundant supplies of food and drink which the nuts afford. Look around and you will see nuts in all stages of their existence strewn about upon the ground. Here is a green tender nut, which had not reached the age when the milk contained in it had even begun to deposit itself in the shape of kernel, lying apparently uninjured on the ground; turn it over with your foot, and there at the swell of the lower end is a neatly excised hole in the fibrous husk, showing where a thirsty rat had worked his way through to the sweet waters within. There is a fully matured nut lying on the ground, with a similar gaping wound fully exposed to view; take it up, and you will find that Master Rat has gnawed away every particle of the sweet kernel, slaking his thirst no doubt the meanwhile on the milk which he also found there. It is barely a month since the last gathering of nuts was made, and yet the ground is thickly strewn with the remains of the rats' feast.

Nature has, in this isolated spot, failed to provide any natural enemies to the rat tribe. Owls, except such as have been imported on Government account, do not exist. The mongoose and the rat-

snake are not indigenous to the island, and even cats are scarce, and when imported are not easily kept alive, owing to the great plague of mosquitoes.

But the fun is becoming fast and furious around us,—the tree-climbers, with their short sticks, have reached to the crowns of a dozen trees, and poking among the refuse fibre collected there, have disturbed a number of rats, some of which—the young and inexperienced of the flock—have incontinently taken headers from the tree-tops in the hope of eluding their enemies aloft. Worse awaits them below, however, for they are caught like cricket-balls by eager upstretched hands before they can touch the ground, and are instantly hurled violently to earth, and then thrown to the boys, who have come provided with collecting baskets for carrying them. Others run down the trunk, hoping thus to evade the enemy aloft; a shout proclaims that this manœuvre has been observed, and as Master Rat, suddenly taking in the situation, makes a dive for safety from high up the trunk into the low brushwood below, half-a-dozen hands pounce down upon him among the bushes and weeds, and secure him, and next instant he is dashed a lifeless corpse against the trunk of the tree he has just left. Still others, the knowing ones who have been at this business before, scurry along the mid-ribs of the branching fronds, passing with agility and much ludicrous screwing of their tails from one frond to another, till they meet with fate from the short stick of the tree-climber on the neighbouring tree, in which they have endeavoured to take refuge. It is reserved to the experienced patriarch of the colony to make for safety to a tree which does not yet hold a

climber; but his movements have been watched from below, and as he reaches his fancied secure retreat, the avenger is already several feet up the trunk after him. Beaten out of this tree, he seeks shelter in another, and yet another if that be possible, and not unfrequently he drops or dives unscathed from the trunk or branching fronds into a bush of prickly screw-pine (*Pandanus odoratissimus*), whither the yelling crowd below cannot follow to overtake him.

The boys with the baskets have been busy meanwhile collecting the slain; several scores of victims have already fallen; nearly every adult of the crowd has taken his turn at climbing the trees. This has been only an overture to the serious business of the day; here come the ladies in detachments, under their commanding officers of the *varāngis*, so let us break off and see how the fruit is collected.

On inquiry we find that the great southern orchard is divided administratively into twenty-seven compartments. The boundary-mark between one division and another is not easy to discover to the unpractised eye; but, as a rule, a narrow pathway leading inwards from the shore of the lagoon serves to show where one compartment ends and the next begins; a more or less imaginary straight line right across the island to the seashore completes the boundary.

In the first five compartments which lie nearest to the township, and which, in consequence of their accessibility, receive more attention than the others from the island headmen, the nuts are gathered by plucking. The *Khalus*, or tree-climbers, swarm up the trunks and throw down all the mature nuts, which, with those already on the ground, are gathered by the women and conveyed to the store

at the Government office already described. The men receive 20 per cent of all the nuts they pluck as remuneration, and the women for gathering them get four nuts each, and 4 per cent more of all they gather.

In the three next compartments the fallen nuts only are collected, and this duty is assigned to the boys of three *Kōvilams* (properly *Kōvilagams*, a Malayāli word, signifying originally king's houses). The boys are remunerated with seven nuts apiece, and 4 per cent more of all they collect. Why this departure has been made from the original island custom of allowing the women only to collect the nuts we cannot on inquiry ascertain; but it was instituted long ago, and was probably meant to secure some extra remuneration for the boys belonging to the houses which manned Mammāli's (the island chieftain's) fleets.

Mammāli, you must know, was a great corsair in days gone by. His descendants still live at Cannanore on the mainland, and are still chieftains of this island and of some of the Laccadive Islands, also belonging to Malabar, and lying to the north of Minicoy across the 9° channel, formerly known as Mammāli's canal or channel. On the mainland the family holds only a few square miles of territory; but in former times not only the Laccadives and Minicoy, but the Maldive Islands also, were subject to their sway. The Minicovite tradition is that their island was so subjected to harries and oppressions by sea-robbers of sorts, that they eventually placed themselves under Mammāli's (properly Muhammad Ali's) protection. If the islanders were "baptised Christians" in Marco Polo's time, their conversion to Islam must have taken place

some time subsequently, say, about the date of the traditional "great Mammáli's" reign—A.D. 1364-65—when a great extension of the family influence took place. The political history of the island, however, rests in great obscurity.

The remaining nineteen compartments of the great southern orchard are allotted among the women of the various *varāngis*, according to population. No attempt is made to pluck the nuts or cultivate the trees, which are largely smothered by dense growths of impenetrable screw-pine and other jungle. The rats reign supreme, and what nuts they spare are collected from the ground by the women, each of whom receives as remuneration eight nuts on each occasion, and 4 per cent more of all she collects.

The nuts thus collected are piled into rough stores at various points along the lagoon shore of the island, and, after being stripped of their outer husks, are exported to the mainland, and sold on behalf of the Government revenue.

Let us walk down the central pathway of the island to the light-house, and pay a visit to the two solitary Europeans whom we shall find there installed as custodians of the light. It will be a pleasant walk, for the sun, though now at mid-day in the zenith, will be screened by the dense foliage of the palm-trees meeting overhead, and a fresh northerly sea-breeze coming in from the lagoon will likewise tend to keep things cool and comfortable for us. Moreover, for thirsty souls a well of sweet water will be found at each of the nut-gathering stores.

These wells are square in form, about four feet each of the sides, and surrounded by a low parapet of rough limestone. To each well there belongs a long stick, with a

cocoanut-shell cup at the end, with which to draw the water. The water is, we find, at most five or six feet below the surface of the ground; and we begin accordingly to have doubts regarding the existence of certain caves about which we heard when talking of the piratical harries to which the island was subjected long ago.

The islanders, they said, used to take refuge from the buccaneers in the caves, which are still to be seen in this uninhabited portion of the island; so let us see the caves *en route*. To do this we diverge from the central pathway, and dive, with much stooping, into thickets of dense screw-pine. After considerable search, for the places are now deserted, and allowed to go to ruin, a shout at last proclaims that the caves have been found. Hurrying to the spot, we find that the caves are indeed myths, as we had judged from the proximity of the water to the surface-soil. But here is a neat hole in the ground, disclosed by removing a rough slab of limestone, which served to conceal it. Peering down we discover that, instead of a cave, we are looking down into a shallow narrow burrow, the sides of which are built up, and the roof constructed of rough limestone slabs taken from the great piles of this material which have been heaped up by the force of the waves on the sea-shore side of the island. *Did the islanders thus burrow underground like rabbits?* It must have been so, for a little further on we find a place where the roof has fallen in, and disclosed the run of the burrow. One of our guides descends into it to test the size, and we find that there is just room enough for him to sit squatting inside. The place is overgrown with trees and brushwood, and we cannot arrive at any definite conclu-

sion as to the extent to which these burrows prevailed in former times ; but we are told that the remains of them are by no means uncommon in the island, and that some of these remains are of considerable size, as if some of the burrows had had many ramifications, and had had, like those of rabbits, many bolt-holes. Surely never was there elsewhere such a device to enable human beings to escape enemies of their own race ? The hardiest of buccaneers would hardly have cared to crawl on hands and knees into these dark places of refuge in quest of their victims ; and even if they did so, unless all the bolt-holes were watched, their labour might be in vain. We can see at a glance that to have laid bare the burrow, and thus found its occupants, would have been a work of time and difficulty—a work which any one who ever attempted to lay bare a rabbit-burrow among the roots of a quick-set-hedge would well appreciate. Buccaneers were not gentlemen accustomed to labour hard under a tropical sun ; and we may conclude, on the whole, that the device must have afforded an effective escape for the people under the circumstances of a temporary occupation of the island by pirates.

Marvelling much at the sight, and speculating largely as to when these burrows were last used, and contrasting the then and the now to the poor inhabitants of the island, we return to our pathway, and proceed onwards towards the lighthouse. Is it possible that the men alone used these burrows to conceal themselves while the women remained at the township to receive and entertain the interlopers ? It is easy to understand, if such was the practice formerly, how mariners casually visiting the island would be astounded to find none but women to receive them,

and everything arranged and managed by the women. So much is certain, that this island was notoriously the prey of sea-robbers in former days, and it would have fared badly with the men who were not absent on trading voyages if they had shown themselves or offered resistance. In the 'Lusiad' of Camoëns there is a vivid description of a company of Portuguese mariners running riot in an island like this.

On the whole, we conclude that there is a good deal to be said in favour of the view that Minicoy is Marco Polo's Island of the Women ; and the facts set forth above, tend not a little to give to his and other similar legends a local habitation and a name.

Pursuing our way southwards, we come suddenly on a clearing in the forest where the sun's rays beat fiercely down on the scorched earth, and as we step into it we find that we have reached the lighthouse site, a narrow belt stretching from the lagoon to the sea having been cleared of all the forest-growth. At the one end, on the slightly raised sea-shore, stands the lighthouse, a fine modern structure, furnished with all the latest improvements, towering high above the palm-trees in the vicinity. At the other end of this belt, built out into the water on wooden piles driven into the sandy bottom of the lagoon, stands the rough wooden shanty which was used as a dwelling by the builders of the lighthouse. Passing over the rough plank-bridge which connects the shore with the structure on piles, we find that the place is now used by the light-keepers as a working-shed and boathouse. Myriads of the brilliantly coloured fish-fry have taken shelter from their enemies among the piles on which the structure is raised ; and

as we enter the verandah fronting the lagoon, large shoals of them flash for an instant into the sunlight, disturbed by our intrusion.

Our presence has not yet been discovered at the lighthouse; but as we turn to come ashore, and the creaking planks give forth a sound underfoot, we hear a yap-yap in the lighthouse direction, and find that our presence is at last detected by the one solitary dog that the island can muster—an affectionate little beast of a nondescript breed, yearning for society, as we afterwards find him to be. Attracted by the barking, as we approach the lighthouse a window high above us opens, and the cheery bronzed English face of one of the keepers appears.

"May we see the light?" we shout upwards.

"Oh yes; wait a minute."

The door at the foot of the tower is locked; but we hear footsteps rapidly descending the winding staircase inside, and in a few seconds the bolt inside is shot, the door thrown open, and next instant we are receiving a hearty welcome from the two light-keepers, who, aided by a native assistant from Ceylon, have the sole charge of the light.

Breathlessly and half-giddy we toil up the rounds of the staircase, passing store-houses neatly fitted up with huge oil-cans, spare machinery, and goods and chattels belonging to the keepers. On a landing immediately below the light itself, the keepers have fitted up their cots, so as to be within instant call in case of accident. Passing upwards through a narrow trap-door in the floor of the light-room, we find ourselves among gun-metal machinery and big dioptric lenses, built up of huge glass prisms, which slowly revolve at night round the intensely brilliant light cast by the cylindrical burn-

ers in the centre of the chamber. But where is the motive power? we ask. And in reply we are shown an endless chain with heavy weights attached, which slowly descend through a hollow cast-iron shaft reaching from the light-chamber down to the lowest storey of the tower. The weights descending actuate the machinery, and as they approach the bottom an alarm-bell is rung to warn the keepers that it is time to recommence the winding-up process. But what if the chain should break, or other accident happen to the machinery? Then, until this breakage is repaired, the lenses must be kept revolving by means of this crank, which, as we see, can be done by manual labour independently of the driving machinery.

Having satisfied our curiosity in regard to the internal arrangements, we next pass out through a low narrow door into the cool breezy balcony running round the structure, immediately beneath the diamond-shaped panes of plate-glass which enclose the light-chamber. And there spread out before us, as on a map, lie the tiny island and its lagoon and enclosing coral-reef. Down below us there, hidden by the forest, lie the curious burrows we have just been visiting, and the contrast between the state of the island then and what it is now, once more comes home forcibly to our minds. There rides our trim little steamer at anchor almost on the reef itself it seems; there goes a great three-masted liner, plunging its way steadily homewards, with its rich freight of silk or tea from China, studiously unobservant it seems of the gay Union-jack, that emblem of world-wide peace, which our worthy light-keepers have run up to remind them of the care that the great Trinity House Brethren take of the lives

and property of those engaged in the Eastern trade. Perhaps she was too far off to think of sending us a kindly greeting; but here comes a Messageries Maritime boat, making straight for the southernmost point of the island; we shall be able to look down upon her decks as she passes almost within stone's-throw, as it seems, of the point of land. We can see the tricolour run up as she approaches—she at least means to take some notice of us; and as she comes abreast, we can see the flag hauled down and then smartly run up again, in answer to the responding dip from our ensign.

It is such interchange of courtesies as these that again take our thoughts far away back to the time when the islanders watched in dread for any stranger-sail bearing down upon their helpless little island. Who can picture without a shudder the breathless provisioning of these wretched human burrows among the screw-pine thickets, and the crowd of trembling women thronging to the beach with their poor little gifts of fruits and eggs to welcome the intruders, and learn their fate? Will the rough sailors,

mindful of mothers and sisters left in far-distant lands, be merciful to these kindly women in their solitary island abode? Or must recourse be had to the darksome stifling burrows, the last island-refuge of the distressed? We can imagine the crowd of women melting imperceptibly away before scowling looks and harsh treatment, the organisation of parties to search whither they have disappeared, and the blank amazement on finding no trace of them anywhere above ground. But let us turn to the happier picture of a kindly reception from the bearded seafaring men, and the gradually increasing crowd of girls and boys drawn from the screw-pine thickets as the benevolent character of the intruders becomes known, and let us imagine the astonishment of the sailors on finding the island tenanted chiefly by women and girls and boys. What wonder that in seafaring yarns the account of a visit to the *Island of Women* should ever after be one among the choicest stories for recital to gaping crowds in far-away sailor homes!

W. L.

FALSTAFF'S DEATHBED.

THE famous words that Mistress Quickly is supposed to have used when she told Bardolph and the others how Falstaff died—"His nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields"—have themselves a history which proves how much of human interest may cling around an emendation of the text. If it should ever become the custom for preachers to found their discourses on words from Shakespeare, constituting a secular English Bible side by side with the sacred, they might still follow the time-honoured practice of beginning the sermon with a few remarks on the marginal readings; and if one of these purely hypothetical personages in the pulpit were to choose his text from "Hen. V., ii. 3," he might hang thereon a tale of variations and emendations long enough and interesting enough for his whole sermon. This was the passage which led Pope, in his edition of 1725, to deliver himself with most supreme recklessness into the hands of the Philistines, and to give Theobald an excellent occasion for reminding him that "something more than ingenuity is wanting to make these conjectures pass current, and that is a *competent knowledge* of the stage and its customs." The effect of this on Pope was to bring his project of writing a "Dunciad" to an issue, and to assign the Throne of Dulness to Theobald himself, although it was he who first charmed the world by making Falstaff "babble of green fields."

Coming down to recent times, this same passage was one of those about which the critics and the public were most fluttered in the memorable Shakespeare controversy

of thirty years ago, concerning the genuineness of Mr Collier's marginal readings on a copy of the folio of 1632, which would displace "a babbled of green fields" by "a table of green frieze." And, to take a final instance, the merits of that controversy, with particular reference to Theobald's celebrated emendation, were revived in 1870 by no less a writer than Cardinal Newman in the 'Grammar of Assent,' as one of his two principal non-theological illustrations (the other being the controversy on early Roman history) of the shortcomings of formal inference, and of our dependence upon that synthetic faculty which he names the "illative sense."

The words themselves, whether they were Theobald's or Shakespeare's, have always been held to be pregnant with the finest feeling. De Quincey thought that they "must have been read by many thousands with tears and smiles at the same instant." The editor of 'Notes and Queries,' at the time when the Shakespeare controversy broke out in 1853 (Mr W. J. Thoms), wrote thus: "We believe Theobald's 'babbled of green fields' to be one of the many instances in which the scholiast has proved himself worthy of, and excelling, the author." The late Dr Ingleby has the following: "Theobald proved himself both to have caught the infection of Shakespeare's genius, and to have a like knowledge of human nature. He knew precisely how Falstaff would talk when he lay picking the bed-clothes and smiling on his finger-ends. . . . Thus was he led to an emendation which has covered Shakespeare with glory, and been identified with

his text." Two anonymous writers in 'Notes and Queries' saw in Falstaff's deathbed babblings of green fields an association of ideas from the 23d Psalm—the green pastures and the valley of the shadow of death. The critic (Professor Ferrier) in 'Maga' (Aug.-Oct. 1853) who was the first to scrutinise the whole body of Collier's emendations closely, was inclined to favour the new reading of "his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze;" but he "sympathised most feelingly with the distress of those who protest vehemently against the new reading, and who cling almost with tears to the text to which they have been accustomed."

The recent editors of Shakespeare have been of the same mind as the critics. Knight says that "the passage is at once the glory and the opprobrium of commentators." Mr Singer speaks of "the present admirably happy reading;" and Mr Grant White, the Boston editor, describes it as "by far the most felicitous conjectural emendation ever made of Shakespeare's text." Dyce adopts it "as a matter of course." Staunton thinks that no editor will ever have the temerity to displace Theobald's famous emendation—adding that "the atrocious sophistication of Mr Collier's annotation ('his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze') need only to be mentioned to be laughed at." Poor Mr Collier himself, in his edition of 1858, is obliged to confess that Theobald's change "has been so universally admitted and approved, that we cannot displace it even by the MS. correction in the folio of 1632."

The history of the emendation may be given in a few words. In the first rough editions of the play, probably surreptitiously printed soon after it was produced on the

stage, Mrs Quickly is made to say, "I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen"—the sentence abruptly ending there. In the first authentically edited but posthumous edition, the folio of 1623, the words ran—"for his nose was as sharp as a pen and a Table of greene fields,"—a printer's error somewhere in the text turning the whole into nonsense. That reading stood, however, until Pope, in his edition of 1725, restored the sense by leaving out all the words after "pen," just as the early quartos had done. Pope evidently thought that the quartos had some authority, and that the words "a Table of greene fields" were really a stage direction, which had crept into the text, the scene being a tavern, a table and liquor being required for Bardolph and the others before they left the chamber of death to go to the wars in France, and the name of the property-man being Greenfield—a table of Greenfield's! Dr Johnson thought this so good a joke, that he actually kept Pope's reading in his edition of 1765. But for all the rest of mankind, it has been effectually disposed of by Theobald's contemptuous criticism of it, and by that critic's substitutive reading. Theobald had a copy beside him with some marginal conjectures "by a gentleman some time deceased," who was of a mind to correct the passage as follows: "for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a talked of green fields.'" Theobald changed "talked" into "babbled," and so made "one of the most memorable—we might say *the* most memorable correction ever made on the text of our great dramatist" ('Maga,' l. c.) Some years after, Mr James Spedding concluded, from an examination of the folio of 1623, that

"talked" was actually nearer to the *ductus literarum* than "babbled" or "babled." Warburton, who adhered to Pope, remarked that Sir John was in no mood for babbling about green fields, or, he might have added, about anything else. Malone made a still stronger point when he showed that Table (with a capital T), in the authentic text of 1623, was not likely to be meant for anything but table, whatever other correction might be needed to make sense out of the printer's error.

However, "a babbled of green fields" was so decided a success, that it held the stage triumphantly against all criticisms. Even those who at one time believed in the genuineness of the marginal corrections on the copy of the 1632 folio, which Mr Collier in 1849 picked up for thirty shillings at a shop near the Strand, were inclined to refuse this particular correction of "a table of green frieze"; and the critic in 'Maga,' although he thought that the latter phrase was probably the one that Mrs Quickly would use, and that Shakespeare had written, was resolved not to part with Theobald's emendation.

We now come to Cardinal Newman's profoundly interesting treatment of this incident of the text of Shakespeare, as illustrating the shortcomings of formal inference, and the dependence of our convictions, beliefs, or assents upon the illative sense. "For genuine proof in concrete matter," he says, "we require an *organon* more delicate, versatile, and elastic than verbal argumentation;" and in seeking to illustrate his teaching, he looks round the room in which he happens to be writing,

and takes down an old volume of "a magazine of great name." He opens it at random, and falls upon a discussion about the then lately discovered emendations of the text of Shakespeare.¹ The question is whether Theobald's reading—"his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields'"—is to be retained in preference to the originally corrupt text of 1623 ("and a Table of greene fields"), and in preference to the recently discovered marginal reading of the Perkins folio, "on a table of green frieze." The genuineness of Collier's anonymous corrector is taken for granted; it is only in a note appended to a later edition of the 'Grammar of Assent,' that the author speaks of a friend having sent him word that "the verdict of critics has been unfavourable to the authority and value of the annotated copy discovered twenty years ago."

Cardinal Newman then proceeds to state all the manifold issues that arise in this question. Are we to tamper with the text of Shakespeare, as it was published by known persons only six years after the poet's death from his own manuscripts, and with his corrections of earlier faulty impressions? Authority cannot sanction nonsense; but if the text of Shakespeare is corrupt, should it not be published as corrupt? Next arises the question whether it is worth while trying to make Shakespeare available for the general public: is he in a different position from Æschylus, whose text may be left to students to deal with each for himself? Can we possibly make Shakespeare light reading, especially in this day of cheap novels, by ever so

¹ "New Readings from Shakespeare" ('Maga,' August-October, 1853), by the late Professor Ferrier.

much correction of the text? Supposing that we do correct the accidental nonsense of the text of 1623, should Theobald's correction stand in preference to that of the annotated edition of 1632—"on a Table of greene frieze"—which has sufficient sense, though "far less acceptable to an admirer of Shakespeare than Theobald's"? What is the character of these emendations? Are they the annotator's own private and arbitrary conjectures, or are they informations from those who knew Shakespeare, traditions of the theatre, of the actors or spectators of his plays? (This, of course, on the assumption of Collier's good faith.) We come, then, to a scrutiny of the whole 20,000 emendations, to classification and selection, to questions of criticism and taste, with their disputable premisses. Formal reasoning is inadequate to the occasion; the multiform evidential fact that results from the scrutiny requires rather to be photographed on the individual mind as by one impression.

The question that remains is the claim of Theobald's emendation to hold the field. The writer in 'Maga' concludes that Shakespeare did actually make Mrs Quickly say, "His nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze;" but for all that he would keep Theobald's "and a babbled of green fields," in place of the last clause, because it has acquired a prescriptive right,—because the words have sunk into the hearts of thousands, and become part of Shakespeare. If we begin an unsettlement of the popular mind, where is it to stop? The most significant part of Cardinal Newman's judgment is that he rejects this *via media*. It strikes him with wonder that the argument in 'Maga' in favour of keeping

Theobald's reading should have been put forward.

Thus the argumentation would introduce us into a *sylva*, dense and intricate. Not only so, but it opens up also "a long vista of sceptical interrogations which go far to disparage the claims upon us, the genius, the very existence, of the great poet to whose honour these views are intended to minister. For perhaps, after all, Shakespeare is really but a collection of many Theobalds, who have each of them a right to his own share of him." But he would not be supposed for a moment to countenance such scepticism himself, although it is a subject worthy the attention of a sceptical age. His object is "simply to suggest how many words go to make a thoroughly valid argument; how short and easy a way to a true conclusion is the logic of good sense; how little syllogisms have to do with the formation of opinion; how little depends upon the inferential proofs, and how much upon those pre-existing beliefs and views, in which men either already agree with each other or hopelessly differ, before they begin to dispute, and which are hidden deep in our nature, or, it may be, in our personal peculiarities." And so the discussion ends.

The "true conclusion" on this question that the logic of good sense easily leads us to is, doubtless, that we should rest in the authority of the *textus receptus*, as indeed all the recent editors of Shakespeare have done, including Collier himself. If an appeal to the law of man's mind as regards inferring and assenting "does bear me out," says the Cardinal, "in deciding, as I have done, that the course of inference is ever more or less obscure, while assent is ever distinct and definite, and yet

that what is in its nature thus absolute does in fact follow upon what in outward manifestation is thus complex, indirect, and recon-dite, what is left to us but to take things as they are, and to resign ourselves to what we find? that is, instead of devising, what cannot be, some sufficient science of reasoning which may compel certitude in concrete conclusions, to confess that there is no ultimate test of truth besides the testimony borne to truth by the mind itself, and that this phenomenon, perplexing as we may find it, is a normal and inevitable characteristic of the mental constitution of a being like man on a stage such as the world."

In that passage, and in many more like it, the 'Grammar of Assent' keeps a charm for all of us. It is a triumphant effort of realism and humanism, which will still be fresh when other treatises on logic are withered like the leaves—which will outlast even its own apologetic object, *quod post nulla arguet ætas perfidie*. But the illustration from the text of Shakespeare is a curious if significant application of the doctrine of assent. Theobald's reading was the accident of an accident. He puts it forward quite tentatively; he is even disposed to entertain seriously Pope's idea that the passage in question was a stage direction, only that it referred to the next scene (in France), for which a table and green fields would be indicated beforehand (he had failed to note that the scene is a room in the French King's palace). Theobald himself had clearly no great belief in the reading which subsequent critics declare to have covered Shakespeare with glory. The tenacity with which this random conjecture is now held recalls to mind a story told by Theobald himself.

A good but illiterate priest had been for thirty years in the habit of reading from his breviary a certain word *mumpsimus*, not knowing that the verb was really *sumpsimus*. At length his error was pointed out to him, and he made the characteristic answer: "I perceive that the alteration you ask me to make in reading my breviary is only just; but, however, I'll not change my old *mumpsimus* for your new *sumpsimus*." Such, indeed, has been the feeling about Theobald's own crude conjecture,—a feeling or sentiment which has had the fortune to be invested with all the dignity and charm of Cardinal Newman's exposition of the illative sense. But let us now examine the facts and circumstances of Falstaff's death, so as to try whether the same illative sense may not bring us to a totally different conclusion, and uphold that conclusion within us by the same absolute sanction.

In the epilogue to "2 Henry IV.," spoken by a dancer, the audience is informed that the next piece "will continue the story with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France." Sir John was a great popular favourite; he had been the most prominent and attractive personage in two pieces, and he was promised to be in the next. But Falstaff had been publicly disgraced when Prince Hal came to the throne; the very last incident that the audience saw before the epilogue was spoken, was Sir John arrested and carried off to the Fleet. The time had come to make an end of the fat knight, and the dancer announces that in the new piece, "for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat." The audience were plainly promised the finish to the story of the life and death of Sir John Fal-

staff. The deliberate purpose of the dramatist is unmistakable: he even gives a hint of how Sir John was to die—of a sweat. Let us now examine that rather striking, and, to our own day, not altogether intelligible purpose.

To make the gross-living Sir John die of a sweat, would be to the vulgar a very good joke,—the sort of joke that was afterwards brought in more than once in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." But the dramatist had to consider other of his critics and patrons besides the groundlings, and Falstaff's death by a sweat must needs have a more correct significance than its merely humorous suggestions. The English sweat held the same place in the popular mind of Elizabeth's time that the cholera holds in our own: the last great outbreak of it had been in 1551, but the memories of it would be fresh enough, even if we assume that no occasional cases had continued beyond that date to keep it in evidence. A writer in the last years of Elizabeth's reign would be dependent on documents for a correct knowledge of it and its circumstances. It so happens that, for all the stir made by the sweat in England during five severe epidemics, only one English treatise was written on it—a fact that the historians of pestilence have commented on. This was the essay in English by Dr Caius, a small duodecimo of some eighty pages, published in 1552 (the year after the great epidemic, which proved to be the last), and dedicated to William, first Earl of Pembroke. The position of the author as a scholar and a man of great professional repute would have secured general attention to this essay in any case; but there was a special reason why the 'Boke of Counsell against the Sweat' should have

been talked of even after the author's death (1572). It was avowedly written for the laity; it contained a serious indictment of the national habits of living; it praised the foreigner, and plainly hinted that the sweat was a peculiarly English form of sickness, because the English were given up to idleness and a gross manner of life. Dr Caius says: "Inasmuch as I have not forgotten to whom I write, I will leave out subtle reasons, and at once therewith show why it [the sweat] haunteth us Englishmen more than the other nations." He then proceeds to reflect on the English habits of eating and drinking "without all order, convenient time, reason, or necessity," and to hold up Scotland, Italy, and almost every other country under the sun, as an example to us. From these habits the English suffer "great annoyance of their own bodies and wits." Even Æsculapius himself, if he were to come back to earth, could not save them from the sweat, "except they would learn a new lesson and follow a new trade." But he sees that there is little use of his talking: "in commendation of mean diet and temperance (called of Plato *sophrosyne*, for that it concerneth wisdom and the thousand commodities thereof, both for health, wealth, wit, and long life), well might I lose my labour—such be our English fashions rather than reasons." He praises the industry and frugality of the foreign artificers who then swarmed in England, and tells the English that they ought to moderate their excesses in eating and drinking, for shame of the foreigners if for no other reason. He advises them to give up a long catalogue of national vices, and "live merrily one with another, as men were wont to do in the old

world, when this country was called 'merry England,' and every man to meddle in his own matters, thinking them sufficient, as they do in Italy,"—and so on. It is not likely that this friend of the foreigner,—this croaker who could not see that national vices were only the defects of national qualities,—had escaped the notice of Shakespeare.¹ Not only so, but when Shakespeare wanted to introduce into the "Merry Wives of Windsor" a Frenchman naturalised in England, and to make merry with him among the old set (Falstaff, Quickly, Shallow, and the rest), why did he call him by the name of Dr Caius,—the name of a medical celebrity of English birth but of French tastes, not long deceased, and by no means forgotten? It looks very much as if the dramatist had known all about the real Dr Caius and his indictment of the national habits of living contained in the 'Boke of Counseill against the Sweat,' and that he had made use of his name in ludicrous associations, just as he had called Falstaff originally by the name of a well-known Wycliffite martyr, Sir John Oldcastle. We may take it, then, that Dr Caius's small tract on the sweat and its moral lessons had come under Shakespeare's notice, and that he had it in mind when he decided to make Falstaff die of a sweat. We shall at once understand how that kind of ending to Sir John's career should have suggested itself to the dramatist as an appropriate one, if we suppose him to have been in possession of Dr Caius's teaching on the subject.

Two chief recommendations for

disposing of Sir John in that way are to be found on the surface of the essay. The first of these is contained in the following: "They which had this sweat sore with peril or death, were either men of wealth, ease, and welfare, or of the poorer sort, such as mere idle persons, good ale-drinkers and tavern-haunters. For these, by the great welfare of the one sort and large drinking of the other, heaped up in their bodies much evil matter—by their ease and idleness could not waste and consume it." Here, then, was a fitting end for Sir John,—an end that would satisfy at once medical probability (allowing for the small anachronism of the sweat existing in Henry V.'s reign instead of Henry VII.'s) and poetic justice.

But there was another reason on the face of Dr Caius's essay,—a reason which every novelist or playwright will appreciate. Dr Caius held strongly (and perhaps too absolutely) that the sweat was a fever of just one natural day; he proposed therefore to call it "*Ephemera Britannica*"—an ephemeral fever differing from that so called by Galen in the important respect that it was an infection. One way or another, it was all over in twenty-four hours—"for albeit the great danger be past after twelve hours or fourteen, the last of trial." Here, then, was an important technical recommendation of the sweat. In that way Sir John could be made to die a natural death in his bed without resorting to the hackneyed catastrophe of a violent end, and a death befitting his gross life: he might be taken suddenly ill, prostrated, and de-

¹ "And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture."—*Henry V.*, iii. 1.

spatched out of the world with the most perfect correctness, all within the compass of a couple of scenes in the second Act of the new piece.

Accordingly, when the second Act of "Henry V." begins, we learn that Falstaff is released from the Fleet, and once more lodging with Mrs Quickly (now married to Pistol) at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap. His page, a last reminder of the old days with Prince Hal, enters the room to call the hostess to Sir John, who is taken very sick and would to bed.

In an aside to Bardolph, the boy suggests that his nose between the sheets would be of good service as a warming-pan. Before the scene ends, Mrs Quickly comes back in haste to summon them to Falstaff: "Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold." Nym says, "The King hath run bad humours on the knight;" and Pistol agrees that his heart is broken (lowness of spirits is one of the predisposing causes of the sweat, according to Caius, just as we know it to be of cholera). The third scene opens in the death-chamber, where Mrs Quickly narrates Sir John's last moments and dying words. Here, then, we come to the promised death of Falstaff. Is it too much to assume that Shakespeare had taken some trouble about it; that he had done his best for the closing scene of this popular favourite's career; that he had used "documents" to give an air of reality to it?

We are entitled to assume that it was really the sweat that Sir John died of. Firstly, because it was so indicated to the audience at the end of the last piece; and, secondly, because the symptoms, as related, do correspond. "He

is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold," is a jumble of the words which actually occur on one of Dr Caius's pages, and they give a not inaccurate description of the tremblings that usher in the fever, fervour, or burning, as Caius calls it. Mrs Quickly would not distinguish, of course, between this seizure and the commencement of an ordinary ague. Again, the reference to Falstaff having been "rheumatic" in his last illness is in keeping with what Caius says of the sweat (p. 11), "Pains in the back or shoulders, pains in the extreme parts, as in the arm or leg." Also, "'A parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide," is quite in keeping with Caius's very definite teaching about critical hours in the course of the disease, although the "turning of the tide" is an old popular fancy as well.

But now we come to the central point of interest in Mrs Quickly's narrative—the presages of death. Here Dr Caius does not serve as a guide; for, beyond indicating that a fatal issue is owing to failure at the heart during a sleep from which the patient never wakes, he omits to give particulars of the signs that announce the nearness of death. Shakespeare, therefore, would have to join on what presages of death he otherwise knew, to a particular mode of dying which he had deliberately chosen for its poetic justice, its medical appropriateness, and its technical convenience. The sequel will show whether he took trouble enough to be correct in single details, and in the constructive use of them.

The presages of death, as Mrs Quickly noticed them, are few and simple: "'A made a finer end, and went away an it had been

any Christom child ; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide ; for, after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way ; for his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green fields [?frieze]." Where did the dramatist get these presages of death, appropriate to a sickness such as Falstaff's ? We discover them, at the first glance, to be the famous presages of Hippocrates, the nose [as] sharp [as a pen] being the opening words in his classical description of the *nota ex facie*, which has been celebrated ever after as the *facies Hippocratica*. It may be said, indeed, that Shakespeare got his knowledge of these famous presages (copied by Lucretius, Celsus, and many more) at second-hand, from some popular compendium, such as Thomas Lupton's 'Thousand Wonderful Things' (new ed. 1601), which contains a good many scraps from Hippocrates, and a miscellaneous lot of medical and other recipes, together with much flagrant and palpable nonsense. No author who knew what he was about would go to such a source for his information, if he could go to a better ; and if any one turns to the paragraph in Lupton (Bk. ix. § 6) to which Malone refers, he will see that nothing less than an intimate and first-hand acquaintance with the indications of death in different forms of disease could have enabled a dramatic writer to extract from the confused jumble of death-tokens there given the simple and correct presages put into the mouth of Mrs Quickly. The same remark applies still more to Malone's other reference, Philemon Holland's translation of 'Pliny' (1601) ; the section on the "Signs of Death" (vol. i. Bk. vii. chap. 51)

gives only one of the details used by Shakespeare ("a fumbling and pleiting of the bed-cloths"), and refers to Hippocrates for the rest. It is clear that Shakespeare must have had more authentic "documents" than these.

A source of information, not improbable at the first glance, would be the English translation of the 'Presages of Divine Hippocrates,' which was published in London in 1597 (a date almost certainly anterior to the production of "Henry V."), by one Peter Lowe, a Scotsman who had spent some time in Paris, and afterwards settled in practice at Glasgow. In issuing this work to the English profession, Lowe was following a very common precedent ; for, of all the works of the Hippocratic collection, none had been so often issued separately, or bound up with compendiums, as the 'Presages'—unless, indeed, the 'Aphorisms' themselves. The worthy Scotsman's edition turns out to be a translation, not from the Greek, nor even from the Latin, but word for word from a French version published at Lyons in 1533. The French version, as well as the English taken from it, is a rather free and diluted paraphrase of the original ; and although it gives all the material facts, its language does not suggest Mrs Quickly's words as the Latin text would do.

The Latin texts of the 'Presages' date from the Renaissance, one of them having issued from Florence in 1508, and another—that of Copus of Basel—from Paris, in 1511. The Latin text is a compilation, in three Books, containing all the Hippocratic prognostics, from the 'Prognosticon' itself as well as from two other Greek treatises, and is conveniently divided into sections, with sub-headings

The first section is "Notæ ex facie," and close upon it comes a section giving "Præsagia ex gesticulatione manuum." This convenient arrangement of the text by Copus was adopted by Rabelais in an edition first issued at Lyons in 1532, and several times reprinted both there and elsewhere. There is no reason to think that Shakespeare had used the edition of Rabelais in preference to any other; but there is evidence that he had consulted the Hippocratic 'Præsages' in the Latin text, as arranged at the revival of learning, by Laurentianus and Copus, upon whose critical labours Rabelais, as well as others, based his edition. A Latin work that was much nearer to Shakespeare's own time and surroundings—Thomas Mouffet's 'Hippocratis Prognostica'—published in 1589, and dedicated to Lord Willoughby, is not so probable a source, although Mouffet was a retainer of the Pembroke family, and might well have been Shakespeare's informant on medical topics. His book is really an elaborate treatise on diagnostics in general, the presages strictly so called being incorporated with the text in a way that makes them difficult to find (*e.g.*, the "Notæ ex manibus" are § 2, lib. ii., and the famous "Facies" is § 97, lib. ii.), as well as altered from the Hippocratic wording.

Let us, then, take the Latin text of the 'Præsagia' by Copus, as being the one almost universally followed; and, for convenience, let us take the edition of the same by Rabelais: it will do as well as another. In the order followed by Mrs Quickly we come first to the presages from the hands—the "Præsagia a gesticulatione manuum." The section so headed in the text-book is as follows: "*In acutis febribus, si quis eas [manus]*

faciei admovertit, ut inde quodpiam supervacue venetur [smiling on his fingers' ends], *aut festucas carpat* [playing with flowers], *aut a veste floccos avellat* [fumbling with the sheets] . . . *omnes hæ [notæ] malæ letalesque sunt.*" Next, in Shakespeare's order, we come to the section on "Notæ ex faciei," which is the first section of the Latin text: "*Nares acuti, oculi concavi, collapsa tempora, frigide contractæ aures, et imis partibus leniter versæ; cutis circa frontem dura, intenta et arida; totius faciei color, aut niger, aut pallidus* [he gives the original Greek, *χλωρός*, on the margin], *aut liveus, aut plumbeus.*"

This is the famous 'Facies Hippocratica' translated into Latin by one who knew the Greek well. Littré renders *χλωρός* (which is the first epithet in the original text) "jaune," while Francis Adams makes it "green." Rabelais, following Copus, makes it "pallidus"; but he gives the original, *χλωρός*, on the margin, as if he were not sure—the fact being that Hippocrates does elsewhere use *χλωρός* to express "pallor," although, as Liddell and Scott point out, the Greek "pallor" would be olive-green. The other Renaissance editor (Laurentianus) actually makes it "viridis." It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that this customary Latin text of the 'Præsages' (*e.g.*, in Rabelais' edition) was the source of Shakespeare's description, put into the mouth of Mrs Quickly. It would perhaps be impossible to find in the whole range of medical literature, ancient or modern, another phrase that would suggest to a poet "and smile upon his fingers' ends," so certainly as "si quis manus faciei admovertit, ut inde quodpiam supervacue venetur;" while the "festucas carpat" and "a veste floccos avellat" are

just as nearly cognate to "play with flowers" and "fumble with the sheets," although these latter cannot compare with the former in unique verisimilitude. If that section were the source of the presages from the hands, the other and more famous section must have been the source of the presages from the face; and if we take the first and the last clauses of it, and blend them into a concrete picture, as by a poetic imagination they would be blended, we shall get: "his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green [frieze]"—that and nothing else. "'A babbled of green fields'" is at once driven out of court as a mental irrelevancy—as a discordant fact, and as an error in taste. To figure the nose sharp as a pen against a green background is to produce, by one master-stroke, the dominant impression of the classical Hippocratic *facies*. Moreover, it is to recall vividly to the audience the familiar face of Sir John, as it now showed in the hour of death. His "yellow cheek," which the Chief Justice twitted him with ("2 Hen. IV.," i. 3) as a sign of advancing age, must have been well known to a London audience; and if his nose were not as notorious as Bardolph's, it could hardly have been an unobtrusive and unobserved feature. His nose is now so pinched as to be like a pen; and the figure of a pen calls up, in the due association of ideas, that on which the pen was lying—a green table. Is it conceivable that the sequence of ideas in the author's mind could have been different—that it could have been anything at all like "and 'a babbled of green fields'?"

A point remains to be noticed, which is really unessential to the argument, and may, if the reader pleases, be set aside as too far-fetched. It relates to the rough texture of frieze.

The reading of "green frieze" came, as we have seen, from Collier. It occurs on the margin of the Perkins folio, being written, as we learn from Dr Aldis Wright, who has lately had the volume under examination, with the same pigment and in the same feigned handwriting as the great bulk of the corrections; and it therefore shares the fate of Collier's other readings—that is to say, it is judged to have no more authority than a guess of his own. Collier got the suggestion from the note on the passage supplied by the Rev. Mr Smith, rector of Harleston, Norfolk, to Dr Zachary Grey's 'Notes on Shakespeare' (1754). Smith thought that "table" meant table-book or pocket-book (as in Hamlet's "my tables"); that Mrs Quickly meant to say "shagreen," but in her usual blundering way said "green"; that the word which the printer of the folio of 1623 gave as "fields" should be "fells" or skin; and that the pen was supposed to be stuck in the back of the pocket-book, according to an old practice—sharp as a pen on a table-book of shagreen fells. All this, of course, is somewhat forced; and there is the further objection that "table" is ordinarily used in that sense in the plural. Collier saw that this was a forced and unlikely construction; but "shagreen" suggested "frieze" to him, and he made all the correction that was needed to bring sense out of the nonsense of the original edition by substituting that word for "fields"—sharp as a pen on a table of green freese—(as the entry on the margin of the folio spells the word). Frieze was a Welsh woollen stuff of the time, with a rough surface; it is mentioned in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (Act v., scene 5), where Falstaff exclaims, when Parson

Evans rates him for his wickedness, "Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese." There is nothing unlikely, therefore, in "a table of green frieze" — a green-baize table. But was the rough texture meant to be taken literally?

It is, at all events, a singular coincidence that the sweat, of which we may suppose Sir John to have died, was often accompanied by a pimply roughness of the skin. Thus Stapleton, in his 'Life and Death of Sir Thomas More' (in Latin), mentions that the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas went through a severe attack of the sweating sickness, and that her skin became covered all over with rough pimples. This is the only clinical detail, as it may be called, given by any contemporary English writer, apart from the sketch of the malady by Dr Caius. In later times, the almost identical sweating disease that broke out in some parts of Southern Germany (and to a much greater extent in Northern France) was actually named from that symptom—the colloquial name in German being *der Friesel*, which Professor Hirsch proposes to change into *Schweiss-friesel*. The turgid skin during life would look, of course, like red frieze; but when the cadaveric hue of the *facies Hippocratica* came on, it would change to chlorotic or green. But it is not necessary to insist upon the literal comparison to green frieze as regards roughness of surface. Shakespeare may not have thought about the rough surface, but merely about the green-baize table on which a pen would be lying.

Lastly, we come to the question, Is it correct to associate the *facies*

Hippocratica with death from the sweat? Absolutely so. The death was usually from collapse, very much as in cholera. The failure of the circulation, which Caius indicates as the mode of dying, produces the pinched features and the ghastly colour,—just as, on a sudden and intense emotion, the paralysis of the surface-vessels, or the withdrawal of blood, causes a person in health to look pinched and ghastly for a moment, or, in some habits, to "turn green with fear." A placid passing or sleeping away at the last in a sort of coma, is also a common characteristic: "'A made a finer end, and went away an it had been any Christom child." Once more, the coldness creeping up nearer and nearer to the heart is another part of the natural history of this kind of death: "I put my hand into the bed and felt them [the feet], and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and all was as cold as any stone."

Thus we work out our synthetic judgment of what Shakespeare would have had in his mind to write and probably did write, by exercising for our purpose what Cardinal Newman names the "illative sense." Probable evidence does indeed lead to conviction, to assent, to certitude; it is natural to the mind that the bell should sound and the search for truth should close.

"I prefer to rely," he says, "on the accumulation of various probabilities. . . . From probabilities we may construct legitimate proof sufficient for certitude. . . . Here we have the same cumulating and converging indications, the same indirectness in the proof, as being *per impossibile*,—the same recognition, nevertheless, that the conclusion is not only probable, but true. . . . The mind itself is more versatile and vigorous than any of its works, of which language is

one, and it is only under its penetrating and subtle action that the margin disappears which I have described as intervening between verbal argumentation and conclusions in the concrete. It determines what science cannot determine—the limit of converging probabilities, and the reasons sufficient for a proof. . . . It is the cumulation of probabilities, independent of each other, arising out of the nature and circumstances of the particular case which is under review—probabilities too fine to avail separately, too subtle and circuitous to be convertible into syllogisms, too numerous for such conversion, even were they convertible. As a man's portrait differs from a sketch of him, in having not merely a continuous outline but all its details filled in, and shades and colours laid on and harmonised together, such is the multiform and intricate process of ratiocination, necessary for our reaching him as a concrete fact, compared with the rude operation of syllogistic treatment. . . . The real method of reasoning in concrete matters does not supersede the logical form of inference, but is one and the same with it; only it is no

longer an abstraction, but carried out into the realities of life, its premisses being instinct with the substance and the momentum of that mass of probabilities which, acting upon each other in correction and conformation, carry it home definitely to the individual case, which is its original scope. . . . Consistency is not always the guarantee of truth; but there may be a consistency in a theory so variously tried and exemplified as to lead to belief in it, as reasonably as a witness in a court of law may, after a severe cross-examination, satisfy and assure judge, jury, and the whole court of his simple veracity."

A synthetic judgment, then, is what we ordinarily do try to reach on any question that comes before us; and there will naturally be a subjective element in it. But our synthesis will be a non-natural one—it will not reflect the course of nature—unless we use due diligence to frame it according to the grim realities of positive fact.

O. CREIGHTON.

LADY BABY.

CHAPTER X.—STELLA.

"My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date."

THE "Dramatic Equestrian Entertainment, largely patronised by the Nobility and Gentry of the Neighbourhood," which for several weeks past had been advertised on orange and purple play-bills, was on a certain day more largely patronised than usual. On the seats of honour, draped with red cloth, the Kippendale party found the greater number of their acquaintances already installed. There was only one chair left vacant, "for Nolesworth Castle," explained the manager, a short red-faced man, in a shabby dress-coat.

"Agnes, will you please sit near the Nolesworth Castle chair?" said Lady Baby, drawing back. "I don't like draughts; and Agnes," she added in a whisper, "that is the same red-faced man who— who brought it all about the other day. Now I understand what he meant by paper-hoop business, and it doesn't look so very difficult either."

The performance had opened with an *entrée comique*, which somehow was not very comical, and consisted chiefly in some rather mild tricks played with a hollow cane and a peacock's feather. It was followed by the usual sylphides in short petticoats, and these by Madam Manageress in a primrose-coloured wig, and a habit blue as the sky in June, putting an equine skeleton through its paces.

Lady Baby looked on in grave but intense delight. "I think a circus is a delightful thing," she said to Mr Carbury. "Oh, do look at that clown!"

"Yes, I see him; he is going to pull away the chair from behind the other, and the other will come down on his back and kick up a prodigious amount of sawdust, which will probably make us either sneeze or cough—possibly both; but it will bring down thunders of applause. There! didn't I tell you so? It is strange that they cannot let a man sit down quietly on a chair without all this fuss."

"It is very silly," said Lady Baby; "but I can't help laughing. Used you ever to laugh at these sort of things, Mr Carbury?"

"It must have been very long ago if I did. But I am *so* tired of clowns."

"Good heavens!" she said, turning upon him impatiently, "I am *so* tired of hearing you say that you are *so* tired of everything. Is there anything in the world that you are *not* tired of, Mr Carbury?"

"Yes," he said, with a swift glance into her face—"yes, there is one thing."

"And what is it?"

"I will tell you another time."

"Do you promise to tell me?"

"I promise to tell you," he said, very low.

"Thanks," she murmured absently—for her attention was already taken up with the opening of the "unparalleled aquatic ballet," which consisted in putting a fishing-net and an oar to every conceivable use to which fishing-nets and oars are *not* meant to be put.

The aquatic ballet was followed

by a pause in the performances, and the Bevans left their seats to inspect the zoological branch of the establishment,—some five or six unhappy-looking tigers and panthers in iron cages at the back, as well as the crocodile about which Mr Carbury had shown himself so wofully uninterested. And here, in front of the panther cage, and in conversation with the keeper, they found Sir Peter. He had not been seen by the Bevans since the day of his last ride with Lady Baby. Lady Baby looked haughty and confused, Sir Peter looked unconcerned.

"I have been studying the artistic possibilities of this pretty little kitten," he observed, indicating a young and rather pale-coloured panther in the cage beside him. "She doesn't look like a convicted murderess, does she? But I hear distressing accounts of her."

"Half-grown specimen of royal Bengal panther," began the keeper, with a sort of spasmodic jerk, like an instrument freshly wound up; "born in captivity named Stella native of India feeds on flesh and climbs trees. One and a half years old. Present specimen is remarkable for the size of the black eye-patches. Not so near, sir; she's the savagest beast we have." This was added in an everyday tone, and with quite a commonplace indication of punctuation, the remark not belonging to the programme; for Nicky Craigtoun, in whom a certain bullying instinct was not wanting, had poked his cane at the recumbent panther's ribs.

"Ah! that's better still, as a bit of action," said Sir Peter, as, with a terrific snarl of exasperation, Stella started to her feet, and stood with raised upper lip and murderous eyes, slowly moving her tail from side to side.

"Is the cage quite firm?" asked Agnes.

"It's a bit weak about the hinges," said the keeper, placidly, "but it's good for another month or two. We used to keep her with the other panthers, but she came too expensive,—killed her sister in December, and her mother in March; did it mighty neatly too. Whist! one clap of her paw, and the old panther's eyes were a yard from her head—taken out just as complete as a pair of half-penny marbles. Mr Martin was for shooting Stella; but he wasn't quite handy enough with his rifle, for directly as the young devil saw that the old one was too far gone to give back tit for tat, you couldn't have said Jack Robinson before she was on the top of her, and making herself very busy with the old one's paws. Mr Martin thought she was licking them; but she wasn't, she was biting them; she bit them clean through. I shouldn't stand so near, sir—I shouldn't, indeed;" for Nicky and Stella were still showing their teeth at each other through the bars.

"Why, here you are," said Lord Kippendale, hurrying up; "I have been round the stables. Shocking collection of screws. What's the sight here? Why, Wyndhurst, haven't seen you to-night yet: haven't seen you for a good wee while, it strikes me. Tired of driving over? But, of course, you're to be at the picnic? Birthday picnic, you know, eh? Got a card of invitation?"

"I believe I was invited," said Peter; "but I am not sure whether the invitation has not since, by implication, been retracted."

"Eh? What's that? Sounds like a conundrum. Of course we expect you on Thursday. In the meantime we had better get back

to our seats ; there's the next thing just coming on."

The next thing, and several other next things, came on ; and the next thing after that was a general rush for the entrance. Lady Baby, a little in rear of the others, had just reached the open air when she heard herself addressed from behind. She turned, and saw Sir Peter.

"One word, if you please," said Sir Peter. "Will my coming spoil the picnic on Thursday?"

"I—I don't know. I suppose it can't be helped."

"It can easily be helped. There are a dozen excuses I can make."

"But it would spoil it more if—I mean if any one were to think that—that there had been anything."

"Then you prefer that I should come?"

"No—that is to say, it doesn't in the least matter ; besides, papa has asked you, you know."

In the next minute they had got separated, and Lady Baby, feeling somehow that her presence of mind had not been all that it might have been, was following her sister into the carriage ; while Sir Peter, after a glance, half perplexity, half amusement, just shrugged his shoulders and went home.

Next day it was reported that one of the panthers had broken loose, and that all efforts at capture had hitherto failed. A reward was offered, panic-stricken villagers shut themselves into their houses, no children were seen playing on the roads, and most people thought it wiser to have a pistol about them. After three days the excitement rather abated. It was supposed that the panther had either starved to death on the hills, or else strayed too far to molest the neighbourhood. At any rate, the cause was not con-

sidered sufficient to stand in the way of the Thursday birthday picnic. At a comparatively early hour Kippendale House was astir, and hampers were being packed and horses were being rubbed down, while the spotless blue of an ideal May sky seemed bent upon showing that a May picnic in Scotland was not such a very reckless idea after all.

The forenoon was taken up with discussing the arrangements for the afternoon. Lady Baby gave despotic orders to the housekeeper about the filling of hampers, without troubling herself to consider the feasibility or unfeasibility of chocolate-cakes and jam-tarts being produced at a couple of hours' notice ; and when they were produced, she naturally put it down to her own excellent household management, and not to Mrs Spunker's prudence and foresight. Nicky was anxious to drive the new team, and he was also anxious that Ajax should be offered to Sir Peter, for which reason Agnes was to have a seat in the drag. Mr Oarbury was to be of the riding-party too, and so were Lady Baby and her father. Lord Germaine had wished to drive Miss Epperton in the pony-carriage, but finally made the best of the back-seat of the drag, which, but for the vicinity of the grooms, would have made almost as good a paradise as the other.

Then there arose some question about the vehicle which was to carry the hampers. The dog-cart was suggested ; but partly owing to the indisposition of one of the under-grooms, and partly to the want of extra hands for the new team, it appeared that the resources of the stable-yard were wellnigh exhausted. In fact, there remained no possible conductor for the dog-cart but one small stable-boy of

tender years who was temporarily supplying the sick groom's place, and who, for this purpose, had been recently and suddenly promoted from the garden.

When this boy heard what was expected of him, he gave one deep gasp of terror, and then subsided into resignation. Until to-day he had never been called upon to do anything more "horsey" than to clean a stable-lantern, or to fill a pail, or to drive anything more formidable than a wheelbarrow; but he was a great deal too frightened of Lord Kippendale to say so; and Lord Kippendale, who scarcely knew the boy by sight, simply concluded that, being in the stable-yard, he naturally knew how to drive a horse, and settled the matter off-hand. It was only just as he was turning away that the boy's face caught his attention.

"Bless me, the lad's in a funk!" he said, standing still. "Ever been out in the dog-cart before—eh? Mind you don't bring the horse down. Know what to do when a horse comes down—eh?"

"No, m' lord," said the boy, perspiring at every pore.

"Try to get him up again."

"And if I canna?" asked the boy, breathing very hard.

"Then you just get out and sit upon his head."

"Please, m' lord," inquired the wretched boy, "how long am I to sit?"

"Till some one comes along the road."

The boy retired, gasping, and presently the whole party was in motion.

The site chosen for the picnic was the bank of a small lake, known as the White Loch. People might just as well have called it the Black Loch when they were about it, for if it suggested anything, it suggested blackness. A

thick plantation of fir-trees surrounded it on three sides, standing close enough to turn the water black with their shadows, and producing altogether the effect of a picture drawn in ink. But the popular voice had decreed that this was the White Loch. Perhaps the name had been given before the fir-trees were planted; at any rate the name was there, and so were the fir-trees. On the least black side of this white loch—the side most free of fir-trees—the short fine grass was quite as dry as can be expected of Scotch grass in May. So, what between the really genial though slightly deceptive sunshine, and a large supply of substantial wraps, and with a still larger supply of animal spirits, it was quite possible to keep one's teeth from chattering, and even at moments to delude one's self into the belief that one's circulation was in its normal condition. The bank at this spot shelved away at a most obliging angle, which favoured the unpacking of hampers, and did not encourage plates and tumblers in a downward course, or at least did so only to a reasonable degree. And then, though you might feel aware that your toes were chilled, there was a feast of brilliancy for the eyes; for the loch was not only black to-day, it was silver and golden—silver with flowering thorn, and golden with whin-flowers. It seemed almost as though all the whin-flowers of the country, like a party of vain village beauties, had collected to see their own faces here, and were jostling and elbowing each other as to who should have the best place at the mirror.

"I haven't had such a good birthday picnic for long," said Lady Baby; "last year we had to light the fire under an umbrella,

and we all had sore throats next day."

"Well, my dear, this is not next day yet," said Lord Kippendale; "I won't answer for my rheumatism. Germaine, I wish you would give a whistle to that dog; there's game in the wood."

The party were seated on the bank in an irregular circle, round the remains of the picnic feast, which had been a species of glorified, very much glorified, afternoon tea. It was just the pause before the moment of breaking up to take a stroll, while the servants should be left to repack the hampers. The eldest and most staid of the fox-hound puppies was sitting bolt-upright on the edge of an unoccupied plaid, with roaming eyes and anxiously wrinkled brow, apparently weighed down by the conviction that the responsibility of the whole party's safety rested upon his youthful shoulders. His younger and more frivolous brother had withdrawn to the opposite side of the water, and there had discovered something lovely in the shape of a semi-decayed pheasant, to which he was earnestly devoting his undivided attention. The distance across the little scrap of a loch was so small that every movement of the dog was plainly visible.

Germaine, instead of whistling, uttered a half-exclamation, and rose slowly to his knees.

"What is it?" asked Maud, with a start. "Please consider our nerves, Lord Germaine, and don't make exclamations without explaining them."

But, oddly enough, Germaine offered no explanation. He got up and threw a long keen glance across the water. Every one got up, without knowing why, and went close to the water's edge. What had first attracted Ger-

maine's attention was a movement, a struggle among the tall heather on the opposite bank; then, before any one had even had time to shape a guess, the heather had ceased swaying and had parted, and out of it a head emerged; and immediately there stepped something large, and lean, and yellow, and stealthy — something that looked so strangely out of place among heather and hawthorn, that the first instinct of the spectators was to disbelieve their eyes. Mr Carbury was the one who said "The panther!" and then there was a moment of flurry.

"The panther? Which panther?" inquired Lord Kippendale, whose sight was not as good as it used to be, and who always lost his temper when he failed to grasp any subject on the instant. "Didn't know we had started panthers in Scotland."

"It's the menagerie panther," said Mr Carbury; "and we haven't got a gun among us."

"The keeper's house!" cried Nicky. There was a keeper's house among the fir-trees, at a short distance.

"Yes, yes; the keeper's house!" said Lord Kippendale, beginning to fuss; "there's my express-rifle at the keeper's house; and take the girls there—they will be safe."

Nicky and Carbury were already racing for the rifle; Agnes and Miss Epperton disappeared among the trees, but Lady Baby did not move. She stood, looking very pale, and straining her eyes across the water. "I can't go," she said. "Brenda is going to be killed."

The panther was now presenting its broad-view to the party, its head slightly turned away, and its face towards the fox-hound puppy. The dog seemed too much dazed to fly—too much dazed even to lower

the awkward paw which he held hysterically poised in the air. He did not mean to dispute the question of the exquisitely decayed pheasant with this yellow monster; but neither did he know how gracefully to retreat from the position. A stiff and convulsive averting of the head was all that he could manage; but out of the corners of his agonised eyes his glance seemed nailed to the enemy's face. "Is the keeper's house far off?" "Supposing the keeper is out?" "Supposing the express-rifle is not there after all?" Such suggestions and questions passed quickly among the three men who still stood by the water's edge.

"They might have been back fifty times," said Lord Kippendale.

"They are never coming!" cried Lady Baby; "and oh, the dog! I want the dog saved! He's just going to spring! Oh, Brenda! poor Brenda!" and she covered her eyes.

"Let us shout or make a noise, or something," said Lord Kippendale, frantic with the suspense.

"What for?" said Sir Peter. "In order to show the panther that we are here? He has not seen us yet; but it would not take him more than twenty seconds to scamper round that corner."

"Then let us all dash at him in a body," said Germaine, beginning wildly to pick up stones.

"And force him to kill one of us out of sheer terror, poor beast! There is a much simpler way than that: and really, as long as we don't cut our own throats, there is no cause for special excitement. Lord Germaine, I must beg you to leave those stones alone, unless you wish to endanger all our lives."

"But what are you going to do?" asked Germaine, dropping the stones. "I don't want to see

that poor dog torn to pieces before my eyes."

"Neither do I," said Sir Peter.

"Is that rifle never coming?" fumed Lord Kippendale.

"Is he killed yet?" asked Lady Baby, who had thrown herself on the grass, and put both her hands over her eyes, so as not to see Brenda's certain death. As soon as she had asked it she closed her ears, so as not to hear the answer; then, after a minute, she removed her fingers and listened, still with tightly closed eyes. Every one had grown very quiet; there were no more frantic suggestions being made. She heard Germaine say, "Why, what's he up to?" Then she heard her father say, "The man's daft!" and then again they were quiet. All at once there were hurrying steps, a few words, a dead pause, a click, and a quick double-shot, followed by a rolling sound and a splash, and then a long breath was drawn all round, and everybody spoke at once.

Lady Baby looked up. Both panther and dog were gone, and instead there was something yellow floating in the water, hard by the opposite bank, and Mr Carbury held a smoking gun in his hand. Then she perceived Sir Peter coming in a most leisurely fashion along the bank towards them, and holding Brenda, still limp with terror, comfortably tucked under his arm. He came up to her, and gently put down the dog by her side.

"How?" she stammered, looking from the dog to his face. "Why! I don't understand. Did you——?"

"Wyndhurst," said Lord Kippendale, who had grown very red in the face, "I thought you were a sensible man, but I see that you are just as harebrained as any other youngster of my acquaint-

ance; and hang it, man, I like you all the better for it—and for a dog, too!”

“It was not for the dog,” said Sir Peter, smiling rather strangely.

“But I don’t understand,” said Lady Baby again, kneeling with both her arms tightly clasped round Brenda’s neck.

Lord Kippendale turned almost savagely upon his daughter. “Don’t you? Then it is time you did; it’s only a little piece of politeness after all. You wanted the dog fetched away from the panther, didn’t you? Well, it’s only that Wyndhurst went and fetched him; picked him up like a kitten from beside its mother,—*picked him up*, I tell you. By the by, Wyndhurst, what would you have done if the keeper’s wife had been a quarter of a minute later in opening the door, or if the cartridges had not been quite handy? Made any plans for that contingency? Eh?”

“I suppose I should have attempted an argument with the enemy,” said Sir Peter; “he appeared quite open to reason: didn’t seem to care much, either, about being looked at straight in the face; also my cigar appeared to puzzle him.”

“There was no need for any expenditure of heroism,” said Mr Carbury, dropping the spent gun to the grass; “the dog was out of

the line of shot, and the panther had not moved by an inch.”

“I am truly grieved to have caused so much sensation,” said Sir Peter, lighting a fresh cigar; “I knew it was ten to one in favour of that starved cat being too much astonished to do herself justice. If I had gone at her with a stick, I daresay she would be crunching my bones by this time. Suppose we look at her closer.”

The dead panther had already been pulled out of the water by the servants. The thin yellow carcass lay stretched on the grass.

“It’s Stella,” said Nicky, stooping to examine the eye-patches.

“Yes, I saw it was Stella by the colour,” said Sir Peter.

“And did you remember that Stella had knocked out her mother’s eyes?” asked Germaine.

“Well, yes; it occurred to me when I was about two yards from her.”

“You’re a good shot, Carbury,” said Lord Kippendale, putting his finger to the bullet-hole in Stella’s shoulder.

Mr Carbury smiled, but it was not a joyful smile. He knew he was a good shot, and yet there was darkness in his heart. Though it was he who had shot the panther, he was quite aware that the glory of the day was Sir Peter’s, and not his; and it was a knowledge that made his vanity smart.

CHAPTER XI.—THE UGLY FENCE.

“My queen was crouching at my side,
By love unsceptred and brought low,
Her awful garb of maiden pride
All melted into tears like snow.”

The darkness was still in Mr Carbury’s heart as he mounted for the homeward ride. Was it wounded vanity alone which made him thus secretly writhe? And

what had Sir Peter done which could wound any one’s vanity? He had only shown a little ordinary courage, and a little not quite ordinary coolness. Nor was Mr

Carbury aware of feeling any special surprise. He had never doubted Sir Peter's courage, even when Sir Peter was describing himself as "constitutionally timid." Men with courage of their own generally guess at the presence of courage in others, and Mr Carbury's personal courage had never been called in question. There is a sort of freemasonry between brave men, which enables them to recognise each other, even without a test. It is a mistake to think that one man has to see another in such an emergency as a shipwreck or a fire in order to be convinced that he is not a coward. He may only have seen the other handing cups at afternoon tea, or he may only have spent half an hour in the smoking-room with him, and yet he may be able to form a pretty accurate guess as to how that other would behave in the shipwreck or the fire.

The homeward ride promised to be a very silent one on Mr Carbury's part, and his chief energies seemed devoted to ascertaining how much spur Suleika would put up with without rearing beyond control. There was some balm in the reflection that Sir Peter could not have sat through one of these plunges, which, as Mr Carbury was fully aware, only served to show off his own horsemanship to thrilling advantage. Sir Peter himself made some remark to this effect, as he brought up the rear of the riding-party upon Ajax,—Ajax ambling along at his clock-work pace, "same as an arm-chair upon wheels," according to Adam.

The conversation lay chiefly between Sir Peter and Lord Kippendale, for Lady Baby had lost both her colour and her speech since the affair with the panther. The sun had sunk behind the round shoulder of a hill, and it was be-

ginning to grow chill now in good earnest.

Suddenly there was heard a cry of distress and the noise of some rapidly approaching vehicle, and on the road, which was scarcely a hundred yards off, there appeared a dog-cart, borne along at an alarming pace, with nothing but one small frantic-looking figure in it, upright, swaying from side to side, and tugging at the reins.

"It's that fool of a lad!" exclaimed Lord Kippendale, "and he's going to have the horse down after all; he'll have him down like a shot, unless he's stopped before the corner."

"There is time to stop him," said Mr Carbury.

"I wash my hands of it, though. That's a very ugly fence, and this horse would buy up the other a dozen times over. I say, Carbury, mind Suleika!" for the mare, answering to a cut of the whip, was bounding forward towards the "ugly fence" which separated the road from the field.

"The uglier the better," thought Carbury, as he put down his hands and steadied Suleika's head. Here was the chance he wanted, thrown on to his very path; here that cold-blooded baronet could not compete, and the glory must be his alone. On came the dog-cart, tearing along the road, while it looked just possible that Suleika, racing for the corner of the field, might yet arrive in time to intercept the runaway.

Matters, however, took a turn which Mr Carbury had not expected. Whether it was that the cold-blooded baronet had on his side a store of dormant vanity, or whether it was that the recollections of Ajax's youth were too much for the wisdom of Ajax's head at this tantalising moment, was never clearly ascertained; but

at any rate Lord Kippendale suddenly became aware that there was a second knight hurrying to the lad's relief.

"Hold hard!" shouted the old Earl. "Wyndhurst, hold hard! You can't do it. For goodness' sake, hold hard!"

But either Ajax or Sir Peter declined to hold hard, and the chestnut drew nearer to the fence.

The truth of the matter was that the first impulse had been given by Ajax alone. Sir Peter, sitting negligently, and with perilously long reins, as was his habit, found himself suddenly borne forward in the rear of Suleika. He was not conscious of any burning desire to imperil his neck for the sake of the boy's, but once started, the ardour of the race caught him. There is something contagious in sudden excitement, and in moments like this it seizes even on the least excitable men. So Sir Peter, instead of holding hard, set his teeth and looked to see what Mr Carbury was doing. Ajax's full gallop was such as could not have unseated a child, and really the thing did not look so difficult after all. There was Suleika flying over the fence like a bird, and not touching as much as a splinter; he could not do better than exactly follow Mr Carbury's lead, and take the fence exactly where Mr Carbury had taken it.

But Sir Peter had reckoned without Ajax. That sage animal, though fully meaning to be even with that fence, meant to do it in his own way, for excitement in him was far from drowning prudence. He intended to reach the road, but he intended to reach it with as little trouble to himself as possible; and spying a place where the loss of the top-bar had lowered the fence by wellnigh a foot, Ajax made for that spot. Sir Peter, not

understanding the intention, attempted to pull him round towards the place that Mr Carbury had cleared. Ajax persisted, Sir Peter persisted; the fence was reached, and unsteadily risen to; there was a scramble and a crash.

"Hold hard! hold hard!" Lord Kippendale was still shouting at the top of his voice, when already it was too late to hold at all. "I said he couldn't do it. He's down! No, he isn't! Yes, he is!"

"He's killed!" said some one beside Lord Kippendale; and the next thing Lord Kippendale became aware of was that his daughter had likewise reached the fence, had sprung off her pony, and was bending over something that lay quite still on the grass.

When the old Earl got there too, he found that Lady Baby was crying.

"He's killed!" she was saying wildly. "He's dead; he doesn't move!" and she tried to loosen Sir Peter's necktie, but her fingers shook helplessly. "Call people! get a doctor! Why isn't anybody here? Papa, is he dead? Tell me quick. Adam, is he dead? Why doesn't he move?"

"I'd no' tak' it on me to be positive," said Adam, who had been vainly endeavouring to dismount without the aid of his "leg-doan." "I couldna be positive, 'specially at this distance, but he's a gey queer colour. It couldna be expectit otherwise when gentlemen as doesna ken ae rein frae anither tak's upon themsel's——"

"Adam, you're a fool!" she cried passionately. "Is he alive or dead?"

One of the younger grooms, who was kneeling on the grass, lifted Sir Peter's limp hand and let it fall again with a grave shake of the head.

"*Deid's* a big word, m' leddy,"

said Adam, grimly; "*deid's* a deal too positive a word for my liking, but he's far gone ony way."

"Sir Peter! Sir Peter!" cried Lady Baby, and she flung herself down beside the insensible man. "No, you are not dead; I want you to look at me, I want you to speak to me! Sir Peter!"

"Tut, tut! let me see," said Lord Kippendale, dismounted by this time, and quite as much flurried by his daughter's singular conduct as by the accident which had caused it. Accidents were a commonplace to Lord Kippendale. Had he not seen men down in ditches and up again before it was fairly realised that they ever had been down? Had he not seen them shot through hedges like cannon-balls, hurled into the water like millstones, dragged across stubble-fields by their stirrups, or emerging with a disarranged cravat or a small scratch upon their face from under four struggling hoofs, a single blow of any one of which would have amply sufficed to dash their brains to powder and pulp? There is a German saying to the effect that a special legion of guardian angels has been told off to guide the steps of drunkards: for my part, I believe that the individual known as the British fox-hunter is watched over by just such a legion of angels, and that these angels must be specially well mounted as regards wings.

"Who talks of his being killed? Eh?" said Lord Kippendale. "Let me get to him. Frances, this is not your place. There, hold his head up. Has any one gone for a doctor? Frances, stand aside; there are the others too. You must be mad, child. Go to your sister; this is not your place."

"It is my place!" was all she said between her set teeth, and

with her two hands she chafed Sir Peter's cold fingers. Of his face she saw nothing, for the tears hung so thick in her lashes that she was blind.

"He moved now," said some one. "Hold him up a little more;" and presently through the haze of her tears Lady Baby became dimly aware that it was Nicky who was holding Sir Peter up. Water was being poured on his face; there were more people gathered round—some on the road, some in the field. She heard her sister saying something to her, and then she felt herself pulled rather roughly to her feet, and found that her brother was leading her forcibly from the spot.

"Germaine, leave me," she said, staring at him with unnaturally distended eyes; "I must know if he is alive."

"He is alive," said Germaine, rather sternly. "Don't you hear that he has moved? Come away!"

"He has opened his eyes," called out Lord Kippendale, "he seems conscious; we shall get him to the carriage."

Lady Baby ceased to struggle with her brother. "Yes; I will come away," she said. "Give me your arm, Germaine; help me, I feel dizzy. Did I say anything? What did I say? How did it happen?" She staggered and fell against her brother's arm. He caught her, looked her in the face, and saw that she had fainted.

"You know me, Wyndhurst, don't you?" asked Lord Kippendale, bending over the fallen man.

Sir Peter said "Yes," very faintly.

"You have had a fall, you know; but we are going to get you home now. You fell from your horse; you understand me, don't you?"

An ample experience in the

hunting-field had taught Lord Kippendale that men newly fallen upon their heads must be addressed in the simplest of A B C phrases, confined, if possible, to words of one syllable.

"Yes," said Sir Peter, "I understand."

Something like a smile flickered over his face as he said it, and his eyes wandered round the group, as though in search of something. Then they closed again, not having found what they wanted. In this semi-unconscious state he was transported to the carriage, but began to revive before reaching the house.

The first fumes of panic once dispersed, the case appeared far from desperate or even seriously alarming. The village doctor, at whose house two frantic grooms had simultaneously arrived with the news that Sir Peter Wyndhurst had broken his neck, and that he (the village doctor) was required to set it again, was almost disappointed to find nothing but a simple fracture of the arm. "It will only be one bad moment, Sir Peter," said the old doctor, rather nervously, for it was not every day that he was asked to set a baronet's arm; "it may be a little painful, for the swelling has begun; but if you don't feel quite strong enough I have chloroform by me."

"Thanks," said Sir Peter, whose equanimity had returned with his consciousness, "but chloroform is too sensational for my taste. I like having my senses about me. Will you begin now? May I talk while you are doing it? I want a question answered."

"I should prefer answering it when we have got the bone in its place," replied the doctor in a flurry. "It will be a wrench, Sir Peter."

"But I prefer having the answer now. Oh yes, I perceive that it is a wrench. What I want to know is whether this wrench is to be the end of it? or whether any of my other bones are out of gear? I'm not come to crutches, am I?"

"Crutches! Preserve us, Sir Peter, no! You will walk as straight as ever you did. There's positively nothing wrong but a fracture of the arm and a sort of general shaking."

"Yes, so I thought; but I like certainty. And about my face—is it badly marked? My nose isn't smashed, is it? Any lasting disfigurement?"

"Nothing but a cut on the forehead, Sir Peter; that's the only thing that might leave a scar."

"A very ugly scar?" asked Sir Peter.

"Upon my word, Wyndhurst," said Lord Kippendale, "you might as well be a London beauty come to grief in the hunting-field. Your face isn't your fortune, you know."

Sir Peter said nothing for a minute, then turned his head sharply on the pillow and looked the old doctor straight in the eyes. "Will you swear that you are not mincing matters because you happen to think that I have a touch of fever about me? Will you swear that I shall be the same man again that I was an hour ago?"

The doctor not only swore, but was profuse in his oaths, and the operation being completed, and mental agitation being warned against in the usual set form, the old man withdrew for the present.

"Lord Kippendale," said Sir Peter, as the door closed, "you heard what he said about my being all right again in a few weeks?"

"Certainly I heard."

"And I think he was speaking the truth."

"Of course. So do I."

"Then, Lord Kippendale, would you oblige me by asking your daughter whether she will marry me?"

"Eh? what?" cried Lord Kippendale, bounding from his chair. "My daughter? Tut, tut—nonsense! This is the fever setting in; where's your pulse? Upon my word, I can't find your pulse."

"When you have quite done with my pulse, will you go and speak to your daughter?"

"Eh? No; I shall do nothing of the sort. What do you know about my daughter? You couldn't have heard anything she said,—you were unconscious, you know. All nonsense, all nonsense. You were unconscious, Wyndhurst, weren't you?" he asked sharply.

A very faint tinge of colour appeared on Sir Peter's forehead.

"Lord Kippendale, I will tell you the truth. I *was* unconscious, so help me God! I must have been, for I remember hearing a sound of wood breaking beneath me, and then all was a blank until I felt something upon my face, and heard a voice speaking. It was something like warm rain that I felt on my face, Lord Kippendale, and it woke me. I did not quite say to myself, "These are her tears, and this is her hand upon mine,"—I was too dazed for that; but I dimly understood something, and I do believe I kept my eyes closed just about half a minute longer than was absolutely necessary. I am afraid it was a shabby thing to do."

Lord Kippendale was pacing the room in extreme agitation. "I am not sure that it wasn't shabby," he said; "no, it wasn't fair upon the child; and women's nerves always are such a touch-and-go affair, either all up or all down."

"Then will you take her my

message? I only waited to send it until I was quite sure that I was not going to be a wreck or a cripple."

"Tut, tut, Wyndhurst! this is delirium. The child only lost her head. We all saw that."

"Exactly. And do you want to have it said that this losing of head was all on her side, and none of it on mine? There were witnesses enough."

"There's something in that," said Lord Kippendale, frowning. "But, Wyndhurst, I can't accept it; it's a whim, it's a sacrifice."

"It is not a very great sacrifice," said Sir Peter, in a tone which made Lord Kippendale turn and stare at him.

"What do you mean? Eh? Upon my word, I don't understand anything about it."

"I mean that I asked your daughter last week whether she would have me, and she said she would not. I thought you knew that. Would you mind going and asking her again now? If you refuse, I shall be mentally agitated, and you heard what the doctor said."

The old Earl left the room without another word. In less than five minutes he was back again.

"Upon my word," he said, "I understand less than ever what it is all about. She wouldn't have you last week, you say, and now she says she will. It's the cropper that's done it, you know; but I hope she knows her own mind."

"I know mine," said Sir Peter, as Lord Kippendale wrung his hand rather more vigorously perhaps than the old doctor would have approved of.

And thus ended the birthday picnic, and next day the news of the betrothal flew round the county, simultaneously with the news of the accident.

CHAPTER XII.—LADY EUPHROSYNÉ.

“ Oh then up gat his fause mither ! ”

Lady Euphrosyne Wyndhurst was sitting at an elegantly appointed writing-table and occupied with answering a number of very elegant notes, when the news of her stepson's engagement became known to her. She was a faint-coloured woman of forty-five, with faint blue eyes, faintly silvered hair, and a deeply exhausted voice. The same exhaustion was discernible in her manner, which seemed to say, “ The calls upon my time are great ; but I am not one to shirk the responsibilities of my position.” Lady Euphrosyne was a duke's daughter, who had made the mistake of marrying a baronet, and had never ceased regretting it ; as, indeed, neither had the baronet. Some people called her a martyr, and some people called her a humbug ; but everybody—that is, everybody in her own peculiar circle of society—agreed that in the most intricate questions of drawing-room and dining-room etiquette no one was so deeply versed and so firmly established as Lady Euphrosyne Wyndhurst. This own peculiar circle of hers was not exactly that *crème de la crème*, among whom, indeed, she was tolerated by reason of her birth, but had never been cajoled : for the *crème* did not care about etiquette, and believed firmly in themselves, whereas the section which represents the skim-milk of society believed as firmly in printed rules. As there were a great many printed rules, and they were difficult to remember, it was, of course, delightful to find some one who had them at her finger-ends ; and besides, how very nice that it should be the daughter of a real

duke who told you what to do ! It was in this circle, therefore, that Lady Euphrosyne reigned supreme, and found opportunity to indulge to her heart's content that affection for minute rules and observances which was her nearest approach to a ruling passion. She was for ever receiving little notes, smelling of violet, moss-rose, or verbena, folded into playful triangles, or twisted into artistic spills, and running something in this fashion :—

“ Dear Lady Euphrosyne, you would oblige me infinitely by giving me your opinion on the arrangements for my afternoon party : is claret or champagne cup most *chic* this season ? ” &c. Or, “ Dear Lady Euphrosyne, excuse the great liberty I take in addressing you, but your universally acknowledged kindness emboldens me in this case. Would it be considered *unfeeling* to dance in crape ? My sweet child Amy is clamouring to be taken to the Lackmans' dance, and, of course, I could not be so *heartless* as to let her wear colours,” &c. Or from a more intimate quarter : “ Dearest Euphrosyne, you are so well up in these things, does a bishop's niece take precedence of a captain's widow ? ” &c., &c., &c.

The answering of these notes constituted a great portion of the calls upon Lady Euphrosyne's time. But there were other duties too, and heavier ones ; for though she had no daughter grown up, Lady Euphrosyne would have considered it unfair to her circle to have closed her doors in its face, and thus deprived the unenlightened of so many hints on etiquette to be

had here *gratis*. When the more intimate of her bosom friends, perhaps jealous of her influence, would implore her to spare herself, and take more rest, Lady Euphrosyne would give a faint smile of resignation, and faintly concede that the calls upon her time certainly were very great, but that she hoped to drag herself on a little longer. She could not give in just in the thick of the season: it would cause too much surprise, and possibly disappointment. She could not overthrow every one's arrangements on account of a touch of *migraine*. Yes, she must confess that her head did ache rather badly to-day; but a darkened room and a sofa *might* perhaps relieve it in time for her to dress, before dining with young Mrs Pauncelot. She was so inexperienced, poor young bride, and Lady Euphrosyne had promised, positively *promised*, to help her in receiving her guests that night. And the bosom friends would go home and gnash their teeth, and when the supreme moment came Lady Euphrosyne would deck herself with flowers like the victims of old, and walk to her post by the door, as a lamb walks to the altar.

This morning, while preparing to enter on her daily correspondence, Lady Euphrosyne espied among the three-cornered and fantastically twisted notes one very plain square one, sealed with a coat-of-arms which she knew. Those three stars, on an azure ground, figured very generally in the arms of those families whose ancestors have lived on the Borders, and been partial to starlight excursions. "From Kippendale," said Lady Euphrosyne; "what can the Kippendale people possibly want of me?" With a very soft sigh she broke the seal, but her eyes grew stony as she read. The letter was

from Lord Kippendale, written at Sir Peter's desire, and very briefly announcing the engagement of Sir Peter to his daughter.

"DEAR LADY EUPHROSYNE,— Sir Peter (who broke his arm yesterday, but is doing well) wishes me to say that my daughter Frances and he have agreed to get married as soon as the matter can reasonably be arranged. Hoping this finds you well, I am your obedient servant,

"KIPPENDALE."

"At last! Then it has come at last! In spite of all my care!" cried the distracted martyr of society, springing to her feet, and allowing her languor to drop from her like a cloak; "and I thought he was quite safe down there! I forgot the existence of that child, or rather, I forgot her age; I thought she was in the nursery. Engaged? This is overwhelming! And what has he been after! Broken his arm? It might just as well have been——" She left the phrase unfinished; but if she had gone on in the first breath, it would have run thus: "It might just as well have been his neck."

Not that Lady Euphrosyne was accustomed to harbour such very black thoughts towards her stepson. To do her justice, she really would have felt shocked if he had broken his neck, but no one could have expected her to be inconsolable. Even when Peter had been a boy, and, by reason of his youth, placed at her mercy, Lady Euphrosyne had never played the part of the stepmothers in the fairy tales: she had neither cuffed him in public nor pinched him in private; for that would have been so very incorrect, any woman with a glimmering of social knowledge would have pronounced such a proceeding

bad style. But no treatise on etiquette told her that she must love her stepson; and besides, it became very soon evident that her stepson did not love her. He was a very quiet boy, peculiar in his ways, and extremely delicate, so that the hope of seeing one of her own sons coming to the title appeared far from irrational. She had close upon half-a-dozen of them, all healthy, all boisterous, and all as passionately addicted to riding as their father. Lady Euphrosyne herself rode with great ease and elegance, but she preferred the park to the hunting-field—as, indeed, all her tastes clung to paved streets rather than to country roads. It had always been a trial to her to see her five precious boys picking out the very straightest line across country. And it was hard to think that, just to spite these five rosy cherubs and their loving mother, Peter had to be born a dozen years ahead of them. Unfortunately, too, as he grew older he grew less delicate; a long course of sea-air made him almost robust. But there remained another hope; for though he grew less delicate he did not grow less peculiar. He preferred galleries to ball-rooms, and marbles to women. Lady Euphrosyne had been the first to discover her stepson's artistic talent, and had eagerly favoured its development; it kept him so well occupied. The yacht, too, was a capital invention: this wandering sort of artist life was the very thing she would herself have chosen for him; and when yacht and Peter—as sometimes happened—disappeared for a month or two at a time, there could not fail to be a sort of pleasing excitement in the question as to whether they would ever again reappear.

Her fears as to Peter making a choice in life had for a long time

past been lulled into quietude, so Lord Kippendale's cruelly concise note was a shock almost stupefying.

"Something must be done," she said, sweeping half-a-dozen unopened notes to one side; "something must instantly be done—but what? I can't manage Peter, I never could; but there must be some way of preventing it: it cannot be that this cruel wrong should be done to my five innocent boys;" and a few real tears actually came to Lady Euphrosyne's relief. She was very fond of the five innocent boys (who at that moment were being remonstrated with by one of the police force for racing their ponies in the Park), and she was very fond too of the increase of prestige and power which might one day be hers as the mother of Sir Philip or Sir David Wyndhurst. She felt that this chance was slipping from her grasp, and she was clutching wildly after it. She was just as likely as not to clutch too near or too far, and thus miss her object altogether, for she had no intellectual resources or presence of mind beyond the artificial sort which she used in social life.

After she had hastily rung the bell, she had got no order ready for the servant; and when she had told him that the boxes were to be packed for Nolesworth that night, she was not yet clear with herself as to what good her presence at Nolesworth would do. But to go she was resolved, even though the cards for her ball—the first ball she had given since her widowhood—were out. People's arrangements must just be upset. There was no question now as to whether that "sweet child Amy" was to be allowed to dance in crape or not, and the bishop's niece might mortally offend the captain's widow for aught Lady Euphrosyne cared.

Her stepson's accident, conveniently magnified for the occasion, was quite enough to explain her flight; and though society might mourn, it would understand. A hasty glance over the list of engagements on the white china slate, a hasty despatching of explanatory notes, a great rushing about of ladies'-maids, and looking-up of time-tables, and Lady Euphrosyne, in her normal state of exhaustion, but still abnormally bewildered, found herself flying towards the north.

Sir Peter was not at the castle; he had not yet been moved from Kippendale. Lady Euphrosyne lost no time in visiting her stepson, but got little satisfaction from her visit. Yes, he said, there was no mistake about it, he was engaged to Lady Frances Bevan. Was the acquaintance a short one? Possibly it was; yes, certainly she was very young, but that was a defect which time was generally supposed to mend. He believed that other men of twenty-seven had married girls of seventeen without anything very dreadful coming of it. He was much obliged, though, for her anxiety regarding his future welfare; he shared the same wishes himself.

It was not till some ten days later that the first passage-of-arms took place between Lady Euphrosyne and her future stepdaughter-in-law. Their meetings had been of too hurried and transitory a nature to allow of much mutual study, until one day Lady Euphrosyne, driving over, found Sir Peter in one of the morning-rooms, with his arm in a sling, and Lady Baby sitting on a footstool beside him. It was a fortnight now since the accident, and this was the invalid's first appearance down-stairs.

"I suppose I can give orders for your rooms to be got ready,"

said Lady Euphrosyne, when, with one of her faintest smiles, she had congratulated her stepson on this improvement. "Of course you will move to Nolesworth this week."

"Oh, but he is not going to move," said Lady Baby. "I don't want him to move."

Lady Euphrosyne did not look at Lady Baby; she looked past her, in a way which said as plainly as words, "Young girls in good society generally wait till they are spoken to."

"Will you have the close or the open carriage, Peter, for driving over?"

"Neither, thanks; I am not coming over just yet."

"But," said Lady Euphrosyne, "it is so unusual, you know, when your own house is close by. There is a sort of custom in these things. It is always bad taste to do what is unusual."

"I like unusual things," said Lady Baby. She had her chin up in the air, and was looking dangerous. There was always some mischief to be expected when Lady Baby's chin took that upward direction. She had grasped the outline of Lady Euphrosyne's attitude, and had taken up her own; for no deer that ever sniffed the forest-breeze was quicker in scenting danger than was Lady Baby in guessing at the faintest shadow of a patronising control. Lady Euphrosyne, on her side, had an instinct in divining tractable and intractable subjects—those that would be led by her superior wisdom and those that would not. She had hitherto disliked her future stepdaughter-in-law because she was her future stepdaughter-in-law; but from this moment forward she disliked her because she was herself.

"Then am I to understand," she resumed, with a quiver in her

voice, and looking *through* Lady Baby, by way of a change, instead of past her,—“am I to understand that Peter means to take up his quarters here until the—the——?” the word stuck in her throat.

“Until the wedding,” finished Peter. “No; not quite. Of course there will be matters to be looked after at Nolesworth.”

“We are going to have a tenants’ ball,” broke in Lady Baby, “and I hear I shall have to dance with all the farmers.”

“With *all* the farmers?” echoed Lady Euphrosyne, with a little gasp, for matters were going at an awfully fast pace, and she felt more helpless than ever in averting their course. “Nobody expects a bride to dance with *all* the farmers,—such a thing is never done; she need only——”

“Dance with the young and good-looking ones?” suggested Lady Baby, with a gleam in her eye. “That is just what I have been saying to Peter; but he didn’t seem to see it, somehow.”

“Excuse me, I meant to say that a bride is only expected to open the ball with the chief tenant; and of course if there happen to be some old and valued farmers on the estate to whom it is thought advisable to show a little extra favour they can be given a turn. This is what is generally done.”

“Really?” said Lady Baby, with a provoking smile; “it is not what I am going to do: I mean to dance with the sons of the old and valued farmers; and, by the by, Lady Euphrosyne, you have not given up dancing, have you? Perhaps you would consent to take the fathers off my hands?”

Lady Euphrosyne shut her eyes, shuddered, and shortly afterwards retired, feeling generally routed and baffled. “How Peter could make such a choice is to me a

mystery,” she reflected. “There is no getting over the fact that she has turned out pretty, and of course people in London have not got complexions like that; but after all, she is only a piece of inelegant rusticity—and as for her education, I don’t know when I have seen such a display of ignorance on the simplest points of *savoir-faire*!” The question of the forms attending the wedding had for the moment almost swamped the question of the wedding itself; and what she termed the “country-bumpkin tone” in which the tenants’ ball had been discussed was very nearly as upsetting to her as the consideration of the main point. With regard to that there had come over her a hopeless sensation of drifting towards the dreaded rock without a straw to catch at. Without aim or plan she had rushed to the scene of action, and without aim or plan she now continued weakly to harass the enemy’s flanks. It would have been hard to say what result she expected from these tactics.

“I am so glad your stepmother has come,” said Lady Baby, almost fervently, when Lady Euphrosyne had retired after the discussion of the tenants’ ball.

“Why?” asked Sir Peter.

“Because she is the first person who disapproves of our engagement. I was afraid that everybody was going to approve, and that would have been so monotonous.”

She gave an impatient sigh, and threw back her head against the wall.

“Was I not right when I wanted you to wear the *bonnet rouge*?” said Sir Peter, watching her through his half-closed eyelids.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that if you cannot be

a despot you would wish to be a rebel."

"Oh, don't begin that again," she said with a frown, and she put up her hand to close his mouth; but the little white fingers were taken and kissed instead, at which the frown melted into something softer, though the tip of a restless foot still beat the floor.

It was not the first time that these symptoms had shown themselves, and during the days that followed they showed themselves more frequently. In the very beginning of her engagement the newly affianced bride had been unusually quiet and subdued. Gradually, however, as Sir Peter recovered, as the engagement became fully recognised, and as good wishes and congratulatory visits poured in from all sides, Lady Baby began to show signs of restlessness. From morning to night she heard of nothing but of the general approval which was felt at her marriage. Everybody was steeped to the lips in a state of contentment and delight, so uniform as to be just a little wearisome. Lord Kippendale went about rubbing his hands and giving little approving pinches to his youngest daughter's cheek, or little sly fatherly pulls to her ear. Nicky's beaming grin grew wider every day; Germaine took every opportunity of half suffocating her in his brotherly embrace; and Agnes became almost loquacious in pointing out the great advantages of the arrangement.

as if this atmosphere of approval at home were not oppressive enough, the whole neighbourhood showed itself unanimous, clamorous, in declaring that a suitable marriage had not for years past been made. It was in fact, so incredible that the words ran so smoothly from its lips, that it was almost disconcerting in its suitability.

squires had felt convinced that this was going to be the end from the very moment that they had seen Sir Peter in his helmet as Launcelot. That had been the first step towards the making up of the feud, and this would be the final dissolution of that estrangement which had, of course, not failed to throw a certain chill upon the social life of the neighbourhood. In one word, the marriage was considered very nearly as a political event; and, as Maud Epperton suggested, it was evidently felt by some among the Border families that the union of the crowns was only now about to be accomplished. Maud's own personal congratulations had been proffered with a warmth which was not the less sincere from being somewhat mixed in its elements.

"To think that the Border raid was to end in this way!" she said, laughing softly, as she held Lady Baby's hands and looked into her eyes. "If a Border minstrel had risen from his grave on that day to foretell this one, I would have given him the lie." She stooped and kissed the younger 'girl's cheek. "You will be very happy," she added, turning away, for she did not want Lady Baby to see the tears that even in the very saying of the words had sprung to her eyes. It was not that she grudged Lady Baby her happiness; "Live and let live" had ever been Maud's motto. But after

order to let others live you must live yourself; and at the contrast between the old story of the Broughton gilt. Broughton face with the actual, which Lady make, its brilliant, were, straight could not fa

vividly to remember that she had once intended to make that match herself. There had even been moments lately, passing moments, when meeting Sir Peter's artist's eye upon her, the haunting question had risen to her mind, "Would it, after all, have been impossible? Did I not throw up the game too soon? I wonder what the end would have been?" She was asking herself the question now, even as she turned away from Lady Baby; and yet, for all that, her kiss had been sincere.

From one person alone had Lady Baby heard not even the most set phrase of congratulation, or received the most conventional pressure of the hand. Mr Carbury had left the house abruptly on the morrow of the picnic. It was natural, under the circumstances, that he should go; but he need not have gone in such a hurry. Perhaps, as Germaine suggested, he was huffed at the small recognition which his feat of horsemanship had met with; for, from the moment of Sir Peter's fall, no one had as much as asked after the small stable-boy's fate, and probably no one but the small boy himself was aware of the skill with which the runaway dog-cart had been rescued.

So Mr Carbury went; but he did not go back to London—he quite unexpectedly discovered that he had some more visits to pay in Scotland, and, as Germaine reported a few days later, he was "still haunting the neighbourhood."

But Lady Baby had never one blank in the congratulations. The to her to be unimpaired this universal ed itself the more grow. When the unpacking wed-
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ding-presents had worn off, she began to get tired of the eternal tea-sets and fire-screens, and to exhibit impatience at the sight of new parcels. "There is something the matter with you," said Sir Peter, one day, when she had pushed aside a set of ormolu writing things, having scarcely taken the trouble to examine them.

"There is nothing the matter with me; but I am sick of writing notes of thanks, and I have no more room to put the things. There are seven writing-table sets on the top of my wardrobe already, and I daren't move for fear of knocking down china vases. I shall get Maud to answer my notes now. She writes notes beautifully."

"Shall I tell you what is the matter with you?" asked Sir Peter, having quietly waited till she had done speaking.

"What?"

"It is prosperity that is the matter with you. Things are going so smooth that you would like a little adversity to roughen them a bit. Where are you going to?"

"Up-stairs, to Maud, to speak about the notes," said Lady Baby rather frigidly, as she walked to the door. She made her exit with great dignity; but outside she turned her face once more and went through a fierce little bit of pantomime, which consisted in a phantom stamp and a small fist shaken at the curtained entrance. Then, instead of going up-stairs at once, she sat down on the lowest step of the staircase, and seemed intent on deliberately digging the nails of one hand into the palm of the other.

Was there something wrong, then, beyond the mere want of resistance in her surroundings?

stand in the way of any one's pleasure. Since the polo-ground was ready, there was no reason why he should not come over next day.

"To-morrow, of course,—let it be to-morrow," said Lord Kippendale, whose propensities were of a chronically hospitable nature; "no use in putting off things. Let him come by all means to-morrow." No visitor ever was proposed for Kippendale without Lord Kippendale murmuring, in his sleep as it were, "Let him come by all means."

The Miss Smarts were already seated in the carriage, when Mr Carbury all at once muttered something about a stick, and walked back into the hall. Lady Baby was still standing there. He walked straight up to her. "Are you sure I am to come?" he asked. "Are you quite sure?"

Even then it was not too late; even then she might have taken warning by the forced calm of his tone, by the fevered light in his eyes. But she looked in his face and saw nothing, or saw only that he had certainly worn very badly for his years. She never perceived that behind that spoken question there was another question unspoken, and that his eyes, all afire with that question, were burning themselves into hers. If a doubt crossed her mind at that moment, it was a doubt as to whether the instrument she had chosen was not too worn and weather-beaten to be of very great use. It was a pity that there was no younger man at hand, one of whom Sir Peter might more reasonably be expected to be jealous; but since there was not, this haggard worldling must do, *faute de mieux*.

These were the only thoughts that passed through her mind as she gave him her hand once more, and once more said that he was to come. And in the next minute

he was gone, and only a flutter of blue veils was to be seen as the carriage rolled down the avenue.

Lady Baby walked back deliberately into the drawing-room. She knew that Sir Peter was still there, and she was desirous of hearing what remark he would have to make on her so unnecessarily pressing invitation to Mr Carbury. Sir Peter was deep in the evening paper; he did not look up as she entered. "Perhaps he is sulky," she hopefully reflected; and she went and busied herself with some flowers at the other end of the room, waiting for the storm to break. Presently the paper rustled, and he spoke.

"They are going to have a wonderful take of herrings it seems this year off the Norway coast," he observed, in quite his usual tone.

"I take no interest in herrings," she loftily replied.

"But I do,—or rather, I take an interest in the people and the places mentioned. How I did enjoy that cruise!"

"Perhaps you wish yourself back there?" she suggested.

"Occasionally, yes,"—and he took up the paper again.

Lady Baby came, and sat down on a footstool some little distance from him and waited. She waited some minutes, but he did not speak again. She tapped her heel against the floor, he did not move; she twisted up a scrap of paper, and threw it at him,—it only hit him on the knee, and he did not yet look up—he was smiling at something or other in the article about the Norway herrings. She aimed another pellet, more accurately this time, for it brushed his ear. He looked up with a little surprise.

"What was that? Did anything fall? Can I do anything for you?"

"No, nothing; please don't let me engage your attention. Newspapers are so much more interesting than——"

"Dear me, child!" and he put down his paper; "how black you are looking? Has anything occurred to put you out of temper?"

"It is very evident that nothing has occurred to put *you* out of temper," she said, biting her lip.

"No, nothing has that I know of. I feel all right just now, thank you."

"I suppose," and her voice slightly quivered—"I suppose that you have no objection *whatever* to Mr Carbury coming here?"

"To Carbury coming here? Good heavens! No! What earthly objection could I have? Surely your father is free to ask whom he chooses."

"It was not papa who asked him,—it was I who did so;" and she tried to look unspeakable things. If the crisis was ever to come, it should have come now; if Sir Peter was ever to drop his mask of serenity (it could only be a mask), he should have dropped it now. And the drawing-room carpet was soft and thick, and could not hurt any one's knees to go down upon. Why, people in novels thought nothing of going down plump upon granite flag-stones and "shingly beaches"; even limpet-covered rocks appeared to be of no account whatever to the ardour of those gentlemen. There was no excuse for Sir Peter. But all he said was—

"Yes, I heard you inviting him; and he seemed to need some pressing, too."

"I am glad he is coming," she burst out; "he will be a great acquisition. He knows about so many things, and I find him extremely — extremely interesting,"

she concluded, having hastily cast about for a suitable term.

"So do I; vastly interesting. Carbury seems to me like a distilled essence of experience. You can't mention a place that he has not been to, or an exploit that he has not been mixed up in, or at any rate knows more about than you do. He has had all illnesses, and felt all sensations. Oh, Carbury is quite the most interesting fellow I know."

"And good-looking, too; that is to say, he certainly must have been very handsome, and his eyes are extremely fine."

"So they are," acquiesced Sir Peter, who now was biting his moustache, as though to repress a rising smile; "at least they would be if you had a chance of seeing them; but he doesn't seem to think it worth while to keep them open. I suppose he is tired of seeing his fellow-creatures."

"And he can be very amusing when he chooses," persisted Lady Baby.

"Yes; but I think he is more amusing when he doesn't choose," and Sir Peter took up his paper again, this time merely for the sake of holding it before his face.

"Are you going to read your paper again?" inquired Lady Baby, bitterly. "Do you know that Nicky never read any paper at all the whole six weeks he was engaged, and that he couldn't have told what party was in office if you had shot him for it?"

"I have no difficulty in believing it. Now that he isn't engaged I never see him opening a paper."

"And do you know," she went on gloomily, "that poor George used to read poetry aloud to Kate by the hour, actually by the hour? He read her the whole of the 'Excursion' and of the 'Deserted

Village,' while they were engaged; and he used to serenade her upon several sorts of instruments."

"And she did not break off the engagement?"

"Break off! They were madly in love with each other. Poor George used to call Kate his

'fairest, whitest flower,' and the 'star of his life.' I know it, because Agnes told me so."

"I am afraid," said Sir Peter, calmly—"I am afraid that poor George must have been rather sentimental."

CHAPTER XIV.—THE POLO-LESSON.

When Mr Carbury arrived, Lady Baby happened to be occupied on a ladder in the conservatory. She had taken a gardening fit lately; not that she understood anything about gardening, but she was apt to take up things by fits and starts, and the flowers were having their turn just then.

"I have had the ponies saddled," said Germaine, eagerly. "How long will it take you to dress, Carbury? We might have a bit of practice before those two fellows from the barracks come."

"How ridiculous you are, Germaine!" said Lady Baby, who was sitting on the top rung of her short ladder, with one small foot just visible under the hem of her white dress,—“as if there wasn't time enough to play polo later! I want Mr Carbury to help me with tying up this passion-flower."

"But the ponies are saddled," said Germaine, quite aghast; "and wasn't it for the polo that Carbury came over?"

"For the polo and for other things," said Lady Baby emphatically, and she swept her eyes round to where Sir Peter was apparently quite absorbed in the contemplation of a rare shade of yellow begonia.

"But everything is prepared," said Germaine, looking ready to cry, "and Miss Epperton said——"

"Well," interrupted Lady Baby,

"let Mr Carbury put in a word for himself. Will you play polo at once, Mr Carbury, or will you help me now in tying up this passion-flower? I need some one tall and active."

"Wyndhurst is tall," said Germaine, bluntly.

"But not active—at least, not generally. Well, Mr Carbury, can you be active? Yes, or no?"

Fate had somehow arranged that she was always to be putting this form of question to him, and Fate had also arranged that he was always to answer it with "Yes." He did so now; he could not well have done otherwise in common civility, even if the downward glance of her blue eyes had not been making such things as polo appear to him very distant and indistinct just then. He said he would tie the passion-flower, or hold the ladder, or hand the string, or do anything else required of him; and he spoke to-day with a touch of recklessness in tone and manner—a touch of something very different from his nervous demeanour of yesterday. So the passion-flower was tied, and afterwards polo was played, and Lady Baby came and sat beside Maud, and applauded very loudly whenever the ball was sent through the goal, and seemed to applaud loudest when it was Mr Carbury who sent it. And next day much the same thing took place; there was more

passion-flower tied, and more polo played, more applause, more smiles sent from the top of the ladder to the bottom, and sent most lavishly when Sir Peter was anywhere in the vicinity. A week passed in this way. Lady Baby talked more, laughed more, with each day, and showed a more reckless gaiety. Lord Kippendale saw nothing; he never saw anything that was not immediately thrust under his notice. Sir Peter, apparently, saw nothing either—his manner, at least, never changed. He was perfectly—almost aggravatingly—civil to Carbury, and perfectly, though gravely, affectionate to his betrothed. Germaine did not see much either, though at intervals he was visited by a glimpse of something being wrong somewhere; but he was busy enough himself in those days, and contented himself with the vague impression that, of course, Frances could take care of herself—she always did. Agnes indeed saw, but saw without understanding. Once or twice she had asked a question, but had been immediately and peremptorily silenced. Lady Baby never came now to her elder sister's room to be agreed with; she seemed even to avoid the alarmed questioning of Agnes's great ox-like eyes. Was it possible, was it really possible, Agnes asked herself aghast, that the child was such an arrant flirt—such an insatiable flirt—that she could not renounce the vulgar satisfaction of setting two men by the ears? And such a barefaced flirt too; for Lady Baby, new as she was to the business, could not fail to overdo her part. Her encouragement of Mr Carbury was a great deal too open and ostentatious to have deceived a shrewd and uninterested spectator. Her attempts at the depths of coquetry were of the downright

and reckless sort, not to say awkward,—what Maud, speaking from experience, would have called in-artistic, had her mind just now been free enough to give itself to the subject; and what Lady Euphrosyne would have stigmatised as the country-bumpkin style of doing things. There was none of the *finesse*, there were none of those delicate *nuances*, with which Miss Epperton, under similar circumstances, would have operated. Lady Baby knew of no tactics, and dealt only in downright attacks—in full-gallop charges.

At last one day the climax came, or what she had resolved should be the climax. There had been a polo-match, in which Mr Carbury had at length brilliantly won a long-contested game. Lady Baby, wound up as it appeared to a pitch of enthusiasm, had taken a flower from her hair—it was a flower which Sir Peter had given her—and thrown it to the victor.

"Do you know what that is?" asked Carbury, riding up to the bank where she sat with Sir Peter by her side.

"A tricoloured gloxinia, I believe," she said, laughing.

"No, a badge," said Carbury, as he fastened the flower into his coat. "It would need the point of a lance to lift it from here." He was bending over his horse's neck, and spoke so that she alone could hear him; but he shot a glance towards Sir Peter. It looked like a glance of triumph. His face was still flushed with the exercise, and his eyes were wide open and brilliant. The jaded look had left his features for the moment, he looked almost young, or "almost not middle-aged," as Lady Baby put it to herself.

"Oh, Carbury, stop a moment, if you don't mind," said Sir Peter; "don't change your position. It's

the very thing for a knight of the middle ages. 'After the tournament,' you know, or something in that line. I wish I had my notebook here; that downward bend of the head is absolutely perfect."

Instead of maintaining his position, Carbury bit his lip and sat bolt upright. This was one of the moments when he felt Sir Peter's cool friendliness to be almost insulting. Was the man really so blind as he pretended to be? or was he so conceited, or so confident in his youth, that he would not do the older man the honour of being jealous?

Lady Baby got up from her seat on the bank and stroked the neck of the brown pony. "Firefly knows his business, doesn't he, Mr Carbury? I am sure he runs after the ball of his own accord. It can't be so very difficult to play polo on a good pony; and oh, show me your mallet. It isn't at all heavy; I am sure I could manage it. Don't you think that Jet would make a good polo pony?"

"Why not try?" said Mr Carbury, eagerly. "You would not be my first lady-pupil at polo."

Lady Baby hesitated, and looked sideways at Sir Peter.

"I — I should like it very much," she began; "but I am not quite sure whether it would be — advisable."

"I think it would be most unadvisable," said Sir Peter, decisively.

"Oh! Why?"

"Because it is so very much of a toss-up as to whether you will end by landing on your head or your heels."

"Oh, is that all? I am not afraid of that."

"Then, will you try?" asked Carbury.

"Perhaps. I shall think about it, but I must go home now;" and she turned abruptly and walked towards the house. After a few steps Sir Peter joined her.

"It is very kind of Mr Carbury to want to teach me polo," she began.

"Very."

"And what do you think of the plan?"

"I told you what I think: I think it is extremely foolish."

"Because of the chance of coming down?"

"Yes."

There was nothing more said on the subject. Sir Peter, on reaching the house, went to the smoking-room to write letters for the post. Lady Baby retired to her room. An hour later she was standing on the doorstep in her habit, and pulling on her gloves with a curious air of defiance. She had been as far as the smoking-room door, half intending to go in and announce to Sir Peter that she was about to have her first polo-lesson; but she had come away without turning the handle, and she meant now to go without his knowledge.

"It is quite clear that he does not approve of the polo," she said to herself, "and if this does not bring on the crisis nothing will."

The polo-ground was some distance from the house, in a portion of the park which lay solitary, and surrounded by a grove of beeches. Germaine was still there, practising by himself. The lesson began, but Lady Baby was not quite so promising a pupil as Mr Carbury had expected: she appeared at moments to forget what she was there for, and just as often hit the empty air as the ball. Germaine became rather indignant, and in his eagerness to demonstrate the necessity of sharp turnings, he succeeded in effecting so

very sharp a. turning that he brought his pony to its knees; and though he had pulled it together in a moment, it became evident in the next few minutes that the beast was dead lame.

"It's over then for to-day," he said despondently. "You're coming along with me too, I suppose, Frances?"

"What for? Because your pony is lame? Mine isn't, and I am just beginning to get into the spirit of the game. I shall stay."

"All by yourself with Carbury?" asked Germaine, staring. Mr Carbury was at that moment at the opposite end of the ground.

"Yes; why not?"

"Look here," said Germaine, bluntly, "I don't know what you are driving at; but it strikes me that something is off the square. I don't think you are fair upon Wyndhurst. You had better come home with me. It will be dark in half an hour."

"Dear boy," she said, smiling, but there was something like a demon of recklessness in her eyes,—"when I feel in need of advice I shall know exactly where to come to for it; you seem to have a large stock on hand. In the meantime I am going to play polo."

"And what am I to say to Wyndhurst?"

"Anything you like. You can tell him that my bones are still unbroken."

"Well, it's your own business, of course; but I should recommend you to look out. Those quiet fellows are far the worst sort when once their blood is up. If you don't look out, you may have the devil to pay yet." And Germaine, having eased his conscience, walked off with his pony and left his sister to take care of herself.

If Lady Baby had been calm enough to have taken note of Mr

Carbury's look as he saw Germaine depart, she might have felt moved to recall her brother or to follow him. In the first moment Carbury had been almost as surprised as Germaine; then upon the surprise had come something like a flash of joy; and then, from having been unusually talkative, he grew silent, with that ominous silence which is more dangerous than words.

The polo was resumed, but pursued in a somewhat desultory fashion. Lady Baby's conversation died out by degrees, and she too lapsed into intervals of silence, never noticing the long questioning looks with which Mr Carbury was seeking vainly to meet her glance. Meanwhile the dusk was stealing in, and twice she had suggested going home; and Mr Carbury had pleaded for a few minutes longer, and she had yielded, half unwillingly, and yet with a secret looking forward to the crisis which this must bring about.

It was dusk in good earnest when at length they turned into the grass avenue, moving at a footpace, for the ponies had had a hard afternoon of it. Lady Baby began to feel now that she too was tired, and that polo was, after all, a rather fatiguing game.

"This is the place," said Mr Carbury suddenly, and for a moment he drew rein. "Yes; this is the very place," he repeated, coming to a standstill, and gazing round about him in the dusk.

"Which place?"

"The place where you came through the bushes that evening in spring. I heard the branches rustle, and wondered what it was; it might have been a deer or a hare springing up—how easily it might have been that! but it was not; it was—you. The grass was green, but there were no leaves on

the trees yet. I think there was a bird singing somewhere; was there not?"

"I daresay there was," she said, listlessly. "It is not unusual for birds to sing in spring. That was the day that Suleika threw Nicky. Is it not that day you are talking of?"

"Yes, it is that day."

They moved on again in silence. After a minute, she said, with something between a laugh and a sigh, "It seems a long way off now, and yet it is scarcely three months. That day was like the beginning. You came first, and then Maud, and then Peter."

"That day *was* the beginning," said Carbury.

"I wish it had never begun," she cried, upon some sudden impulse. "I was happier then; everything was so much simpler." She checked herself; but she had said enough already—she had said too much.

Carbury had brought his horse close to her side. "You wish it had never begun?" he said, quickly. "You were happier then? You are not happy now?"

"Yes, yes, I am happy—of course I am happy," she hastily retorted; but even as she said it, she felt something hot on her cheek, and a bright drop fell on the black pony's mane. She was tired and uneasy and dissatisfied with herself, and that tear that fell came only from the petulance of a spoilt child that finds itself unexpectedly crossed in a whim; but Carbury could not know this. He was near enough to see the drop fall, and he started as though it had been liquid fire, and had fallen upon him.

"Happy? You say you are happy? Look at that!" and bending forward, he pointed to the glistening drop which even then

Jet was shaking from his mane. "Do people cry when they are happy?"

But Lady Baby was fiercely drying her eyes, and scarcely heard. As for his face, she could not see it, or the look written there might have scared her into the knowledge of the work she had accomplished. More than once in the past week had this flash of wild hope lighted up Carbury's weary eyes, which at first had looked so uncertain and perplexed, so inclined to be convinced, yet afraid of believing too soon. But Lady Baby, while looking in his face, was calculating the effect of each look upon Peter; while speaking to him, was weighing the importance which each word would gain in Peter's ear; while smiling at him, was measuring the depth of the stab which that smile would be to Peter. Her bodily eyes were on Mr Carbury, but her mental eyes were, so to say, turned over her shoulder towards Peter; and the changes on his face were of no more account to her than would have been the faint breath upon a mirror.

To-night, if it had not been for the dusk, she might have seen more; but they were nearing the house. Oh, to have been now where they had been a quarter of an hour back! thought Carbury. To have been now on the lonely grass-plot among the beeches! He could have said much then; he could say little now.

"There is something wrong; I knew it. I have guessed, I hoped, but I was not sure. I want you to tell me what it is."

"You?" she said, somewhat tremulously, as she pocketed her handkerchief. "Oh, never, never! I could never tell *you*!" Even Lady Baby, accustomed as she was to be petted and consoled by any one to whom she deigned to pour

out her griefs, felt aware that she could scarcely confide in the man whom she had used as her instrument.

"You have some trouble, then, some cause for unhappiness; could you tell it to any one else, and why not to—me?"

He held his breath to listen, for the blood was hammering in his temples.

"Oh, never, never!" she said quickly; "not to you of all men in the world."

His heart gave a leap of insane delight. "You shall tell it me yet," he muttered; for they were entering the porch. "Oh, I have not been blind, and I have understood very well."

"That is why he played into my hands so perfectly," reflected Lady Baby, as she mounted the steps; for, as it suddenly occurred to her, Mr Carbury had certainly been a wonderfully convenient tool, always within reach when she required him, always ready to be made use of. But this was not the occasion for thanking him, supposing that he deserved thanks, for already they were entering the hall. "It will keep till to-morrow," she said to herself; and after hesitating for a moment at the foot of the staircase, she walked slowly towards the smoking-room. The dressing-gong had sounded some time back, but she knew that Peter

generally dressed in the last five minutes. She was a little, just a little, bit frightened at what she had done, but not the less determined to know at once the result of her latest experiment. Supposing that Germaine should be right, and that she was going to have "the devil to pay"? Never mind—in fact, all the better. She set her teeth and went in, feeling that she was strung up to anything, even to being called false and fickle, if that were necessary to relieve Sir Peter's feelings.

He was still at the writing-table, scribbling away against time; but he threw down his pen as she entered, and came towards her. "Well, little one," he said, with his usual grave smile, "so you have had your polo after all—and who won the game?"

"The game—the game?" she stammered, quite taken aback, for she had been armed for anger, or at least cold displeasure, and she was not armed for this; "it was no game."

"What was it, then? Terrible earnest?"—and he drew her towards him to look in her eyes.

"You shall hear what it was," she said, with a sudden display of icy dignity, as she disengaged herself from his arm. "You shall hear what it was—to-morrow," and, abruptly turning, she left the room.

LOVE, LOVE EVER!

BY FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

Oh love, as long as love you can!
Oh love, as long as love you may!
The time is coming when you will stand
By graves, and weep the hours away.

Be careful within your heart to nurse
Warm love that fears not to be shown,
As long as one other heart shall beat
Warmly in answer to your own!

And if one bareth his breast to you,
Repay the trust with love's kindly power;
Make sunny his days as they pass and glad,
And cloud not with sorrow one single hour.

Ah, cruel words are quickly said,
So keep close guard upon your tongue.
"They never were meant to wound!" you say,
But he goes on his way, and his heart is wrung.

Oh love, as long as love you can!
Oh love, as long as love you may!
The time is coming when you will stand
By graves, and weep the hours away.

Then you will kneel down beside his grave,
And bury your streaming eyes—alas,
They never will look on his face again!—
Deep in the long damp churchyard grass.

And you'll cry, "Oh look, look down on me,
Weeping here by thy grave in vain!
Forgive my words, if they hurt! Oh God,
They never were meant to give thee pain!"

But he sees and he hears you not, nor comes
Again to be clasped to your breast. Ah, no !
The lips that kissed you so oft will ne'er
Say, "I forgave thee long ago !"

'Twas so ! Long since he forgave you, but still
Many and many a hot tear fell
For you, and the bitter words you spoke ;
But hush ! He resteth,—with him 'tis well !

Oh love, as long as love you can !
Oh love, as long as love you may !
The time is coming when you will stand
By graves, and weep the hours away.

THEODORE MARTIN.

FRANCE AND HER NEIGHBOURS.

It is now nearly forty years since proclamation was made that war was thenceforth at an end, and the nations of the world were for the future to live together in unity, peace, and concord. Yet we have had at least five great wars since then in Europe alone, and the greatest preoccupation of European statesmen is now to delay as long as possible the outbreak of the sixth. The one quarter from which this outbreak is almost certain to come is therefore naturally the point on which the greatest interest centres. We cannot but feel that the beginning of the struggle must come, even if involuntarily, from the nation which has suffered such cruel humiliation and such actual loss in the immediate past. In France alone there exists, not perhaps a general desire for war, but at least a universal conviction that war must and shall come, it may be in two years or in ten, but sooner or later it is to be undertaken with a deliberate motive. It will not be criminal but just—and all good Frenchmen love fine words—for a nation which seeks only to recover its own and to regain its proper position in Europe. Of course the Government, when there is one, is always full of peaceable professions, and there are a few honest politicians and journalists who maintain that the real interests of France can only be served by a prolonged peace; but even they would probably be unable to stand against the fever of enthusiasm that would be provoked by the immediate prospect of war. For the desire for the *Revanche* is no wild conception of exaggerated chauvinism, but

the deliberate sentiment of a keenly patriotic race, anxious to remove the stigma which they believe still attaches to them on account of the defeat of 1870.

One argument put forward by the peace party is, that in a war with Germany defeat must mean utter ruin, and victory means absolute despotism. Nothing can be conceived which will be too great a reward for the man who can win back Alsace-Lorraine: even should he be without ambition, and of purely patriotic aims, great power in the State, if not supreme power, will be forced upon him, and any one who has the courage to raise a voice of warning will be denounced as a traitor. But this argument is no longer of any avail with a nation that is weary to the death of the freedom which consists in the absence of a leader. If there is a man capable of recovering the lost provinces, the nation would be only too glad to put him at the head of affairs. Indeed the search for a leader is carried at the present time to the strangest extremes. Surely none but the forlornest of hopes could find a fitting leader in M. Boulanger; yet such a man has a party which has stuck to him through reverse and ridicule, and has made him for the time being practically the first man in France. Many causes have no doubt combined to make him so: the vague feeling of discontent with the existing order of things and desire for a change of some kind, so prevalent in France just now, has done much; and much temporary help has been given, too, by politicians of various parties, who believe—as one of the cleverest, if not the most

powerful, of their number has said—that "*le Boulangisme n'est qu'un pont*" over which their party is to step into power. But so far as the movement is a national one, its origin may be traced to the almost despairing hope that here possibly may be found a man who will again raise France to her old position among the nations of Europe; and it is unquestionable that, could he show that this hope was justified, there would be but one cry throughout the country—Away with all the Floquets, and Ferrys, and Clémenceaux in France, and room for *not' brav' général* and his black charger! And if the Republic stands in the way of the glorious career that opens before him and before France, so much the worse for the Republic.

Of course, in words and show there is nothing but peace desired. War, it is true, will come, but it will be entirely the fault of Germany. In any case, it is the obvious duty of patriotic Frenchmen to keep their country in the highest state of military preparation. The most ardent peace-lovers are bound to admit this. Even M. Ernest Lavisse,¹ while expressing in the preface to his '*Essais sur l'Allemagne Impériale*' a confident expectation of the time when France, by giving up her own armaments, shall inaugurate a new era of universal peace, admits that the warlike preparations cannot be abandoned yet awhile. For the present "every Frenchman must be ready to obey at once any orders received by telegraph, and all France is at the disposition of the Minister for War." Something might be done if Germany would quietly give back the annexed

provinces, which is, perhaps, not a very probable contingency; but even then he is not quite sure that disarming would be safe, for he knows that the Germans are always hungering for war. The German empire, he tells us, naturally tends towards war. It was born of war; and it can only live by war. It possesses at the present time an enormous army, even superior to that of 1871, and it is bound to use it. "It would be absurd to employ such forces for a mere parade." M. Lavisse has seen a great deal of German soldiers, both good and bad; indeed, his account of his own experiences of the invasion in the department of the Aisne is one of the most interesting portions of his book. He speaks of them fairly enough, with a touch of bitterness at times at which we cannot wonder, considering that the article on the invasion was written in 1871; but, on the whole, with sufficient impartiality. He has lived with them—or rather they have lived with him—and they told him wonderful things about Germany. Strange to say, he appears to have taken all the swaggering vapourings of the young soldiers with the most perfect seriousness, and sets them down as the deliberate expression of the national sentiment. That Russia has not yet been wantonly attacked, that Austria still retains her German provinces, must, we suppose, be attributed to external circumstances; for M. Lavisse does not seem to have seen any reason for altering his opinion that a craving for conquest is the guiding principle of the German people. His book is, indeed, a mere collection of superficial magazine articles—published

¹ *Essais sur l'Allemagne Impériale*. Par Ernest Lavisse. Paris: Hachette et Cie., 1888.

at intervals during the last seventeen years—which may amuse and may alarm his readers, but can be of little service as affording a true picture of his country's great rival.

A more trustworthy estimate of the points in which Germany is to be feared, of her strength and her resources, is given in the valuable work of M. Charles Grad¹ on 'The German People.' M. Grad is a German subject, and exercises his right as a German citizen by sitting in the Reichstag as member for his native province; but his book, which seems to us of greater solidity and importance than that of M. Lavisse, is written entirely for French readers. He speaks of Germany as a foreign country, with which he happens to be so well acquainted as to be able to impart information on the subject to his compatriots. His conclusions are carefully drawn, partly from official statistics, partly from personal observation, and his work is characterised throughout by the most scrupulous fairness.

To M. Grad one of the most serious dangers to France is to be seen in the extraordinarily rapid increase of the German population. In the fifteen years following the Franco-German war the population of the empire, as he points out, increased to the enormous extent of six millions, giving an average growth of 400,000 a-year. In comparison with this, we find that France has only increased her numbers to the amount of five millions in fifty years, from 1831 to 1881, a period which includes, indeed, the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, but also the acquisition

of Savoy and Nice. A truer estimate, however, is supplied by a comparison of the census of 1885 in Germany with that of 1886 in France. From these returns we find that the growth of the German population in the previous five years was actually treble that of France; and if we take into consideration the amount of German emigration, the contrast will be still more striking. With this increase of numbers comes naturally increase of power. As the population grows, so does the power and influence of the State, and even its actual commercial prosperity, for there is no capital so valuable as human capital to a civilised nation. Our author shows us how the pre-eminence of the older nations in Europe has been continually lessened by the admission of new countries to rank as first-class Powers. In 1700, Great Britain and the Empire were the only rivals that France required to take into consideration. In the course of the eighteenth century, Russia, always formidable from the enormous masses of its population, came to be considered as a great Power in Europe; while Prussia gradually increased in importance, till it took an acknowledged position in the first rank after the wars of Napoleon. A fifth competitor is now furnished by Italy. The rise of these new Powers naturally lessens the influence of the older nations in Europe, and must prove fatal to those who do not keep up with their advance. If France is content to remain in the position she has already gained, instead of continually striving to keep up her power, the other nations will pass

¹ *Le Peuple Allemand: ses Forces et ses Ressources.* Par Charles Grad, Député de l'Alsace au Reichstag. Paris: Hachette et C^{ie}, 1888.

her in the race, and she must lose her position as a first-class Power. In fifty years, according to the calculation of M. Cheysson of the Société d'Economie Sociale of Paris, if the increase of population of the different great Powers maintains the same proportion, and the boundaries of European nations remain as they are now, the population of France will only represent seven per cent of the total; so that, in rather more than two centuries, the part of France in numbers and consequent power will have fallen from one-third to one-fourteenth.

A more immediate danger to France results from the necessary overflow of such a great and ever-growing population. M. Grad invokes the most serious attention of French statesmen to the temptation that a rich and under-populated country offers to "neighbours who find their territory has grown too small for them to live on it with comfort, but who are conscious of their strength, and who are moved by their necessities to demand a portion of the wealth laid up by their side." The increase of population is a force which naturally pushes outwards, and it is continually becoming a matter of greater difficulty to find a legitimate outlet for it. No doubt a great effort has been made to supply this want by the colonial policy on which the German Government has at last embarked. In former years emigration from Germany was directed almost entirely to the United States, which received a greater number of immigrants from Germany than from any other country except the United Kingdom. But it was found that these emigrants were entirely lost to their country. The German settler became a citizen of the United States, heart and

soul, and might as well have been born in the moon for all the good he was to his native country. More than that, he feloniously took away with him the excellent education to which his native country had given so much care, besides his strong German constitution and a certain portion of German effects. In a methodical manner truly German,—counting the amount spent on the education of each emigrant, his pecuniary value as a workman, and the actual property he took with him,—it has been estimated that every hundred thousand emigrants took away from Germany the value of 230 million marks; so that the four millions who left their country for the United States in the last sixty or seventy years, represent an entire loss to Germany of more than 450 millions sterling, or more than double the whole amount of the French indemnity. To avoid this loss, the greatest endeavours are now made to direct the current of emigration to the German settlements recently formed in Africa and Australasia. These colonies, however, do not offer the same inducements to emigrants as can be found in America. German peasants cannot go out to settle in Namaqua Land or New Guinea as they do in America, and live there by the cultivation of the soil. In most of the German settlements native labour alone is employed, and there is no place for poor emigrants. The colonial policy may have been started with the object of providing a country which would receive the overflow of the empire and employ it for its own profit, but from this point of view it must be considered a failure. As an opening for German commercial enterprise, the colonies have done much, and, M. Grad thinks, will

do more, though recent events may lead us to doubt this theory. As providing a new country for German emigrants to settle in, they are practically useless.

The intentions of the imperial Government are directly opposed to any idea of throwing away the superabundant population, which, on the contrary, they desire to turn to a distinct use. If the means cannot be found of employing it abroad, the only alternative seems to be the expansion of the German territory at home. It is no silly dream of conquest and glory that will lead Germany to break the bounds with which she is at present contented, but a deliberate scheme to enlarge the bounds of the empire till its full development is reached. Much may be done in the name of German unity alone; indeed, the inclusion in the empire of outlying German States can only be considered a matter of time. The word "German" is capable of a large interpretation. Holland, Belgium, German Switzerland, the German portions of Austria and the Tyrol, even the Baltic provinces of Russia, are made to fall within what are called the natural limits of the empire. It is not even necessary to prove that the majority of the population of any of these provinces is of German origin; it is quite sufficient that it contains a sufficient number of German communities, whom their brethren cannot suffer to be absorbed in a foreign nation. It is no matter whether the said communities are happier as they are; it is at any rate the duty of their kindred to teach them to appreciate the joys of German unity. Twenty years ago writers were not wanting who reminded their countrymen of the lost treasure that lay far away among the Vosges, where men of German blood still groaned under

the infernal tyranny of the foreigner.

"Doch dort an den Vogesen
Liegt ein verlornes Gut,
Da gilt es deutsches Blut
Vom Höllejoch zu lösen."

For the "yoke of hell," read the sovereignty of France. It does not appear that M. Grad's compatriots have yet succeeded in identifying the German empire with paradise.

But the cry for the completion of German unity can have but little influence on the relations of Germany and France. Though some German atlases include the whole of Flanders in Germany, as the term should be probably understood, it must be at least some time before the yoke can be lifted from the necks of the suffering Teutons of Dunkirk and Lille. But little relief from overcrowding can come from the absorption of the densely populated states of Holland and Belgium; and if an outlet is wanted for the superfluous numbers, why should it not be sought in the rich provinces of France? At any rate, the mere presence of that enormous mass of men, consolidated and disciplined as no other nation in Europe can be, on the other side of the Vosges, cannot but be felt as a standing menace. Sooner or later, it is but natural to fear, this great mass must be pushed forward by its own weight, and there will be a fresh eruption into France, still more terrible than that of 1870. It is no small party in France which thinks the wisest thing would be to strike the first blow, before Germany gets yet more powerful. One decisive check to her advance, and the consequences might be enormous; the great fabric of the united empire would be shaken to its very foundations.

It is a favourite delusion among a certain class of French writers, that the empire is by no means so strong as it looks; that the tyranny of the imperial system is deeply felt and resented; and that the nations of the south become more disaffected every day. M. Grad is by no means of this opinion. To him, "the work of German unity is from henceforth irrevocable, and though subject to occasional intermissions, goes steadily forward to its completion." The solidarity of the empire has been assured by the policy of the central Government, which seeks above all to Germanise every portion of its territory. Germany cannot, any more than other European nations, claim to be inhabited by one race alone. There are German, Slav, and Celtic elements in Germany, just as there are German and Celtic in France. The very language, even, of which Arndt sings so boastfully, that the German may call every land his—

"So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt,"

that language itself is a mere compromise. It is not the native speech of any part of Germany; but a conventional medium of communication, devised for the various races to be able to understand each other. But it is the only language that has any legal standing in Germany, just as it is only as Germans that the inhabitants of the imperial territory can even be admitted to exist. In the eye of the law there are no Poles in Posen, no Danes in Schleswig, no Frenchmen in Elsass-Lothringen. In many cases—particularly that of Posen—the old nationality has been stamped out by the exercise of great severity. The patriotic deputy of Alsace is full of sympathy for the Poles who have suffered in times past what his countrymen have to endure now. But

his sense of justice will not allow him to condemn entirely measures which conduce certainly to the collective advantage of the empire. In Germany, he tells us, the proportion of subjects speaking a foreign language is now not more than 8 per cent, in consequence of the policy of "Germanisation":—

"Whether we approve or disapprove its application, the efforts of the German Government to bring the whole population of the empire to unity of language have a political tendency, the effects of which certainly contribute to the strengthening of the power of the empire. Every man of feeling is deeply wounded by the prohibition of his mother tongue. Reasons of State explain the offence to the susceptibilities of individuals in the higher interest of the community."

In Austria we find a diametrically opposite policy pursued. The various nationalities are religiously preserved, instead of being extirpated. Almost every fraction of the Austro-Hungarian empire has a certain measure of autonomy, and some are practically independent. Each has its own language and its own schools, "to the great detriment of the central authority." These different systems, says the representative of one of the provinces whose national spirit the German Government is deliberately applying itself to crush out, point to inevitable results—the constant increase of the power and solidarity of Germany, and the rapid weakening and final dismemberment of Austria and Turkey, "neither of which have succeeded in transforming the peoples assembled under a common dominion into a real Austrian or Turkish nation." M. Grad recently visited at Prague an asylum for idiots, where "the German-speaking inmates were separated from those of Czech ex-

traction for the satisfaction of public opinion." This is the very *reductio ad absurdum* of Home Rule.

Of all the forces that have most contributed to produce and maintain German unity, none has been, in M. Grad's opinion, of such value as the national army. The surest bond of fellowship is that of having fought together. The same force has produced the same results in France and Italy. For five centuries Italy had a common language and literature without becoming a nation; five or six years of a national army have sufficed to effect its union before our eyes. France, too, had no real unity till the day "when Provençals and Normans, Alsacians and Bretons, assembled in the same regiments under the same standards, formed the French nation." It is indeed the recollection of this united French army which, in M. Grad's opinion, makes one of the strongest reasons why Alsace should belong to France and not to Germany. Similarly, in Germany the army has the greatest effect in keeping up the idea of a common nationality. No other imperial institution has the same influence. The merest suggestion of the possibility of war is enough to silence factions in Germany. "Bavarians and Würtembergers, forgetting their particularist grudges, rush forward to stand shoulder to shoulder with the hated Prussians. Under the national banner there are none but Germans, obeying a common discipline."

German discipline is almost a by-word in France, where, foolishly enough, it is cited for the depreciation of the German soldier. He is a formidable adversary no doubt, but it is no credit to him; he does not fight because he is naturally brave or patriotic, but simply be-

cause his officer tells him to fight, and he dare not disobey. The whole army is a mere machine, an engine of war—a very terrible and dangerous one—but only formidable as an ironclad or a mitrailleuse is formidable, and taking as little individual part in anything it does. No one speaks of the gallantry of a torpedo, or the heroism of a piece of armour-plating; and it is equally absurd to apply such terms to the German army, which is just as mechanical a contrivance as any other. There is an element of truth in this view. Fortunately for himself, the German is usually quite content to feel that he is only one of the wheels of a great machine, as he knows that it is these wheels that make the whole thing go. But M. Grad takes a very different view of the German discipline. To him it seems the very incarnation of all soldierly qualities:—

"The tried discipline of the German army puts in the hands of its leaders a docile and sure instrument, on which they can absolutely rely. The troops of other countries may have more dash, more fire, a more impetuous attack. By temperament and education the German soldier submits himself to a strict obedience, which is all the more valuable a quality in an army which is also excellently officered and very strong in numbers. Obedience and respect for authority, what a security they offer for tranquillity at home, and what an advantage in war!"

M. Grad insists much upon the value attached to the army, and the incessant efforts employed to keep it in a perfectly efficient state. The foundation on which the empire is built is the national army, which forms its chief strength at home as well as abroad. The result, in fact, of the military organisation of Germany, is not only its union, but what M. Grad calls its

"Prussification." The Prussian Government has always attached the greatest importance to military organisation. In the old days of the North German Confederation, it was by the influence of her great military force that Prussia could impose her will on the Diet. In 1867 the adoption of the Prussian military system by the Southern States was made a condition of their admission to an offensive and defensive alliance with the Confederation of the North. By the constitution of 1870, the Prussian system became the system of the empire, even to its smallest details. Every German is now bound to a certain term of military service, through which he becomes the absolute vassal of the King of Prussia, as commander-in-chief of the German federal army. The military articles of the constitution practically invest the Emperor with absolute and irresponsible control over all Germany.

"All German troops," says the sixty-fourth article, "are obliged to obey unconditionally the Emperor's orders. This obligation is contained in the military oath. The officer in command of each contingent, as well as all officers commanding troops in more than one contingent, and all commanders of fortresses, are appointed by the Emperor. The officers appointed by the Emperor take the military oath of allegiance to him. The appointment of generals and officers acting as generals in any particular contingent, depends, in every case, upon the approbation of the Emperor. The Emperor has the right of choosing officers from any contingent of the imperial army by removal, with or without promotion, for employments designated by him for the service of the empire, either in the Prussian army, or in the other contingents."

In addition, the Emperor has the power of erecting fortresses in any portion of the imperial terri-

tory. It is "not only his right, but his duty," to take such measures to keep up the numbers and efficiency of the army as he thinks proper. Most important of all is his power, as federal commander-in-chief, to declare any portion of the imperial territory under a state of siege, even in case of internal troubles. He can thus make himself absolute military dictator, as all power passes from the civil to the military authorities when the state of siege is declared, and the latter are directly under his own control. No other State in Germany has this power.

The three southern kingdoms alone have retained any control over their troops; the other States have gradually allowed their forces to be incorporated in the Prussian army. Even of these three, Bavaria is the only one which retains its own military organisation and the right of appointing superior officers, with the obligation to put itself under the orders of the Emperor in case of mobilisation. Saxony and Würtemberg have each their own ministers of war, and each furnish an army-corps to the federal army, which is exclusively recruited in their own dominions. But their authority is really limited to the appointment of subordinate officers and the employment of their troops for police purposes within their territories. They have also the right of inspection, and they must receive notice of all promotions and appointments made by the imperial authorities in connection with their troops, "in consideration of their privileges as sovereigns." But they have only the right to approve such measures, not to disapprove. All other military authority belongs to the Emperor alone. Some powers are indeed reserved to the war commit-

tee of the Federal Council, but the Council is not allowed to appoint this committee, or that upon naval affairs, itself; the members are nominated by the Emperor as commander-in-chief of the federal forces.

Thus the army, as M. Grad points out, is of quite as great use within the German empire as it can be outside. It has materially strengthened the bonds which bind the empire together, and has, above all, been the principal agent in furthering the work of centralisation for which the Prussian Government is so eager. Other methods of advancing the same object are provided by the imperial constitution. The Emperor has alone the right of declaring war and making peace, of concluding alliances and treaties with foreign Powers, receiving and accrediting ambassadors in the name of Germany, convoking and dissolving the imperial chambers, of promulgating the imperial laws and enforcing them. This constitution, once established, can practically never be changed except by the grace and favour of the ruling State. No motion for any constitutional reform can be accepted by the Federal Council if it is opposed by fourteen votes, and Prussia has seventeen out of the fifty-eight which make the whole strength of the Bundesrath. So the influence of the smaller States goes on decreasing day by day. Their opinion is not asked on the most important questions. Their laws are abrogated by new codes drawn up by the imperial assemblies. "Their autonomy," M. Grad justly remarks, "will shortly be restricted to the control of the local police, local poor-laws, and the care of local highways."

There is, however, yet one ex-

ception to the absolute centralisation for which Prince Bismarck works so hard. The imperial Government has not yet got full hold upon the national purse. In the old constitution of the Zollverein, the common revenues were divided among the various States according to their population, and the annual deficit was supplied by contributions in the same proportion. The expenses of the empire proved too great to be managed in this simple method; the deficit was such that the smaller States could not pay a sufficient contribution without burdening themselves with debt. It is true there was the French indemnity to count upon at first; but, in M. Grad's opinion, this sum, great as it was, did more harm than good. The raising of prices was one of its immediate effects; a certain recklessness in the outlay of the first two or three years was another. Later on, the new burden of the imperial expenditure began to make itself felt; the indemnity money was gone, and the nation no richer. There were even heavier charges to be borne than in the old days of disunion. To meet these complaints the central Government proposed a perfectly plain and straightforward scheme to abolish the old system of contributions and substitute direct imperial taxation. The Reichstag were not slow to discover the mark of the beast upon this fair proposal. Once the contributions are abolished, the smaller States are reduced to absolute subjection to the central authority; it is the one point in which they yet maintain a partial independence. And the right of making up a certain portion of the imperial budget they have maintained so far. Probably the imperial Government will in the end get

perfect control of the purse; at present it must content itself with the sword and the scales. The contributions as at present fixed are not quite equal to a fourth of the imperial expenditure. More than half is supplied by the customs revenue—even of States not included in the Zollverein,—and another fourth is got from the imperial taxation already established.

A more serious obstacle to the plans of the German authorities, or indeed to any system of government, is to be found in the rapid rise of Socialism in Germany. Perhaps in no other country have the Socialist doctrines had the same success. From the figures M. Grad gives us of elections for the Reichstag, it appears that their voting strength in 1887 was actually six times as great as it was in 1871. The actual numbers are not so formidable, but the proportion in which they have advanced is most remarkable. From 120,000, which was their whole voting strength in 1871, they have risen to 760,000 in 1887. This is not sheer gain, for the total number of the electorate has almost doubled in the same time: from under four millions just after the war, it has now reached seven millions and a half. Nor is it the greatest gain in actual numbers, but that only shows that time is required to develop it to its full strength. In strong contrast to the rapid growth of the Socialist party is the condition of the National Liberals, whom they regard as their worst enemies. In 1871 the National Liberal party was by far the strongest in the State; it was the only one which could count more than a million voters in the empire. In 1887 it was hardly half as strong again, having

only risen from 1,170,000 to 1,670,000. In the same time the Conservative party, properly so called, has more than doubled its numbers—from 550,000 to nearly 1,150,000—and their allies of the Imperial party from 340,000 to 736,000. The whole strength of the Right—including the two last-named parties and the extinct section of Independent Conservatives, numbering 270,000 voters in 1871—shows about the same proportion of increase as the National Liberal party, except that from being slightly the weaker of the two in 1871, it is now rather the stronger. The Centre, composed of Clericalists and Particularists (the supporters of the interests of particular States against the policy of centralisation), have more than doubled their numbers—from 720,000 to 1,516,000. The Progressists, who occupy a position between the National Liberals and the Socialists, have also done well, rising in the same sixteen years from 340,000 to 970,000. In addition to the parties already mentioned, the figures of the 1887 election show an Alsace-Lorraine vote nearly a quarter of a million strong, almost the same number of Poles, a hundred thousand Hanoverians, and a small contingent of Danes, all avowed enemies of the empire, but whose political action, at least, has as yet done it no great harm.

Socialism has undergone many strange vicissitudes in Germany. It has occurred to its leaders more than once to find themselves on the same side as Prince Bismarck, and to be utilised for the furthering of that astute personage's projects. Thus the demand for universal suffrage, which was the cherished project of Ferdinand Lassalle, was warmly supported

by Bismarck as being like to prove a valuable instrument in furthering his schemes for national unity — another object for which the Prussian statesman and the Socialist leader fought side by side. When universal suffrage was established, the Socialists were wild with triumph; from this moment, they said, we have an army on foot. This army, as we have seen, has grown at an alarming rate. According to M. Grad's statistics, its growth corresponds to that of the population of the great towns in which it naturally finds its strongholds, but of latter years it has even exceeded this proportion. It is also by far the best organised party in Germany. Still, the triumphs the Socialists were to gain are yet in the mists of the future, and the object with which Prince Bismarck was their ally has been already gained. It seems doubtful whether they profited much by his assistance.

The Socialist members of the Reichstag have usually acted with a moderation and decency which is not universal in the House of Commons. Though they do not conceal their ulterior aims, the schemes they have laid before the assembly have been of such a character that, in the words of a German Minister, quoted by M. Grad, "If these proposals expressed all the ideas and intentions of their promoters, the authors of the bill might as well sit on the Right as on the Left of the Reichstag." The parliamentary programme of 1885, of which our author gives an exhaustive account, sought to establish a new organisation of labour, resting mainly upon three points — the establishment of a Government Labour Office, of Courts of Arbitration to decide disputes between employers and workmen, and of

mixed boards called Labour Chambers, in all manufacturing districts. The chief Labour Office (*Reichsarbeitsamt*) at Berlin would be the head of a number of district offices, each with a Labour Councillor (*Arbeitsrath*) at its head, which would inquire into the conditions of labour in its particular district and report to the central authority. The Courts of Arbitration (*Schiedsgerichte*), which were to be formed by an equal number of employers and workmen, were to form a tribunal of first instance in all trade disputes. The Labour Chambers were to act as a court of appeal in these matters, and also were to assist the district offices in examining the condition of the working men in their district, the abuses prevalent there, the possible reforms, &c. The real object the Socialist members declare to be the acquisition of an organisation largely composed of workmen, one of whose first measures will be to shorten the hours of work, and lessen the amount of production, so that "the German market will not always be flushed with wares, while those who produce them live on starvation wages, and consequently cannot be consumers of the products of their labour." The lessening of the hours of work in other nations has not, however, been found to retard production. Another project is that of equalising wages for all kinds of labour, skilled or unskilled, good or bad. The millennium which did not immediately follow the establishment of universal suffrage will be reached when the hours of labour have been diminished. Unfortunately the Reichstag has its own opinions; and its committees, while approving some of the minor plans of the Socialists, directed solely to

the amelioration of the condition of German operatives, have ruthlessly rejected the most politically important proposals, notably that of the Labour Chambers.

That German workmen will be gradually admitted to a greater share in the administration of labour cannot be doubted. Prince Bismarck has tried repression of Socialism by severe measures, and has found the principal result of his policy to be the union of the two conflicting factions of Socialism, the followers of Lassalle and of Karl Marx, whom nothing short of persecution could have united. Failing this, the Chancellor has conceived a scheme of dishing the Socialists by utilising such of their schemes as are practicable in a grand system of State Socialism. The Reichstag has shown itself disposed to assist in reforming abuses. Restrictions will be imposed on the employment of women and children. Trades-unions, which the German Socialists despise and dislike, will be encouraged. The system of obligatory insurance against sickness and accident—the former paid by the workman, the latter by the employer—has done much good, and will do more. The obligatory insurance for old age will soon follow. These measures are not popular with the Socialists, just as the Land Purchase Act is not popular with the Parnellites, because they really relieve distress in the name of good government, instead of fomenting it in the interests of disorder. Not to mention that a properly controlled system of State Socialism has no little influence in strengthening the Chancellor's schemes of centralisation.

The most dangerous point of German Socialism, in the opinion

of many, is its repudiation of the idea of nationality. The Socialist workman regards himself as *ein vaterlandsloser Mensch*, a man without a country. The Socialists of the school of Lassalle were more or less patriotic up to the date of the Congress of Gotha in 1875, when the two rival factions coalesced, and the united parties adopted the theories of Karl Marx, by which the operatives are bound to give up all ideas of nationality, and look merely to the cosmopolitan conspiracy of the poor against the rich, or the less poor. Of course, all these cosmopolitans have to go through the army in Germany like their fellow-citizens, but they make very bad soldiers, even to a point hardly creditable for the International Society. Regarding the recruits from manufacturing towns, whom the Socialists claim as their disciples, M. Grad quotes the opinion of a German officer, Captain Hönig:—

“Among the recruits from the manufacturing towns, drunkenness, immorality, theft, and brawling are always to be found. Brought up without family, without religious education, these men lose in the factories even the education they have received at school. Offences are constant among them as soon as they become soldiers. Add to this the want of respect for law, order, and authority, in which the majority of the people of the manufacturing towns have grown up. . . . Desertion from the garrison, abandonment of their posts, inexactitude and untrustworthiness, are daily manifested in this class. . . . The sentiment of honour, without which education is nowhere possible, has been dried up in the pestilential atmosphere of the factories.”

It should be borne in mind that Socialism and atheism are preached together by the German propagandists.

M. Lavissee rather congratulates his countrymen on the existence of these discordant elements in the German army; but it yet remains to be seen whether their influence is at all widespread among the soldiers, though, with customary coldness, the Socialist leaders claim that two soldiers out of every three are their disciples. In any case, it is but a feeble kind of strategy to count on the number of rogues in the enemy's army. It is true that the Socialists expressed their disapproval of the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, but there is little ground to hope that they would favour France any more than their native country, unless a general massacre of *bourgeois* could be undertaken as a preliminary of war. Unless some more tangible weak point can be shown, France is still likely to consider Germany as always her most formidable enemy.

The relations between Italy and France are upon an entirely different footing from those with Germany. Here there are no time-honoured feuds, no immemorial jealousies, and, above all, none of the race-hatred which influences French feeling towards the Empire. But there does exist, instead, another sentiment which has the most demoralising effect upon the imperfect nature of man, and from which even dogs are not wholly free. It is a trying thing, say, for a crack golfer to find that an opponent, to whom he has been in the act of giving odds, has become quite his equal in skill, and the case is still more exasperating when the latter has received from him his first instruction in the rudiments of the game. This is very much the kind of feeling which

produces the sort of "Confound her impudence" tone in which France is apt to deal with Italy. French generosity has obviously been carried too far, if the result of Solferino and Magenta is to create a powerful rival for France, instead of a humble and grateful *protégée*, ready and willing to accept instructions from Paris. Italy is ready enough to be grateful for the really great services which France rendered to the cause of Italian liberty—though it may be occasionally suggested that, after all, Napoleon did not carry out what he undertook to do, and was magnificently recompensed for what he did—but within reasonable limits. A nation cannot live on gratitude alone. It was through an alliance with another Power that Italy acquired the province of Venetia, and thus formed an obligation which prevented her from coming to the assistance of her older supporter in 1870, very much against the will of Victor Emmanuel. That this latter alliance is still kept up, to the apparent detriment of the former, is, of course, a sufficient reason for the outcry about ingratitude which is perpetually raised; but there is no doubt that the feeling is intensified and embittered at the idea of Italy presuming to have a real independent nationality at all.

This feeling is most thoroughly represented by the author of '*L'Italie Contemporaine*.'¹ M. Méreu has evidently commenced his work with an object before him; he is a kind of national reviewer who has got a country to cut up, an insolent young nationality which has been spoken of too highly and must be made to know

¹ *L'Italie Contemporaine*. Par H. Méreu. Paris: E. Dentu, 1888.

its faults, if only in its own interests, that it may be taught not to aspire too high. In this character it is his duty not to approve of anything, but there are some natural limits to his severity. It is a generally understood thing with political disputants of every kind, that they have the people on their side. In their bitterest invectives against Italy, French writers always remember that the people of Italy are not to blame. Once free them from the control of the sovereigns and ministers who lead them astray and whom they detest, and they would at once make Italy a French province. The bitterest attacks are reserved for the monarchy. Not that any special amount of abuse falls to the part of the king himself. M. Méreu does not charge him with sending troops to certain defeat in battles in which he did not dare to appear himself, of which he accuses Victor Emmanuel; nor with skulking from the cholera, which is imputed to the Duke of Genoa. His Majesty may have occasionally dirtied his pinafore in days gone by, but he is not a profligate horse-jobber, such as the Duke of Aosta is represented to be, nor does he indulge in the cruelty to animals in which the Pope is alleged to take particular delight. The chief fault, in fact, which is attributed to the king, is the economy, necessitated by the extravagance of his predecessor, which prevents the Italian Court from being either gay or brilliant. In the history according to Victor Hugo, Cromwell declares that he can only find two charges brought against him :—

“ Mes seuls crimes sont donc, à les en écouter,
De saluer trop mal et de trop bien compter.”

King Humbert is more fortunate in only incurring one of these accusations, as careful mention is made of the gracious manner in which he acknowledges the salutations of his people. Otherwise, but for occasional breaches of the tenth commandment in regard to curiosities in the possession of other people, M. Méreu admits that he does well enough.

The system of constitutional monarchy, however, which is not only anti-republican but successful, is vehemently attacked. If the king himself escapes, it is only at the cost of his Government. The Italian Prime Minister for the time being enjoys much the same position on the French side of the Alps as the Chief Secretary for the time being has among the Irish members. As long as he remains in power, nothing is too bad to say of him; but when he retires, he turns out to be not so very bad after all—at any rate, vastly superior to the unspeakable ruffian who succeeds him. This accounts for the fact that Signor Crispi, now the best-hated man in France,—a position of which we must say that *il ne l'a pas volé*—he has done his best to deserve it,—is passed over with a reference to Mazzini's remark about him, that he would be the last minister of the monarchy, corrected by M. Méreu into a prophecy that he will outlive the monarchy and be the first minister of the future republic. The most vehement invective is directed against Signor Depretis, who was at the head of affairs at the time the account was written. That worthy minister has gone to answer for himself before a more important tribunal than any to which M. Méreu can summon him, but it is much to be doubted whether he ever deserved either

the praise or the blame which is bestowed upon him here. There are lucid intervals in our author's invective, and at one place he sagely remarks that the political record of Signor Depretis was honourable but not extraordinary; it contained many services rendered to the State, but not one brilliant action. The criticism is an excellent one. Later on, however, M. Méreu awakes again to the imperative necessity of vilifying the Italian Premier, and multiplies his own judgment by making out the late Prime Minister to have been a man of extraordinary talent and extraordinary vices, keeping himself at the head of affairs only by unscrupulous tergiversation and a system of duplicity and corruption so atrocious that we are astounded to find him described at the end as "*honnête homme au fond*." It is, however, explained that the term "honest" only implies that he had never cut a throat or picked a pocket.

Depretis, too, was to be the ruin of the monarchy. Poor monarchy! its doom has been settled so long that one wonders every day to find it still in existence. This, M. Méreu says, is entirely owing to the peculiar nature of Latin peoples, whose action in a case of this kind it is impossible to foresee. Watch in hand, he can calculate the duration of a dynasty in England or Germany—it is very ill-natured of him not to tell us how long ours will last—but in Italy the revolution may come "perhaps to-morrow, perhaps in ten years. . . . In any case, you may be certain that the dawn of the twentieth century will see the republican banner floating from the tower of the Capitol." Perhaps so; in that case, we will ven-

ture to predict that the dominions of that republic will not extend beyond the confines of the patrimony of St Peter. It is indeed astonishing that any one who has spent a quarter of the time that M. Méreu has over the question, can seriously contemplate the possibility of a republic of all Italy. A Roman republic there might be, a republic of Tuscany, a republic of Naples, a republic of Romagna, with a kingdom of Northern Italy and a kingdom of Sicily most probably,—but a single Italian republic, or even a confederation of republics, seems beyond the dreams of the most ardent democrat. Signor Crispi himself has borne strong testimony to this fact. "The monarchy unites, the republic would separate us," he is reported to have said. M. Méreu, whose faith in his own ideas is of the most robust, quotes this remark, which he finds to support his own arguments. He calls upon us to observe how pharisaical is the pretence of devotion to the sovereign in a man who could make a speech like that, and how unflattering the remark is to the monarchy, and points out the concealed menace it contains. For, according to M. Méreu, the words we have quoted clearly mean, "We accept the monarchy because we believe it to be useful, and not because it is the ideal government we had dreamed of; we endure it, because in it dwells the secret of our union. But as soon as we have got sufficient patriotism and manliness to do without its protection, we shall get rid of it, and look for happiness elsewhere." It is like Lord Burleigh's shake of the head in the 'Critic.' No doubt Signor Crispi meant every word of that, if he only shook his head as M. Méreu would have him do it;

but less profound critics may venture to think that he probably merely meant what he said.

There are three causes which our author thinks may at any moment bring about the downfall of the monarchy. These are: "A disastrous foreign war; an attack from the clerical party, who would overthrow the monarchy and permit the democracy to take the place of the abolished institution, and stand face to face with the Papacy, to fight out the great historical quarrel which is at the bottom of the situation in Italy; or thirdly, the spontaneous ripening of ideas at home." The last is so purely hypothetical a case that it is hardly worth considering. It is also possible that Italy may be destroyed by fire from heaven, but we need hardly take that into consideration as a possible way of settling Italian affairs. The second danger is put before us as the most serious one. It appears that there is one terrible engine of destruction which the Pope can put into motion against the monarchy. "If the Pope has not yet ventured to have recourse to this plan, it is not because he is afraid of meeting any serious resistance from the monarchy; he knows well that he can pulverise it by a single gesture,"—in which case it is remarkably good-natured of him never to have done so; but, it appears, he is afraid of only playing the game of the republicans and hastening his own destruction. The plan which he is unwilling to carry out is a very simple one; it is merely to post up in every diocese in the country a placard running thus: "Your Father, the successor of the apostles, the representative of God upon earth, is a prisoner. Hasten to his aid and break his

chains asunder, treading, if need be, on the bodies of his jailers." We had thought that this expedient had been tried already, and had met with a lamentable want of enthusiasm, but no doubt M. Méreu knows best. Another more practical plan is for the Pope to use the five millions allowed him by the Law of Guarantees, to procure, by wholesale bribery apparently, the return of a purely Catholic Chamber, "which would reduce the authority of the king to that of a simple seneschal of the pontifical throne." This is truly a grand idea; but would it not be a simpler and less round-about way to bribe the king himself straight off?

That a disastrous war would bring about serious trouble in Italy, and great danger to the present monarchy, there can be no doubt; but there is hardly a country in Europe of which the same might not be said. To France herself, to Austria, Spain, or even Germany, a series of defeats would mean the upsetting of the whole system of government, for a time at least. The immediate result of defeat to Italy might well be its redivision into half-a-dozen States, probably on the lines of the old ones. This is at least the only political system which possesses those "historical traditions," the want of which M. Méreu thinks will be fatal to the monarchy. But it is obvious that such an arrangement could not last, and a return to the present system would be the only condition under which Italy could continue to exist. The probability is, that the monarchy has a great part to play in the future history of Italy. There is certainly no country in Europe where there is so splendid a prospect for the sovereign who

can fall in with the spirit of the time, to take his true part as leader of his people. There are some young nations who, having achieved their liberty by themselves, and keeping all kind of power very obstinately in their own hands, think it only respectable to get a prince from Germany to wear on Sundays; there are others who have practically deposed their sovereign, and set themselves up in his place, but prefer to keep him all the same, as a kind of ornamental binding to the constitution. The case in Italy is quite different. The people in this case have made all their effective progress towards freedom and security under the guidance of the native monarchy, which has exercised a control over them throughout—now sternly checking an untimely bolt, now giving them the reins altogether for a while, but always taking them up again at the necessary moment,—till the most ardent republicans in Italy were obliged to yield to the inevitable, and join in building up the monarchy of free and united Italy. The same leaders who have led Italy so far, may well lead her farther, not in the way of conquest, but in internal improvement and civilisation. To the kings of Italy almost alone, the opportunity is offered of directly leading and guiding the national spirit, and actively co-operating with the people in the rational and necessary progress, of which most other monarchs can only, at the best, be inactive, and generally uncomfortable, spectators.

The question of the form of government in Italy bears directly upon her relations with France, as it is obvious that an Italian republic—could such a thing be formed—could only exist as a dependant of its stronger neighbour. The

Republican party has always been French in its sympathies, and is consequently applauded and patronised. All its aspirations are to be encouraged, even a little Irredentism not being at all out of place, as long as it is directed against the right persons. To prove that Irredentism will be harmless to France, and consequently should be encouraged, M. Méreu has evolved out of his own consciousness the astounding theory that the Republican party only wish for Trieste and the Trentino, while the recovery of Nice is desired by the monarchy alone. It is hardly worth while to refute so absurd a statement. If M. Méreu will look up his history, he will find that the Republican party were in absolute despair about the cession of Nice—the birthplace of Garibaldi. Nay, more, Mr Laurence Oliphant has related in his 'Episodes in a Life of Adventure,' how he was actually engaged with the great patriot leader and his Nizzard committee in preparing a *coup de main*, by which to put off the plebiscite at Nice, and give the people time to reflect. The fact is, that M. Méreu is confusing Nice with Savoy, about the loss of which essentially French province Italians in general do not care three straws, though the august family who take their name from it may be excused if they do harbour an entirely unpractical hankering after the home of their ancestors. This confusion would seem an act of extraordinary carelessness, were it not that it suits M. Méreu's line of argument so very conveniently.

It is hardly clear what form of government would exist in the Italian republic of the future. M. Méreu is, to the full, as bitter against parliamentary institutions,

as applied to Latin nations, as against the monarchy. "The parliamentary system," he tells us, "does not secure either liberty, authority, or stability." It may do for Anglo-Saxon nations, but to the Celt it is simply a curse. Obviously such a pernicious institution cannot be admitted in the republic; but what government is there to be with neither king nor parliament? It is perhaps a sense of this difficulty which makes M. Méreu admit that the Italians will not have a good time of it under the republic; but, he philosophically remarks, "at the worst, they will always be able to console themselves with the reflection that the worst possible republic is better than the best possible monarchy."

It seems rather doubtful whether the people of Italy will find in this comforting remark any particular inducement to change a condition of affairs with which they are very well satisfied. Of course, our author will not allow that this is the

real state of affairs. The tranquillity of Italy, he tells us, is deceptive. "What is it you have seen in Italy?" he asks. "Tranquillity, indifference, scepticism, degradation,—is that all?" We should say most distinctly not, for we have seen none of these things. The tranquillity of the modern Italian is rather that of a man who, having built his house in the form he has chosen, goes quietly about his business in it, instead of racking his brains to find some way of improving its architecture. The latter frame of mind is, no doubt, the most interesting from an artistic point of view, and is also laudable, as providing additional employment to professional architects—a most deserving class. Unfortunately the modern Italian is one of the most practical people on the face of the earth, and, being well assured of the solidity and durability of the structure in which he is now living, has neither time nor inclination to listen to the suggestions of architects from Paris.

A TALE OF THE BULL-RING.

I WAS early in my seat, for I like above all things to see the motley crowd of sun-burnt Spaniards come trooping to their national game. I was not in the *sombra*, or shady seats, for I prefer to take my place amongst the crowd, one of whom I almost am now; and, moreover, what right has a penniless young artist to spend a dollar on seeing a bull-fight?

How noisy and hot and dusty they all looked as they trooped in and took their seats around me! I was surprised at the crowd; there was no great matador going to kill bulls to-day, yet all the cheaper seats were filling.

I asked my neighbour, a peasant in a flat black hat, breeches, and highly decorated gaiters, and a bright waistcoat, and wearing his coat slung from the shoulders—

"Señor," I said, "can you tell me why so many people are here to-day?"

He looked at me for a moment with an expression of surprise.

"You do not know!" he spoke with a strong Andalusian accent. "Sebastian will kill the bull."

"Sebastian?" I said. "Señor, do not think me ignorant, but I know no bull-fighter of that name."

He laughed.

"He has never killed a bull before; to-day is his first. He comes from this part; that is why every one is here." Then he added, "I will tell you his story. Sebastian is only a muleteer, who once a-week drives a caravan of mules from his mountain village to this town. Once a-week he comes with his burden of fruit. But he is poor; the mules are not his; he only works for another." He

paused for a moment, and he added, "You are a stranger here?"

"Yes," I said. "I only arrived yesterday."

"Then you do not know Juanita—*La Bella Juanita* we call her!"

He did not wait for me to answer his question, but continued: "Every one falls in love with Juanita, and Sebastian, like the rest, did too. He prayed and besought her to marry him; but she is proud, and would not look at the humble muleteer. But after a time his handsome face and oft-repeated tale of love impressed her; so she told him she would marry him if he would kill a bull in the ring at to-day's fair. But hush! here she is."

I turned in the direction in which he was pointing, and gazed with astonishment at one of the most lovely creatures it has ever been my lot to see. All eyes were fixed on her, yet she was as impassive as if she were alone and unnoticed. Her light golden hair—not uncommon amongst the Spaniards—was bound up high upon her head, and surmounted by a dark crimson rose, which held in its place her mantilla of black lace; her dress was open slightly at the neck, and showed a wonderfully chiselled throat; her arms, too, were bare from the elbow, and rivalled in exquisite whiteness and shape her neck; her dress was of black lace, while loosely thrown over one shoulder was an embroidered shawl. It surprised me that one of her station should be so well dressed, though it was not the dress that struck one so forcibly—it was those great grey eyes and dark lashes, the curved eye-

brows, the aquiline nose, the perfect bow-shaped lips.

She took her seat amongst the common people, who made way for her on every side, but whom she entirely ignored. No sooner was she settled than she drew out a great fan of black lace, which she opened and closed in regular monotony, leaning back with a weary look in her half-closed eyes and a smile on her brilliant lips.

It was time the bull-fight commenced, and already the impatient Spaniards were shouting and calling, but as yet the *gobernador* had not taken his seat in the box reserved. I was all impatient to see Sebastian, and his was to be the first bull killed. I gazed at hazard round the ring—what an anomaly it presented! Near me, but in the better seats, were a lady and her two little girls, whom she was feeding on chocolates, and whose tiny hands were all ready to clap the victorious matador. Behind and around me were the jaunting dusty crowd, amongst whom passed and repassed the sellers of water with their shrill cry of "*Agua, agua fresca*," and the vendors of biscuits and nuts. Below is the arena with its burning yellow sand, a miniature desert; above— Suddenly the band commenced to play; I turned and saw that the administrator's box was no longer empty. A small man in a black coat and silk hat had taken his seat, surrounded by half-a-dozen officers in full uniform, and a lady or two. One by one the spears of the picadors were handed to him, and he measured the points to see that none were beyond the prescribed length—sufficient to slightly wound and enrage the bull without endangering its life or injuring it seriously. Clear above the music of the band rang out the notes of a bugle.

A great folding-gate was thrown open, and the procession entered—five matadors and four picadors, the latter mounted on their horses, which looked well weary of the life they were so soon to end.

Four of the matadors were professionals; the fifth—to whom was given the place of honour in the centre and slightly ahead—was Sebastian. All eyes were turned on him. Pale—paler, doubtless, from the scarlet and gold costume he was wearing—but dignified and graceful, he approached the administrator's box, before which he bowed, as did the others.

Two minutes later the picadors were placed, and Sebastian walked to the side of the arena, for his was the last item in the performance—the killing of the bull. He came close to where I was sitting, and bowed to Juanita. His face was deadly pale, but never in my life have I seen a more determined look to do—or die.

His aquiline nose, his almond eyes, with thin black lashes and brows, his fine upper lip and slightly heavy chin, formed as striking a face as one could see. He was very handsome—handsomer almost than Juanita herself, who acknowledged his bow with a scarcely perceptible sign of recognition over the top of her fan and a slight elevation of her eyebrows, as though there was nothing tragic in the scene, but was one of everyday occurrence.

A gate is opened in the arena. With a roar, and a shout from the people, the bull rushes from his darkened cell into the ring. He looks round him; for a moment he paws the ground, then, led on by the moving cloak of one of the matadors, he charges. A graceful bend of the body and a slight movement to one side, and the bull has passed his quarry, who stands

untouched and smiling behind him ; again he charges—three times in quick succession,—but his horns touch nothing more solid than the crimson cloak, which waves above his head each time as he passes the matador. For a moment “toro” stands as if stupefied, then espies a larger and safer bait, and with a fearful rush lifts horse and picador into the air, hurling them to the ground in a heap. The matadors are quick, however ; and while the picador is being helped to his feet, and the attendants are unsaddling the horse, fast bleeding to death from a wound in its side, they call off the bull by waving their cloaks and keep his attention fixed on themselves. He is a good bull. The people are delighted. “Bravo, toro !” they cry. “Bravissimo !”

Another horse falls dead, the third is wounded and led out, the fourth killed ; but the Spaniards are not satisfied in their love of blood.

“*Mas caballos ! mas caballos !*”¹ they cry—even the two little children with their mother cry “*Mas caballos !*” Another is led in and killed. Then the bugle sounds, and the second part of the performance commences.

Two of the matadors step to the side of the arena, leaving their cloaks, and taking in each hand a banderillo—a wooden stick about eighteen inches long, with a metal forked point, the whole covered with gay-coloured paper and ribbons. They step into the centre of the ring, and poisoning themselves on tiptoe, holding the banderillos far above their heads at arm’s-length, face the bull. A moment the now furious beast pauses, then with a charge makes for one of his adversaries ; for a second all

is a cloud of dust, in which the advancing forms of bull and man are scarcely discernible ; the next, the bull is bellowing round the ring with the points of the banderillos fast in his shoulders, and the banderillero is smiling and bowing unscathed. There is no need for fire-banderillos on this bull. Four times does he receive the sharp forked points, and four times does he miss his man.

The bugle sounds.

Sebastian, who up till now has gazed in a careless way at the scene, steps forward, takes the sword and the flag, and with a gallant stride marches to the administrator’s box, where he swears to kill the bull.

There is a deafening cheer as he throws his hat amongst the people, to be held till he returns victorious—or dead.

I turned instinctively toward Juanita ; she was leaning back in her seat, slowly fanning herself, her half-closed eyes scarcely conveying even an expression of interest in the proceedings.

Sebastian faces the bull, the flag in his left hand, his eyes watching the beast’s. His hand is as steady as a rock.

The bull charges ; I drew a quick breath ; Sebastian is all right ; gracefully, with the ease of a practised bull-fighter, he escaped the horns, which merely touched the scarlet flag.

A cheer rings out from the crowd, bringing a flush to his cheek.

Again the bull charges, again and again ; each time Sebastian is unscathed, but as yet he has had no chance of killing the bull. He is facing it now ; slowly he raises the sword—the point never trembles. For one second all is dust,

¹ More horses.

the next I saw his manly form laid out full length in the sand.

Accustomed as I am to bull-fights, I shuddered.

"He is killed!" cry the people; "he is killed!" The bull never looks at him again, passing on to attack the cloak of one of the matadors. I gaze at Juanita once more. Her expression has not altered to the least degree; her fan merely vibrates a little quicker. I hated that woman.

A shout from the people recalls my attention. Sebastian has risen, picked up the sword and flag, and is facing the bull once more. There was silence in the ring like death. Again the sword is raised, again all is dust, again a form lies prostrate in the sand—but this time it is the bull! Sebastian has killed it at one stroke, a feat seldom accomplished by even the masters of the art.

Never have I heard such a shout as rang through and through the building as Sebastian approached the *gobernador* and

bowed. He is paler than ever, but a smile of victory lights up his lips. Then sword in hand he turned, approached and faced Juanita, his dark eyes gazing into her face. Her expression is the same as ever; as he bows to her, she never alters a feature. There is no smile of encouragement, scarcely a sign of recognition; she plucks a rose, however, from her breast and throws it to him.

He stoops and picks it up, and with his eyes fixed on hers, lifts it towards his lips,—hesitates,—throws it to the ground and tramples it under foot.

A deafening cheer arises from the crowd—cheer upon cheer.

I look for Juanita. She has left the ring.

Five minutes later, as Sebastian passed through the archway into the open air, still in his scarlet and gold, a dagger was buried deep in his breast.

I saw Juanita do it, and it was the only time I ever saw her smile.

RAILWAYS—THEIR FUTURE IN CHINA.

THE question of the introduction of railways into China is one which, to the exclusion of almost every other, engages that little modicum of attention so generously bestowed by the British public on the affairs of the Flowery Land.

There is no doubt that the Central Government at Pekin has for several years been seriously considering the question, though principally from a military point of view. The late war with France brought it to the front, as one of the highest strategic importance; because, during that war the coast of China was blockaded by French fleets so powerful that the Chinese navy, convoying transports, could never attempt to cope with them. It therefore became impossible, except by marches of inconceivable difficulty, to send reinforcements from the armies of the North, drilled and disciplined by Europeans, to the aid of the courageous but badly armed and undisciplined irregulars who were fighting on the frontier of China and Tonquin. When one recalls the not unfrequent defeats which the French arms sustained at the hands of those dauntless bands, aided as they were by the fearful climate, it is difficult to predict what the result might have been, had the Imperial Government possessed the means, as it did the will, of largely reinforcing their frontier armies. The Chinese Government is therefore naturally anxious that another war with a European Power shall not find them labouring under the same disabilities.

Hence the oft-repeated rumours,—unreliable they often are—of negotiations in reference to railways. The Imperial Government,

with a keenness of mental vision for which the would-be railway financiers and constructors by no means give it credit, is anything but blind to the intense desire of each and all of the representatives or syndicates of the great commercial Powers to secure contracts for such important undertakings as railways in China may prove. In the hope, therefore, of securing their own terms in the end, the Government in the meantime dallies with them all, playing one off against the other, and quietly laughing in its sleeve at the game of competitive underbidding which goes on.

Two difficulties—visionary, we maintain, rather than real—have been put forward in regard to the introduction of railways.

Firstly, there is the hostility—undeniable—of the provincial governors and officials, who know full well that extensive railway construction would be a mortal blow at their supremacy, and the death-knell of their ill-gotten gains. Assuredly Mr Colquhoun has good ground for his statement that a great trunk-line from Pekin to Canton, some 1500 miles in length, would prove the “regenerator” of China. Passing over the commercial advantages of such a line, which would act as a feeder to several of the great water highways, striking them at right angles, there can be little doubt that the practical carrying into effect of this scheme would do more than anything else towards the destruction of the present system of local government. The corruption of the unspeakable Turk is as purity itself when compared with the unbridled rapacity and elastic

"squeezing" capacity of the provincial officials of China, from silver-buttoned mandarin to coral-crested Viceroy. But their opposition must succumb to the ever-increasing authority of the enlightened men now at the head of the Imperial Government, as it has, within recent years, been again and again compelled to yield. It must not be forgotten that the Central Government will now probably be backed up in a progressive policy by Prince Chun, the father of the youthful Emperor. We ought not to place very much faith in the rumours that have recently reached this country to the effect that the young Emperor is about to place himself in the hands of the apostles of the old dispensation. The report that the Imperial sanction for the extension of the existing Kaiping-Tientsin Railway to Tungchow or Peking has been withdrawn for the moment, may be true, but the extension to the capital cannot now be long delayed. China has at last put her hand to the plough, and with the Marquis Tseng at Peking, Li Hung Chang at Tientsin, and a young generation of progressively inclined statesmen likely to come to the front, it will be almost impossible for her to go back. But, nevertheless, it is certainly true that the Emperor, if he elects to range himself on the side of progress, has it in his power to give the forward motion a greatly accelerated momentum. It may seem a puerile argument in favour of the probable construction of railways in China, to mention that the Son of Heaven possesses a model railway within the Imperial Palace grounds at Peking, and that it is reported that one of his favourite amusements is to act the rôle of engine-driver; but, at least, he will be familiarised with

the idea. And it must not be forgotten that the ruler of China is a secular potentate of unlimited power; but he adds to his temporal power a sacred authority, the sanction of which is greater far, for he is not only the high priest of religion, alone thought worthy to offer expiation for the sins of his people on the great white marble altar of the Temple of Heaven at Peking; he is not only an earthly vicegerent—he wields a sacred power more absolute than ever Jewish high priest or Pope of Rome has done; for the Son of Heaven is looked upon by his subjects as the reigning representative of Deity itself, and the local governments of China stand in such awe of a few strokes of the dread vermilion pencil, that an autograph letter of the Emperor is received with the burning of incense and the performance of that abject form of worship known as the *kotow* or nine knockings, a ceremony which the refusal—on the part of foreign envoys—to perform at the foot of the Dragon Throne formerly gave rise to no little difficulty, and much discussion in Chinese official quarters.

The people, too, are becoming gradually inoculated with and accustomed to Western ideas. They have seen these ideas practically carried out—as, for instance, in telegraph construction—and they perceive and feel the benefit.

Secondly, there is to us the almost unintelligible argument against railways expressed by the single word "*Feng-shui*," a word which to the Celestial conveys more meaning than columns of explanation to the uninitiated "*barbarian*." As, however, a discourse on "*Feng-shui*" might prove as wearisome to the reader as it would be here irrelevant, I shall content myself with a single

word of explanation. China, be it known, is one vast charnel-house. The dead are for the most part buried, not, as with us, in ground set apart for that purpose (though one frequently lights upon cemeteries duly chosen with regard to their "lucky" positions), but they are simply laid down anywhere and everywhere. Few things strike the traveller more than the Chinese mode of sepulture. Burial-mounds and coffins—the latter sometimes exposed in all their hideous bareness, at other times wrapped up in matting like large chests of tea—meet the eye at every turn. The Chinaman, as is well known, maintains a sacred reverence for the spot where his relatives, and especially his ancestors, have been buried, and for his native locality as the religiously desired place of his own ultimate sepulture. Whatever, then, interferes with the sacredness of the spot, and with the ministering services of the "wind and water spirits," is looked upon as anathema. Railways are considered decidedly uncanny. There is no denying the fact. But there is also no denying that the reverence of the average Celestial for the graves of his ancestors is only second to his reverence for the almighty dollar. This has been proved times without number in the neighbourhood of the treaty ports, where the foreigner has erected his own "uncanny" abodes, which frequently interfered with the "Feng-shui" of places of burial, or, as was often the case, necessitated the removal of the burial-mounds or coffins; but a few dollars to the representative of the family almost invariably smoothed the difficulty. In a country, then, like China, where there are fertile plains of vast extent, and which, therefore, present few engineering difficulties; in a

country where the cheapest labour in the world exists in an inexhaustible supply—labour which, from the wonderful aptitude for acquiring proficiency, inborn in every Chinaman, would soon become skilled labour—the sum at which the Chinese assess the damage to the graves of their ancestors would add but a small amount to the mileage cost of the Iron Roads. It may be remembered that a few years ago a railway about eight miles in length was laid down between Shanghai and Woosung, near the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang. It succeeded extremely well—so well, in fact, that the provincial authorities became alarmed lest the success might be used as a precedent and an argument for further construction, and it was bought from the British house which had constructed it; and then, to the horror of the foreign community, the rails were torn up and shipped to Formosa, on the shores of which they lie rusting at the present moment. This railway was carried through one of the most densely confined districts I came across in China, but the "Feng-shui" opposition was easily overcome. Besides, it is not impossible that the vermilion pencil itself may be called into requisition in the form of an edict dealing in a summary manner with the question of ancestor compensation.

The thin end of the wedge has now been inserted, in the laying down of a railway from the Kaiping coal-mines to Tientsin on the Peiho. The effect of this railway will be an immense increase in the output of Kaiping coal, and in the demand for it, especially by steamers engaged in the coasting-trade between Tientsin and Shanghai. These steamers formerly burned Takasima or Mikke coal brought from Japan; but Japanese coal will

now be superseded, owing to the advent of the railway, as well as to the placing of the agency of Kaiping coal in the hands of a British house at Tientsin, which insists on the coal sent to that treaty port being selected from those seams suitable for steamer consumption, and the highest ambition of which is, not to cheat the steamer companies, as was the short-sighted but chief end of the Chinese agent, to the temporary ruin of the reputation of the Kaiping coal. The railway will enormously increase the export of coal to Shanghai; and once it establishes a position for itself in that great emporium of the far East, it will doubtless, from its undeniable superiority to Takasima or Mikke coal, drive the Japanese article from the market, and be exclusively used in all the coasting voyages.

In connection with the Kaiping-Tientsin Railway, there is a curious and interesting note in Williams's 'Middle Kingdom,' that splendid monument of nearly half a century's residence in China. At the time of the conversation referred to, Mr Williams represented the Government of the United States at Peking. He says:—

"The reserved force in the Chinese character was very strikingly brought out in a New-Year's call at Peking, which the writer remembers, in 1870. The topic came up as to how to diminish the expense of getting coal from the mines to the city (which up to that time was carried on camels and mules), so as to put it within the reach of the poor people. I suggested a tram-road as the best plan for the fifty miles' distance from the mines, and involving trifling expense. After listening to the plan, Wan-siang, one of the members of the Board of Revenue, and Prince Kung, together exclaimed, 'Tieh-lu lai liao! Tieh-lu lai liao!' (Railroads are coming in time!)"

But the real difficulty which blocks the way of extensive railway construction in China is financial in its nature. It is primarily a question of ways and means, qualified, so to speak, by the important question of management. The Chinese Government is not in a position to advance the capital necessary for any great undertaking, except by borrowing. Now, though the credit of the Imperial Government stands high on the foreign bourse, as evidenced by the London Stock Exchange quotations of Chinese loans, it must be remembered that the *foreign* debt of the empire—which, by the way, is almost entirely held by those interested in the country, who understand the value of the interest guarantee—is a mere bagatelle, the total amount being under £5,000,000, redeemable in the course of a few years. The interest on the foreign debt is guaranteed by the revenue derivable from the dues on foreign commerce, collected by the Imperial Maritime Customs. But the gross revenue under this head is by no means very large—at present (whatever it may be in the future), under £4,000,000 annually—so that the surplus, after paying the interest on the existing foreign debt and the maintenance expense of the customs service (even supposing such surplus were altogether free), could not support a huge foreign loan brought out for the construction of strategic railways in China, which might or might not prove financially and commercially successful. Of course the total revenue of the Chinese Empire must be something enormous; but owing to the pro-consular system of provincial government, it is quite impossible to arrive at a trustworthy estimate, while the reticence of the Peking

authorities baffles any attempt to calculate even the net revenue at the disposal of the Central Government. The Viceroy may be said to farm the revenues of their respective provinces, and they are left pretty much to their own devices in regard to taxation, as long as they annually pay the customary tribute into the Peking exchequer.

When one thinks of the capital which might be profitably employed in the construction of railways to act as "feeders" to the greatwater highways—i.e., through those parts of the empire where they are an *absolute commercial necessity*,—in 1886 the average interest return on the total railway capital of India amounted to 5.9 per cent, in 1887 to 5.3 per cent—it is clear that to borrow in an *adequate* manner, the Chinese Government would have to remodel the system of revenue collection, either by placing the *entire* customs revenue under trustworthy foreign control, or in some other way altering the present system of local government. Until some tangible and reliable interest guarantee, similar to that of the customs revenue derivable from foreign trade, is held out, China can never float *large* railway loans,—at least as long as it is made a condition that the management of the railways shall remain in Chinese hands.

But the question may be asked, supposing there is an opening for the profitable employment of foreign capital in Chinese railways, why do foreigners themselves not find the necessary funds and take the risk, as they have done in those Indian railways the interest of which is not guaranteed by the State? The reply is very simple. The Chinese Government would be charmed to

get European or American financiers to find the necessary capital to construct the railways; but they are *not yet* prepared to intrust the management to foreigners with whom they might any day find themselves at war, when the foreign managers would for obvious reasons receive their passports, and the whole system would be disorganised, with no skilled management available at a time when of all others it was most necessary. I am aware that the financial result of the working of some twenty-seven miles of the Kaiping Railway has been such as to warrant the declaration in the first annual report of a dividend of 6 per cent; but, on the other hand, taking the past history of the native China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company as a typical example of what honesty in Chinese railway management might mean, foreign financiers would naturally refuse to risk their capital without a reliable Government guarantee, except on the condition of their being allowed not only to construct the railways, but also to manage them. I recollect discussing the railway question with a gentleman in China, who, as head of one of the greatest commercial houses of the far East, was in a position to express an opinion to which too great importance could hardly be attached. He stated that he knew for a certainty that the Government was most seriously and anxiously considering the railway problem, and further, that his own long experience of China led him unhesitatingly to express the opinion that as surely as railways were built and placed under Chinese management, so surely would they come to utter ruin, and that then at least, if not before, the Government would realise the impossibility of honest

native management. The moment the Government is prepared to intrust railways *commercially* necessary to foreign management, there will be little difficulty in raising the capital required.

These two difficulties of ways and means, and management, account for the failure which has hitherto attended the attempted introduction on a great scale of railways into China.

Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of Chihli, a powerful advocate of the necessity for the immediate building of railways, is desirous also of seeing the immense coal and iron fields of the empire energetically worked, and he is also desirous that the rails should be manufactured in China itself. It is known that great coal and iron deposits exist in close proximity to one another; but further investigation is necessary before it can be definitely stated that the deposits can be worked with an economy sufficient to keep out foreign rails. The evidence we have at present points in this direction, though it is not yet conclusive. It would therefore be premature to express any opinion on the patriotic Viceroy's proposal.

Having now briefly sketched the difficulties which for the moment bar the progress of any great development of railway enterprise in China, it remains for us to look at the question from a point of view which I venture to think has not yet received the consideration which is its due.

Travel in China, and inquiry and investigation conducted on the spot, lead me to believe that in many quarters an exaggerated importance is attached to the commercial, as distinguished from the strategic, value to the empire of a great railway system.

One often hears India put for-

ward as a proof of what railways will do for China. It is stated, and with perfect truth, that the Indian railway system is the main cause of the present vast commerce of that empire, and it is argued that the extensive introduction of railways into China would produce a similar result. And no doubt it would, provided only that a great railway system were a *sine qua non* to China as it is to India. But the two cases are not only not analogous—they are widely different. In India, railways are an absolute necessity for the maintenance of the present volume of trade. In China, a railway system can never occupy more than a secondary position. It will be a powerful and most important *auxiliary*, but not the *main-spring* of commercial activity.

And for this reason. In India, save in the north, there are few rivers of any importance navigable for large craft to any great distance from the sea. For the distribution, therefore, from and to the coast of the imports and exports, and of the vast internal local trade of the empire, India is very largely dependent upon her iron roads. But the case of China is far otherwise, intersected as the richest and most productive provinces are by a water-system, natural and artificial, of unparalleled magnitude and efficiency, whereby China appears to the traveller journeying in the interior, as a huge network or labyrinth of water-highways, with which, for economy of transport, railways cannot compete.

Roads in the interior of the empire are few and far between; and my own experience of travelling in springless carts over the now deeply serrated surface of the ruins of these once magnificent highways, paved as they had been long cen-

turies ago with colossal stone slabs of enormous weight, and now long left without repair, was an experience of such intense physical agony that there are few things I should look forward to with more abject horror than a repetition of one of these bone-breaking expeditions. "Good for ten years, bad for ten thousand," as the Chinese proverb puts it. And taking into account the extremely meagre supply of beasts of burden other than human beings who, when it becomes necessary to diverge from river or canal, form to an extent almost inconceivable in this country the pack-carriers of China, and taking into consideration the marvellous facilities for cheap water-carriage, it is not a matter for much astonishment that a large proportion of the ancient land-highways have been allowed to lapse into ruin. In any adequate calculation of the commercial as distinguished from the military value of railways to China, an impartial opinion of the legion of water-highways radiating through the provinces ought to be the foundation upon which a true estimate is based.

I do not for a moment desire to minimise the importance of *specific individual* railway enterprise to China. Mr Colquhoun—and it would be difficult to light on any authority whose opinion is entitled to more respect—says in a letter to the 'Times' in 1884:—

"In addition to the commercial benefit to be derived from a cheap and secure means of transport, there are other cogent reasons for the introduction of the railway. The improved Government control; the social benefits to be derived by the employment provided, through new regions opened up, for the partially employed and poorly paid portion of the population; the augmentation of the imperial revenue by the more direct payment of duties and taxes; and

the increased means of the people to pay,—are among the results certain to follow. And apart from these, the recurrence of famines, in one or more districts, occurring from want of transport, would be avoided. The cost of cart-transport from the Chihli plain to Shansi, during the late famine, was officially stated to be £12 per ton!"

These views I humbly endorse, and I would especially draw attention to the great controlling and administrative value to the Central Government of trunk-lines, which would prove so powerful an instrument for the destruction of the malversations and corruptions of the provincial officials; but at the same time what I desire to bring out is this, that, looking at the question broadly, there cannot be as great a *profitable* outlet for capital invested in railways in China as there will be in India, even when the present railway system there is largely extended.

On the other hand, from personal observation of that part of the empire through which it is proposed to lay one trunk-line of railway, and from what I saw and heard of other parts of the empire through which it is also proposed to construct railways, I firmly believe in the commercial importance and, under honest foreign management, the financial success of *individual* undertakings, *where water-carriage fails*. For example, when the projected railway referred to above, and which has been authorised by the Government for strategic purposes as well as for commercial reasons, has been completed between Taku on the Gulf of Pechili to Tungchow or Peking, and possibly extended to Kalgan on the frontier of the Desert of Gobi, there is one among many branches of commerce which will probably at once, owing to the great reduction in the cost of land-

carriage, assume dimensions hitherto undreamed of. I refer to the overland trade in tea, principally compressed brick tea, from Hankow and Foochow to Mongolia, Siberia, and even Russia; and the increase in this trade will assume greater dimensions still if the Russian merchants and exporters carry out their project of laying a line of the portable Decauville railway across the Desert of Gobi itself, from Kalgan to Ourga, near the Siberian frontier. If this latter scheme be accomplished, it is estimated that the army of 50,000 camels engaged in transporting tea from China across the Great Desert to Russian territory might be reduced to 10,000. It is not proposed to use locomotives in the desert, but to make use of the camels themselves to draw the trucks.

A word as to this overland trade in tea. It is well known that most of the tea intended for consumption in European Russia has been diverted from the overland route, and now goes to Russia by steamer, either *via* London or direct to Odessa. The finest tea of all, owing to a prevalent opinion that sea-carriage impairs the flavour, still goes overland; but though Russians are in the habit of paying prices for tea unheard of in this country, the caravans would have little to depend on now, if they trusted for support to the tea which still continues to go overland to *Russia*. They rely, however, on the carriage of the coarse brick tea which is consumed in Mongolia, Manchuria, and Siberia. On my way back to Peking from visiting the Great Wall, I met numerous large armed caravans of camels, laden with tea, and often preceded by a picturesque fierce-looking Tartar horseman, lance in hand, who glared rather

ferociously at the strange "foreign devil." The demand for brick tea—manufactured at Hankow, six hundred miles up the Yang-tse-kiang, and Foochow on the Min, whence it is shipped to Tientsin—is great, and annually increasing, the inhabitants of Mongolia, Manchuria, and Siberia using it both as food and drink, while sometimes it even takes the place of currency, the value of articles being calculated in bricks of tea. In spite of the fact that this trade is so hopelessly weighted by the enormous charges for overland carriage, the demand is so great that more than 60,000,000 lbs., principally brick, were conveyed overland in 1887 to Mongolia, Siberia, and Russia *via* Kalgan—that is to say, an amount equal to about one-third of the total annual consumption of Great Britain. It is therefore not difficult to imagine the sudden development which will take place in this trade alone, when a not inconsiderable proportion of the heavy overland charges are knocked off by the advent of a railway. And tea is only one of the many specific articles of commerce for which this railway will create an intensified demand. Coal, for instance, which is found within sixty miles of the capital, and now costs from £3 to £4 sterling per ton at Peking, will probably be reduced in price to considerably under £1.

Another railway scheme, and one of great magnitude, is the well-known project of Messrs Colquhoun and Holt-Hallet for the reaching of Yunnan, the most southerly province of China, by a line *via* Burmah, Siam, and the Shan States. It may be argued that this is not a Chinese railway. Strictly speaking, it is not; but the *raison d'être* of the scheme is to tap one of the richest mineral districts

in the world, and that district is situated in the south of China. It is needless to talk of railways for Yunnan until this, or some other equally or more approved, trunk outlet has been completed. Passing over as foreign to this paper any notice of the stimulating effect on the internal commerce of Siam and the Shan States which such a railway would produce, it is useless to disguise from ourselves the fact that, until such an outlet becomes *un fait accompli*, the mineral wealth of south-western Yunnan must remain sealed and undeveloped. For Messrs Colquhoun and Holt-Hallet have shown that the mineral rich part of this, *comparatively speaking*, agriculturally poor and sparsely populated province is practically inaccessible to any of the great southern rivers of China and Indo-China, such as the Canton or Pearl river, the Song-ka or Red river of Tonquin, the Mekong, the Salween, and also, unfortunately for us, the Irrawaddy. The last would have made a magnificent highway to south-western China had it not been for these terrific mountain passes, gorges, and ravines, which block what would otherwise have formed the natural trade-route between Talifu in Yunnan and Bhamo in Burmah, the latter town being the terminus of the fleet of that most deservedly successful, because courageously and fearlessly energetic enterprise, the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company. Of course a railway between Bhamo and Talifu is not a physical impossibility, if, as Mr Colborne Baber, who was attached to the Grosvenor Mission to Yunnan, tersely puts it, shareholders can be got who will look forward with confidence to a series of Mont Cenis tunnels and Menai bridges. Mr Baber, who has traversed the country, and is an im-

partial authority, also says that if British trade ever follows this route, he will be delighted and astonished in about equal proportions. It is not the object of this paper to advocate the claims of the Colquhoun-Hallet, in opposition to any other railway scheme for the tapping of the riches of south-western China. It has been mentioned simply because it is a scheme to which the public are not altogether strangers. If it should be found that the difficulties of railway construction between Bhamo and Talifu have been exaggerated, that it is possible for Burmah to reap the benefit of the through route, the writer's delight will not be less than that of Mr Baber.

The above are only two of many instances which might be quoted to prove that railways in the right place will act as powerful agents in stimulating the commerce of the great empire of the East. But I reiterate my firm belief that, looking at the future railway system of China as a whole, it can never rival that of India, which is, and will be, the mainspring of the development of that empire; but rather that it will occupy the position of a mighty auxiliary, while the vast labyrinth of navigable water-highways will play the part of primary importance, navigated, as they undoubtedly will be in the not far distant future, by innumerable steam flotillas.

Over £175,000,000 have already been invested in the construction of some 15,000 miles of railway in India.

Nature in the rivers, and man in the countless canals, have already done for China what it has taken the expenditure of the above enormous capital to do for India. In China the "permanent way" is already laid down, and it now only

remains for us, if we are wise, to provide, at a comparatively unimportant outlay, what I may be permitted to call the "rolling stock," in the form of river-steamers, to take the place of the unwieldy and antiquated junks, additionally handicapped as they are by the terrors of *Likin* extortion.

When this is done, as it will be by others if not by ourselves, it will cause such a development in the commerce of China, both foreign and local, as the expenditure of one hundred times the capital in railways alone will not accomplish.

Let us dismiss from our minds for the present the vision, however fascinating, of a great railway system for China, modelled on the present and future railway system of India. Let us rather, as a preliminary step at least, utilise the means already provided by nature and by man, and when we have our steamers radiating through the interior, and it is then proved that *individual* railways are necessary in order to reach what are known to be rich tracts of country inaccessible to any navigable waterway, then, by all means, let such railway schemes be ventilated and agitated.

It is not meant to suggest that parallel water and railway systems are under all circumstances incompatible with the success of both. Facts would not bear out that statement, but in the meantime our endeavour ought to be to get these great water-systems of

China opened, which still remain sealed to foreign enterprise, and our home merchants and manufacturers will do far more to benefit themselves than the railway financiers will ever do by urging our Government to approach the Central Government at Peking on the subject. It can be proved not only that it is for the good of the Chinese Empire, but also that it is for the financial advantage of the Peking Government, to accede to any such request. And be it remembered, it is far easier for the Central Government to deal with the provincial officials, when it can plead pressure from without as a reason for energetic progress and vigorous reform from within.

No words of mine could bring this paper to a more appropriate close than the following quotation from a famous speech of Lord Palmerston :—

"Every one must know that on the extension of our commerce depend the prosperity of our country, the accumulation of our capital, the abundance of our revenues, and the strength and prosperity of the nation. Any measure, therefore, calculated to increase the commercial relations of the country is deserving of notice, because it accords with the interests and wishes of the country. It has long been felt that China would open a vast field of commercial enterprise to us. . . . What must be the commercial advantages to this country if it can have an uninterrupted uninterrupted commerce with one-third of the human race!"

WILLIAM B. DUNLOP.

GENTLEMEN EMIGRANTS TO THE UNITED STATES.

A FRIEND to whose criticism I submitted some part of what I had written on this subject, said at once to me, "All that you have said is very true; and true not only of the States, but of that part of South America and South Africa with which I am acquainted. But when people read it, they will say at once that you are a disappointed man, that you have been badly hit yourself, and are running down the country for that reason." To which I replied: "I have not been badly hit myself, though that has been to a great extent through luck; but I *am* a disappointed man, and so will every one be who comes to the States to farm. If I put forward the darker side of the question, it is because that side needs most observation. There are already too many alluring accounts of farming in the States before the English public."

In fact, my excuse for writing at all is that very little of what is written deals with this darker side of the real work before the emigrant; nor is it written by men in any sense conversant with the subject.

With the exception of pamphlets and circulars of emigration agents, almost the only readable books on colonial life and farming in the United States are written by moneyed men travelling for amusement, in search of game, pleasure, or the picturesque. Such men stop at the best hotels in the large towns; they travel *en grand seigneur* through the wild country, and its discomforts are to them only novelties and the subject for jest. They go into malarious places at the healthy

time of year. It is seldom that they have been sufficiently long in any section of country to gauge its capacities and wants; and even if so, they still view from the standpoint of the *dilettante* stranger. They have not that intimate acquaintance with poverty, that gripping knowledge of economy, without which nothing that is written can be of real use to intending emigrants.

For to farm for a living and not for amusement, acts as a tonic to a man's pen, cleanses his literary system from those hasty generalities which especially mislead, and braces his insight into the practical details which make the difference between success and failure.

Whether it results from bashfulness or from a fear of exposing their own follies, or whether they are too busy to write, I cannot say. But it is a fact that few emigrants ever reveal the secret of colonial masonry. Yet they ought to be the men to warn others rather than emigration agents, or men who make a living by taking premiums for placing boys in temporary homes to learn farming. When one considers the natural leaning which emigration agents must have in favour of emigration, it is hardly surprising that they are not, as a class, exceptionally truthful. I do not mean to say that they wilfully tell downright lies, but their circulars and pamphlets abound with the *suppressio veri*. They set forth carefully everything which tells in favour of emigration, and they omit carefully everything which tells against it. They speak of the depth and fertility

of the soil. But it is a slip of the tongue usually if they warn you that its look, even to an experienced English farmer, is eminently deceitful; that there is such a thing in some parts as "dead" land, a dark, rich-looking black loam, which will bring nothing without copious doses of lime; that much land, which no man should buy, even in the West, is badly worn by ill treatment.

The emigration agent tells you, perhaps truly, that in such and such a section you can raise all manner of fruits, vegetables, and grains. But he lays no stress upon the fact that it is what you can market, not what you can raise, in which the profit lies. He hardly goes on to say that there is no market within thirty miles, infamous or impassable roads, and prohibitive railway freights. In the same way, it is frequently stated that the heat does not go above (say) 90° in the shade, without saying whether it is wet or dry heat. That will make all the difference between pleasure and existence.

I have seen an advertisement of an "estate" in West Canada of 300 acres for next to nothing. The advertiser did not explain that the "estate" was uncleared, undrained, and unfenced jungle, covered with timber and thick underwood; that it had no buildings or roads upon or near it; that labour was very scarce and expensive.

In fact such statements, if true, have to be taken with so much salt—there is so little bread to such an intolerable deal of sack—that they are practically useless to the foolish and unbusinesslike sucklings sent here by the mother country.

Again, when *bonâ fide* emigrants settled in this country do write

upon colonial life, they are generally men who are foxes without tails—not necessarily men of bad character; in many cases men highly honourable—but men who have themselves had to buy a dear and bitter experience. They have bought it in a rough and not oversensitive school, and have realised to the full the germs of truth in that quaint saying that the man who loves solitude is either a beast or a god. To settle others near them becomes a second nature, and their own education here often teaches them to make of it a very profitable profession.

I am far from wishing to decry emigration. But I do not think that the cause of emigration is in any way served by bright-coloured pictures and misleading and deceitful pamphlets. I believe that if the plain facts, with all the qualifications which can guard them about capital, markets, and labour, could be fairly set before intending emigrants, we should not only have a better class of men, but more capital—and that is what is mainly needed in the United States.

I do not speak from personal experience of any colonies, but only the United States, and my remarks apply fully to the southern and eastern portions alone. No doubt a great deal is equally true of the western and north-western States; but each State, like each man, has its own idiosyncrasies, which an emigrant has to study for himself. Nor do I speak to that class of emigrants whose capital is labour pure and simple. This finds its own level in any country, and plenty of help and encouragement to aid it. My remarks only apply to men who have received a liberal education, who from some cause or other are unable to make

way in the old country, and who have a little money of their own. The usual run of such emigrants is either men who have started in life and failed, or boys fresh from school who have never seen life at all. Men in the full power of life, who have got a grip of the world and are making a good living in the old country, do not emigrate except for health or economy, or some such special object. If they do, they regret it.

Those for whom this part of the world is a purgatorial elysium are men who sink under the burdens of life in the Old World,—men with bad health, straitened incomes, unprofitable professions, and increasing families—or men who have great faculties for getting through money, and little money to spend—disappointed land-agents—youths who cannot dig, and are as yet ashamed to beg, except from their parents. For such men, the high rate of interest in the States, and the extra buying power of small capital, is a great inducement. In fact, I am inclined to believe that this is the chief inducement which every year brings so many emigrants to the States, compared with those who go to our own colonies.

Of course I am speaking of American country life as compared with the life in towns or country houses in Great Britain. Town life in the States stands on a different footing. The small experience I have had of it leads me to believe that it gets as near as it can to town life in the Old World—that is to say, in the large towns. In the small “cities” of a few hundreds, the editor of the weekly journal cuts his own firewood, and the leading physician “runs” the hotel and keeps the post-office and a candy-store. But

even in the large towns, life can only get near life in the Old World. There is none of the solidity of old country life about American society. There may be more freedom, less of an etiquette which is arduous, to say the least of it, to an American; but there is less good manners and much less home comfort. You feel all the time as if you were living in a hotel; and considering the scarcity of good servants, and their independence when one has them, the defects of American social life are hardly to be wondered at.

In the country, especially in the West, this state of things is intensified a thousandfold. The servants, if you have any, are liable to leave the house at any moment. Besides which, a good deal of your “labour” has to be taught most elementary duties by some one who knows how to do them. Neither cleanliness nor godliness is among the hired girl’s strong points; hence one has to learn how to do things one’s self, and one must be ready to see that things are done which in the Old World would be beneath one’s dignity or outside one’s ken. And above all, one learns to have great patience and long-suffering with those hired hands, who in England are called “servants” and “dependants.” Here the names are misnomers, and they are not used.

It is this which wakes a man up, and gives him self-reliance and grit. When he was at home he was by etiquette debarred the use of his hands, even if he were willing and able to use them. When he comes out here, he has to fall into the way of doing many things for himself which have been usually done for him. This is not a pleasant experience. Even if it has the delightful feeling of a picnic about it at first, he soon tires

of it. But none the less it is a healthy experience, one which many men soon recognise as the foundation-stone of a new life and a new and improved being.

Besides, at home professional men and gentlemen seldom trouble themselves to think about the actual value of, or the possible profit made on, the articles they buy. The English gentleman does not bargain with a tradesman about his bill, or offer him less than he has asked for his goods. He revenges himself on the high charges of the tradesman either by not paying his bill at all, or by paying it in the far future grudgingly and of necessity. Of the bargaining and scheming which go on in actual business, he has not the faintest conception. He may have read that *agricola* was *avarus*; but unless he happens to have seen two Norfolk farmers haggle for hours over the price of a pig, he has very little practical idea of the meaning of the word.

The effect of such men—not the best business men any way—being pitchforked all at once into business which requires acute personal supervision and sound judgment, is twofold. First, knowing the value of nothing, and coming to a country where the prices of many articles are very much lower than in Great Britain, they begin by paying far too high a price for everything they buy—a trait of which the native is not slow to take advantage; so that at last it is hard for an Englishman to buy anything at less than double its value. Afterwards, when they have suffered dreadfully from their ignorance, they ask far too high prices for everything they sell; in fact, they drive too hard bargains, and nowhere is this more noticeable than in their dealings with their own countrymen.

Secondly, they have a very high opinion of themselves and of everything English, which has to be completely knocked out of them before they can make any way at all. This assumption of superiority, 'often wholly gratuitous, is the foundation of grave errors in farming, and consequent loss of money. But of that more hereafter.

Climate is the first thing an emigrant inquires after. He looks to health as a first object, and he generally gets it. But his getting it is not in any sense owing to the climate. It is the enforced labour, and the life according to nature, the absence of the brandy-and-soda at night, and the turn out of bed at half-past four in the morning, which give it to him. The climate of the United States will bear no comparison with the equable climate of the British Isles. There are some few favoured sections—parts of Florida, the Alleghany Mountains and parts of California, and the west coast—where there is an equable climate and good water. But the greater part of the continent, especially the central prairies, suffer either from extreme heat or cold, accompanied by all sorts of visitations of nature or natural disadvantages.

In parts of the sunny south, extreme heat, malaria, want of good water, and earthquakes, are combined. In the north and west the flying summers are enlivened by cyclones, locusts, droughts, and so forth; and in winter, two feet of snow is accompanied by raging blizzards, and a thermometer far below zero. The remarkable thing is, not that health improves on account of the climate, but that it improves in spite of it. This, for instance, is what 'Texas Siftings,' a comic New York paper, says

of the climate of that delightful city:—

"I am not quite sure you will like the climate of New York. In winter, the principal use you will have for your lower extremities will be to hand-paint their fantastic curves for rheumatism. Console yourself with the thought that real misfortunes deliver us while they last from the petty despotisms of all that are imaginary. In summer you don't have rheumatism, as malaria has to have its turn. You can't have both at once, which is a great climatic advantage. You will suffer keenly, but remember that he who suffers keenly has the greatest capacity for enjoyment. However, don't be discouraged. It is not too late for you to get the spring pneumonia. Nobody who gets that in New York is ever troubled afterwards with rheumatism or malaria."

Of course this is sarcastic fooling; but there is an old proverb, and a true one, that there is no smoke without fire.

Climate is not, I think, of half so much importance as it is generally thought to be. Judging from others' experience as well as my own, I should say that, unless one goes to Manitoba or Louisiana, and apart from disadvantages such as malaria or cyclones, the extremes of heat and cold will not disagree with a healthy man.

Do not take the word of an emigration agent or prospectus, that the climate is delicious and the heat is moderate, and that there is a cool breeze always blowing in the shade. There is a cool breeze blowing in the shade in England sometimes, if you have time to go and sit in it. On a farm at work you seldom are in the shade. Thermometer readings, which are what they generally give you, make very little difference. If a man is particular about them, let him wait until by experience he can tell if the climate is likely

to suit him. This is the only way to avoid disappointment. But as a matter of fact, in climates where extreme heat or cold is usual, people's habits, buildings, and mode of life are adapted to the circumstances. The human body will adapt itself to the change, and the open-air life and healthy living will neutralise the discomforts to a great extent. On a farm, anyway, a man is so hard-worked, and often so hard up, that he has no time to think about getting ill. It is only when he cuts his foot with an axe and is laid upon his back for a fortnight, that he has any time to consider whether a course of fat bacon—which comes as near being perpetual as the asymptotes to an hyperbola—is a good thing for his digestion.

Cold is felt less and heat more, I think, as a rule, the first year. But to whatever part of the States a man may go, he should be prepared for all extremes. If you go north you will have plenty of hot summers; if south, chilly winters, and houses not built for extreme cold.

One cannot tell much about climate from the latitude of places, as the heat and cold will be more extreme farther inland, especially on unprotected prairies, differing much within a very limited area, owing to exposure, nearness to water, and altitude. In the west of Kansas, for instance, the degrees vary from 110° in the shade to 10° below zero. In Charleston, South Carolina—or Richmond, Virginia, the heat will hardly be greater; and in the former, the cold will be barely below freezing-point. These are things which every man has to find out for himself. Exercise extreme caution, make numerous inquiries, never believe any of the answers, and *wait a year*, or better still,

two years, before committing yourself irrevocably to one spot—i.e., do not buy or deal in land until you have had time to see what the land is like. Otherwise, you may buy, and settle upon the swamp, like Martin Chuzzlewit in the city of Eden.

Very recently, for instance, the rush to Florida has induced fraudulent speculators to advertise lands for sale at very low prices. I know several people who have invested their £10 or so in a "town lot," or 20 acres of land. They have never seen it again. A good deal of the land is actually under water for six months in the year, useful only to give as a residence to a refractory mother-in-law. Some of these frauds have been commented on in every American agricultural paper for a year past; but there will be found plenty of heedless fools who will go and buy land in these deathly swamps, trusting to the general character of the climate of Florida.

If a man goes to a town and embarks in business or in a profession, he can sell his business or take his profession somewhere else with him; but if he buys land, he may never be able to get rid of it, and he cannot put it in a wagon and move off to another State. You may tie yourself down at once to a part of the country which you dislike, to a climate which is unhealthy, or to land which is poor, because you cannot find any one fool enough to take a bad bargain off your hands.

In my present location, which is very healthy, the natives suffer from rheumatism and consumption. But considering that they wear nothing but cotton, summer and winter alike (though our thermometer goes occasionally to zero), that they intermarry excessively, that their cabins are built with a special view to ventilation, and

that they never wash, their ill health is hardly surprising.

When an emigrant comes to this country, he generally brings with him a great many useless things. He treats America as if money would not buy the most ordinary necessary. It is pitiful to see the things with which the English gentleman sometimes encumbers himself. A heavy toolbox full of second-rate tools, novels and light literature, of course a gun and half a ton of ammunition, a saddle and all sorts of harness, a box of quinine, Cockles' pills (to a country teeming with patent medicines and remedies for every kind of dyspepsia), sticking-plaster and goldbeater's skin for his entire body, a pith helmet, high Wellington boots, soap, and—apopsies. As a matter of fact, the only things which any one need ever bring, besides a pair of blankets and a good pocket-knife and some stationery, are clothes old and new of all descriptions, and plenty of boots and hats. The old clothes cannot be too old or too ragged for use. The rags from an English scarecrow will make an American farmer a good suit. New clothes are useful sometimes. If you have no new clothes you may be reduced, like a friend of mine, to go out to dinner in dress clothes.

Suppose the emigrant has selected his State, and has started with an enormous kit of soap, tools, and other necessities. The question naturally asked is, "What are you going to do when you get there? You are going to a strange country, to a new life; what definite purpose have you formed?" The answer generally would be, either that he did not know—that he was going to look about him and wait the course of events (a very rare answer)—or he would say, "I am going to farm." If

you asked what he meant by farming, he would probably have no idea beyond some vague notion of keeping stock and buying land.

This latter is a *sine quâ non*. There are two steps almost invariably taken by the emigrant as soon as he can make free use of his money. One is, to buy land without sufficient capital wherewith to work it; the other is, to buy stock without having anything on which to feed them. It would not, I am sure, be saying too much if I were to assert that three years after buying land in this way, seven men out of every ten wish they had not bought; that nine out of every ten have not sufficient capital to work their land; and that at least three or four are ruined for want of means, or take to drink, or live by swindling raw emigrants.

This latter class, the needy gentleman who has himself made a failure of emigration, is the most dangerous enemy the young emigrant has. He knows how to induce confidence. He is always on the watch to sell bad land, crooked fence-rails, rainbow posts, old cows, stringhalt horses, and so forth, to the ignorant from the old country. In a land where *caveat emptor* is the invariable rule in all farming "trades," he is only too likely to be successful. The strong point in favour of young men coming to gentlemen farmers in this country or to native farmers through an agency (modes of learning farming to which there are many objections), is, that they will have at least a *chance* of learning something about the country before they have use of any capital. Their preceptors may try and swindle them. They probably will. But it will be "hands off" to any one else who wants to handle the pupil's money.

Just consider for a moment the

usual sacrificial rites which accompany the offering of a young man to the American continent. A lad of eighteen is sent out to the States to "learn farming." It matters little whether he goes to an English or American farmer, or learns on his own account; in any case his period of probation is far too short, only extending at the longest over two years, and generally under circumstances in which it is most unlikely he will learn anything.

Either his preceptor knows nothing, or he has not the capital to farm as he ought, or he has neither knowledge nor capital.

When the pupil's head is given to him, capital is either denied to him altogether, or it is doled out to him so sparingly that he has no chance of success. Picture a lad after two years in a land agent's office, turned into a Dorsetshire farm-labourer's cottage to make a living out of a hundred acres of rough undrained unfenced land on £500.

Yet if capital is given to a lad out here, these are generally the circumstances under which he receives it.

Now money (and let the intending emigrant note this, for, though a plain fact, it is frequently overlooked, and yet is the key to the whole situation) is of the same value relatively in this country as it is in the old. You can get higher interest for smaller capital here undoubtedly, and you may *live* on capital on which you would starve in England; but to *make money*, which is a very different thing from living merely as an existence, you must have capital—and in proportion to the capital you have, if you use it wisely, you will have returns. You must have capital,—and you must use it wisely. It sounds a truism, yet upon this bare rock hundreds of young men every year

founder in the States. Their parents either send them out without capital, to sink or swim as they may among low associates, living the lives of dogs; or they allow them capital to squander before they can in any sort of way appreciate its true value.

You must have capital. The British emigrant cannot set out, like the knight-errant of old, with no resources but his weapon and his strong arm to pick up his dinner as he goes. The modern knight-errant is the Knight of Labour; with him the English gentleman cannot hope to compete. Besides, the profession of labour, like the profession of knight-errantry, is not *per se* profitable. To make money, one must have some wherewith to begin—just as to breed lambs you must have ewes, or to grow onions manure; and the more you have to begin with, the more you will have the chance of making, and the quicker you will be able to increase it. The parable of the talents was not told for nothing. If you bury your one talent in land, you may find it awkward when the tax collector comes round and you have no change. Meanwhile the ten-talent man is buying stock and feed cheap, and selling them at a large profit.

It ought to be an invariable rule with an emigrant who has no outside means of finding out how much capital is required to work land, never to invest more than one-third of his capital on a farm. For a year or two, at least, he cannot gauge either what his ordinary labour or housekeeping expenses may be. Besides, the thousand little items for patching, breakages, clearing, shoeing, and so forth, run away with a very considerable sum. Further still, when the economical man has bought a farm with a rigid vow to make no

improvements not absolutely necessary, he is led on from one step to another until one-half of his money has gone in lumber and nails. It is a hard thing indeed for an "old country" gentleman to come to this country, buy land, and not spend money on improvements.

The closer inspection which he will make of his purchase will show him roofs and fences which need repairing, ditches to be cleaned out, stumps to be pulled up, and a hundred expenses which he never estimated. Being new to the work, and being "English," he cannot get good labour as cheaply as his fellow-men, nor can he get as good work out of it when he has got it. Next, as he is "English," no one will ever sell him anything as cheaply as a native could buy it. These two things every man who farms in this country finds when he first comes here. He is an alien; no one will give him credit for the shrewdness he possesses until he has been repeatedly tried. In consequence he cannot for a year or two bargain or buy to any profit. He has to pay to learn, and to this every one must make up his mind.

Besides this, the farmer will probably find that want of good and near markets makes a profit much harder to be secured than he had originally supposed. Poultry, stock, wheat-growing, and all sorts of things on which he imagined there was a large profit, turn out to require much more care and closer management than appear at first sight. Besides this, again, there are few men who are not deceived in the land. They either buy worn-down farms because they seem to be cheap, never reckoning the cost which is to be paid before they are brought (if ever) into paying order; or they buy virgin land covered with enormous timber, which has to be cleared at great

expense before the land can bring profitable returns. This last case is not quite so bad as the first, but it will be a long time before all the stumps and roots and sticks are off the ground, out of the way of the plough and harrow, and of cultivated crops. Very few men have the courage to pay what seems to be a top price for good farming land ready to bring in an income.

If the emigrant is one of these, he *may* make an income at once and save the rest of his capital. But from the causes I have indicated, he is much more likely to fritter away money fencing, ditching, building, and trying experiments, until at the end of two or three years he finds himself very much where he was, additional capital gone, and the farm not even paying its way. It is then probably for the first time that he begins to appreciate the fact that in America, as in England, it is economy in the little things that tells. If so, and he has the strength of mind to pull himself together and adapt his farming to the altered circumstances, he may succeed in spinning out time until he has a living. But at every turn he will be met with the want of capital to work the farm. Unless he has spare cash, the stock-farmer cannot buy up young stock in winter, when spare stock is being sold off, or in spring, when feed is getting scarce. He will either have to lose good bargains and miss opportunities of making money, or he will have to sell off feed, or grain, or potatoes when they are worth little, in order to get the money to buy. Or he will have to borrow. And it is truly said that anything is easier to raise on a farm than a mortgage.

If the emigrant invests but little capital in land and is careful of what remains, he will be

able relatively to make more money, to make better use of opportunities, and be more free from the harassing anxieties attendant on rigid pinching. He cannot expect to make as much money as if he had had the capital with which to work properly a larger farm; and he may suffer, like the small shop-keeper, from competition with men in more extensive business. Still, his position is far preferable to that of the man who has sunk half his capital in land. I know no position so painful as that of a man thus tied to the land, farming with insufficient means, seeing golden opportunities of making money pass him by, of which he cannot take hold, his own money sunk in the land, and barely able from day to day to provide the lowest necessities of life. It is the same out West on the prairies as in Lombard Street. You must have capital to command success.

And you must use your capital wisely. Now, if a man has a good capital, he may buy land, and it may pay him to live on it and work it. If he has no objection to a patriarchal life, and no devouring longing for society, and if he can persuade a nice girl to marry him, he may live a contented life and may make a little money. But land will never pay a big interest. It is the worst investment for money that there is where money is scarce, as it is in the States. The value of your land will increase slowly, no doubt, but very slowly. Meanwhile heavy taxes have to be paid upon it, labour has to be paid to work it, much of it on which taxes are paid lies idle for want of capital and labour to work or to clear off timber, and the investment produces only a very moderate return.

There is another very serious drawback to the purchase of land in almost any part of the States.

When the emigrant goes to buy, the world is all before him where to choose his place of rest, and the emigration agent or speculative attorney to guide him.

It is quite another matter when he goes to sell. There are thousands of other properties equally attractive in the market, each one outbidding the other for a purchaser. He who *has* to sell must reconcile himself to take much less than he gave, even with the improvements he has put on it. In short, land in the States, whether in the east or west, is an investment bearing poor interest, and meeting with a slow sale if forced into the market.

Now the purchaser of the land might have invested his money here at eight per cent interest on a safe investment, which he could have realised speedily. If you can invest your money in business safely, or if you can rent land, as you can do in many parts of the States, and meanwhile let your capital lie at high interest, it is an unwise use of capital to buy land. In the south especially, a large acreage of land is rented for Indian corn, rye and other grain crops, cabbage, and "truck" for a share of the crop. Instead of a money rent, the owner takes half, a third, or two-fifths, according to the quality of the land "tended," and the seed, implements, and stock supplied.

If a young emigrant would be content to try his hand in this way for a few years, he would gain much experience at a very cheap rate, and save a great quantity of valuable time and money. One is not inclined to put up expensive buildings or pile fertilisers on another man's land. In this way one's hand is perforce held from extravagant wasteful spending—spending which often results merely from the difference in

methods of farming in the Old World and the New. If young emigrants could but be persuaded to hold their hands and be kept from buying land and horses and cattle, they might have a chance of making a wise use of their money.

But in the very great majority of cases the land hunger is too much for them. All advice is thrown to the winds. After six months' or perhaps a year's experience in seeing another man mismanage a farm, the young emigrant will plunge in and invest three-fourths of his capital in 300 or 400 acres of land, of which more than half, probably, is virgin forest or prairie. As to the older men, when once they take such an idea into their heads, their case is hopeless. You may apply to them Fielding's saying: "I never advise old women; for if they take it into their heads to go to the devil, it is no more possible than worth while to keep them from him."

No one ought to buy land at all until he has had two years' practical experience in working a farm in the States. By practical experience I mean experience of the general management of an entire farm. Many boys are sent out to Englishmen who are no great farmers themselves. The pupils pay a high premium, and are naturally disinclined to work for the man they are paying. Unless they are gifted with great powers of observation, they are not likely to learn much either of the principles of farming or even the routine of farm-work. But making money in farming, at least here, depends on other things than these—the economy of farm-labour, for instance, and management of land in the sense of adapting the crops and stock to the land, and so cropping as to get the greatest returns with the least expense, and with

little exhaustion to the land. To learn this is the experience no books can teach, an experience many farmers never seem to get.

The routine of farm-work, which is what a pupil is generally set to do—cleaning out stables, ploughing, harrowing, making fences, and so forth—is monotonous and easily learned. The pupil too often gets the idea that when he has learned this he has learned everything. He is eager to start on his own account, impatient to improve on his faulty preceptor's teaching. Very little of the real management of the farm, that silent fitting in of little cog-wheels, has ever come under his notice. So, when he does start, great allowances ought to be made for mistakes, which have to be rectified by experience. If he can farm on another man's land for a year or two, so much the better for him. If he cannot, he should at least try to lay out as little money as possible in permanent improvements or in purchase of stock, until he has thoroughly learnt the lie of the land, its special capabilities, and the easiest, cheapest, and quickest means of rendering it profitable. One sees very many instances of money laid out in so-called improvements, useless sometimes even for ornament, both by natives and Britishers, which could have been avoided by delaying until the character of the land was better known. I have on my own farm half a mile of deep ditching, dug in haste by a former native owner to clear a maple-swamp. It was dug at the wrong angle to the creek into which it was intended to run, and in consequence it is choked up, quite useless for purposes of drainage, and an obstruction to any further improvement. I did not make such an ass of myself when I started, only because I had not got the money to do it.

Why is it that so many will ignore what is so obvious—that farming is not a profession, even in America, which can be grasped in a year or two, or made profitable suddenly by men who have failed in every other calling of life? Men who would never think of going into a merchant's business without a long apprenticeship, will lightly throw their money into land, and expect at once to get an income and profits out of it. Greater care in buying, and a longer delay, are here always needed for success.

I never could see why the British aristocracy could not inaugurate a new order of the Knights of Labour to counteract the democratic tendencies of the working men. The idle gentlemen who have no taste for any of the polite branches of learning, instead of flying to the prairies and backwoods, might be educated in the sciences of joinery, masonry, and work in metal and pottery, and elevate those professions to the positions they held in their palmiest days. Why should not the works of art of Gibbons, Benvenuto Cellini, and the artisan masters of Nuremberg, find fit exponents among the English gentry in these days of decaying trade? The refined taste of the upper classes, and the conscientious work done for love of the profession, might revive our reputation, and mark a classical era for the artisan. Or if this is too low a view to take of the nineteenth-century gentleman, why not carry the respectable business of wine merchant and so forth across the Atlantic?

I suppose that there is some kind of nobility in the cultivation of the soil, which fits it as an occupation for the sons of gentlemen. Men who would never dream of soiling their white hands by measuring a yard of cloth or making a chest of drawers, will stand in their shirts day after day, and

hoe corn by the side of a very common labouring man, and then sit down with him to a dinner of greasy pork and milkless coffee. They will undergo great hardships and discomforts, will work, eat, and sleep like dogs, all to make a bare living; while, if they could but turn their hands to business here, or to any of the professions in this country, they could, probably with one-half the labour, earn a good living and live like gentlemen.

Capital, not labour, is what the States wants of these white-handed men. The ordinary rate of interest all through the States varies from 6 to 10 per cent, and rarely falls below. Why buy land at all? Why not invest money in business which will bring in more remunerative returns? Because one must remember this—that this nation is a nation of working-bees, and that, especially in new territories, there is no such thing as the idle gentleman. Unless it is in very large cities, or in some parts of the south, no one loses caste by work of any kind.

The only drawback—and that is one which would soon be overcome—is that those whose society you would wish to enjoy are not generally centred in the towns, but are scattered up and down the country remote from markets and railways. Example would soon draw them into a centre. A good carpentering hand can earn here from 6s. to 8s. a-day. It is a long time before one can knock a hundred a-year out of a farm, even with the hardest of work and with the addition of capital. In all small towns in the west and south, where mushroom cities spring up yearly, there is always plenty of work for good carpenters, joiners, masons, brick manufacturers, builders and engineers, doctors and lawyers, and plenty of room for the invest-

ment of capital at a most remunerative interest. There is good opportunity for picking up valuable properties cheaply, which men settled in the depths of the country cannot have; and you are in touch with the outside world, ready to take advantage of any changes which may come about. So I say, employ your capital and labour in business other than farming, unless you have sufficient capital to be independent of your farm; or if your volatile nature requires that you should possess three hundred acres of land, make your experiments at least on another man's land—and above all things, hold on to your money.

Don't farm if you can help it; but if you must farm, rent. It is the advice of every experienced man I have met.

If farming is to be the end of emigration, then after the first delay, the emigrant ought to make choice of the kind of farming which he intends to attempt, and stick to it through thick and thin.

Half the men who don't fail from want of capital, fail from want of grit and stability. Stock-farming, sheep-farming, wheat-growing, small fruits, "truck," fowls, pigs, and fruit-trees are tried, trifled with, and dropped in turn. Not half the attention necessary for one of them is given to the whole lot, and in consequence one after another is a failure. Here again the emigrant curiously assumes that a man may treat the business of farming as he would treat no other business in the world. No very small capitalist would expect to deal successfully in half-a-dozen different branches of commerce, but the emigrant seldom thinks it necessary to apply this to farming. Cautious prudence in settling and deciding on one's pursuits, and then concentration of capital and energy on one

or two special objects, and redoubled efforts after defeat, are what make farming in this country.

I have heard men say that there is no money in poultry, who bought pure-bred fowls only to neglect them as if they were the "scrub" stock that roost in trees and live on what they can scratch out of the garden seed-beds. I have seen men plant orchards of trees, which they then left to die from insects and weeds, only to declare that there was no money in fruit. They will put shorthorns on pastures that will not support an Ayrshire cow, will try and raise sheep on swampy river-bottoms, will grow wheat on land that will hardly sprout peas. Too often the man tries to fit his land to the stock and the crops, instead of deciding what he wants to raise and grow, and then picking his farm to suit.

To succeed, one must treat one's farm as one would a hand at whist; play according to rule, and not contravene the laws of the game because you lose a hand or two, or the way to success looks to be quicker by leading from an undefended suit. It is another argument in favour of waiting before settling, that the prevalent branch of farming in a district is by no means necessarily the most lucrative one. Very often in a district entirely given to one industry, such as wheat-growing or beef-stock farming, a man may make a good thing by taking up some neglected branch of farming. He may supply his neighbours with cheese or fruit at much higher profit and with much smaller capital than he could work the staple crop.

The staple crop, however, although it may not be lucrative, is probably the one best suited to the land and to the economic conditions of farming in that part of the country, and the novice should

be very cautious how he departs from it.

I have already spoken of the foolish bragging about England and English methods which every new emigrant indulges in. This is not only words. The English emigrant comes from a rich country to a poor one, from a land rich in manure to a land where it is scarce, from high farming to the slovenly struggle for existence which is the normal condition of farms in most parts of America. He has a supreme contempt for the poor land, the weedy fence-corners, the tumble-down buildings, the lean and gaunt stock that offend his eyes. When he turns up the soil with a heavy two-horse plough, and imports costly finely bred stock on to his scanty pastures, or tries some new branch of farming, he often finds that the old native farmer, whose threadbare coat and superstitious talk about the moon he has ridiculed, is not by any means such a fool as he looks. He has stuck to his staple crop, because for long generations it has been found best adapted for the land and climate, essentially different from Great Britain. No doubt a thoughtful and educated Britisher may make great inroads on the methods of agriculture here with success. But let him be careful. Old Scotch Americans don't grow rye-crops for nothing. So if you want to try something new, find out whether others have tried it before you, and under what conditions. Make your experiments very tentatively, and under every condition that can, if possible, ensure success.

There is another point on this subject which should not escape a new-comer's notice. Many parts of America are in a state of transition, especially with respect to stock-raising and the rotation of crops; and the present depression

of the industry is, I think, partly owing to the fact that the men who have succeeded the pioneers in partially settled parts, have not yet perceived that the time has gone by when they could disregard rotation of crops, the use of manure, the breeding of a better class of stock, subsoiling, draining, and so forth. For instance, take a country where there was twenty years ago unlimited mountain-range, where stock could run and grow fat at will, while pigs could run out in the woods round the farm, and it was only necessary to fence up the *recently cleared* fresh river-bottoms for Indian corn and grain crops. Under such circumstances, it was useless to keep finely bred stock or to take care of the manure. Stock were cheap, and there was a good chance of losing them on the range, and it would not pay a farmer to haul manure on to the fresh virgin soil. But there comes a time when the farmers on the river-bottoms find themselves fenced out by fresh farms from the range behind them. They have either to drive their stock out in the summer to the range and journey out weekly to salt them, or they have to fence up meadows and pastures and feed them. Then, again, the virgin soil "run" in "corn" has ceased to give the plentiful crops of yore. Manure, better cultivation, and rotation are wanting to restore it and give them the old profits. Not many of the old farmers are able to adapt themselves to the new order of things. They have not generally the means to live and wait while the farm is passing from the one stage of cultivation to the other. Even if they have, oftener than not they fail to grasp the situation. The descendant of the pioneer knows the land and the range. He is well up with all the methods in use for the cultivation

of corn and pioneer crops, and he is generally a good judge of stock. But he fails to grasp the necessity for a rotation of crops, the beneficial power of clover, the elements of drainage, or, in fact, any elements of real farming. He emigrates to the far West, and his place is taken by newer and better men.

This sort of thing is going on all over the eastern and middle States. The new man, very often an Englishman, comes on to what is called an "improved" farm. It has generally been improved to death. The new-comer at once puts part of it down to grass, keeps more and better stock, feeds heavier, and so forth. But it may be a long time before it brings him any adequate return. Meanwhile, he has to be careful, and to remember that the old farmer, with all his faults, was no fool. If he would cut his rye with a sickle, in order to leave plenty of "trash" on the land, there was a good reason for it, which the new man would do well to bear in mind. If he did plough his fields with a ~~plough~~ the depth of the soil was increased, and how deep he ploughed that had never been so. The soil was broken. More land was cleared yearly by half-a-dozen zealous advanced farmers, than by all the old-fashioned settlers put together.

Markets and freights are two most important questions to which very little attention is generally paid. Yet success in farming depends far more on what one can sell than on what one can raise. No efforts of mind or body can make you successful unless these are suitable. Though a man has all the other conditions necessary to command success and has no markets, he is wasting money and time farming. The soil may be extra fertile ("fifteen feet deep in some places," as I once read in

an emigration pamphlet for Texas), especially adapted for producing all kinds of fruits, vegetables, grasses, grain, and so forth; yet all will be useless without a good market. You may have faith and hope, but you must have a good market as well, otherwise you are but the tinkling cymbal of failure.

Agents and prospectuses seldom trouble themselves about the minutiae of markets or railway charges, and their chance remarks are generally by inference untrue. There is no part of the subject upon which figures and facts can be made so misleading as on this. Markets do not depend on the number of people a town contains, or even on the facility with which products can be raised. As to railway freights, they are dependent on the whims and necessities of rings and syndicates, and form a Lagenian mine of speculation. Both subjects must, within limits, be decided by local and personal observation and inquiry. I can only suggest what I conceive to be general principles.

It is not strictly necessary to be near a large market for stock or goods which are not perishable. But the man who is near the market has an enormous advantage always over one farther off. For perishable produce and "truck" (as vegetables and small fruits are called), a near market is an urgent necessity. Apart from the considerable expense of hauling to market from a distance, the loss from the perishable nature of the produce makes necessary a speedy sale. Again, the nearer the market, the quicker a man can take advantage of its sudden and rapid changes. In a small market twenty-five miles from me, I hear sometimes that butter is worth forty cents. I don't try to supply it, because I know that by the

time I got there it would be worth fifteen cents. Those who are nearer to it need fear no such change. In fact, American markets are like the pool of Bethesda, with an angel on the constant stir. I can only suggest to go and sit on the bottom step.

Through freights from one large centre to another—such as from New York to St Louis, or from Philadelphia to Atlanta—are generally much lower in proportion than rates from one intermediate station to another, though the distance in the latter case may be shorter,—just as French hops are carried through to London at cheaper rates than Sussex hops from side stations. For instance, the through freight from Chicago to Baltimore on live stock is much less than the rates from Western Virginia to the same port. Let the reader look at the map and realise what this means.

Establish yourself near a railway, even if you have to pay double for your farm; and, if possible, let it be a main line. The nearer to a great commercial centre you get, the quicker you can make money.

Then, again, try to place yourself where there are competing lines. One line ruled by a selfish syndicate is often worse than none at all, and may be ruinous to all chances of raising perishable or valuable goods, owing to high rates, and carelessness of the line in carrying and delivering goods.

Again, water-carriage is much cheaper, and greatly reduces by competition the railway rates. The truck-growers who live on the eastern seaboard have great advantages in freight, owing to the cheap rates at which produce and fertilisers can be carried by coasting steamers to and from South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. Many of the large rivers are

navigable, and form great water-ways for the transport of hay and all kinds of farm produce. If possible, settle within reach of water-carriage.

Again, the rates of freight on goods vary with their perishable nature and the risk the railway company runs in handling them. For instance, from a certain point to New York, grapes will only be carried at the rate of six shillings per hundred pounds, at the owner's risk. From the same point apples can be carried for two shillings at the railway company's risk. I do not say that more money can be made from apples than from grapes. I only mention it as one of the many points to be considered and difficulties to be overcome before deciding.

The rates of freight are much lower in the States by comparison with England, but they are quite high enough to take all the edge off the profits, and sometimes they may destroy all chances of success in certain lines. For instance, suppose that one wishes to make one's farm a "truck" farm, but one has no home market. The possibility of success will depend on the freight and speed of the line. The freight may be prohibitive for that class of goods, or the line may run such slow trains or such a slovenly service as to induce loss by delay. If one is on a main line, there is not so much danger of this—though even on main lines, except close to large towns, they seldom run more than two or three trains a-day.

I have dwelt long upon land and markets, because these are generally the points upon which most warning is needed. Let me repeat my advice.

Do not buy land if you can do anything else with your money.

Do not buy poor land or ex-

hausted land because it is cheap or looks pretty, or because you think you can "bring it up."

Take care to establish yourself near a market and on good lines of railway.

Choose one or more branches of farming, and stick to them closely, bringing all your intelligence to bear upon them.

Think for yourself, but do not despise the opinions of old farmers—and *go slow*.

I may add that a little modesty is sometimes of assistance. I know no insolence or ill manners so amusingly aggravating as the airs of the three-months-old colonist. He provokes to an older mind Job's remark, "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you!" He will teach you how to shoot, and grumble at the scarceness of game. At home the keeper very likely let him have a day with the rabbits, and he shot the ferret in the eye. He grumbles at the want of society and literature, and then asks you if you spell "pig" with two *g*'s, and if Colorado is in Italy. He has no present capacity for work himself, but he can sneer at the hired man's laziness, and talk big about the value of time and labour. He will instruct you how to "trade," and then swop away a good mule for an old horse with a bone-spavin.

All learning comes natural to him. After a month or two of fresh air, the pale office-clerk will be found instructing the old Scotch-American farmer how to plough, use a saw or plane, build, or grow corn, always assuring him gravely how much better these things can be done in England. Even the most English of settlers, the staunchest hater of American institutions, grows tired of being told that we do so-and-so in England; that the rabbits don't run as

fast or the birds fly as quickly as they do in England. Meantime the superior creature is as helpless as a newly born baby—and in the backwoods the baby often has the advantage of him in milk.

But as some wise man remarked, "We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us." When he has been a year or so in the country, the emigrant sometimes realises the fact that he knows little about anything, and so takes the first real step towards knowledge. By this time the effects of good hard work, early hours, plain food, hard beds, and want of undue stimulant—effects too often put down to the dry climate—begin to show themselves, and his good qualities, if he have any, come to the front.

If nothing further is intended than a short rustication in the States, the rest is not of much importance. But if a man intends to stay his lifetime here, the case is greatly altered and complicated. For single blessedness is unbearable in this country. It represents the Garden of Eden in one respect only—that the presence of woman sooner or later is essential. If a lad is to be kept from the worst courses—from the curse of drink, from the degradation of those irregular relations between the sexes, and all the other vices which follow on a lonely and slovenly life—he should be encouraged to settle where he will be able to marry eventually, if it is only a daughter of the soil. A wife in this country is a helpmeet to a farmer in a practical sense. In the eastern States at least, the lot of no farmer's wife need be a hard one. But even if they are settled where labour can always be obtained, this does not absolve the wife from the necessity of looking after the

housework, poultry, and dairy. She may save her husband much money, and turn discomfort into luxury.

But the wife and possibilities bring a new factor into the problem of emigration. Men who go out into the country and willingly stay there, very often have rather shaky spelling, and a better eye for a horse than for any picture. They merely abjure luxuries of which many of them were already tired. But these fallen angels have known what paradise was like. They have been "tolled to church, and have sat at good men's feasts." Still, to have known good society and to have abjured it, is a very different condition from that of their children who have never known it at all. If an emigrant has children, he ought to pinch to his last farthing to give his son an education in Great Britain.

So a good many things are to be considered by the youth who starts out to conquer this new hemisphere. His high boots and new saddle will probably have lost their polish by the time that he has realised that the fifty millions of which he forms a unit can get along without him. When he does so, if he has pluck and sense, and a love for an outdoor life, he may enjoy life to the full, and learn the lesson he would very likely never have learnt at home—to be a man. Self-reliance—the true foundation of national greatness—energy and decision, promptness of thought and judgment, are the qualities developed in the emigrant's life. Here is no hereditary business to drop into, no Government appointments to wait for, no friends' interest to assist. But then dependence on others' help, and the loss of spirit and courage it involves, may be wanting too.

THE OLD SALOON.

It is not often that we have princely visitors in the Old Saloon; not, indeed, that occasions are wanting—for royalty, never more interesting than in this period of the world's history, which we are so fond of calling democratic, has by no means kept apart from literary exercises, but indeed has established a style of its own, full of *naïveté* and the supreme simplicity of unquestioned pre-eminence. It is not, however, the revelations of a royal interior, or the history of those special triumphs and sorrows which belong to the most highly placed of earthly potentates, with which we are now concerned. Royalty, as has been said, never was more interesting than now. The royal families of Europe have contributed in our day the most dramatic episodes, the most noble chapters of personal history, to the world. It is needless even to give names to those examples which will immediately recur to the memory of every reader. One, alas!—the most tragical, the most mournful of all—has scarcely at this moment ceased to be the subject of conversation everywhere,—the saddest example, perhaps, of a young life thrown away, and the highest hopes and aspirations quenched in misery and blood, that all the records of humanity, so full of trouble and pain of a similar description, can show. Many families—almost all families, people say—have to mourn the downfall of their hopes in a prodigal son or erring brother; but it is rarely that despair so complete, or tem-

porary madness so terrible, is apparent in any condition of life, more rare still upon the highest level of all. Fortunately no such tragic chapters of history have come to mar our peace in England. A record of a very different kind is placed before us in the book which bears the name of the Prince of Wales.¹ It is no work of genius or imagination: it does not compete with any of our *chefs-d'œuvre* in literature: but it is something more appropriate and almost more honourable than any such productions as these in a personage occupying the position of the Heir-apparent. It is a record of duty accomplished, duty often uninteresting—little attractive to a young man, but steadfastly undertaken in early youth, and steadily carried out with an amount of self-abnegation, patience, and courageous acceptance of the burdens of a great position, of which it is impossible to speak in terms too high. Some one has said that the Prince of Wales's speeches form a sort of record of the national life during the last twenty years and more, since he first began to take his part in public life—of its undertakings great and small, its great works, its great charities, even its local interests, and even its vanities. It is also a memorial of the value which is attached in Great Britain to the royal house, showing how the nation does nothing, begins nothing, without an attempt to associate with its undertakings the name of one member at least of the Queen's

¹ H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Principal Public Speeches and Addresses, 1863-88. John Murray, London.

family, and naturally as a matter of preference with that of her eldest son. At no time has this desire been more apparent than now ; and it is a test of practical loyalty which it is impossible to undervalue. Whether it is one of the wonders of scientific work which is to be consecrated to the public service, or a new charity which has to be recommended to the world, or a great gift to be given for national use, there is no corporation, no society, no hospital or benevolent organisation, that does not direct its eyes towards the Prince of Wales, to give dignity, popularity—a national stamp, as it were—of worth and efficiency to its undertaking. Whatever we may say or pretend, we are not willing in any part of the kingdom to do any great thing without him. And the manner in which he has responded to the appeal is to be seen in the book before us. The reader may not find in it examples of oratory, but he will find a serious and dignified statement of the many and varied efforts which are continually being made in the country for every kind of worthy object—for the succour of the poor, for the help of the sick, for the improvement of every art, science, and industry, for education, for recreation, for the saving of life in danger, for the brightening and consolation of the ordinary everyday.

Time and space fail to tell all the different undertakings to which the Prince has thus given genial help, and the advantage of his name. The great towns, which it is almost absurd to call provincial, centres as they are each of a great and independent life, are as eager for the presence of the Heir of Great Britain as are the suburbs and hospitals of the metro-

polis ; and wherever he goes, he goes with the large attendance of a never-failing popular interest and sympathy. It is not for him to originate save in those limited ways which a country so jealous of interference allows, and which, with the fine instinct of his family, the Prince has strictly kept to ; nor is it his part to play the demagogue, or enforce with any passion of eloquence the cause, always that of beneficent progress, national advancement, or, better still, of Christian pity and help, which he has to set before the country. It can scarcely be said that these speeches are in themselves attractive reading ; but even in the earlier pages, where something of the ingenuous shyness yet frankness of youth appears even through the unsentimental page, the brief addresses are never without a certain serious consciousness of importance, and of the weight of public duty, which make even the first appearances of a boy interesting. They gain greatly in meaning and expression as time goes on, and the later utterances of his Royal Highness are the well-considered words of a highly educated man, full of understanding and varied knowledge. In particular, we may quote the speech in which the Prince expounded what was practically his own scheme,—the foundation of the Royal College of Music—an institution which has been of the deepest interest to all her Majesty's family, acting as they do with rare and beautiful unanimity upon the suggestions and wishes of the Prince Consort,—to one of the most dignified assemblies ever called together for the inauguration of a new institution. No statement of aims and purposes for the public advantage could be

more clearly and plainly set forth, or with more modest and serious dignity. After entering into all the details of the scheme, his Royal Highness says:—

“I have not brought you here to ask your aid for the support only of a school calculated to advance music by giving the best instruction continued over a course of years. I have not brought you here for the sole purpose of asking for assistance whereby to educate young and deserving musicians. Such an institution is but a branch of what I desire to form. My object is above and beyond all this. I wish to establish an institution having a wider basis and a more extended influence than any existing school or college of music in this country. It will teach music of the highest class; it will have a foundation for the education, and, in some cases, for the free maintenance, of scholars who have obtained by merit the right to such privileges. But it will do more than this. It will be to England what the Berlin Conservatoire is to Germany, what the Paris Conservatoire is to France, or the Vienna Conservatoire is to Austria,—the recognised centre and head of the musical world. Why is it that Germany, France, Italy have national styles of music? Why is it that England has no music recognised as national? It has able composers, but nothing indicative of the national life or national feeling. The reason is not far to seek. There is no centre of music to which English musicians may resort with confidence, and thence derive instruction, counsel, and inspiration. I hope by the breadth of my plan to interest all in its success. You who are musicians must desire to improve your art, and such will be the object of the Royal College. You who are only lovers of music must wish well to a plan which provides for all classes of her Majesty's subjects a pleasure which you yourselves enjoy so keenly. To those who are deaf to music, as practical men I would say thus much—to raise the people you must purify their emotions and cultivate their imagination.

To satisfy the natural craving for excitement, you must substitute an innocent and healthy mode of acting on the passions. Music acts directly on the emotions, and it cannot be abused, for no excess in music is injurious.”

We may not perhaps agree with all that is said here, but at least it is very well said; and the initiative of a prince who, sought and followed everywhere, confines himself to such a graceful piece of public business and enterprise as this, is sure to be cordially accepted and followed, as has been the case, we believe, with the College of Music, one of the few things of which the Prince of Wales has taken the full responsibility. But for one such labour of love, his Royal Highness has supported, promoted, spent time and fatigue and trouble upon hundreds of others for which he was likely to get no credit, and of which he makes himself the spokesman out of pure dutifulness and acceptance of the work which belongs to his high position. What is often play to busy men and occupation for the idle in their several localities—the public dinners which are so curious a feature of English economy, the meetings which are the excitement of a district—becomes a sort of profession, often wearisome enough, to the Prince, who is called to them all; but his attention never fails. He carries the urbane composure of high breeding through all.

After this book, which is not a book, according to Charles Lamb's definition, we take up with more pleasure, if less respect, a little book,¹ which is nothing but a book, and which is of the order of those pretty articles, getting more and more common from day to day, whose sole cause of being is the need to publish and to be

¹ Letters on Literature. By Andrew Lang. Longmans & Co., London.

published. We are very glad to have it as it is here, and happy to hear anything that so agreeable a companion has to say on the subject of literature, in which he is so fully versed ; but that there should have been any urgent impulse in his mind to write, or any particular call on the part of the public to have, these pleasant utterances about something or nothing, the pretty art which requires no special meaning, which is as the mildest song of the charmer—it is difficult to believe. Mr Andrew Lang is a fine critic and a fine writer. We do not suppose he could produce anything that was not agreeable to read. To come upon a dainty piece of his manufacture in the pages of the 'Independent' of New York, whatever that may be, must have been a delightful surprise to the reader probably expectant of no such delicate fare ; but whether it is not a little too flimsy to be preserved for ever and ever (or for the short eternity which is possible to paper and print) we greatly question. Our opinions on this subject have, we remember, been received with many sharp animadversions on former occasions, and we have been scornfully asked why a novelist, for instance, should reproduce his story from a magazine, or a poet collect his verses, if an essayist is not to be allowed to reproduce and give the same permanence to those swallow-flights of thought which are perhaps better than either, if every one had his due. And we allow a certain degree of truth in this objection. But leaving the poet out of the question, who may be supposed to be always justifiable, the novelist has a practical element in his tale which brings it within commercial rules as an article of trade, altogether independent of its value

as literature, which may be *nil*, without in any way interfering with its saleableness and the demand for it. For our own part, we should prefer in many cases that the romancers of the day should tell their story and let it drop ; and if magazines and newspapers were not so cheap, and could afford to give better prices for the serials in question, it is by no means unlikely that this would be the case, to the great relief of the encumbered book-market. But perhaps it is scarcely to be expected that a man (or a woman) should treat productions which have taken him a year's, or six months', or even six weeks' work, in this easy way. However, we must not carry out the argument. The little book, which is "thoughtful," which commends itself to a superior audience, which is pleasant to talk over even in the vein of the above remarks, and which may cause a little lively argument now and then in the drawing-rooms where literature counts for something, is not unwelcome, even should there be no visible reason in heaven or earth why it should ever have been a book at all.

Mr Lang begins his little letters with poetry, as is fit, but not without an apology for so doing, which is also in the nature of things. "Poetry," he says, "has always the precedence in these discussions."

"Poor poetry ! She is an ancient maiden of good family, and is led out first at banquets, though many would prefer to sit next some livelier and younger Muse, the lady of fiction, or even the chattering *soubrette* of journalism. *Seniores priores* : poetry, if no longer very popular, is a dame of the worthiest lineage, and can boast a long train of gallant admirers, dead and gone. She has been much in courts. The old Greek tyrants loved her ; great Rhameses seated her

at his right hand ; every prince had his singers. Now we dwell in an age of democracy, and poetry wins but a feigned respect, more out of courtesy and for old sake's sake than for liking. Though so many write verse, as in Juvenal's time, I doubt if many read it. 'None but minstrels list of sonnetting.' The purchasing public for poetry must now consist chiefly of poets, and they are usually poor."

Can this be strictly according to fact? In another paper Mr Lang gives certain statistics which seem to contradict it.

"Mr Swinburne's '*Atalanta*' of 1866, the quarto in white cloth, is valued at twenty dollars [the letter is addressed to an American book-hunter]. Mr Austin Dobson's '*Proverbs in Porcelain*' is also in demand among the curious. Nay, even I may say about the first edition of '*Ballades in Blue China*' (1880), as Gibbon said of his '*Essay on the Study of Literature*,' 'The primitive value of half-a-crown has risen to the fanciful price of a guinea or thirty shillings, or even more.' I wish I had a copy myself."

Now we cannot suppose that Mr Lang means here to insinuate a subtle distinction between poetry and verse, so that the latter should be a more saleable article than the former—for in that case he would not have added the name of Mr Swinburne to his own and Mr Dobson's names ; but results being so, it is unkind, as well as untrue, to say that the purchasing public think little of poetry. To find one's productions at such a premium in the course of a few years, is a gratification which does not fall to many writers in other walks of art. Let us congratulate Mr Lang on so satisfactory an issue. And we may add, that though poetry books may not perhaps afford much pecuniary satisfaction to their authors, they are by no means to be snuffed at as speculations. We have heard, on ex-

cellent authority, that one respectable firm which publishes a great many poetical productions, for which the modest author expects no honorarium, finds in their sale an agreeable compensation for the failure (pecuniarily) of more pretentious publications.

Mr Lang flings a not unnecessary or undeserved dart in passing at the "sixty inspired Americans," who overbalance the poor contingent of "eighteen poets of England," in a recent American collection : but gives the palm of recent poetry to a name scarcely known—that of Robert Bridges, from whom he quotes two or three melodious verses—scarcely enough, however, to justify his high eulogy of this reserved poet, who can scarcely be called a competitor for public fame. But perhaps this is but a piece of quaint reprisals to meet the unknown song-birds of America, whose claims are put forth with such vast seriousness, as if they were all inglorious Miltons. He adds another amusing remark on the fact that "the Rev. E. P. Roe is your favourite novelist there : a thousand of his books are sold for every two copies of the works of Henry Fielding." "You add," he says to his imaginary correspondent, "that the literary taste of the Upper Mississippi valley is much more pure than the waters of her majestic river, and that you only wish you knew who the two culprits were that bought books of Fielding's," which leads to some charming remarks upon Fielding and his works,—remarks which would have been still more delightful had not Thackeray said a great deal on the same subject, a name to which Mr Lang would certainly be the first to yield the *pas*. It is curious, however, being so tolerant and full of charity for those faults of Fielding's, which his

worshippers in the present generation acknowledge with heads held high, and a frank admission which is almost praise, why Mr Andrew Lang and a school of critics along with him are so hard upon Burns. Mr Louis Stevenson is another who cannot hear that name without a lofty expression of moral reprobation. "Who does not wish that he knew as little of Burns's life as of Shakespeare's?" Mr Lang goes out of his way to say, in a highly laudatory article upon the poet Longfellow. How about Fielding, then? Was he so much more excusable than the ploughman to whom all the rude habits of rural society, in a dissolute age, clung in spite of himself? These gentlemen never miss an opportunity of putting a penknife, or an inky point as sharp, into the reputation of Burns, dragging him into a subject with which he has nothing to do, in order to administer that unprovoked and spiteful prick. Is it that they have an uneasy suspicion that, after all, notwithstanding their asseverations to the contrary, Robert Burns wrote in the Scottish tongue verses which are perhaps better than their own productions in the same medium? So far as that goes, we think everybody will agree with them.

Perhaps it is to please his American friends in the midst of poking fun at them that Mr Lang expresses so high an estimation of the poet Longfellow. Apparently there is no one who touches so many chords of association in this other poet's heart. He loves him because—a curious experience, we should say, for an English (or Scotch) boy—"Longfellow first woke me to that later sense of what poetry means which comes with early manhood," after the trifling childish matters of "Scott

in his battle-pieces, the ballads of the Border, and Macaulay's Lays." We should have thought it much more probable that Longfellow would have brought this enlightenment to young ladies brought up upon Mrs Hemans and L.E.L. But there is no accounting for the vagaries of poetical impression. Perhaps it is not very remarkable after this revelation (very unexpected though it is, and one which we can scarcely reconcile with Mr Andrew Lang's *genre* and brotherhood), that he should acknowledge jauntily that he does not care "very much for Mr William Wordsworth," whom he apparently considers a writer on the same level as "the late Professor Amiel." Those little impertinences are scarcely worthy of a critic so thoroughly qualified. A man who talks of "'Hypatia,' by the Rev. Charles Kingsley," is of course stating a simple fact: but Mr Lang very well knows that such particularity of designation is very unnecessary, and that it means nothing but a sneer. It would be more excusable and less impertinent to say M. Victor Hugo than to say Mr William Wordsworth. But our author is not guilty of that error.

One of Mr Lang's further letters is upon Virgil, whose great personal popularity, so to speak, he analyses, without at all alluding to the effect produced by Dante's beautiful and touching picture of his dear companion and guide. We should imagine, for our own part, that the introduction of that noble, sad, and tender figure beside the fierce Florentine has had more effect upon the modern reader in his conception of Virgil as an individual, than any historical or other evidence; but this idea would not seem to have occurred to Mr Lang. His little volume, notwithstanding the small defects which

it has been our duty as brothers in the art to point out, is a pretty little book in the pleasantest fashion of the superior classes, and quite kindly and condescending to the ignorant.

It is a great change, however, to step from anything so light and airy to the serious records of work and life. The memory of Major Broadfoot¹ will always be preserved so long as Indian history is read; but it must be admitted that there is considerable danger of a character that impressed itself so deeply upon contemporaries, and of an energy and bravery which shed a lustre upon the Indian army of his day, becoming mere shadowy recollections. Unlike so many distinguished men of his time, Broadfoot could leave no permanent mark upon India. His was truly "a crowded hour of glorious life." His "career," the record of which lies before us, was a brief one as regards time, extending practically over a period of rather less than five years; and yet it presents sufficiency of interesting and exciting features to fill a bulky volume. "The foremost man in India," the proud position in which comrades like Havelock, Edwardes, and Mackenzie agreed in assigning to him, deserves to have what is known of his life put prominently on record; and those who are old enough to remember the Afghan and first Sikh wars, will be grateful to his nephew for recalling to them their old companion in arms, while those of a later day will now readily understand the enthusiasm and pride with which they must have heard the name of George Broadfoot commemorated by their seniors.

Amidst the gloom which shrouded

our fortunes in Afghanistan during the melancholy winter of 1841-42, almost the only gleams of sunlight are to be found on Broadfoot's tracks. Amidst the general vacillation, indecision, and even panic which prevailed, Broadfoot almost alone remained hopeful, active, and energetic. It is easy now to be censorious, but the blame should be brought home to the right quarter, to Lord Auckland and his councillors, and to the original plans for the occupation of Afghanistan. If Sir William Macnaghten committed grievous errors, he nobly atoned for them by his death. General Elphinstone was dying, and was guilty only in so far as he stuck to his post instead of resigning. The old conflict of *Politics versus Military* was resumed with the most disastrous results. We do not join in the sweeping condemnation which this book suggests of the system of associating political officers with generals in the field. Controversies will probably always occur, as they did to a certain extent even in our last Cabul campaign; but when they do, the fault rests with the Calcutta Foreign Office in not giving definite instructions, or in not even possessing a definite policy. Lord Auckland's Foreign Office was groping in the dark. Our generals in Afghanistan were left to shift for themselves, with the honour of their country and the lives of their troops resting upon them. Still, however, no nervous dread of responsibility can completely excuse the indecision and weakness which marked our movements. Happily for himself, Broadfoot's position gave him a minimum of responsibility, with a maximum of freedom to press

¹ The Career of Major George Broadfoot, C.B., in Afghanistan and the Punjaub. By Major W. Broadfoot, R.E. John Murray, London: 1888.

forward his bold and energetic views; and had his counsels been listened to, some of the gravest disasters would have been averted. He was only a captain, but he was in command of the force of sappers which he had himself raised, and thus had a considerable voice in Sir Robert Sale's councils from the time when the general fell back from Khurd Cabul until Jellalabad was relieved. We need not discuss whether Sale acted rightly or wrongly in not marching on Cabul when the news of the revolt reached him. The general's decision has been approved by many competent military authorities. Sir Henry Durand, however, states that "it was regretted by some of the ablest officers in his force, foremost among whom was Broadfoot."

To Broadfoot belongs the credit of the defence of Jellalabad, and to his opposition to a capitulation was due the holding out of the garrison until relieved by Pollock. Sale put himself entirely in the hands of the political officer, who was bent on coming to terms with Akbar Khan; and though Broadfoot argued stoutly for resistance, he found himself overruled. Providentially the Afghans haggled over the negotiations, and before any agreement could be arrived at, Broadfoot had converted almost all the members of the council of war to his views. In the volume before us we have a narrative of this celebrated council by Broadfoot, with notes by Havelock, who was present, though without a vote, and fully approved a course of resistance. The successes against the enemy which soon after followed, in one of which Broadfoot was severely wounded, raised the drooping spirits of the force until General Pollock's arrival. Lord Ellenborough, to whose

much-maligned administration of India the volume before us, we are glad to say, does justice, was quick enough to perceive to whom the safety of Jellalabad was due, and singled out Broadfoot from among "the illustrious garrison" as the individual most worthy to receive a letter of praise and thanks from himself. In the march from Jellalabad to Cabul, Broadfoot gathered a rich harvest of laurels. In the affair of Mamoo Kheyl, which led to an unpleasant newspaper controversy, the credit of carrying the heights clearly belonged to him, and but for the arrival of a senior officer, he would in all probability have followed up the success by routing the Afghans. His bravery in the Tezin Pass is a historical event of the campaign. "The finest sight of the day," says Marshman, "was Captain Broadfoot and the diminutive Ghoorkhas of his corps of sappers pursuing the enemy from crag to crag, and climbing heights which appeared inaccessible, till they stood on the highest point of the Haft Kotal, and were enabled to look down on the party they had chased." The road to Cabul was full of sorrowful traces of the massacre of Elphinstone's soldiers. "The sight of the remains of the unfortunate Kabul force in this pass [Khurd Kabul] was fearfully heartrending. They lay in heaps of fifties and hundreds, our gun-wheels passing over and crushing the skulls of our late comrades at almost every yard for three, four, or five miles."

The army having obtained the English prisoners, and having made a fashion of installing Fattah Jang on the *gadi*, enacted no heavier vengeance for the massacre than burning down the bazaar which had been the chief scene of the revolt, and the mosque where

the Envoy's body had been insultingly exposed. Clearly this was no punishment to strike terror into the Afghans, and their consequent contempt for British arms was, after long years, to bring forth bitter fruit. There is a great deal of truth in the remarks which a Barukzye chief made to Broadfoot, while the defence of Jellalabad was being maintained :

"'You do not know how to make war,' said the Afghan. 'You take a place and spare the people—nay, give rewards to your enemies, when you should invite the heads to meet you, and seize and kill them, and then take the place,—kill every man and old woman, have the women ravished, and the boys and girls given to the troops. Then all the neighbouring places are afraid, and submit. That was how Dost Mahomed conquered the Kohistan.'"

Civilisation may take exception to the details, but the spirit of the counsel, as a policy for dealing with Afghans, is incontrovertible.

Broadfoot returned from Afghanistan with the reputation of one of the best officers in the Indian army,—not merely as a daring leader in action, but as a man of high military skill and great administrative ability. He was, too, one whom the Governor-General was prepared to push forward ; and Lord Ellenborough had selected him and his sappers—not a very picturesque corps, for they had no uniform, and were taken for coolies—to head the famous procession across the Sutlej in which the gates of Somnath played so prominent a part. The Order of the Bath and a brevet majority were also among his rewards for the campaign, and the Governor-General intimated his intention of sending him as commissioner to the Tenasserim provinces.

We may pass over Broadfoot's

career at Moulmein. He was sent there to grapple with official corruption, which threatened to involve us in a quarrel with the Burmese, and was rapidly reducing the administration to order, when Sir Henry Hardinge, who had succeeded Lord Ellenborough as Governor-General, appointed him Political Agent on the North-West Frontier—at that time, from the unsettled state of the Punjab, and the increasing hostility of the Sikh durbar, the most important diplomatic post in India.

Broadfoot arrived on the Sutlej in 1844, when the Sikh Government was tottering to its fall. Heera Singh, the actual ruler, found himself confronted by an army which he could not pay, and which he feared to disband. The great mass of the sirdars, ground down by taxation and unsettled by the insecurity of the country, were ready to seize any pretext for revolt. The Government of India's policy was one of observation. It was prepared to defend the frontier, but on no account to intervene in Lahore politics. The danger was that the Sikh durbar might plunge into war in desperation, as an alternative to a military mutiny. The Lahore durbar had grievances against the British Government, on account of its declining to give up Suchet Singh's treasure, and also on account of the resumption of a village in the Nabha State. These, however, were not serious. The danger came from the Sikh army ; and its revolt in favour of the Maharani, and the slaughter of Heera Singh, did not at first alter the situation.

Broadfoot's position was one of intense vigilance. He could do nothing to postpone the coming crisis, and all he could do was to watch the progress of anarchy on the other side of the river, and

keep his Government informed. And this he did to its complete satisfaction. It was evident that when the Lahore treasury was exhausted, the Sikh army must throw themselves against the British. An expedition against Jummoo diverted them for a time ; then an outbreak of cholera threw Lahore into a consternation. The Rani's policy seems to have been to get the Sikh army crushed by the British, and then to secure by treaty the Government's assistance to herself and her ministers. But the Rani's profligate excesses were rapidly reducing her to imbecility, and the minister, Jowahir Singh, was even more dissipated than his sister. Lord Hardinge and Broadfoot were both agreed against annexation and an advance of the frontier to the Indus, if only a strong Sikh Government could be established ; but where was it to come from ? After nearly a year's close study of the Lahore durbar, Broadfoot finds himself obliged to report :—

"Of one thing I feel considerable confidence, and it is this,—that it will be found that the forbearance lately and still exercised with the Maharajah's Government is out of all comparison beyond what any example can be found, or indeed what would have been thought possible from the beginning of our cis-Sutlej relations with Runjeet Singh in 1808 down to the death of Shere Singh in 1843, that it has been carried to the verge of danger."

In fact, had Sir Henry Hardinge had the keen relish for annexation that his successor was credited with, he could not have followed a policy more likely to ensure the Punjab dropping like a ripe pear into the lap of the Company. The general rising of the army in the autumn, the slaughter of Jowahar Singh, and the surrender of the

Rani and her son to the army, put the possibilities of peace out of the question. The Lahore durbar, for its own safety, was compelled to precipitate the Sikhs against the British. Broadfoot's special gifts, which had been somewhat in the background during his political career, now shone brilliantly as of yore. When the Sikhs were in motion, Sir Henry Hardinge asked a commissariat officer how long he would take to provide supplies for 10,000 troops between Kurnaul and Ferozepore. "Six weeks," was the answer. Sir Henry swore, *more suo*, "It must be done in five days ;" and, turning to Broadfoot, "you must do it." "Well," said Broadfoot, "it is rather sharp work ; but it shall be done if possible." And it was done. Political work being at a standstill, Broadfoot was attached to the Governor-General's staff, and became practically Commissary-General. We have the following glimpse of him from Sir Herbert Edwardes's pen, drawn a few days before the battle of Mudki :—

"Those who were with the advanced guard that day will not easily forget Major Broadfoot and his rough-and-ready troop of wild-looking Afghans galloping across the plain from village to village, summoning out the grey-beards, and with perfect mastery of their corrupt and broken dialect, acquired in a short residence of fifteen months upon the frontier, explaining the terms of the proclamation, and extracting from the most refractory Mufsid supplies for the advancing army."

Broadfoot was also in the Intelligence Department of the army, and almost the last sight we have of him before his death, a few nights later, is also from Sir Herbert Edwardes's narrative. A cloud of dust was seen bearing down

upon the British, which was at first thought to be raised by skirmishers. But Broadfoot was not deceived.

"'That dust,' he energetically exclaimed, 'covers thousands; it covers the Sikh army.' . . . While the British troops were yet forming, he returned from his reconnaissance, galloped up to the Commander-in-chief, and gracefully saluting him, pointed to the rising cloud of dust ahead, and said, 'There, your Excellency, is the Sikh army.' It was the political agent making over the frontier to the soldier."

It was amid the darkness and confusion of the night attack on the Sikh batteries at Ferozeshah—"as hot a job," says Sir Henry Hardinge, "as ever I had"—that Broadfoot received his death-wound. He was struck off his horse by a shot in the thigh, but almost immediately remounted, and, disregarding the Governor-General's injunctions to retire, led an attack into the Sikh battery, and fell dead, shot through the arm and heart. All honour was done to his memory. His services were eulogised in both Houses of Parliament. The Governor-General declared him to have been "second to none" in the Indian service. His friend Colin Mackenzie, himself a most gallant soldier, inscribed on his grave, "the foremost man in India;" and the Presidency of Madras, to which he properly belonged, erected, by public subscription, a handsome memorial to his memory.

Admirers of the Lake poets must always have wished for a better acquaintance with Thomas Poole, the tried friend and sensible counsellor of Coleridge, and the esteemed correspondent of Wordsworth and Southey, than could be

formed from passing notices in biographies, or from stray allusions in letters. Poole's papers and memoranda have long ago been largely drawn upon by Coleridge's biographers, but Mrs Henry Sandford has still found ample fresh materials for writing what we may call a new chapter in Coleridge's life.¹ Not that she has been able to add many new facts to our knowledge of the past, but the account which she has given us of the friendship between Poole and Coleridge, read in the light of the now revealed personality of the former, undoubtedly throws a new colour over our previous views of their relations. And it is pleasant to think that our regard for Coleridge need not be lessened by Mrs Sandford's disclosures. Coleridge has frequently suffered more in the hands of his friends than from his enemies; and remembering how Miss Meteyard in her 'Group of Englishmen' treated him from the Wedgwood point of view, we must confess to have taken up 'Thomas Poole and his Friends' with some degree of apprehension. But Mrs Sandford is not less in generous sympathy with the poet than her kinsman himself was.

We are agreeably disappointed with the book in another respect. People whose sole claim to recollection rests upon having been "friends" of genius, are generally found wanting when weighed on their own merits. In nine cases out of ten, when they are put under the microscope we recognise them as a species of parasite. But in this case "Tom Poole," as every one seems to have called him, had an individuality of his own, and spent a life that would have been worthy of record, even though

¹ Thomas Poole and his Friends. By Mrs Henry Sandford. London: Macmillan and Co. 1888.

Coleridge had been altogether eliminated from it. Poole was a tanner's son at Nether Stowey, and his father, a sort of Sir Anthony Absolute, was determined that he should be a tanner and nothing else. The son longed for a liberal education; the sire obstinately refused to gratify his wish, and the young man, with indomitable perseverance, set himself to work unaided to acquire knowledge, and became not merely a well-informed but an accomplished man. Like many other youths, he was fascinated with the first flush of the French Revolution, and sowed his wild-oats in disseminating democratic opinions. He became a nuisance to his respectable and sober-minded relatives, and even an object of suspicion to those of the local wiseacres who chanced to be clothed with some fragments of official authority. Encouraged by this opposition, young Poole probably took an exaggerated view of his position as a west-country champion of liberty. Mrs Sandford tells us—

"The rather heroic phrases that Tom Poole was wont to use exposed him to a certain amount of ridicule. Once when he wound up an excited period by declaring that 'for these opinions he would willingly go to the Tower'—'The Tower indeed!' said Mr Anstice; 'I should think Ilchester jail would do for you.'"

But the course of the French Revolution, and matured experience, gave him in time more practical views; but a Radical he remained—though a Radical of the best type—to the end of his days.

It was the Pantisocracy craze—of which, by the way, a letter from a Bristol gentleman to Tom Poole, in Mrs Sandford's book, gives the best account we have hitherto met

with—that first brought Poole and Coleridge together. But there was not much sympathy between them on this subject, and Coleridge and Southey left Stowey leaving a very bad impression behind them. Poole was a prudent man, and his circumstances were flourishing; and he was not likely to assist or to be led away on such a reckless adventure as the two poets proposed. While with Tom Poole, the news of Robespierre's death was received; and the young Pantisocrats not only did not show the feelings any right-thinking people might have been expected to manifest at such a piece of intelligence, but one of them—Southey—actually laid his head down upon his arms, and exclaimed, "I had rather have heard of the death of my own father." Though a family tradition, we imagine the story to be apocryphal, especially as there is a difficulty in reconciling dates; but that the poets' talk was wild enough, we gather from the diary of John Poole—unlike his cousin Tom, a constitutionalist, an Oxford Don, and a clergyman—who was present at the interview: "*Uterque viri rabie Democratica, quoad Politiam; et Infidelis quoad Religionem spectat, turpiter fervet. Ego maxime indignor.*" Tom Poole, too, seems to have been disappointed with them; but the interest aroused in Coleridge by his poems, his lectures, and by the luckless publication of the 'Watchman,' speedily ripened into devoted friendship on both sides. It has generally been assumed that Poole was the means of inducing Coleridge to remove from Kingsdown to Nether Stowey. Now, with the complete facts before us, we find that Coleridge's desire to live beside his friend assumed the form of a passion; that Poole, with prudent counsels, pointed

out the drawbacks under which he would labour in a place so sequestered, and that any such opposing arguments plunged Coleridge into the depths of resentful melancholy. So he became Poole's neighbour, and Nether Stowey was his home from the last days of 1796 to June 1798, when he sailed for Germany. This was the best, the fullest, and the brightest part of Coleridge's life; and it is difficult to realise, when we note how largely his poems are made up of the fruits of these two years, and how greatly his recollections of this time bulked in the memories of his after life, that the "Stowey period," as it is called, was so brief a one. Wordsworth became, for a while, a neighbour, at Alfoxden; Charles Lamb came on a brief visit; and, more horrible to the Stowey imagination, even Thelwall put in an appearance at Coleridge's cottage. It is not easy, even with the aid of the vivid picture Mrs Sandford gives us of the locality, to realise the apprehensions that these intruders excited among the denizens of Stowey. Coleridge was known by this time as only "a harmless genius." It was otherwise with Wordsworth. His sister was as great a mystery to the rustic imagination as he was himself. "The profound seclusion in which they lived, the incomprehensible nature of their occupations, their strange habit of frequenting out-of-the-way and untrodden spots, all combined to produce an impression of awe and mistrust." Mrs St Albyn, the proprietrix of Alfoxden, became alarmed, and the Wordsworths received notice to quit, although Tom Poole came forward as voucher for their respectability and inoffensiveness. The loss of Wordsworth completely unsettled Coleridge's Stowey life. His letters from Germany to Poole are long

and interesting, and give the best account of his life there; but the substance of these is already known. The correspondence from the Lakes is fitful, and generally coincides with periods of more intense bodily and mental trouble on Coleridge's part. Poole was always willing to help him in his difficulties, but his practical mind suggested limitations and conditions against which the unpractical poet was disposed to revolt. He began to regard Poole as too much swayed by considerations of money, and too localised in his affections. Poole's good sense had no difficulty in furnishing a defence against these charges, but the differences between the two were such that only a friendship resting upon the deepest foundations could have survived them at all. When the death of Thomas Wedgwood occurred, and Coleridge's ignoring of the request which the family of his benefactor had made for reminiscences of the deceased had turned Josiah Wedgwood against the poet, Tom Poole had stopped the breach for a while, but even he could not avert the final catastrophe. At an early period of their acquaintance, Poole had gauged the sources of Coleridge's weakness.

"Make a strict arrangement of your time," he writes to Coleridge in Germany, "and chain yourself down to it. This may not be advisable for the generality, but I am persuaded it would counteract a *disease* of your mind—which is an active subtilty of imagination ever suggesting reasons to push off whatever excites a moment of languor or *ennui*. This many of your friends falsely call irresolution. No one has more resolution and decision than you; no one sooner sees the side of a question on which the balance of argument turns. But then that same habit of giving free scope to the activity of your imagination makes it death to you to chain the mind long to any particular object."

And in a letter to a lady, Poole makes the following shrewd observation, which, we cannot doubt, was suggested by his relations with Coleridge, although written before the poet came to reside at Stowey :

"People of genius ought imperiously to command themselves to think without *genius* of the common concerns of life. If this be impossible, happy is the genius who has a friend ever near of *good sense*, a quality distinct from genius, to fill up by his advice the vacuity of his character."

Strong and healthy, and of indomitable perseverance in the face of difficulties, Poole was probably not the man to sympathise too acutely in Coleridge's physical and mental maladies, and with the restless feelings which they naturally produced ; and to the poet he must often have appeared in the light of a Job's comforter. Mrs Sandford somewhat unnecessarily apologises for Poole's not entering more heartily into Coleridge's wish to try a change from the Lakes to a warmer climate such as the Azores, which Wordsworth and Southey agreed in thinking would be highly beneficial ; but though Poole would do his part, he would not do all, and the unfortunate results of the Malta voyage quite bore out his misgivings.

Coleridge paid his last visit to Stowey in 1807, when Poole again made an attempt to rouse his torpid energies. Among the latter's papers was found a slip endorsed, "Reply of Coleridge on my urging him to exert himself, 1807," which contains merely the following two lines :—

"Let Eagle bid the Tortoise sunward
soar,—
As vainly Strength speaks to a broken
mind.

"COLERIDGE."

The bracing influence of Poole's society probably had some effect, for Coleridge returned to the Lakes better in body and more composed in mind, and the 'Friend' followed in due course. In this periodical—doomed from its birth to share the fate of the 'Watchman'—Poole took a great interest, contributing to it himself and pushing it among his friends. In 1810 the 'Friend' died, and Coleridge drifted away to London, and letters to Poole become very rare. Twice afterwards they met, once in 1817, when Coleridge had retired to Highgate ; and the following letter, written shortly afterwards, testifies to the poet's fidelity to the old affection :—

"It was a great comfort to me," he writes, "to meet and part from you as I did at Mr Purkis's ; for, methinks, every true friendship that does not go with us to heaven must needs be an obstacle to our going thither—to one of the parties at all events."

Again, there was a meeting at Mr Gilman's in May 1834, when Poole found Coleridge's mind "strong as ever, seeming impatient to take leave of its encumbrance." On his death two months afterwards, when Poole was making out a list of Coleridge's letters, he thus endorsed the note in which the latter had taken leave of him before starting for the Mediterranean :—

"I cannot read this affecting farewell without deep feeling, being conscious that the intimate, dear, and to me most valuable intercourse which existed between us for the preceding ten years formed the happiest period of my hitherto life."

Mrs Sandford singles out as her kinsman's most prominent characteristic "an unusually high degree of the gift or faculty of friend-

ship." Only such an endowment could have sustained the strain that Coleridge's friendship involved. The poet was, however, only one of many friends, and Mr Poole's intercourse with Sir Humphry Davy, with Rickman, with the Wedgwoods, and with Crosse the electrician, if less enthusiastic is scarcely less full of points of interest. But it is by students of Coleridge that Mrs Sandford's labours will be found of especial value; and not the least of her services is, that she enables us to grapple with many difficulties of dates, which proved so insurmountable an obstacle to the poet's most recent biographer, Professor Brandl.

Even such impassioned prose as that in which Mr O'Brien and his friends bewail the rape of his small-clothes, is insufficient to relieve the feelings of Mr Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, who sees in himself at once a Bayard and a Wallace. Poetry at its highest strain is needed to do justice to the martyr, the heroic defender of honour and freedom, who, out of the depths of his dungeon, where all the images of the great are within him, lifts up his plaintive yet exalted song. It is unfortunate for us that we are not in a state of happy ignorance as to the antecedents of the sufferer. Then we could form an idea to ourselves as noble as his verse of the hero in his noisome and gloomy cell, languishing for years under an unjust sentence, cut off from all he loves. Poerio in his chains could scarcely form a pendant to this touching figure. Bonnivard pacing his weary circle round his pillar is the only prisoner we can think of worthy of a place beside him. Yet Mr Blunt had

some advantages over Bonnivard. He had his Prayer-book, on the fly-leaf of which he could write his sonnets, pouring out the magnanimous sorrow of the martyr, the patriot's indignation, the hero's defiance of fate. But for this safety-valve, we feel that his great heart might have burst. But a timely utterance gave his thought relief, and saved him for Ireland (or wherever else there may be an opening for fantastic rebellion) and the world. This is the manner in which the imprisoned hero sings, not hesitating, as the reader will perceive, to place himself on the highest level, nor shrinking from the most divine comparison:—

"From Caiaphas to Pilate I was sent,
Who judged with unwashed hands a
crime to me:
Next came their sentence, and the
soldiery
Claimed me their prey. Without the
people rent
With weeping voices the loud firmament,
And through the night from town to
town passed we,
'Mid shouts and drums, and stones
hurled heavily
By angry crowds on love and murder
bent.

And last the gaol. What stillness in
those doors!
The silent turnkeys their last bolts
have shot,
And their steps die in the long corridors.
I am alone; my tears run fast and
hot.
Dear Lord, for Thy grief's sake I kiss
these floors,
Kneeling—then turn to sleep dreams
trouble not."

It is highly disconcerting to reflect that the author of this high-toned sonnet had no more than six weeks in prison. If the weeks had been years, what an epic of

¹ *In Vinculis.* By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.
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incarceration we might have had, and how much the world might have gained! But, indeed, Mr Blunt's conviction of the heroic and tragic position in which a fortunate fate placed him, even for a little while, could scarcely have been increased had he been made perfectly happy by penal servitude for life. Nor, we feel sure, could any man regret the sufferings which gave him a right to apostrophise the "dear Lord" who is the only parallel to himself he can think of, and to hear the highest voices adjuring him to patience and courage.

"See that thou walk unswerving in my
sight,
So shall thy enemies thy foot-
stool be.
I will avenge"—

is the utterance of one of these voices, applying to Mr Blunt assurances given to a greater Sufferer—while with still more sacred

imagery another speaks in full adoption of the new victim:—

"The burden of my sorrows thou shalt
share,
With thieves thou too shalt be
accounted thief,
And in my kingdom thou shalt sup
with me."

A man who can apply these promises and assurances to himself in recompense for so small a scrap of time as six weeks, must possess a certain sublimity of self-estimation seldom met with in so unbroken a form. There is nothing to be said to this mingled simplicity and self-satisfaction. It is equally beyond the reach of criticism and of question. There is something in it of that semi-sacred idiocy which Eastern nations hold in mysterious reverence. In Scotland we call the same class *INNOCENTS*, and consider them no more open to ridicule than to any attempt to convince or enlighten.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

It seems to be dawning upon the public mind that the question of national defence is one of supreme importance, demanding the attention of the best intellects of the country, and second only (if second) to the question of the preservation of the Union, which for the last two years has almost monopolised public interest. True, the danger to the State of internal disruption and civil war, which followed upon the conversion of Mr Gladstone and his abject following to the secession schemes of the Irish party, was an immediate and pressing danger, calling for prompt and vigorous action on the part of those who loved their country better than office amongst our statesmen; and of those amongst the electors who preferred to listen to common-sense and reason, rather than to visionary speculations upon a union of hearts with avowed rebels. The vigorous action of Mr Balfour, backed up by the consistent support of Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, and in spite of the most foul-mouthed and scandalous personal abuse which has ever disgraced Parliament and a section of the press, has for the present averted the immediate danger of disruption and civil war; and it is none too soon that public attention is fixing itself upon the external dangers which threaten the empire—dangers which may at any moment become imminent through causes entirely outside our own control, but which, on the other hand, may be minimised, and indeed rendered extremely improbable, by wise and timely measures which are entirely within our own control.

A faulty system of naval government, smothered by civilian

control, bound hand and foot with red tape, crippled by obsolete routine, and unable, and apparently unauthorised, to take a large and comprehensive view of the naval requirements of the empire, or to look beyond the circumscribed horizon of the mere details of the maintenance and management of the fleet, has landed Great Britain, in the year 1889, in a condition of naval weakness, and consequent inability to defend herself, which she has not occupied since she became a great commercial and colonial power. Well worth plundering, rich, and vulnerable; exciting the envy of her neighbours; unreliable as an ally; unwilling to march a soldier or move a ship, save in defence of her own selfish interests; loudly proclaiming her selfishness to the world; trusting to her own inoffensiveness and meekness under insult to save her from attack,—she offers a tempting prize to her poorer and possibly less scrupulous neighbours, who still seem to retain more faith in big battalions than in the doctrines of the international arbitration society.

There is a striking and ominous resemblance between the present position of this country and that of Spain three hundred years ago, when the latter succumbed to the unscrupulous buccaneering attacks of those intrepid Elizabethan seamen whose names we love to honour, and whose crowning deed of naval prowess we have so lately been commemorating. Spain had long held maritime supremacy, and looking upon it as an established and undisputed fact, she neglected to fortify the ports of her colonial possessions. We have hitherto done the same, and are only just

now awakening from our lethargy, and beginning to recognise our responsibility in this matter.

Spain, trusting largely to her prestige, and perfectly confident of the invincibility of her Armada, was certain of being able to overcome and subdue England.

We also are trusting largely to a prestige gained under totally different conditions of naval warfare, and with even less grounds for confidence than Spain had, still believe implicitly in the invincibility of our fleet. That is to say, the great body of the electors, though they are at last beginning to manifest an interest in the subject, have not yet grasped and realised the fact that, in case of a war with France, our condition for the next three years at least will be so critical (in consequence of the practical equality between the fleets of the two countries), that one serious naval reverse would subject Great Britain to all the horrors of starvation, to financial and national ruin, and if not to absolute loss of freedom, at any rate to the loss of all her possessions beyond the seas which might be considered worth taking from her.

Our small regular army, and the militia and volunteers, would no doubt make a stout resistance against invasion; yet it is difficult to see how such a force, with all their valour and patriotism, and fighting as they would be for their hearths and homes, could hope, in these days of scientific warfare, to withstand the well-armed and thoroughly equipped hundreds of thousands which could be poured across the Channel if once our navy were defeated; for it must be remembered that transports could go backwards and forwards as often as they pleased in a few hours, and independent of wind and weather, under the protection

of ironclads, if there was not a superior force to interrupt them. But, in truth, it is not necessary to contemplate invasion; for the most disastrous and humiliating terms of surrender could be enforced without the landing of a single soldier on our shores.

The last invasion scare (for there have been several), and the animated discussion which took place in the press between Lord Wolseley and others as to the number of troops and their appurtenances which could be transported across the Channel in ships of a certain size, was interesting in itself, though widely irrelevant to the subject of "national defence" for Great Britain.

Of all the numerous writers who have undertaken to enlighten the public on the subject of national defence, Admiral Colomb is perhaps the most clear-headed, and the best worth listening to. Unfortunately he is voluminous; and in these days, when there is such a large quantity written, and so many subjects of interest demanding public attention, extreme terseness, and the cultivation of the art of saying what you have got to say in as few words as possible, is of more consequence, when the object is to fix public attention, than the thorough and exhaustive treatment which a subject of such vital importance as national defence undoubtedly deserves.

Nevertheless it is a great advantage to the country that a man in the position of Admiral Colomb, unhampered by party ties, and unmuzzled by the restraints of office, should combine an untiring energy in writing to the public press, with the deep study and thorough mastery of the subject which he has evinced.

These invasion scares are red herrings across the scent of na-

tional defence: probably they are not intended as such, but they are so nevertheless; for it cannot be too often repeated that there can be no landing on our shores in force—that is to say, “invasion” in its proper sense—until our navy is defeated. Furthermore, if our navy is defeated, it will be a mere work of supererogation for the victor to land soldiers in England; as this country, depending as it does absolutely upon the freedom of the sea for its existence, would be quite unable to offer any further resistance, and must succumb to starvation.

This appears to us to be as obvious a truism as to say that a man cannot live without food.

More than half our population is fed upon corn which is carried across the sea in ships. We have brought this state of affairs upon ourselves. Possibly free trade in corn may have had something to do with the very rapid increase in population during the last fifty years, accompanied as it has been latterly by a decline in British agriculture, more particularly in the cultivation of corn.

It is certainly not our intention on the present occasion to discuss the merits of free trade. It may or may not be a healthy and (from a national point of view) a desirable state of affairs, that a country with 37,000,000 inhabitants should be dependent upon sea-borne corn for its existence: it would be equally superfluous and irrelevant to discuss that proposition also, as one seems to be the direct outcome of the other.

It is sufficient to know that this state of affairs does exist, and that it has been brought about by the deliberate voice of the nation; but it is not superfluous, nay, we feel it to be incumbent upon us, to discuss the responsibilities and the

nature of the defences which this unique condition of food-supply has put upon those responsible for the national safety.

To begin with, we would submit for the consideration of our readers, that if Great Britain had strong reasons for maintaining a war fleet greatly superior to that of any other Power, and reasonably superior to that of any probable combination of Powers, at a time when she could feed her population on home-grown food, it is certain that those reasons must have become stronger and stronger as she gradually passed from her self-supporting condition to that which she now occupies, of being dependent for more than half her food-supply from abroad. And we further submit, that it was incumbent on those statesmen, who from time to time became responsible for the safety and welfare of the nation, to have jealously and carefully watched this remarkable alteration in the sources of our food-supply, and to have accompanied it with such steady and substantial increments of naval force as to have not only maintained the position of mistress of the seas which we formerly occupied, but to have rendered that position absolutely indisputable, as against any probable—we might almost say possible—combination of European maritime Powers. And, moreover, we would suggest that though it had become necessary to double or even to treble our navy estimates (which it certainly would not have been), such an expenditure would have been amply justified—indeed, would have been demanded, in view of the exigencies of our peculiar position as an unviolated ocean citadel—coupled with the fact that 30,000,000 of the inhabitants of these islands are de-

pendent for their livelihood upon manufactures, the raw materials for which are brought by sea.¹

Yet incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless true that, so far from increasing our own naval strength in proportion to the naval strength of other Powers, we have absolutely allowed it to decline very considerably in comparison with the navies of *all the great Powers of Europe*! Until now, in the year 1889, we find that all the highest authorities, with the single exception of the present senior Sea Lord of the Admiralty, are unanimous in telling us that the navy of Great Britain is very little, if at all, superior to that of France, and decidedly inferior to that of France and any one of the other great Powers of Europe combined!

Possibly some of our readers may suggest that Sir Arthur Hood, as senior Sea Lord of the Admiralty, must necessarily be in possession of better information on the subject than any of those who differ from him, and that consequently his evidence and his opinion are of more value than those of the irresponsible though distinguished officers who are so diametrically opposed to him.

If there was any secret about the strength and condition of the navies of foreign Powers, or any reasonable ground for supposing that the senior Sea Lord was in possession of information concerning them which is not as public and as well known as the number of their populations and the strength of their armies, this suggestion might be plausible; but we know that this is not the case; and we know, furthermore—for it is an open secret—that he is absolutely unsupported in his unreason-

ing optimism by one single officer of ability or distinction, either inside or outside the walls of the Admiralty. It is right also to remember, that whereas Sir Arthur Hood simply gave it as his opinion, before the Navy Estimates Committee, that he was satisfied with the present strength of our navy, without giving any reasons for his satisfaction, or attempting to enunciate any feasible strategy of national defence, with the ships at his disposal; Sir Geoffrey Hornby, who is generally regarded as the first naval strategist in Europe, takes the more practical and business-like course of counting the available ships possessed by Great Britain and France, and then proceeds to assign to them their respective duties on the outbreak of war—sketching out roughly a plan of campaign, founded upon the teachings of history and the present requirements of our peculiar position, and absolute dependence upon ocean freedom, to which we have alluded above.

Sir Geoffrey's conclusions are truly alarming; and unless it can be shown that his premisses are false and his line of reasoning totally erroneous, the situation which he discloses is so threatening to our national interests, even to our national existence, that it would seem to be incumbent on the Government of the day, regardless of party interests, and as a matter of strict and stern duty, to strain every nerve, and to requisition all the private ship-building and gunmaking resources of the country, in addition to the public establishments, so as to extricate the nation from its highly dangerous position.

There will doubtless be found many cool and astute, though

¹ *Vide* speech of Sir John Colomb, House of Commons, March 5, 1888.

thoroughly patriotic politicians and statesmen, who will say, "Such a course would indicate national panic. All panic is undignified, and unworthy of a great nation. Moreover, it would show such an absolute want of confidence in ourselves, that it would have a strong tendency to induce attack before we could possibly complete our armaments."

We fully recognise and appreciate the force and cogency of this argument; and we further admit that it must be a matter of extreme delicacy for our statesmen to decide between the comparative merits of a prompt and energetic, as against a delayed and piecemeal, expansion of the naval forces of the country—assuming, as we must do, that they have made up their minds that a very large increase both in material and *personnel* is absolutely necessary.

Without professing any deep insight into the devious courses of European politics, and certainly without presuming to make any prophetic forecasts for the future, we cannot regard the present condition of profound peace otherwise than as a day of grace, which may, or may not, be turned to wise account, and made also a day of preparation. We are further of opinion that the greatest haste which it is possible to make in our augmentations of the navy will be a wiser and safer course, and more consonant with the interests of peace, than a policy of procrastination and delay, as we believe that the condition of Europe is more likely to get worse than better; and we think that the slopes of a slumbering volcano are safer to traverse than those of an active one.

But some of our readers who do not profess to be naval strategists, and yet claim to have some slight

insight into European politics, may possibly deprecate a large increase of the navy estimates, on the ground that the so-called experts admit a slight superiority of our navy over that of any one Power; and they may say that they do not see any prospect of our being involved in a war with more than one Power without having allies on our own side.

This sounds plausible on the face of it: and if we were a continental Power with a land frontier across which we could supply ourselves with food and raw materials; if we did not possess two-thirds of the carrying-trade of the world; if our ocean commerce were not absolutely essential to our existence; if the stakes to be played for in the struggle for naval supremacy were at all equal, or even approached equality; and finally, if naval history were not emphatic in the lessons it teaches us, that even with a navy two and three times as numerous as that of France we were almost always unable, from the strategic exigencies of our position, to meet her ships in superior, or even in equal numbers, there might be some force in the argument; but unfortunately all these "ifs," and many more besides, which we need not now recapitulate, vitiate the argument, and utterly upset this comfortable and optimistic view of our position.

For the benefit of our non-naval readers, and for those who have had neither the time nor opportunity to study even the fundamental principles of the naval strategy which the unique conditions of Great Britain will impose upon her, we shall take the liberty of quoting briefly from the instructive and eminently practical remarks of Sir Geoffrey Hornby, in a carefully prepared address to

a meeting of representative city merchants, bankers, and others, at the Cannon Street Hotel, on June the 5th last.¹

After making reasonable reductions on both sides for obsolete ships, from Lord Brassey's tabular statement of 74 British and 63 French ironclads, built and building, Sir Geoffrey remarks as follows :—

"Taking on each side what I reckon as fair fighting-ships for the first line, I make the numbers 29 to 24, or roundly 6 to 5—that is somewhat more favourable to us. . . . Now let us see what the 29 will have to do. I will assume that two years hence we find ourselves at war with our worthy old maritime rival France, and that then, as now, she has 14 good ships in Toulon. It would be our business to keep them there, under pain, in case of failure, of having our Mediterranean trade destroyed. I ask, then, for at least 16 ironclads to be always off Toulon for the purpose. Well, I fancy some people will say—You a British Admiral, and not content to meet your enemy on equal terms!

"Yes, I am that Admiral, and should never be content to meet an enemy in equal force, if by any possible efforts or prevision I could meet him in superior force. And for this reason : to do otherwise is to infringe the first principles of warfare."

Sir Geoffrey then enters into somewhat elaborate details, through which we need not follow him, concerning the necessity for replenishing coal, overhauling engines, and various other matters incidental to a fleet keeping the sea ; and finally, as the result

of his great experience in the conduct and management of modern fleets, he says,

"That we want 3 to belong to the fleet to allow 2 to be kept off Toulon ; or to keep 16 ships there you must have 24 in the Mediterranean."²

"24 from 29 will leave us 5 where-with to blockade Brest, where we may suppose the remaining 10 French ironclads to be."

It is obvious that five ships cannot blockade ten. And it must also be observed that this disposition of our fleet would leave us without an efficient reserve squadron in the Downs ; and this last was always one of the fundamental principles of our naval strategy in all our former wars, and must certainly be so in future. Of course Sir Geoffrey Hornby knows this as well, or better, than anybody else, and only drew out his sketch of Mediterranean strategy in order to show his hearers that with our navy at its present strength we should have to select between abandoning the Mediterranean, and with it the whole of our enormous trade in that sea, together with the Suez Canal route of our Indian, Australian, and China trade ; or accept the alternative of leaving ourselves with only five efficient battle-ships in home waters, and thus, by giving up all pretensions of retaining command of the English Channel, lay the country open to invasion, or at any rate to the absolute stoppage of all trade, which, as we have

¹ Already alluded to in a former article. See "The Navy and the Country," *'Maga,'* August 1888.

² Since the above was written the autumnal naval manœuvres have taken place, and Sir Geoffrey shows us that in spite of his own unrivalled experience in the command of modern fleets, he has not been too proud to take a lesson from them ; for in his recent article in the *'Fortnightly Review,'* November 1888, he tells us : "If we want to shut them up" (the Toulon fleet), "according to the teaching of the late manœuvres, 22 of our ironclads at least should be always on the watch ; and adding 50 per cent for coaling, we should need 33 ironclads in all in the Mediterranean."

before pointed out, would completely paralyse the country, and enforce an unconditional surrender.

Sir Geoffrey also discusses an alternative policy for watching the Toulon fleet, which has been suggested by some naval strategists—viz., that the British fleet should remain either at Gibraltar or Malta, with fast scouts off Toulon; but with a cogent chain of reasoning he dismisses this plan as ineffective, showing that it could not prevent the Toulon fleet from either forming a junction with the Brest fleet, and gaining the command of the English Channel, or else of dominating in the Levant. With reference to the latter, he uses the following striking and instructive words, after pointing out that under the most favourable circumstances, if the British fleet is kept at Gibraltar, the Toulon fleet must get at least three days' start of it in going to the eastward. He says :—

“That is, the French fleet will have the whole range of the eastern Mediterranean for three days. Can you say that during that time you will be ‘keeping the sea’? ‘But,’ you will say, ‘at the end of seventy-two hours our fleet will fall on the French fleet and finish it.’

“But, remember, three times your greatest admiral scoured that sea, and twice with plenty of frigates, as he said, from Toro to Cape Bon, and from Spartivento to Cape de Gatte. These were in June 1798, in January 1805, and again in May 1805, and he failed to meet the Toulon fleet. Are we sure to outdo him?”

Sir Geoffrey Hornby's contentions for a large and immediate increase of the navy have been absolutely unanswered; and we shall conclude our quotations from him with the following pithy sentence: “Depend on this, the country that wants to keep the sea must have a very large superi-

ority over that which can lie in harbour and sail only when they see a good chance.”

Sir Geoffrey's views on naval strategy, and his urgent appeal for a very large increase in our naval forces, have been endorsed and confirmed by all the best officers in her Majesty's navy.

We have already alluded to a speech delivered by Sir John Colomb (brother to the admiral) in the House of Commons on March 5, 1888, on the subject of our national defences.

The occasion of that speech was on the House going into Committee of Supply on the army estimates, and Sir J. Colomb commenced by submitting the following resolution :—

“That it is desirable that this House, before having submitted to its consideration the army estimates, should be in possession of an explanatory statement from her Majesty's Government, setting forth the general principles of defence which have determined the gross amount proposed to be allocated to naval and military purposes respectively, and indicating the main lines of the general plan or programme of British defence, to which the War Office and Admiralty administration, arrangement, and expenditure are respectively to conform.”

In the course of a closely reasoned speech, in which he showed a thorough mastery of his subject, Sir John Colomb pointed out how thoroughly illogical and impractical it was to try and treat the army and the navy estimates independently of each other, and endeavoured to get the House, or rather the Committee, to see that the question of national defence must be treated as a whole, and that it was impossible to settle the proper amount of money which should be voted for the army without taking into consideration what our naval policy and power

were to be, as the former must necessarily be entirely dependent upon the latter. But, unfortunately, he was precluded by the rules of the House from treating the subject in this rational and practical manner; for as soon as he touched upon the naval aspect of the subject of national defence, he was called to order, with the remark that "the honourable and gallant member is now entering into a subject which would more properly come in upon the navy rather than the army estimates."

The rules of the House, of course, had to be obeyed; yet in spite of the interruption, Sir John Colomb said enough to have convinced the House of Commons (if it had taken any interest in the subject) that it was futile, and a mere waste of time, to attempt to discuss the army estimates save in the relation they bore to the naval policy which it was intended to pursue.

He gave voluminous statistics, and elaborate and unanswerable reasons for arriving at this conclusion. He deprecated the very large increase in our army estimates which had been steadily going on for a number of years, at a time when we were becoming more and more dependent on our navy for our national existence and prosperity, and less dependent on the army; showing that whatever the army might be, it would be unable to strike unless the navy cleared the way for it.¹

He said:—

"It was obvious that our military policy of self-defence was to 'sit down and wait' if a great war overtook us. This was a policy without precedent in successful defence, and it was a

policy contrary to our national experience, and to the traditions of the country in the past. It was a policy that we had gradually slid into, rather than directly formulated; because no Parliament, and only one statesman, had ever so laid it down. . . . What he wished to bring before the House was, that it was due to the fact that the country seemed to have lost faith in its own naval power."

And again—

"He ventured to submit to the House that we could not say what sort of army we wanted without reference to our naval position, policy, and power, because, situated as we were, the naval question ruled the military question. Until they had settled the naval question, they could not settle what sort of army they wanted; and the naval question was only to be determined by reference to three things—the physical facts of our position, the teachings of past history, and the conditions of modern war. . . . We had been developing a theory of purely military defence, based on the presumption that it was necessary because of the weakness of our naval defence. . . . Therefore the assumed naval conditions involved this, that the rear of our ports might be attacked—in other words, we admitted naval weakness."

He then pointed out that an army of even 10,000,000 men would be useless to this country unless she could also hold undisputed command of the sea. For, he said—

"Their foreign and coasting trade would have to be suspended; their army would be unable to secure the ingress and egress at their mercantile ports; for, even though defended by the army, they would be absolutely closed, and the moral effect he dared not speculate upon."

This must conclude our quotations from Sir John Colomb's

¹ This speech, which is worthy of the perusal of all those who take an interest in the subject of our national defences, is published in pamphlet form by Cornelius Buck & Son, 22 Paternoster Row, E.C., and is entitled, 'Divided Responsibility of Defence.'

speech; but we earnestly recommend the little pamphlet to the attention of our readers. The speech will also be found in 'Hansard,' vol. cccxxiii.

It is indeed terrible to contemplate the "moral effect" alluded to by Sir J. Colomb, arising of course out of the physical effect of starvation, which must inevitably follow the closing of our ports and the stoppage of our food-supply and raw material.

The behaviour of the so-called unemployed, urged on by the social democrats, and supported by all the discontented and unfortunate in the metropolis, affords us some faint and shadowy, though very imperfect idea of what might be expected to take place in all the great centres of industry in Great Britain if our ports were closed only for a few weeks, and the Government of the day had to confront millions of really starving and angry men and their families—starving through no fault of their own.

The "*nous sommes trahis*" of the Parisian mob was an appalling cry; and its English version, uttered from Penzance to Aberdeen, would be still more terrible. Moreover, it would be absolutely justified; for it is impossible that the toiling millions of this country who exercise the right of voting can have the means of studying the question of the defence of the empire, or of even making a rational guess at its solution. It becomes, therefore, incumbent on those who have the means, and particularly so on those who represent their countrymen in Parliament, and control the nation's purse-strings, to devote their best attention to the subject; and having mastered it, to tell their constituents the plain and naked truth, even as Lord Charles Beresford does, and to urge them not to flinch from any expenditure

which may be necessary to insure the country against the bare possibility of the frightful catastrophe which we have depicted above, and which we have shown to be not only possible, but, we are bound to add, probable, in the event of our being involved in a war with a first-class maritime Power any time during the next three years; for we have not laid down a single ironclad for nearly three years, and it takes about that time to complete one.

Possibly some of our astute economists may say, "So much the better; we are sure of three years' peace at any rate, for it takes two to make a quarrel, and we cannot afford to fight."

Unfortunately, the saying that it takes two to make a quarrel is not true of nations, even if it is so of individuals. History is replete with evidence to the contrary. Witness Prussia and Denmark, and Russia and Turkey on several occasions; and the fact of a very rich and much envied nation being unwilling and unprepared to fight is certainly no guarantee of immunity from attack. Quite the reverse, we believe.

It is impossible that the country could have got into its present condition of naval weakness if successive Governments—and indeed successive Parliaments—had looked the question of national defence fair and square in the face, and had taken the country into their confidence, telling it the plain and simple truth, instead of truckling to its short-sighted craze for economy,—both Conservatives and Liberals bidding for popular favour by promises of reduced taxation, a popular budget being of more importance in their eyes than the safety of this magnificent empire.

The Poet-laureate has lately published the following lines:—

"You—you—if you have failed to understand—
 The fleet of England is her all in all—
 On you will come the curse of all the land,
 If that Old England fall
 Which Nelson left so great.

You—you—who had the ordering of her fleet,
 If you have only compassed her disgrace,
 When all men starve, the wild mob's million feet
 Will kick you from your place.
 But then—too late, too late."

Very true; but the only difficulty will be to find out who the proper "you—you" are. No doubt some people will be summarily kicked from their places, and very possibly lynched by the starving multitude; but it is too much to expect that the "wild mob's million feet" will be able to discriminate between those who have been guilty of compassing their land's disgrace and those who are innocent. Probably the guilty will have retired on comfortable pensions, leaving their successors to suffer for their sins; but in any case it will certainly be "too late, too late," for all save wild revenge, which will not regain a lost empire nor feed a starved and ruined nation.

Possibly some of our readers may deprecate the alarmist tone we have adopted in this article, and suggest that such a gloomy and pessimistic view is not justified by the facts of the situation. We believe that it is amply justified; and we are convinced that it is much wiser to tell the whole truth, hide nothing, and face the matter boldly, rather than pretend that we can alter unpleasant facts by shutting our eyes to them.

The terms "chronic alarmist" and "panic-monger" have been freely used by a certain short-sighted school of economists for the

purpose of discounting the warnings of those who, like Sir Thomas Symonds, Sir Geoffrey Hornby, Lord Alcester, Lord Charles Beresford, the two Colombas, and others, have taken the trouble to study the question of national defence by the light of history and common-sense, and who have endeavoured to approach it and treat it in a practical manner instead of guessing at it. Such loose epithets, unsupported by proof of any sort, constitute no valid argument; and so far as we are aware, no shadow of evidence has yet been adduced to justify their application in the opprobrious and contemptuous sense in which they have been used.

Such signs of uneasiness in the public mind as are made manifest by the formation of the "Volunteer Home Defence Association," the "Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers," the proposition to arm local tugs and steam-launches, the deputation from the northern ports to the Prime Minister on the subject of their defence, &c., must all be taken as indications of want of confidence in the navy.

The spirit and patriotism which suggest these proposals are worthy of all respect; but unfortunately, in the minds of many they are likely to divert attention from the main subject, and to produce a feeling of confidence in their efficacy which is quite unjustified.

A misconception in the public mind as to the nature of the defence which is necessary for the preservation of this empire is a very dangerous thing; and it is to be regretted that we find such a thoroughly sound and clear-headed "alarmist" as Lord Charles Beresford allowing himself to make use of such expressions as "the defence of our shores." The defence of our *shores* has got nothing to do with the question. The defence of the *sea* is absolutely essential to the

existence of the country. Where, then, is the wisdom of putting the cart before the horse, and discussing the defence of our shores? If the sea is properly defended, who is to attack our shores? How are they to get at them? Surely the less is involved in the greater; and we should have a very poor opinion of the wisdom of a surgeon who set to work to dress a wound in the arm of a man whose head was shot off. Raids on our coast might be inconvenient—loss of the command of the sea must be fatal—so that every shilling that is spent on coast defence, whilst the navy remains too weak to make certain of commanding the sea, is money absolutely misspent. It is like trying to stop the spile-hole while the bung is out.

The sound views which most of the leading journals, both metropolitan and provincial, are now taking on this subject, is a very healthy sign, and augurs well for the general instruction of the electors. For instance, the 'Times,' in a leading article on January 3, says:—

"One cardinal principle can be grasped by every man of intelligence, and must be unflinchingly maintained if any real benefit is to accrue to the country from the increased expenditure which, in any case, must be regarded as certain. That principle is, that our first line of defence is the navy, that the only defence for our commerce and food-supply is the navy, and that, as a necessary consequence, it is upon naval and not upon military, advisers that the Government must principally rely in dealing with the whole question of national safety. If the navy is made thoroughly competent for its work, no other defence for these islands or for the empire at large will ever be called into play. If the navy fails us, no other defence will avail to avert crushing disaster."

This is thoroughly sound; and if it is taken as the key-note for

our policy of national defence, we shall hear no more about the defence of London, and very little about fortifications and submarine mining defences for the Mersey and the Clyde, and still less for the eastern ports.

"If the navy fails us, no other defence will avail to avert crushing disaster."

Is this, then, some new discovery? Is it only lately that this aphorism has become true?

By no means. It has been true any time for the last three hundred years and more, and it is only during the last twenty years that it has been lost sight of and disregarded.

But our readers may naturally inquire how this dereliction of principle has come about.

The answer is supplied by the editor of the 'Times,' in the same leading article from which we have already quoted:—

"Because the War Office is more powerful at Court and in society, and because the army is far more numerously represented in the House of Commons, it has been the practice to relegate the navy and naval men to a secondary place whenever national defence is under consideration."

And in one of his numerous letters on the subject of the defence of our mercantile ports, Admiral Colomb pithily remarks:—

"Every now and then there is a scare about the openness of London to attacks, a cry for Parisian fortifications round it, and millions' worth of works on the banks of the Thames. For all I know, we may have this cry upon us directly as an early result of the demands of the northern ports. Such a question is purely naval; but if a committee were to assemble to-morrow to consider it, we know quite well that the navy would be represented in such a minority as to be overborne in consultation. Foreigners all see the absurdity of the position; we are used to it, and think it all right, but

we grumble at the bigness of the bill.¹

True indeed; foreigners see the absurdity of it, but we do not.

However, if the Swiss Confederation were to build an iron-clad navy on the Lake of Geneva, and to put the defence of their country into the hands of the officers of that navy, assuming those officers to have had a purely naval training, we should probably recognise the absurdity of that.

We trust that, without labouring our point any further, we have said enough to convince our readers that "national defence" is not—as General Sir John Adye would have us believe—a question of joint responsibility between the army and navy, but a purely naval responsibility. We are, of course, not alluding to India, but merely to the United Kingdom.

Our gallant little army has hitherto been always an attacking arm—an offensive, not a defensive force; and there are still stronger reasons why it should be so in the future; for if ever it has to fight upon our own shores, it will surely be, in the words of the Poet-laureate, "Too late—too late."

Doubtless one very good reason—besides the influence at Court, and representation in the House of Commons—why the army attracts to itself a share of public attention and consideration out of all proportion to its value to the State, is the fact that it is always in sight, and the navy is not. It is just the difference between seeing and hearing. The people can see the soldiers, but they only hear about the sailors. Yet two trained stokers mounting guard at the gates of the Admiralty, with their shovels over their shoulders, would be far more appropriate manifestations of Great Britain's power

in the world, than the two Lifeguardsmen who adorn the entrance to the Horse Guards; for in truth those steel-clad warriors are of no more use for national defence than Gog and Magog at the Lord Mayor's show. Without the navy they could not even be used as an attacking force; for, unless the navy were supreme at sea, they could never leave these shores except as prisoners.

We do not make these remarks with any idea of belittling the army, or from any want of appreciation of the many glorious deeds it has wrought, but merely to show that there is no comparison between the importance of the two services with relation to the question of national defence.

Our gallant soldiers will have their work cut out for them in defending India by-and-by; and possibly in garrisoning Malta, Gibraltar, and our other important stations—perhaps Egypt too: but unless we adopt the Continental system of compulsory military service, and multiply our active army by five, it is unlikely that it will ever again take any conspicuous part in European wars. If we keep, or rather if we once more regain, undisputed command of the sea, it can still be used to strike terrible blows in distant lands, and thus bear a worthy part in the defence of our scattered empire; but to assign to the army a co-responsibility with the navy for the defence of the United Kingdom, is to misconceive the fundamental principles of the problem. Admiral Colomb has from time to time pointed out with very sound logic, that there can be no invasion of a country either by land or sea unless communications are made secure. The only communications with Great Britain are by sea; and

¹ Admiral Colomb to Editor of 'Times'—'Times,' January 3, 1889.

those communications cannot be made secure (for the enemy) until the British fleet has been defeated. But we have endeavoured to show (and we trust with equally sound logic) that if the British fleet is defeated no invasion will be necessary, *as all the objects of war can be gained without it.*

This is our case in a nutshell ; and if we have convinced our readers of the soundness of our reasoning, we would urge them, if they have any stake in the country, not to rest satisfied with their own conviction, but to set to work vigorously to convince all those likewise over whom they have any influence, and to induce them to bring pressure to bear upon their representatives in Parliament, to extricate the country from its most perilous position. This is most important, for it must ever be remembered that politicians are merely the weather-cocks of public feeling.

This may not sound complimentary, but it is true ; and there can be no doubt that nothing but a misconception of the sentiments and aspirations of the country on the subject of the navy, has hindered the present Government from taking the bold and vigorous measures which we at last hear hinted at by several responsible Ministers.

We can now only hope that we may not be too late, and that a wise and perhaps accommodating foreign policy will enable us to keep the peace until we have been able to make good some at least of our more glaring naval deficiencies.

Time is of the very essence of the problem. A ship on the stocks, or a modern gun half finished, will in all probability be absolutely useless to us. All modern wars have been short, sharp, and quickly decisive, with no time for preparation as of old ; and we shall have to

fight *with whatever we have got ready at the time.* And let it be remembered that we cannot place another ironclad in line of battle, - beyond those already shown on all the lists, for at least three years !

The Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the President of the Board of Trade, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, have all been throwing out hints, which must be regarded as feelers, with reference to an extensive ship-building programme for the navy estimates of this year. Such hints and feelers are unnecessary, and a mere waste of time and energy. The 'Times' was probably very near the mark when it observed, as it did on the 15th of January, that "in dealing with the national defences, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach took a needlessly apologetic line. . . . We trust that his colleagues understand more fully than he seems to do, that the country is a good deal ahead of the Government in this matter."

No trifling, no tinkering, no half-and-half measures will suffice to stifle the almost unanimous demand of the country for a large increase in the navy, both in material and in *personnel*, more particularly in officers of the junior grades.

It may sound very grand and dignified for Ministers to say that they don't intend to lose their heads, and be led into a large panic expenditure of the public money—that "they will not give way to popular clamour," but prosecute steadily the piecemeal policy of construction which their colleague at the Admiralty announced last year. This will not do. The time for such dilatory and stick-in-the-mud excuses has gone ; and if the present Government does not choose to move with such vigour and boldness as the urgency of the case demands, they

will certainly most seriously jeopardise their own existence,—for many of their warmest supporters will turn against them, and of course the whole of the Opposition will take whatever course they may deem to be most damaging to the Government, regardless of consistency.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Thomas Symonds states, in a recent article,

"the pressing wants of our navy to be 300 lieutenants, 5000 more seamen and stokers, 5000 marines; 20 sea-going battle-ships of high free-board, equal to blockade in all weathers; 60 cruisers of high speed and good size—no pigmies loaded with engines—20 of these should be of 10,000 tons, of light quick-firing gun armament and great coal capacity; and 100 torpedo-vessels of a much larger class than our present ones, which are too small and unseaworthy."

And concludes his short but admirable article with the following impressive words:—

"It should therefore be the endeavour of experts and the press to awaken the public to such a sense of this imminent peril as to prepare our electorate to face willingly a very large outlay, and to impress it with the fact that twenty millions expended at once may very probably save five hundred at an early future."

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Geoffrey Hornby also states that we require 30 more battle-ships; and of fast cruisers of fifteen knots and upwards, he says:—

"We require 250 more to meet the first demands of war, besides an uncertain number of that useful class, the torpedo-catcher, of which we have barely a dozen."

And he remarks apologetically, but logically:—

"A hundred and twenty cruisers to assist the fleet, and 185 to protect trade, may seem to be a large order—but why are we to expect to get pro-

tection for our vast commerce and extended dominions with fewer ships than our forefathers needed seventy-five years ago?"

Lord Charles Beresford, in his excellent and exhaustive speech in the House of Commons on December 13, said:—

"His proposals were to build four first-class ironclads, £70 a ton, £3,100,000; ten second-class ironclads of 7000 tons, £4,500,000; ten first-class cruisers, 8000 tons, £65 a ton, £4,800,000; ten of the 'Thames' class at £50 a ton, £2,700,000; twenty 'Medeas,' £50 a ton, 3000 tons, £3,000,000; twenty 'Sharpshooters,' 750 tons, £70 a ton, £1,000,000;—and that with one million for armaments made up 20 millions."

It will be observed that these proposals for supplying our immediate wants differ somewhat from those of the two Admirals of the Fleet. They are more modest than those of Sir Thomas Symonds, and greatly below those of Sir Geoffrey Hornby, the highest naval authority in existence.

Each has stated honestly what he considers necessary, without collusion. Their differences will probably be pointed to once more as "the discordant utterances of the experts;" but we will let this pass, with the observation that if we are to wait to bring the navy up to its necessary strength until all the experts are agreed as to the exact amount it requires increasing, we shall wait till doomsday. We believe Sir Geoffrey Hornby's opinion on the subject to be the most reliable. Sir Thomas Symonds has not been afloat for nearly twenty years; and although he has kept a close watch upon the subject, and is entitled to all the honours of being the father of the revival of sound opinion, and the most indefatigable and untiring advocate of a return to our

traditional naval policy, things have moved rapidly during the last twenty years, and Sir Geoffrey's experience is fresher. Moreover, Sir Thomas distinctly says "*the pressing wants of our navy*," and the italics are his own.

Lord Charles Beresford is a politician as well as a seaman: his programme is clear, explicit, and, according to his own expression, "understandable." He probably thinks it wiser to ask for half a loaf and get it, than to ask for a whole loaf and get none; though we feel sure that he would be the first to bow respectfully to Sir Geoffrey Hornby's opinion, and to endorse his estimate of our wants—and indeed there is no actual divergence in their views; for whilst Sir Geoffrey, having carefully studied the problem of national defence and the protection of commerce, is in a position to declare with perfect freedom the number and class of ships which he considers necessary to effect that purpose in case of war with a maritime Power, Lord Charles may declare that although he agrees entirely with those estimates of our wants, yet he has ascertained that the programme he has set forth is as much as could be undertaken immediately, and carried out with that due regard to economy and despatch which the country has a right to demand.

Moreover, we believe that if Lord Charles's programme is put in hand at once, as it undoubtedly ought to be, it will tax to the utmost the shipbuilding, gunmaking, and engineering resources of the country, both public and private, without, of course, interfering with orders now in hand for foreign Governments; and we do not expect to see our own Government going round to the highways and hedges buying Turkish and Brazil-

ian ironclads, until at least we hear of the Russians being at Herat.

The address which Lord Brassey delivered to the London Chamber of Commerce, at the Mansion House, on February 1st, though a well-meant effort to call attention to our naval weakness, cannot be considered on its merits as worthy of serious discussion. Without resting upon any foundation of our requirements in war-time, either for the protection of commerce or the necessary distribution of our battle-ships, in order to conform to some practicable strategy against France alone—yet guessing that some bare numerical superiority in ships would admit of our coping with France and Russia combined—Lord Brassey, by proposing an expenditure in excess of the ordinary estimates of £4,500,000, to be spread over four years, was merely trifling with the subject. And, indeed, Mr John Glover, a ship-owner, who made a pithy and eloquent speech at the meeting, broadly hinted as much when he suggested that Lord Brassey had come down to the city to "feel their pulse." Mr Glover also remarked "that for a nation in their position to talk about whether it should spend an additional million or two in making its maritime position safe was preposterous"—thus summarily disposing of Lord Brassey's inadequate proposals.

We do not propose to discuss at any length the question of how the money is to be raised to make good with all despatch our more immediate naval deficiencies. We have a very able Chancellor of the Exchequer, and there can be no question that the country is rich enough to pay the proper price for its national insurance. If it has allowed its policy of insurance to fall greatly in arrears for a con-

siderable number of years, it should now make up the deficiency without delay.

The proposal to suspend the sinking-fund for three years in order to make up the twenty millions which our immediate wants demand, appears to be a sound one, and the answer that it would be a bad precedent seems insufficient; for it has been logically remarked, that it is useless to put by money for the purpose of reducing the national debt for the next generation, or, in other words, to enable our children or grandchildren to occupy the premises at a reduced rent, if by so doing we fail to pay proper insurance, and jeopardise greatly their chances of succeeding to the property at all.

Our grandfathers built up a mighty empire by virtue of their undisputed supremacy on the ocean. They have bequeathed this great inheritance to us with a heavy debt attached to it. Is, or is not, the inheritance worth the debt? Does not the price of British Government stock show that in the opinion of the financiers of Europe it is so? Why, then, are we illogical, and why do we imagine that we can have the inheritance without the debt? Or why do we try to fly in the face of history and of common-sense, and neglect to prepare for the fulfilment of the primary condition which has governed the possession of property by various races of mankind ever since the earliest dawn of history—viz., the ability to defend it by force?

Since our article was written, the report of the Committee on Naval Manœuvres, just published, affords a practical corroboration of the arguments which we have been en-

forcing. Their opinion is as gratifying concerning the efficiency of our sailors, as it is emphatic regarding the insufficiency of our ships. But, in the opinion of the committee,

"The main lesson which these manœuvres emphasise is that Great Britain, whose maritime supremacy is her life, is very far from being as strong as she should be on the seas, either in *personnel* or *matériel*. . . .

"No other nation has any such interest in the maintenance of an undoubted superiority at sea as has England, whose seaboard is her frontier. . . .

"The defeat of her Navy means to her the loss of India and her Colonies, and of her place among the nations.

"Without any desire to question the sums annually granted by Parliament for the maintenance of the Services, we cannot but note the disproportion in the appropriation when the magnitude of the issues involved is taken into consideration.

"It would, in our opinion, be far more in consonance with the requirements of the nation by the provision of an adequate fleet to render invasion an impossibility, than to enter into costly arrangements to meet an enemy on our shores (instead of destroying his 'Armadas' off our shores), for under the conditions in which it would be possible for a great Power to successfully invade England, nothing could avail her, as the command of the sea once being lost, it would not require the landing of a single man upon her shores to bring her to an ignominious capitulation, for by her Navy she must stand or fall."

This authoritative statement, backed up as it has promptly been by the authoritative indorsement of its views in the Queen's Speech on the opening of Parliament, shows that the Government have at least the serious intention of remedying our present state of insecurity.



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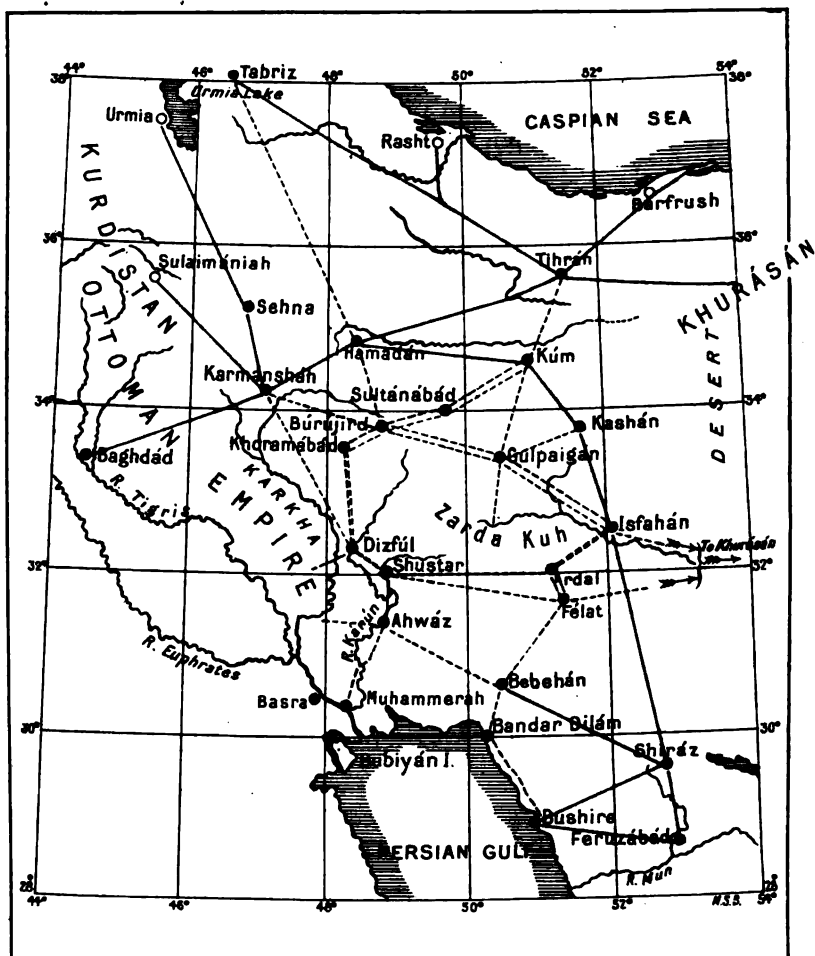
To whom all Communications must be addressed.

MAP to illustrate article, "A Visit to the Kárún River and Kúm."

ROUTES IN SOUTH-WEST PERSIA.

THE KÁRÚN ROUTE AND ITS FEEDERS.

[Navigation of the Kárún is free to Ahwáz.]



Routes of Writer, ...
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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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VOL. CXLV.

A VISIT TO THE KÁRÚN RIVER AND KÚM.

By Colonel MARK SEVER BELL, V.C., A.D.C., Royal Engineers.

As the permission lately granted by the Persian Government to foreigners for the free navigation of the lower portion of the Kárún river has attracted a certain amount of public attention to the accelerated communication thereby effected between Tihrán, Isfahán and Khúrásán (*Turshiz*), with the Persian Gulf, it has been suggested to me that a brief account of my peregrinations in this region would be acceptable to the readers of 'Blackwood's Magazine.'

I had seen much of Himalayan scenery, and longed to wander amidst the snowy peaks and deep-cut clefts of the Zagros range. I also desired to visit the trade

centres of the plateau of mid-Persia,¹ which lies to its north. I hoped to find novelty and excitement by associating with the as yet half-tamed and often lawless tribes of Feili and Bakhtiari Lurs, inhabiting its valleys and plains, as well as with the more decorous Arabs and courteous Persians, the former of whom are to be found along the Kárún to Dizfúl and in the vast plains, whilst the latter dwell beyond the Zagros mountain-chain, in the classic soil of Persia, known better to travellers of modern days as the scenes of the romantic adventures of Sir Henry Layard, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and Mr Stocqueler, and others. Then,

¹ "From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
And Margiana, to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;
From Atropatia, and the neighbouring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven."

—*Paradise Regained.*

also, the very sound of such names as Susa, Shushan, Ram Hormuz, with their Scriptural associations, suggested dreams of Daniel and the Apocrypha, mingled with dim reminiscences of Greek heroes encountering the Mede and Parthian cavalry.

With these and suchlike thoughts uppermost in my mind, I left Karachi early in March 1884, accompanied by Shahsowar Khan, a Farsiwan, as companion, and a Madras cook, in the s.s. Arabia, one of the British India Company's steamers, for Basra, the well-known port of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the Shatt-al-Arab, in Turkish territory.

Thence, after completing my final preparations for the land journey, I proceeded, in company with Mr Robertson, the acting Consul, to Muhammerah, in a steam-yacht belonging to the firm of Gray, Mackenzie, & Co., reaching that place on the 23d March.

By the kind offices of the above-named firm I was furnished with *baráts*, or money-orders, on merchants at the towns I proposed visiting; and as both this firm and that of Messrs Gray, Paul, & Co. were well known and esteemed by the Bakhtiari and other tribes in south-west Persia, they were enabled to give me letters to the Lur chiefs in the interior, which proved of the utmost service. Indeed without them I should, perhaps, never have reached Khoramábád alive, and they smoothed my return journey from Isfahán to Bebehán by Ardal and Sadat. In fact, the influence of these firms alone ensured the successful issue of my journey.

Muhammerah is the port of the Kárún, a river the name of which, at least, should be known to every

schoolboy in these school-board days, for it is easily to be remembered as the only navigable stream in Persia.

This town is situated on a navigable canal, the Hafar, which connects the main waters of the Kárún with the channel in which the streams of the Tigris and Euphrates are joined, and known here as the Shatt-al-Arab. The Bahmehshir, the real mouth of the Kárún, carries off now but one-fourth of the effluent waters, with about two fathoms over its worst shallows at low tide; whilst the Hafar admits of sea-going ships of deep draught anchoring in from 20 to 30 feet at all times, and has a breadth of from 300 to 400 yards, with steep clay banks near the town, forming a most commodious estuary.¹

The situation of Muhammerah is, without doubt, far more salubrious than that of Basra, for the stream of the Kárún is cool and invigorating, and decidedly affects the temperature of the vicinity. In addition to being the natural outlet and emporium of all central Persian trade with the outer world, Muhammerah, from its position, commands the approach to the Turkish trade-marts of Basra and Baghdád.

It will be remembered that fifty years ago the Porte laid claim to this town previous to the Turco-Persian Frontier Commission, which was decided in favour of Persia by the treaty of Erzurum in 1847, since which date the Persians have done nothing to indicate their appreciation of its capabilities. Under any other rule but that of an oriental potentate, such a site would speedily be occupied by a flourishing city, with crowded quays, docks, and bond-

¹ The tide rises here from eight to ten feet.

ing warehouses; whilst jetties, piers, and wharves would supersede the low mud-banks, and railway termini and factories replace the barren mud-flats now so sparsely populated. Hitherto Persia has derived absolutely no benefit from her possession of such an advantageous position, and the trade which formerly was carried along the Kárún has been allowed to disappear utterly, a decline which is probably coeval with the decadence of Shustar and Dizfúl as trade centres.

The mud-walls of the town measure about a mile in length each way, surrounded by a narrow and shallow moat with flanking defences at the angles and at intervals along the perimeter.

The population, when I visited the place, did not exceed some 300 to 400 families—say 2000 souls—who occupied but a small portion of the walled enclosure. The streets are narrow and filthy, with deep gutters running down their thoroughfares, into which the sewage from the flat roofs of the squalid buildings on either side finds its way, after trickling down their walling of sunburnt bricks or mud. This primitive drainage system, which prevails to Dizfúl, seems to cause no discomfort to those whose olfactory nerves have from youth been accustomed to it; and for a sitting or sleeping apartment to open out upon one or several such vertical drains is nothing uncommon.

I had heard that a short time previous to my arrival some French commercial and military

travellers¹ had been displaying considerable activity in the vicinity of the Kárún, and that it was useless to apply to the authorities for a safe-conduct, as the chief would be unable to guarantee a passage through the territory over which he exercises a patriarchal authority. The chief of Muhammerah and of the Arab tribes in the vicinity, the *Ka'b*, is Shaikh Mizal Khan, who lives a mile from the town, on the left bank of the Shatt-al-Arab. This chieftain is well disposed towards the British, and on intimate terms of friendship with Mr Robertson, who introduced me to him.

I found the Shaikh to be a middle-aged man, of fine figure but sad countenance, betokening probably domestic unhappiness (for he has many wives but no children) and insecurity of his position. It is the object of every man in oriental countries like Persia, under despotic rule, to attract as little observation as possible to his wealth and power. On this account, Shaikh Mizal may naturally view with disquietude any development of the Kárún traffic; as any marked increase of his personal wealth, or that of the country and tribes under him, would produce envy at headquarters and provoke suspicion, which would be speedily followed by dispossession and ruin, unless under the protection of a powerful patron at Court. Being the younger son of the late Hajji Jabir Khan, his elder brother, a pensioner at the city of Isfahán, is able to influence the high Per-

¹ It subsequently transpired that these formed a party of *savants*, headed by M. Dieulafoy, despatched under the auspices of the Ministry of Arts, whose object was to make excavations for the purpose of archaeological research, on the site of the famous *Apadána* (Hall of the Royal Throne) of Artaxerxes Mnemon, at Susa. This mission was protected by the Shaikh of the Arabs, by name Mahamad Tahir.

sian officials in their relations with the Shaikh, whose partiality for the English subjects him to their jealousy and close observation. I was myself very favourably impressed by Shaikh Mizal's dignified appearance and cordiality, and I noticed particularly that he conducted his *darbar* (*levée* and reception) with dignity, great decorum, and ceremony.

By aid of the Shaikh I was enabled to procure mules, and, what was of great importance, the services of a mounted guide as far up the banks of the Kárún as lay within the limits of the chief's jurisdiction—that is, for 90 odd miles; and I was also accommodated at Muhammerah in good quarters as his guest for the night.

Our small party of self and Shahsowar (mounted on Gulf Arabs, which I here purchased), and my old Madras cook (seated on a pack-mule), left Muhammerah on the 24th March, along a road but slightly raised above the surrounding mud-flats, which about here then formed a vast swamp, due to the heavy spring rains; and after making a short march of 7 miles, halted for the night at Gisbah,¹ a small village of mud and straw huts on a muddy creek difficult to ford. I arrived here wet and covered with mud; for, as the sun was sinking below the horizon, my mare, getting into difficulties and finding herself gradually sinking in the mud, quietly lay down, much to my discomfort.

Beyond the village the route followed a mere track along the left bank of the Kárún river,

winding to avoid marshy spots. Near Muhammerah a belt of vegetation fringes the river-side, and a date-plantation was here and there visible; but as we proceeded, we passed beyond the region of date-cultivation, and the country became altogether treeless. There were some patches of scanty grass, affording grazing for sheep, and after covering 30 miles of an uninteresting flat, we halted near an encampment of Arabs belonging to the Muntafeghah tribe, who were in no way inclined to be hospitable; so that, as I travelled lightly without a tent, trusting to be housed nightly, we here bivouacked in a heavy dew which saturated our blankets.

To gain for me the consideration of the tribes, our Arab guide gave out that I was in charge of property belonging to the Zil-ul-Sultan, the ruler of Arabistan: this ensured me as well the power of purchasing supplies at high rates. The fertile imagination of Shahsowar raised me to the rank of *sartip* (general) and wealthy noble. In vain I protested against such deceit; Shahsowar but answered that such reports were necessary, and that to spread them was his business, and not mine to contradict them.

The next day's journey led us 24 miles, in the same northerly direction along the river's banks, mostly over a plain covered with a sweet-smelling grass (the *Gul-i-zard* or yellow-flowered grass), and we now came across many Arab encampments, belonging to which were numerous flocks of sheep, cows, horses, and donkeys; whilst

¹ The Dorak canal, which tails into the Jarrahi river, is taken off from the left bank, a couple of miles higher up-stream than Gisbah, and is navigable for *ballams* (small row-boats).

plenty of fine wheat and barley, now being cut green for fodder, was growing by the sides of the river, which is here about 300 yards wide.

The Arabs (the *Ilyats* or nomad tribes, of Shaikh Mizal and the Mula of Hawzah) about here, notwithstanding the low temperature experienced on these arid plains during the spring nights and mornings,¹ are miserably clad in thin brown blankets with slits for arm-holes, which, with the black blanket tents, are woven by the men and women of the tribe; and on their heads is the coloured handkerchief or *kefiyeh*, kept in place by a double band of camel's hair. Their chief occupations consist in weaving and spinning the wool from their flocks, tending and rearing their herds, making butter and cheese, and growing wheat and barley sufficient for their wants and no more: the acreage under cultivation, therefore, is nothing to what it might be.

At the beginning of winter, having scratched the surface of the soil with a wooden implement, they sow their grain, returning during the cold weather to the date-groves of the Shatt-al-Arab until the spring, when they revisit the banks of the Kárún to reap their harvests, which are altogether dependent on the rainfall. The occupation of spinning yarn out of wool on bobbins takes the place of the knitting of the industrious housewife of Europe, and fills up every spare moment.

The wealth of these nomads consists in their flocks, the sheep being most esteemed on account of the value of their wool and milk. Throughout south-west Persia

sheep's milk is preferred to cow's milk, as being richer in quality; but I must say that the effect of hearing that I had been drinking it for a couple of days, compelled me to swallow a dram of whisky, "just as a wad"—. Sab'a, consisting of a few miserable huts and a clump of palm-trees, on the right bank of the river, here from 150 to 200 yards wide, was passed at 42 miles from Muhammerah. About here the tamarisk furnishes fuel in comparative abundance.

On the 27th March, about 70 miles from Muhammerah we arrived at the ferry of Ummut Temr, on the Kárún, here 250 feet wide and 18 deep, with a strong current. We crossed over in a flat-bottomed boat called a *ballam*, but the horses and mules had to swim across. A driver passes over to the farther bank, and thence by a peculiar cry attracts the mules, who follow the "bell-mule" on her being driven into the water. Our horses gave trouble, and had to be steered across alongside the *ballam* by ropes attached to their heads.

The alluvium of the lower plains now shortly gave place to tertiary gravels and sandstones, whilst the elevation increased, so that in the afternoon we attained a height of 220 feet, on reaching the town of Ahwáz, having travelled 82 miles in all from our starting-point at Muhammerah. The capabilities of the soil for 40 miles below Ahwáz, and about as many inland from either bank, are great. Luxuriant crops of cereals could be here grown, as well as sugarcane, cotton, &c.

Ahwáz, the ancient Aginis, was formerly the chief town of Khuzistan, and at the summit of its power under the earlier Khalifs of the

¹ The thermometer read 55° Fahrenheit at sunrise.

house of Abbas; but it was destroyed towards the end of the fourteenth century by Timur, since which date it has never recovered its former importance, although its situation at the barrier of the Kárún marks it as a valuable position for commercial purposes. Pitched outside of Ahwáz I found the camp of Ibrahim Mirza, Itisham-ul-Sultannah, the deputy of the Zil-ul-Sultan (the eldest son of the Shah, but not by a royal mother), who rules at Isfahán. It may be here remarked that I travelled as an Indian officer on leave of absence, accompanied by Shahsowar, a Farsiwan bent on a pilgrimage to the great Shiya shrine at Karbalah, after visiting with me Tíhrán, Isfahán, and Shiráz. The prince was ill, but sent his Wizir, and the colonels of his cavalry and infantry escort, to make the customary inquiries regarding my health.

I was treated with every courtesy, and given a safe-conduct to Dizfúl, 90 miles farther north; but I was warned against proceeding beyond that town, as the tribes occupying the passes in the hills beyond it were in rebellion.

We visited the Persian camp and found the men well accommodated in bell-tents, those belonging to the senior officers being large, well pitched, boarded, and carpeted. In the intercourse between the officers and men, Persian etiquette rather than discipline was observed: the men saluted and remained standing, whilst those of higher rank sat at a respectful distance after the customary salutations, speaking deferentially and in a low key.

The colonel of cavalry was Hajji Ibrahim Khan, a nephew of the powerful chief of the Bakhtiari, to whom I looked for protection beyond Dizfúl: I therefore gained this officer's goodwill, and through

him that of his uncle, by presenting him with a revolver. Travelers everywhere amongst nomads, and generally throughout Persia, must carry with them a stock of presents, such as broadcloth (blue, red, and drab), revolvers, guns, rifles, ammunition, knives, scissors, &c. I have, indeed, been asked for false teeth!

The following morning I examined the obstructions which here block the free navigation of the river, and the neighbourhood, with a view of determining the best means of turning these obstacles by canal or tramway. My movements were always watched, and the Wizir was anxious to find out whether I was inquisitive about the Kárún or not; and as at the time I was trying the paces of a horse presented for purchase, whilst riding over the ground I affected to be far more interested in my mount than in the course of the river and its capabilities for navigation. Hajji Ibrahim in the afternoon took me out shooting with a troop of his well-mounted Bakhtiari horse. We advanced in line at open order, each firing at the partridges (*frankolin*) that rose before him. The troopers killed their birds freely, firing from horseback, and at times, following up a bird, made good shooting at full gallop.

Five ridges of sandstone here form a series of weirs across the stream, causing a difference of level of about 10 feet in something under a mile of the river's course, and accounting for the navigable condition of the upper reaches of the Kárún beyond Ahwáz. The Ahwáz *band* is founded on the second ridge from the north.

Major Wells, R.E., made a careful survey of these rapids and the river-channel in 1881, when he proposed a line for the construc-

tion of a canal,¹ which, I think, would not be either a difficult or costly project. Water-channels have formerly been cut in the rock, probably for mills as well as for irrigation purposes, in days long gone by, perhaps by the Sassanians, before the town of Aginis ceded its position as capital of Khuzistan to Shustar, and eventually to Dizfúl. In March, when I visited the place, boats drawing 12 feet of water could reach Ahwáz from Muhammerah, but in the dry season only boats of 3 to 4 feet draught can pass Ismailiyah. For instance, the steamer Kárún, in the possession of Shaikh Mizal, is of 120 tons, and draws about 3 feet. It has done the journey from Muhammerah to Ahwáz, travelling all night, in twenty-three hours, in charge of her Arab captain—a distance of 107 miles.

Without doubt a canal, about 100 feet wide, did at one time exist to the eastward of Ahwáz, connecting possibly the river below the rapids with the upper waters above the island. It is not at all improbable that it may prove less expensive to reopen this old channel than to excavate a new one. The length of this canal would be about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles; at any rate it marks the line of an ancient irrigation channel, which can be reopened without interfering with a navigation canal, as it takes off higher up the river. For the present, at least, all goods must be transhipped at Ahwáz into smaller boats for carriage farther inland, or be there loaded on pack-animals. If a tramway be laid down to turn the rapids, as a temporary measure, it need be a very light one. A permanent tramway would, I think, be a mistake. It might be

considered best to make Ahwáz, and not Shustar, the terminus of a railway from Tihrán *via* Kúm, Sultánábád, Búrújird, and Khoramábád, if there be any chance of this very important public work being carried out at an early date.

From Ahwáz a pack-route leads to Shiráz, 275 miles distant, done in thirteen stages by mules. Along this route, at about 60 miles from Ahwáz, naphtha is found; but whether there is a sufficient supply to meet the requirements of steamers navigating the Kárún, it is impossible to say with our present knowledge.

Leaving Ahwáz on the 29th, after skirting the river and passing the low range of hills of reddish sandstone which extends in line with the barrier across it, we left the river half a mile to the west, and, at 6 miles, passed indications of somewhat extensive ruins—mounds and fragments of hewn masonry of the time of Shapur. We touched the river again at the village and ferry of Wais, beyond which the authority of the Shaikh of Muhammerah does not extend. Passing again more ruins, some small villages off the road, with patches of cultivation, and the encampment of a troop of cavalry, after riding 23 miles from Ahwáz we reached Band-i-Kir, where the river, which we now crossed, is about 100 yards broad. There seems to be plenty of good cultivation hereabouts; and thousands of sheep, driven in from the neighbouring district, camp nightly about the village, which consists of about forty Arab families, and lies at the junction of the three streams which here unite to form the Kárún river. In December (the low season) the

¹ Its length is under 2500 yards, with a depth of from 25 to 30 feet, through sand, clay, and sandstone.

river carries at least 5 feet of water between Ahwáz and Band-i-Kir, and now, in March, nothing under 12 feet with a moderate current. Of the three rivers here uniting, the most navigable is the Rud-i-Boleiti or Ab-i-Gargar, a canal on which lighters of 6 feet draught can, it was said, at all times reach the *band* a few miles below Shustar. No traffic was seen, however, on the river, nor did we meet any pack-animals or even travellers *en route*. The plain between this and Ahwáz is capable of growing heavy crops of cereals.

We next traversed, on the 30th, the gently rising, undulating, and fertile but uncultivated table-land lying between the two arms of the Kárún river above mentioned. This neglected district affords grazing to the flocks of a few wandering Arabs, and is but sparsely cultivated; it is treeless and produces no firewood. At 11 miles we passed through Daulatabad, a small Arab village of a few wretched huts of mud and straw, near an old mud-fort on the marly right bank of the river, here 200 feet wide, flowing in a valley 30 feet deep. Round about, the luxuriant patches of wheat, clover, onions, poppy, and giant thistles, served to indicate the natural fecundity of the soil. The only signs of traffic noticeable were a few landing-stages on the river-bank, where the boats generally discharge their goods for Shustar. The boats lying here were each of from 25 to 30 tons burden. Donkeys, carrying loads of 200 lb. each, carry the bulk of the goods thence to the town. Boats were said not to be able to pass up-stream beyond a ridge which forms a natural barrier across the river 7 miles below Shustar, and 64 miles by water above Ahwáz, before crossing

which, in cutting, at times 12 feet deep, we passed several small villages. As we approached the town of Shustar, we observed round towers scattered over the fields as points of observation, used by the inhabitants for defence against raids in troublous times.

We then crossed the *pul*, or bridge, of Shah-Ali, consisting of four arches which span a canal outside the town. It is solidly constructed of stone cemented with lime, 50 feet long, and some 12 feet broad. We next came across a still larger bridge, the Pul-i-Lashkar, with eight arches, over the Ab-i-Khurd; from thence a broad road, passing the Imam-zada, or shrine, of Abdulla, led to the Gargar gate of the town. The city of Shustar, after the decadence of Ahwáz, was the capital town of Khuzistan, the province which corresponds nearly with the ancient Susiana, but now is second in importance to Dizfúl. The number of its inhabitants, from forty-five thousand, has dwindled within the last century to six thousand; its trade has lapsed into insignificance, and its once crowded bazaar is now almost untenanted. This decay has been attributed by the inhabitants themselves to official exactions and a total want of all government, causing general insecurity.

Hitherto we had met with an Arab population, and the Arab dress is worn by the chiefs at Shustar: the lower orders generally wear blue cotton trousers, and tunics girt round the waist, with the Persian felt hat, or an ample *puggerie*. The coast Arabs are strong and active, with commercial tastes, and not bigoted.

We were here lodged in the house of Mirza Jhan, and were his guests. His residence is a fine structure, three-storeyed, built

of stone and wood, with balconies overhanging the Ab-i-Gargar, which washes the foot of the cliff 100 feet below it. It is well supplied with *sardabs*, or subterranean vaults (excavated in clay with embedded masses of soft limestone), into which it is usual for the people to retire during the intense heat of the summer days. These cool vaults are provided with light and air by a huge circular shaft.

The town of Shustar, entered by three gates on either side, occupies a slightly elevated site, about a mile square, partially surrounded by walls, which are, however, in ruins. On the east it is washed by the canal leading from the Kárún, called the Ab-i-Gargar, and to the north is the Ab-i-Shateit, or the main stream of the Kárún, from which another canal, the Ab-i-Khurd, flows round the west and south of the town, which is thus perfectly encompassed by the canals of the Kárún, which join to the south of it.

The streets of the town are narrow, worn into deep ruts, and most difficult to traverse, being quite impracticable for wheeled traffic, and, as usual, are also the city drains. The walls of the houses are somewhat high, and are solidly constructed of stone set in lime or mud. Numerous arcades exist in the town, many of which are in ruins, and (says M. d'Estrey) the remains of a fine ancient aqueduct. Carpets and felts are manufactured here; the

former being made of cotton, and of no great beauty. There is a rectangular fort with an interior citadel on the high ground close to the river at the north end of the town: a subterranean canal supplies both it and the city with water. A conspicuous feature of the place is Valerian's¹ bridge, of over thirty arches, of brick and stone, and six hundred yards long, which is built on the Band-i-Mizan, crossing the Ab-i-Shateit and the inlet of the Ab-i-Khurd.² Other *bands* cross the several canals in the vicinity, over which water was flowing when visited by me. These massive hydraulic structures point to the civilisation attained here in the days of the Sassanian Shapur, and to the importance of Shustar and its vicinity.

From the Kárún, below Shustar, to the Bahmeh-Shir, its mouth, numerous canals and water-courses in olden days irrigated the fertile plains along its banks, which are capable of growing luxurious crops of corn, barley, sugar-cane, cotton, &c., and their beds are now filled up. Many opinions have been given upon the practicability of opening up the navigation of the Kárún river, some favourable, others unfavourable. From my experience of this stream in March, I have had little hesitation in pronouncing the passage feasible at all seasons for flat-bottomed boats of a burden up to fifty tons, provided with expansive sails, similar

¹ In the middle of the third century, Shapur, the monarch of the Persians, had become a formidable rival to the waning power of Rome. It will be remembered that the Emperor Valerian, when following Shapur to Edessa, was captured by the Persians, and, in A.D. 260, detained in captivity, and subjected to cruel indignities which caused his death. It is related that this Roman emperor's skin was stuffed and preserved as a trophy in one of the Persian temples. The bridge was, it is said, designed and built by one of the Roman prisoners from Edessa, with funds furnished by Valerian's treasure.

² There was a difference of level of 8 or 10 feet between the waters above and below the *band*.

to those navigating the Indus at Sukkur; and for flat-bottomed steamers drawing¹ from three to four feet, like those which now ply on the Tigris to Baghdád of four hundred tons burden and one hundred horse-power, belonging to the Tigris Steam Navigation Company. Before constructing steamers for service on shallow rivers, the relative advantages and disadvantages of stern-wheelers and paddle-wheelers might be thoroughly tested, as the former would appear to be well adapted for the service.

The environs of Shustar are well wooded, and the poppy (*Papaver macrostomum*), which here grows to perfection, is largely cultivated. The town occupies a site of great commercial importance, and, together with Dizfúl, is the outlet for the produce of the hills to the north and east, and of the plains to the west. Situated on the Kárún, the land route to Tihván is lessened by 137 miles, and this city is brought within 485 miles, and Isfahán within 275 miles of a port. It must attract to itself the trade of the fertile districts of Hamadán, Karmánshah, and Búrújird. In the days of the Atabegs, in the thirteenth century, a good paved road—the Jadah-i-Atabeg—extended through the Bakhtiari hills to Isfahán and Shiráz. This will be one of the first routes to be again resuscitated by the opening of the navigation of the Kárún. I found Shustar altogether cut off from the north by the Feili Lurs, who refused to allow caravans to pass through their hills. The question that now perplexed me was how to accomplish what caravans could not. I had foreseen these diffi-

culties, and at Ahwáz, by gaining the friendship of Hajji Ibrahim Khan, Bakhtiari, had paved the way to overcome them. I was told that it was unsafe to visit the reputed tomb of Daniel, which lies within easy distance, or to navigate by raft (down-stream) the rivers Dizfúl or Shateit; for although the Arabs here are well disposed, they are great robbers.

On the 1st April I left Shustar by the bridge of Valerian, whence a broad and good road led up a slight incline to a break in the hills of Fedelak, through which a steep narrow mule-path, leading, here and there, down steps in the rock, conducted us into the rich plains of Akili, which extended 40 miles by 10 or 15 broad, undulating gently and covered with grass, which now grew thick after the February rains. The pasture becomes burnt up in June, when the heat is described as excessive. Beyond the river on our right could be seen successive parallel ridges of hills, the most distant of which were entirely snow-clad, the crests of the intermediate range partially capped with snow, while the nearer chain appeared steep and barren like those skirting the left bank of the Kárún.

About 6 miles out we entered the Bakhtiari country, and after a ride of 18 miles from Shustar reached Ab-i-Bid, a very small village with a high walled enclosure, the fort and winter headquarters of the Ilkhani of the Bakhtiaris, close alongside a stream of clear cold water. The average day temperature was here 82° under canvas; nights cool, with a heavy dew.

Imam Kuli Khan, the Ilkhani,

¹ The s.s. Blossie-Lynch is the most powerful boat on the Tigris river at present. She has 100 horse-power; length, 225 feet; breadth, 29 feet; tonnage, 383 tons; draught, 3 feet 6 inches to 4 feet.

received me with some little distinction, sending his son and a troop of horse several miles out to meet me. During the feats of horsemanship performed for my edification, one horse and its rider turned a complete somersault, neither of them being hurt fortunately. It was wonderful, considering the roughness of the country, that more did not come to grief. The *fantasia* performed by these alleged descendants of Chengiz Khan's hordes on such occasions is well worth witnessing.

I found this powerful chief of the tribes which occupy the plains of Akili and the hills eastward as far as Ardal, a middle-aged man of genial deportment—

“Of mild demeanour though of savage mood.”

His *darbar* was conducted with somewhat less gravity than that of the Shaikh Mizal. In fact, the joyous nature and manly freedom of the Bakhtiaris contrast strongly with the sedate bearing of the Arabs to the south and west. Kuli Khan, the Ilkhani, pressed me to change my proposed route and to pass through his territory to Isfahán and thence to Kúm, stating that it was impossible for me to go there through Dizfúl and Khoramábád, as the Lur tribes were in rebellion and would not allow even the Shah himself to pass.

However, several pressing considerations induced me to persevere in attempting the shortest line to Kúm; and finding I was resolved to proceed, Imam Kuli, after consultation with Asad Khan, Governor of the Dizfúl district, who was his son-in-law, and had just arrived from Dizfúl, gave me a guide and a letter to Hajji Ali Khan, chief of the Sagwand tribe, then encamped at Kala

Rezza, who was about migrating with his wild Lurs to Khoramábád, along the very road which I was desirous of following.

Accordingly it was resolved that from Dizfúl I should make a forced march to join Hajji Ali Khan, and trust to his friendship for the Ilkhani, to whom he is related by marriage, for protection as far as Khoramábád, against the Bairanwand and Dirikawand Iliyats, who, since the days of Sir H. Rawlinson (1836) and Sir A. Layard (1846), had enjoyed a reputation for subsisting on plunder in their mountain fastnesses. In consequence of this unsafe state of the road, I was informed that two years before (1882) two of the chiefs of the Bairanwand and five of the Sagwand tribe had been invited to Khoramábád, ostensibly to receive favours, but in reality to be murdered by the Persian officials; and this treachery had not improved the confidence of the nomads.

Taking leave, therefore, of the hospitable Ilkhani on the 3d April, we rode for a distance of 18 miles over the treeless plains, covered at this season by luxuriant pasturage, with here and there patches of fine wheat and barley, encountering a violent storm of wind and rain before we arrived, perfectly drenched, at the town of Dizfúl, a place once of great importance, which stands out in bold relief in a well-cultivated tract on the left bank of a river bearing the same name.

The stream, which is here unfordable, flows in a bed 500 yards wide, between conglomerate cliffs, 40 feet high, on the side opposite to the town. Stern-wheeled steamers of good horse-power, drawing 3 feet, could possibly reach this town by the Ab-i-Dizfúl at all seasons. The houses here are well con-

structed, chiefly of stone, with fairly lofty and spacious rooms built round a courtyard, surrounded by high walls, and provided with subterranean *sardabs* similar to those of Shustar. The flat roofs enable the inhabitants during the summer months to sleep on the tops of their houses. The outskirts of the town are in ruins, although the centre position is well preserved; but the streets are narrow, difficult to traverse, and, like all those in this part of Persia, in dreadful want of sanitary reform. Indeed Persians seem to be blissfully unconscious of the odours arising from the open cess-pits, latrines, and suchlike; for three such foul outlets actually face the very apartments of the palace, occupied daily by the Prince when here resident.

During the absence of this Prince-governor we were offered the use of his apartments, but in the face of this "*Shiráz tribute of perfume*," I excused myself from this honour, and we became the guests of the deputy Wizir, Hajji Hashem, a very perfect specimen of one class of Persian official and gentleman. Thus he would promise great things, but perform nothing. He would not permit any forage to be purchased by us, yet starved our horses. Notwithstanding the reserve that is imposed upon a guest by custom of courtesy, it was absolutely necessary on this occasion to break through it, and to remark in unmistakable terms upon conduct so calculated to render himself, his office, and the nation he represented, so despicable in the eyes of a foreign traveller. His incivility was in deep contrast to the treatment we had experienced from Mirza Jhan of Shustar, who was his foil in every way—an excellent

host, and a courteous gentleman to boot.

No official in this unhappy part of Persia seems to have any work to do; or if he has by chance any duty that he should perform, he takes great care to leave it undone. It might be thought that a deputy Wizir would have had a few letters to write, some reports to make, some little business, financial or judicial, to interest him and his superiors; but such did not seem to be the case at Dizfúl. The Wizir spent his time in chatting with the *saiyids*, who, here as elsewhere, presuming on their descent from Ali, consider themselves privileged to present themselves everywhere, and with other idlers who lived equally useless lives, smoked the *kalian* all day.

I met here a *saiyid* from India, according to his own account brother of the *tahsildar* of Rawal Pindi, who bemoaned his unhappy fate. He had, it appeared, been robbed of everything that he had embarked in trade by some of the tribesmen a few miles outside Dizfúl. He entreated me not to attempt to pass north of the town, lest I should meet with the same fate as had befallen him.

The soil round Dizfúl is rich and fertile, growing luxuriant pasture and fine crops of wheat, barley, poppy, &c., where cultivated; but a small proportion, however, of cereals is planted on the arable tracts. Dizfúl, like Shustar, is in fact but a ruined city. Here, as elsewhere in this part of Persia, one meets with the same complaints of no government, no trade, and no security of life or property. Indeed it was only necessary to look around on the rich but uncultivated soil, on the ruins of towns and villages, the want of population, to see rivers without traffic, canals disused, and the general decadence

of a once well-populated and fertile country, to judge how it must have been caused by the general misgovernment and maladministration by the rulers of the territory, who are openly contemned by all classes of men everywhere in Persia, even in the presence of the governors who are responsible for the wretchedness of their province. "If the *Shahs* rob, why should not we?" is the question asked by the extortionate Khans and Wizirs, who oppress the agricultural peasants as well as the hill-robbers who plunder the caravans. Past Moslem misrule has converted the splendid province of Susiana, once a veritable Garden of Eden, into a now almost desolate wilderness.

Luristan has been identified by oriental scholars as the ancient Elymaïd and the country of the primitive Cossæi, a race of mountaineers renowned for brigandage, and therefore not unlike the modern Feili Lurs who have succeeded them; and M. de Stammer believes Dizfúl to be the site of the city of Elymais, famous for its splendid temple sacred to Diana.

The Persian style of dress is worn at Dizfúl, consisting of a high or low felt or lambskin hat, a frockcoat pleated at the waist, with a stand-up collar and buttons down the centre; the trousers wide, of cloth much resembling *pyjama's* in shape. Black and blue are here considered to be the most respectable colours.

"The captain manfully professed
That the bright scarlet was the best;
While black—it was not very civil—
Was the known livery of the devil."

Our party was now fully organised and equipped. It consisted of

myself and Shahsowar, the Madras cook, one Persian personal attendant, and two Persian grooms in charge of four horses, besides two muleteers, eight mules, and a following composed of two runagates, who for their own purposes attached themselves to our party, one of whom was a deserter from the Persian army, the other a thorough scoundrel, who was eventually ejected for attempting to commit a robbery. Our grooms were soldiers belonging to regiments recruited from the district of Khoramábád, who, having been without pay for months, had pawned even their muskets—Government property—and they, as well as the personal attendant, were taken out of pawn to follow our service. It was a source of regret that of necessity I had to present the Deputy Wizir, who had nearly starved both ourselves and our horses, with a *khalat* of third-rate material, on bidding him adieu. Through his *influence*, moreover, we obtained mule-carriage at seven times the market rate, no *charvadar* being willing to meet his fee and run the risk of the passage as well through the hills of the Lurs, now to be attempted.

Leaving Dizfúl on the afternoon of the 5th April, we made a forced march of twenty-one hours' duration, in order to join the Sagwand tribe of Lurs, covering in that time a distance of forty-five miles. At starting, we first crossed the river Ab-i-Dizfúl, then in full flood, by a brick bridge four hundred and thirty yards long,¹ over twenty-two arches with heavy pointed buttresses against the stream, which is utilised above the bridge to turn many flour-mills.

¹ "On remarque encore dans le Kouzistan, à proximité des ruines de Suse, la ville de Dizfoul, où l'on voit un des plus beaux ponts de la Perse," writes M. le Dr C^{te} Meyners d'Estrey ('Annales de l'extrême Orient').

Passing the royal pleasure-house, and traversing the plain known as the Sahra-i-Lur, we entered the low hills and crossed the river-bed of the Bala-rud by a ford rendered difficult by the floods, one of the baggage-mules being carried off some distance by the current. He lay down and resolutely attempted to drown himself, and was with difficulty recovered.

At about nine miles out the hills are reached, when, passing over a varied country of rolling hills, affording good pasture to the flocks of the *iliyats*, whose camps were dotted here and there, by half-past ten at night we had made some twenty-five miles, and had attained an elevation of a thousand feet, when we halted for a couple of hours to refresh and graze the animals. Recommencing our march at 1 A.M. on the 6th, through swampy ground, and past a small fort, across deep ravines, and over the Bidruge plain, whence we rose through intricate rocky hills, only again to descend into the Kala Rezza valley by a stony path, we joined the encampment of the Sagwand Lurs at 9.45, after being about nineteen hours in the saddle.

This country between Dizfúl and Kala Rezza was well known to be infested with robbers, and Hajji Hashem had been directed by the Ihtisham-ul-Sultanah to make special arrangements for the safe convey of our small party, and he had promised accordingly an escort of horsemen; but no such escort was forthcoming, and when I inquired at starting, Hajji Hashem earnestly assured me that the cavalry escort had been sent on in front, when in truth no escort whatever had been provided. Several people belonging to Dizfúl, anxious to reach

Khoramábád under our protection, joined the party, and numerous were the prayers and many the prostrations of the devout *saiyids* of their number.

Indeed, the character of the Feili Lurs occupying these hills was of the worst possible repute. They were, no doubt, then¹ (1884) thoroughly intractable and lawless in the extreme; but were their chiefs treated with firmness and justice, robbery and murder ruthlessly but continuously repressed, and only an equitable revenue exacted from them, perfect security would soon reign throughout these now impassable hills, and commerce would again flow in its natural channel *viâ* Shustar to the Gulf.

The more one sees of the nomadic life, whether amongst Mongols, Turks, Kurds, Lurs, or Persians, the more one becomes convinced that unjust government alone can be the cause of poverty amongst its followers. They have at command, as a rule, all the elements of prosperity, including a fertile soil, numerous flocks, rich pasture; and there is no reason to suppose that they are more lazy and improvident than others, or less careful or ignorant of their own good and wellbeing. They are often spoken of as *yaghi*, or rebellious; this must be simply taken to mean that, being unable to meet excessive demands, they resist them. The people of such countries as Persia, where there is no government in the true sense of the word, hold in their own hands the check to the exercise of excessive and arbitrary power, and use it when occasion demands. All *iliyats* or nomads are sybarite shepherds and herdsmen, whose existence is only possible in sparsely populated

¹ I understand that Hajji Ali has, since this was written, met his fate at the hands of his masters. Caravans are now said to pass along this route (1889).

countries. Rather than cut and stack hay, thereby rendering a wandering life unnecessary, and thus allowing them to till the soil—so soon as the sun browns it, they leave it standing, and migrate with their flocks to the greener pastures of more elevated tracts and cooler regions. By the substitution of systematically planned for spontaneous vegetation, all the elements of wealth, a commercial spirit, power to export and to import, follow in due course of time. This is the most immediate source of wealth to be hoped for in south-west Persia.

With Hajji Ali Khan¹ we found a thousand families of the Sagwand Lurs encamped. Some five hundred other families acknowledge his brother, with whom he is at enmity. He described his tribe as being impoverished by Government exactions which they were unable to meet.

Many deeds of cruelty and severity are laid to the charge of this freebooter; and perhaps nothing can instance the increasing power now being exercised by the Government of Persia over these lawless tribes, and the restraint that their chiefs have been forced to put themselves under, than the conduct of Hajji Ali Khan during our sojourn with him. Notwithstanding the letter from the Ilkhani of the Bakhtiariis, he at first received our party very coldly and inhospitably. He sent answer: "Go to the bridge, and pass over!" knowing full well that there was no bridge to cross then, and that life was not worth a day's purchase beyond the Ab-i-Zal. We could only obtain supplies with diffi-

culty, and not until they were asked for.

Soon, however, the honourable treatment accorded to us by the Persian officials and Bakhtiari chiefs became known, and it was rumoured that I was a *sartip* (general) called to Tihrán by the Shah to join the army, and that I was about to visit the Zil-ul-Sultan, the only man feared in these hills. These rumours had been evidently fostered by the resident Wazir at Dizful as the only available means of securing from Hajji Ali fair treatment for us. At all events, the desired end was gained; my credit was established, and I became the guest of the shameless Hajji, who directed the tribe to sell to us whatever provisions we required.

Hajji Ali himself, his numerous sons, and the Sharif-ul-din, a *mula* who travelled with him, frequently visited our camp to chat and smoke, and they seemed never to weary of admiring our arms, clothes, saddlery, &c., whilst Shah-sowar and myself daily passed some time in the *darbar* tent with them. The Lurs are a simple-minded people; the men light-hearted and joyous, of wiry frame, and well knit to endure fatigue. Indeed, not a single short or fat man or woman did I see amongst them. The females go unveiled, and so we could see that the young women were well-favoured, with ruddy cheeks and dark auburn or black hair, which they dress in ringlets—a *coiffure* which gives to the old women a remarkably weird appearance, especially as they age early. Their usual dress consists of wide red trousers, and long

¹ Hajji Ali Khan was a regular "chip of the old block," being descended from Kalb Ali Khan, the murderer of Captains Grant and Fotheringham, for refusing to profess Mahammadanism. Loftus refers to him and his tribe in very uncomplimentary terms.

flowing ungainly gown, without shape, hanging loosely about their person from the neck downwards, affording insufficient warmth with the scanty underclothing. Many of them go shoeless; and the children go about so poorly clad, that none but the very fittest can survive the hardships of their early existence.

The richer ladies, however, wear silks of gay colours, and dress more in the Persian style, but without veils. They cover their bosoms with silver ornaments when they can afford to do so, and some cut their eyebrows to shape and use dye. Hajji Ali had twenty-five wives, the more favoured ones being dressed in bright silks in harmonious oriental taste, whilst the others were poorly clad. A chief's influence with the tribes naturally increases with the number of wives which he can afford to keep, as his sons and daughters intermarry with those of other chieftains of neighbouring and distant tribes.

One of the ladies in Hajji Ali's camp was most pressing in her endeavours to marry one of her daughters to me, an honour which I was happily enabled to decline on the plea that whilst Hajji Ali's guest, I was his son, and all his family were my brothers and sisters, and that, besides, I was not

desirous of adding to my *impedimenta* during my travels.¹

This offer of marriage, which was very bluntly made in all good faith, points to the fact that the uninstructed of these tribes are rather Ali Ilahis than orthodox Mahammadans, notwithstanding that their chiefs are often bigoted Moslems. The Ali Ilahis believe in successive incarnations of the deity, of which the chief were in the persons of Benjamin, David, and Ali—a strange combination of idolatry, superstition, Judaism, and Mahammadanism.

The life of the women of the Lur tribe is a hard one. They perform all household duties, tend the flocks, milk the sheep, weave yarn and carpets, help to strike, pack, and pitch their tents, churn and clarify the milk and butter,—the latter, a most wearying task, being carried on in the very early morning or at midnight. The milk is churned in skins, suspended from the pole of the tent or beam of the roof, which are worked by the arms in pairs, backwards and forwards, by a woman seated on the ground between them. This hard work, sleeping and sitting on the damp ground, with insufficient clothing and exposure, sufficiently accounts for their prematurely aged appearance.

¹ This temptation of St Anthony was put before me in such a matter-of-fact manner by my would-be mother-in-law before the whole tribe, that made it evident that match-making is not confined to civilised countries. "Have you a wife?" "No." "Then you *must* want one, and I have two young and beautiful daughters; take your choice! I only want a dowry of fifty toman" (I am not certain that it was not *five* only that was asked, but we never got to the stage of haggling over the price). "Either of them is just the sort of girl that will suit you. They can milk sheep, pitch a tent, and bake bread to perfection." In vain I pointed out that in my country such qualifications were not those required in a wife. She would banter me as we marched along, causing much amusement amongst her hearers. As they spoke Turki, I could only catch an idea of what they were talking about from the few words of Persian used. Shahsowar understood more than I did, and remarked that they were "a people without shame." The life of a nomad, indeed, is not calculated to teach modesty, for stud operations are carried on before the tents, females assisting.

The women applied for charms to bring back the lost love of a husband, lost generally by reason of their sterility, and to induce childbirth. They were particularly anxious to obtain amulets to be worn on the caps of their infant sons, with the idea that the fortune of the giver would follow the child throughout life; and, to this extent, I became sponsor to the most infantile of Hajji Ali's many sons. I at times hope that we may meet again. Of course all the sick, sorry, and the most aged in the tribe came for medicine; ordinary pills, however, had but little effect; but when six failed to satisfy, I threw up the case.

When the ladies' ailments were such as to require the administration of charms and philtres, and I recommended them to carry their requests to Ali in whom they trusted, they received the idea as an excellent joke. For hours one poor woman stood at the entrance of my tent, praying for a charm, for but a small piece of paper with writing on it, to bring back to her the love of her husband, who had taken to himself a second wife. I could but refuse to debase my religion by pandering to their simple belief in me as a worker of miracles.

Unmolested, I was allowed to move about the camps of the various families,—each family, or group of families, camped on the pasture-land told off for it,—and each with its flocks and herds took the road assigned to it on the march. The confusion on the line of march surpasses all description: sheep, goats, bullocks, donkeys, horsemen, and foot-passengers, blocked the narrow hill-paths; the cries of the herdsmen and herds-women "*Ab-o-ha*," re-echoed everywhere; and when, in the narrow ravines, the pressure and the crush

were the greatest, the chiefs would add to the hubbub and confusion ("*tamasha*" or spectacle, as they termed it) by discharging their Peabody rifles, of which weapon the whole tribe possessed about a dozen. Naturally great interest was taken in my movements, and the production of my notebook excited special curiosity. Many were the exclamations of "What does he write?"

I found the subjects of conversation most interesting to the Lur chiefs to be those bearing on our political relations with Russia, Turkey, Egypt, and Afghanistan; our marriage laws and social customs; the nature of our pastures and streams, and whether we had summer and winter quarters as good and beautiful as theirs. Great Britain is chiefly known to them as London, and their sympathetic admiration was lavished particularly on Turkey and Egypt for having spent such vast sums of foreign money, and on the former especially for declining to repay them. Repudiation was evidently their ideal of true financial policy.

Russia was, indeed, looked upon as a great Power, but the influence of England was fully recognised as superior to that of the Czar throughout Luristan; and they respected the vast wealth of England, and the power it conferred on her of raising an army of over a million men all told—a proposition easily demonstrated, but perhaps not very readily proved. It was generally believed that the Amir ruled over Afghanistan solely by our favour, and that Afghanistan was a British possession,—an opinion which my friend Shahsowar loyally supported.

It was curious to notice what great interest was everywhere taken in the movements of the Madhi. (This, it must be remem-

bered, was shortly after our evacuation of the Soudan.) Rumours that the dervishes had gained great victories over the British were firmly believed, and no denial was accepted—indeed it was generally hinted to me that it was quite natural that I should prefer not to acknowledge a defeat. This sympathy for the Soudanese dervish was, nevertheless, more political than religious with them, for they cherished a vague hope that, should a Mahammadan conqueror vanquish the leading Christian Power, he might eventually restore again the ancient fortunes of Islamism. Our late withdrawal from the Soudan was certainly construed as a Christian defeat and a victory for Mahammadanism.

Every statement made by a Persian, whether prince or peasant, must be received with the utmost caution, and never believed until verified. His mind is of that pretentious nature by which a stunted tree is magnified into a forest of noble oaks, a collection of mud hovels into a populous town, a few field-guns into a park of heavy artillery, and a dozen horsemen into a regiment of cavalry. With regard to religion, also, the Mahammadan tenets did not appear to be very strictly observed among the Lurs. Hajji Ali certainly observed outwardly the hours of prayer, but only because, perhaps, the Sharif-ul-din, to whom he was greatly indebted for a money loan to enable him to meet the demands of the revenue officers, was his guest.

My host and his sons were so pleased with the Martini-Henry cavalry carbines carried by Shah-sowar and myself, that they became possessed by an inordinate desire to obtain one of these weapons somehow or other, and a significant message was conveyed

to me from this *hospitable* Hajji that either by friendship, or *other means*, one of the rifles *must* be his—an insolent message that put me on my mettle, and indicated that my bandit host meant business.

On my declining to meet this civil demand half-way, and after I had returned a colt sent for my acceptance, on the excuse that there was no groom available to lead it, he instigated his immediate attendants to take by foul means what he could not obtain in a fair manner.

His hospitality confined itself to directing that a tent should be provided for me, and furnishing me with home-made bread and a sort of treacle for breakfast. Once only did he send me a dish of meat from his evening meal.

Meantime it took the tribe three days to throw a rough bridge of trees, which had to be brought from long distances, over the Ab-i-Zal, at a point where rocks narrowed it to a width of from 15 to 20 feet across; and, this accomplished, we left our camp on that stream on the 8th of April, and passed with the migrating tribe, in slow and short stages of 7 to 12 miles, between two steep and parallel ranges, through the Theodor valley and along the base and perpendicular sides of the northern or Kheolah range, which rise from 500 to 1000 feet over the road. At one point, in the Saimarrah valley, a single arch is thrown across the Karkha river where it contracts from a general width of 100 yards and flows through a narrow chasm which a bold cragsman can leap. The view up the valley leads one to anticipate no difficulties in the direction of the Ohul pass. The hills, which are largely composed of decomposed gypsum, have the appearance of being covered with snow.

On the second day the bugle sounded an early start, and marching by several parallel routes, we passed where the Leylum stream flows through a narrow and deep rift through the Kheolah range; and on the third we camped close to another gorge, that of the Ab-i-Fani, where passage over the hills is practicable only by climbing the precipitous ledges to the west of it. Nevertheless in the valleys, among these apparently desolate mountains, are to be found fertile spots with excellent soil capable of growing all sorts of cereal crops, and other more extended undulating tracts of country, known as the *chul*¹ or desert.

At length on the eighth day we halted at an elevation of over 4000 feet on the Badamek plateau, where low oak and other trees covering the hillsides afford some cover, and, what is more, a good supply of firewood. I had, indeed, been led to expect to meet with considerable forests of oak during the passage of the hills, but found the belt of country producing them is not 50 miles broad, the timber but poor and of small size, and the trees anything but plentiful.

Although the road is in places difficult, in the main it is an easy mule-track, crossing no formidable passes, and traversing pasture-lands and valleys, with, as heretofore, extensive patches of fertile and arable soil. It has no settled habitations; and as our tribe was, as it were, making a forced passage through the pasture-lands of inimical fellow-tribesmen, none of the latter showed themselves.

Here, on the night of the 15th April, our horses were purposely cut loose, with intent to draw Shahsowar from my tent, where he always slept; and during the confusion which ensued, an attempt was made by some of Hajji Ali's following to rob the wished-for rifles, placed for safety under his pillow. This audacious project was, however, frustrated, as I was expecting some such attempt, and was on the alert in time to prevent mischief. Had I but been habituated to run barefooted over stones, I should have caught the man who searched the bedding for the rifle. From this date two of our party were placed nightly as sentries over the camp, and all baggage was packed in a heap.

We next passed through the Dalich pass, by which a line of telegraph, connecting Tihrán with Dizfúl, passed a few years since, but the line has been destroyed, and the *sarais* and post-houses razed by the Lurs. While pressed on all sides by the crowd endeavouring to push across the narrow bridge over the Kulohu stream beyond the Ab-i-sard on the 18th April, some of the bolder ruffians tried to wrest his rifle from Shahsowar, without success.

The ill-will of Hajji Ali vented itself in petty annoyances after this; he sent me no bread and treacle for breakfast, and let me bake out in the open all day. I took no notice of this behaviour, nor of the hints given to me by the *mula*, who had been my friend throughout, to give him a rifle. I drank tea with him as usual, when

¹ This *chul* near Valmian was well watered and covered with pasture when seen in April. Water may be scarce during the summer months; the undulations should produce a good winter crop of cereals. Persia, even here in its south-west corner, is emblematic of Central Asia, inasmuch as it is a land of violent contrasts; at one time you traverse a barren, waterless waste, and an hour later you are perhaps wading through pasture up to the knees, well irrigated by babbling brooks.

he complained that he was suffering from fever. One of his numerous daughters also annoyed him by taking the opportunity of my presence to petition for a pair of shoes, she being shoeless.

Shahsowar receiving notice from a friend at court that we might expect a night attack, I had the baggage carefully packed, and arranged with him that if attacked we should together retire to Hajji Ali's tent and thence open fire upon it—a manœuvre likely to perplex both him and those of his party attempting the robbery, as the latter would be unable to return our fire.

We were now only thirty miles from Khoramábád, and I resolved to make a forced march after passing the Nal-shiaskandah, or *Horse-shoe-breaking* pass, into Khoramábád. Passing on next day beyond his camp, I was carrying out this intention when I was headed by a dozen of his horsemen, and disarmed. Riding back to where he was halted, surrounded by the whole of his mounted followers, I gave the chief a piece of my mind, and I did not hesitate to characterise his inhospitable conduct as that of a thief and a coward, and as unworthy of a chief of his high standing. I accompanied my indignant protest with some very unpalatable expressions, in which my friend Shahsowar backed me up well, and I not only made a direct accusation of theft, but appealed to the holy *mula* of the party—the Sharif-ul-din—to witness the truth of my indictment, and the justice of my cause. This public reprimand, administered openly before his people, had due effect in completely cowing the spirit of my host, the chief of the Sagwands.

An attempt at robbery similar

to that made on the 18th was repeated on the 20th, the day before reaching Khoramábád, and the theft was openly accomplished in my sight. However, the thief was easily recognised as one of Hajji Ali's body retainers; and word having been sent to that chief that the robber could be identified, and that I would compass his destruction if the weapon were not found, he caused the rifle to be returned to me. On this occasion also I appealed to the holy *mula*. Subsequently he sent several of his sons to explain to me that he, in truth, had not robbed me, but that the thieves were a band from one of the neighbouring tribes at enmity with him. Being, therefore, yet in his power and in his hands, I acquiesced in, without accepting, his lame excuses, and gave up my intention of escaping from him by a forced march into Khoramábád, on its being pointed out to me that to do so without an escort, which Hajji Ali, whilst demanding a receipt from myself for my body, refused to give, would be to court destruction, and to give to my robber-host the opportunity he desired. Notwithstanding this altercation with the chief, the tribesmen looked on me with no ill-favour; for my would-be mother-in-law, accompanied by her youngest daughter, made, towards evening, their final attack upon me. My camp-bed pitched in the open took her fancy. She examined the blankets, and approved. "Ah," said she, "everything so nice, and yet you won't marry my daughter!" "How can I? You see that I am tentless and possess no sheep, and others now graze theirs on my paternal Yorkshire acres." I laughed and turned, and they walked away, the maiden petulantly throwing a stone to the

ground, as much as to say, "You call yourself a man, do you?" I took leave without regret of Hajji Ali, although we parted good friends. I never admired any of his horses without his saying—"It is yours, take him!" according to usual Persian etiquette. After his unseemly and menacing demand, and subsequent attempts to thieve one of my rifles, it was, of course, impossible to present him with one; but as the services of his tribe had been of the utmost value to me, I left with the Ilkhani of the Bakhtiari, when I again met him later on, a brace of cavalry pistols to be presented to Ali's eldest son. As the chief of the Sagwands had necessarily heard that I had given presents to all officials of distinction at Ahwáz, Shustar, and Dizfúl, my omission to satisfy his exhibition of greed must have been very galling to his pride, and more especially as every man and woman of the exodus so well knew that he had preferred the demand and been refused.

During the passage of the hills several attempts at robbing were made by the neighbouring tribes, and our neighbours lost several mules. The barking of the watchdogs when the camps were pitched in the vicinity of the Dalich pass, the most dangerous part of the hills, was incessant.

Between Badamek and Khoramábád the hilly country presents no topographical difficulties to the construction of a cart-road with gentle gradients; the air of the hills is temperate and salubrious; water is plentiful, and of good quality; the pasture-lands are abundant and excellent; the snow never falls in sufficient quantity to block the existing animal tracks. The chief difficulty experienced in traversing the present main caravan-route is the number of loose

boulders strewn along it, and which it is no one's business to remove, and in the large boulders blocking it in the ravines, by climbing and descending which the track crosses over the defiles. These obstructions can be readily removed, in which case a caravan of mules could pass from Dizfúl to Khoramábád in six or seven days at the outside; and with the Kárin open to Shustar, Khoramábád could then be reached from the Gulf in ten or eleven days. Thence to Tihrán is 300 miles, a journey of fourteen days by caravan. There are no villages along the road, nor did we meet here any Iliyats, or see their camps, for all had probably, as before remarked, moved to a distance for fear of the Sagwand tribe, which was in full force.

The main ranges about the valley and basin of the Ab-i-Sard are steep, barren, and in May were still capped with snow. They rise out of undulations fairly covered with pasture, and growing a few stunted oaks. The country for 30 miles out of Khoramábád may be described as consisting of huge rolling grassy hills, separated by valleys 500 feet deep, their slopes at times gentle, at others as steep as one in three. The height of the Dalich pass, the highest elevation attained, at 45 miles from Khoramábád is 6000 feet, and that of the Nal-shiskandah 5800 feet at 22 miles from the same town.

We at last arrived at our destination, Khoramábád, 156 miles from Dizfúl, on the afternoon of the 20th April, after traversing a shockingly bad track, down a narrow ravine full of boulders, and fording with great difficulty the Khoramábád river, then 3 feet deep and 100 feet wide; and we were delighted on nearing the town to find groves of hawthorn,

poplars, and gardens full of fruit-trees in their first bloom, their vernal colours brightening the landscape, which had hitherto been of a grander nature, but wanting in green tints. At the outskirts of the town a ruined minaret, an antique sculptured stone, and other remains of former magnificence, betoken the remains of the once famous capital of the Ata-begs, who flourished here during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. Passing these, we crossed the river by a solid bridge of masonry 300 yards long, and entered the modern town, the chief town of the Feili Lurs.

Khoramábád lies on the high plateau¹ of mid-Persia, at an elevation of 4050 feet above the sea, at the head of a gorge, and to the north of an extensive valley. It contains upwards of 2000 inhabitants, and is the residence of the ruler of Luristan, which district extends southwards as far as Diz-fúl. Owing to the insecurity of the road to this last-named place, trade has become stagnated, and the town is rapidly falling into ruins; however, it still boasts of Persian post and telegraph offices.

I was well received by Shahzada Sharuk Mirza, the deputy Wizir, acting for the Ikhamut-i-Daulat, the governor of the district, who had been summoned to Tihrán to answer for the lawlessness of his command—for which neglect he was, I heard, deposed and disgraced. I paid a visit to the colonel of the infantry regiment camped here, who treated me with courtesy in the usual Persian manner, serving tea, &c.

At Khoramábád we were accommodated in a summer-house, within

the outer walls of the fort, which is built on the summit of a solitary steep rock near the centre of the gorge, and close to and overlooking the right bank of the river. Round about its base are fine gardens, well irrigated, and dwelling-houses, all surrounded by walls of no great solidity. Our view from the Bala Hisar in the early dawn was a picturesque one, for snow-wreaths yet lay on the distant mountain-tops, whilst in the middle distance the sombre tints of the barren hills contrasted with the warmer colours of the bridge with its pointed arches, under which flowed the swollen and turbid waters of the river, which showed up well against the vivid hues of the foliage and vegetation on the banks in the foreground.

The gardens of this fortress are well stocked with rose-bushes and pomegranates, interspersed with fine cypresses, on the highest branches of which flamingoes are wont to roost. Both days and nights are cool at this season of the year, and therefore the climate and surrounding scenery combined to make our brief glimpse of Khoramábád very enjoyable. On our departure the Shahzada furnished us with a guide, and two sowars of the telegraphic department attached themselves to our party, for the sake, we suppose, of our fellowship by the way. As for the guide, his own private object was simply to graze his mare and her filly, so he very soon left us to steer our course as we best could.

The dangers of the hill-country from the tribes in revolt had now ceased, and although there are no *caravansarais* along this road, we found quarters for the night in one or other of the dirty huts

¹ The Iranian plateau, part of the elevated land which lies between the Indus and the Tigris.

in the villages through which we passed.

Our route now followed the telegraph line, and after traversing the grassy Dara Daraz valley, lying amidst gravelly conical hills, we surmounted the crest of the "Buluhan," where we found the snow lying at 6800 feet elevation. The country here is treeless and produces no firewood, water being obtainable from streams, which are numerous. Although the grazing is excellent, little of the soil is cultivated, the district being still very sparsely populated. We halted on the 21st at a few mud-huts beneath the Zaghe pass, and the following day, passing over huge grassy undulations and rounded hills of gravel and clay of easy slopes, with deep clay in the valleys, descended to Chulunchulan, 2000 feet lower. We reached the important city of Búrújird, picturesquely situated at the head of a fertile valley, at noon on the 23d April, 63 miles from Khoramábád.

Búrújird is a large and thriving town of 17,000 inhabitants or so, and it was most refreshing to European eyes to witness here the activity and signs of business, in such utter contrast to the almost total annihilation of all trade along the route we had traversed since leaving the coast.

The town (elevated 5400 feet above the sea-level, the seat of the ruler of the district, with post and telegraph offices, neither of which is very efficient) is surrounded by a mud-wall from 4 to 6 miles in circumference, and entered by five gates. In every Persian town ruined houses are commonly noticeable, and Búrújird formed no exception to this universal rule. The streets are narrow and dirty, often mere footpaths, and much out of repair. The houses, chiefly con-

structed of mud, with the flat roofs common throughout the district, are also in bad repair, and less spacious than those of Dizfúl and Shustar. Nor can I speak highly of the sanitary condition of the town. As I was the first Englishman who had visited the place for unknown years, I was rather annoyed by the inhabitants, who crowded round the doorless room in which I took up my quarters in the *sarai*—an inconvenience that led to my nailing up a carpet across it as a screen to ensure privacy. The place is noted for its cottons, of local manufacture, which are well suited to oriental taste. The climate of the elevated valley in which it is situated is cool and healthy, although exposure to the sun's powerful rays in the heat of summer and autumn should be avoided.

The valley, watered by the Ab-i-Dizfúl, is thickly studded with villages, here met with for the first time in our journey. Here, also for the first time, we found the pursuit of agriculture seriously attempted. The neighbouring tract is fairly well cultivated, but still leaves much to be desired in that respect. Vines thrive and the grapes ripen in September, whilst the wheat and barley crops are harvested in July. With the exception of a few willows and poplars growing round the villages, the country is still generally treeless. The streams and irrigation canals are numerous, but there are no wells.

From its situation, the great commercial value of Búrújird as a mercantile centre on the main artery of traffic between the Gulf and central Persia, with caravan-roads radiating to all the fertile agricultural and commercial districts of Persia, is readily apparent.

The line Muhammerah, Dizfúl, Khoramábád, Búrújird, Sultánábád, Kúm, Tihrán, may be considered to be the main commercial artery of Persia. A line of railway from Tihrán to the Gulf should doubtless approximately follow it, for the country is more favourable to its construction on this line than on others confined to Persian territory, and its geographical features also favour the construction of feeders to it from Hamadán, Karmánshah, and Isfahán.

Although we were about to pass over a country part nomad, part settled, there was now no longer any necessity to seek guides or other aid from Persian officials; so we travelled without escort, and arranged for our own accommodation in villages where *sarais* did not exist. Numerous beggars line the main caravan-avenues leading to and from the town, whose solicitations to Allah to protect our persons and prosper our aims we cheaply bought at the cost of the smallest of copper coins.

From Búrújird onward our stage was 22 miles to Zaleon, along a hard and firm mule-track, traversing huge rounded undulations of gentle slopes rising to heights of 8000 feet, and our chief difficulties consisted, as heretofore, in crossing the numerous snow rivulets. Heavy snow had fallen over this region a fortnight before we crossed it, and snow still lay in the hollows of the hills. The scene before entering the Khushk-i-Durr valley, a few miles south of Zaleon, was a striking one. In all directions we could see the tops of the brown, barren undulations covered with patches of snow, with green

oases of cultivation here and there apparent in the bottoms of the deeper valleys.¹ As before, the whole country is treeless excepting a few poor poplars grown round each village; and as no shrubs are cultivated, firewood is scarcely procurable—the villagers using dried dung as fuel to warm their houses. The villages themselves are small and poor, and their inhabitants almost universally marked with smallpox. Some of the houses, which are built of mud, are double-storeyed, with very low doorways, so constructed on account of the very great cold at this elevation, where snow at times lies deep. The rooms of these huts are fairly high and of some size,—altogether superior to those of the generality of Indian peasant villages.

The past winter had been a most severe one, and this route had been closed by snow for the three previous months. We now found the wheat sprouting in some places, whilst ploughing was still going on in others. As a rule, snow blocks the road for one month only—from the middle of January to the middle of February. Pack-tracks only become impassable from snow in these elevated regions from disuse, if caravans pass over them.

Our next ride, on the 25th, took us 14 miles over the rich Mirza Khatir valley and through the Tang-i-Tura—the roadway through the Roswand range, where the track joins the Hamadán telegraph road; and henceforth the road, though unformed, is generally level and good. Notwithstanding the elevations we had passed (8000 feet), the ascents and descents

¹ All views from the crests of the elevations passed over are of this nature, for from them the barren hill-tops only are to be seen, the pastures and cultivation in the valleys being generally hidden from view.

were not found to be steep;¹ and another stage of 24 miles took us to Sultánábád, through a district dotted with several clusters of villages, and with walled vineyards surrounding many of them.

Sultánábád, a town with an active trade² (population about 7000), lies in the wide, populous, and well cultivated valley of the Ab-i-Kallaru, in the midst of an important agricultural and manufacturing district, where plenty of corn is grown, the vine flourishes, and the surrounding hills covered with pastures and flocks of sheep and goats. The first view we obtained of this valley was the finest sight we had seen since leaving the sea, and the general effect of the *coup-d'œil* was heightened by the contrasting shadows of cloud and sunlight on the extensive stretch of bare downs and cultivated vales under a thunderstorm which was passing overhead.

The villages round about give evidence of the prosperity of their inhabitants, who are largely employed in the manufacture of rugs and carpets. The town itself is cleaner and laid out with far greater regularity than most Persian towns; and although the water, flowing in open gutters, affords but a contaminated supply of drinking water, the townspeople appeared of excellent *physique*, both men and women being fair-complexioned.

After halting a day, to change carriage and enjoy the society of Mr Ziegler's agent, we proceeded fourteen miles, still through a treeless country over mostly uncultivated plains, on which a low prickly thorn grows, but dotted here and there with villages sur-

rounded by cultivated fields and fringed with poplars, to Shaha-wur, a large village. The women here go unveiled and wear short petticoats whose skirts reach but little below their knees; and the following day, passing several villages and increased cultivation, stayed for the night at Ibrahima-bad, a large place with two *caravanserais*. Around these villages fruit-trees flourish, such as apples, plums, and pomegranates. Rhubarb of good quality is here grown, and the vineyards are extensive.

The cold in these highlands is often excessive, the thermometer falling to zero, and snow lying three feet deep. From the great want of timber, the mud-huts of these villages are roofed in with domes of mud-bricks; and the frost splitting them, causes them not unfrequently to fall in, giving a very forlorn appearance to the buildings, and necessitating their annual renewal in spring. Why on earth the Persians cannot use as a building material the excellent stone which abounds everywhere in and near the hills, can only be explained by saying that they are orientals, and do as most Asiatics are wont to do.

Another day's journey of 32 miles through the districts known as the Mahali-i-Ferah and the Mahali-i-Kalatch (the former noted for its excellent carpets), and along a good road which offers no difficulties and passes through the village of Raugird at 23 miles, brought us to Anet-beg, an insignificant station in a valley. Then after a ride of 20 miles across a stony barren plain, where a few camels were grazing, we surmounted the neck of the Zaleon ridge,

¹ The general elevation of the valley was from 6800 to 6900 feet.

² The town occupies an area of about a quarter of a square mile, and is surrounded by a mud-wall falling into decay. Post and telegraph offices are here established.

whence we caught sight of the golden dome of the Imamzada of Kúm, 7 miles away, and glowing like a ball of fire in the sunshine; a welcome sight, which was hailed with acclamations of delight by the muleteers. When we rode into the Mihman-Khana or guest-house, Shahsowar Khan and myself had accomplished our ride of 535 miles from the coast, and attained one of the objects of our projected trip.

The holy city of Kúm, the third city of Persia in point of sanctity, celebrated for its Imamzada, which is held in great veneration, as containing the tomb of Fatimah, the sister of the Imam Rezza, is a town containing some 7000 inhabitants, although the Persians would give us to understand that its population is something more than double this figure.¹

It is on the left bank of the Abi-Khonsar, a river which is spanned by a substantial stone bridge of nine arches, the central one being much the largest, of 20 feet span. Shops are numerous, the trade seemed active, and provisions were plentiful. We were told that, besides the merchants, shopkeepers, and artisans, all the other inhabitants were engaged in offices connected with the burial of the dead. It is, in fact, a city of undertakers, who derive their livelihood from the belief in the sanctity of their necropolis, and therefore it goes without saying that they are, from motives of self-interest, extreme fanatics in their religious views.

Kúm lies 3400 feet above the sea,² and is surrounded by a mud-wall of no strength or solidity,

which is entered by gates, the chief of which alone has any architectural pretensions, being ornamented by variegated blue-and-green glazed tiles.

The wall is fronted by a partial ditch, and in places by ponds of stagnant water. Many of the houses fronting the river are two-storeyed, and provided with balconies, with roof either domed or flat. The town was destroyed by the Afghans, and much of it still is in ruins.

From my personal inspection of the route from the Persian Gulf to Kúm, it appears to me practicable to construct a cart-road from Muhammerah at the mouth of the Kárún, in three sections, as follows—viz.:

First to Dizfúl, a distance of 173 miles, over a country which is practically an alluvial flat, where the construction of a highway only requires raising and ditching, and to finish off which, a good supply of road-metal can be obtained from the hills about Ahwáz, Shustar, and Dizfúl.

Second, from Dizfúl to Khoramábád, a distance of 157 miles. With regard to the facilities for construction of a cart-road in this section, the track may be classed as *good*, *fair*, and *bad* in equal proportions,—viz., the *good*, one-third of the total distance, is level, and requires nothing beyond the removal of loose boulders; the *fair*, of an equal length, requiring only to be widened and cleared of stones; and the *bad*, of the remaining third 50 miles, where the road should be widened and in places zigzagged to lessen the gradients.

¹ There are many *caravansarais* within the city walls, and as the Imamzada is a Shiyah shrine of pilgrimage, no doubt at times the floating population is a large one.

² The temperature, which early in May averages 75° indoors during the day, in July rises to over 90°. The nights are always cool, and the day temperature even in the hottest months less oppressive and exhausting than that of India.

Here in the ravines and passes large boulders will have to be blasted, but otherwise there is little excavation or rock-cutting necessary; and picks, crowbars, levers, sledge-hammers, and a little gun-cotton, will do all that is wanted towards rendering the route open and safe for present traffic.

Third, from Khoramábád to Kúm, a distance of 142 miles; the facilities for converting the present mule-road into a good road for vehicular communication can be judged by applying the above classification, according to which I found three-fifths of the distance what might be termed *good*, one-fifth *fair*, and only one-fifth *bad* throughout this section.

Summing up, of the whole distance traversed from Muhammerah to Kúm, 535 miles in all, we can class 350 as *good*, 100 as *fair*, and 80 as *bad*. Throughout this route the only river of any width to bridge is the Kárún. I calculate that the total cost of a practicable mercantile cart-track from 12 to 15 feet wide in the hills, and 30 feet on the level, should not exceed on an average above two hundred rupees per mile.

To rapidly convert the present mule-track into a cart-road, a thousand hill road-making coolies, such as the Hazara coolies, at one rupee a-day, covering all expenses of importation, &c., should be employed, in addition to all local labour available—as what the road would cost, and what time would be spent in its construction if Persian labour were wholly trusted to, it is impossible to say. Under British superintendence, and with British Indian coolie labour, the above estimate would cover the cost, which would, however, probably be at least five

times that amount with Persian management and local labour.

The construction of a railway must necessarily follow in the wake of a cart-road which is a primary consideration. It has not been overlooked that our colonists, notably in Canada and Australia, have been wont to push their pioneer railways almost in advance of their roads; but they own enterprising capitalists, and can attract money by the security of a settled government and safety for the constructors of the lines; whereas in Persia, besides the engineering difficulties, there are neither carts nor cart-horses or bullocks suited for heavy draught, few artisans, no increasing or enterprising population. The government has hitherto been an oriental despotism of the well-known type, and the Asiatic system of proceeding in financial and administrative matters in full force, and we know what that means,—obstruction, mendacity, fraud, and bribery, with every species of corruption. Happily, the influence for good of the European diplomatic circles at Tih-rán has of late years been considerable.

Concessions were continuously being made by the Government of the Shah to construct railways and reopen canals, &c., but they were as often rescinded. At last her Majesty's representative, Sir Drummond Wolff, has obtained the permission for "merchant steamers of all nations, without exception, in addition to the sailing-vessels which navigated the Kárún before this, to undertake the transport of goods on the river Kárún, from Muhammerah to the dyke at Ahwáz, on the condition, however, that they do not pass above the dyke at Ahwáz, for the navigation of the river from the dyke upwards is exclusively for sailing-vessels and

steamers of the Persian governors or of Persian subjects."

There are other important conditions which seem to indicate that the Shah is frightened at the momentous step that he has taken for his people's good; but at all events, the first step has been taken towards ensuring the reopening of this old route to the world's commerce. The next step to be urged towards "the extension of the commerce and the increase of the wealth of the empire, and the amelioration of the agriculture of Khuzistan," must be the extension of free navigation above the dyke to Shustar. Then to follow up the development of traffic it will be imperative to require from the Persian Government security for the caravans through the hills *vid* Khoramábád, and the improvement of the road above mentioned from Kúm. Even as it exists, it is the best and shortest route from the Gulf to Tihrán.

The reopening of the Ahwáz irrigation channels for the fertilisation of the plains of Arabistan, once famed for their sugar-plantations, and finally the construction of a line of railway from Shustar, and eventually from Muhammerah to Tihrán, are public works which will follow in due course of time.

To ensure the success of these enterprises, which, as I have indicated, should flow in the wake of the opening up of the Kárún river to navigation, if Great Britain and other European nations are to derive full benefit from them, it is essential that the local Persian nobility, gentry, and merchants be called upon to take a leading part both in initiating and bringing them to perfection. Such men exist not only in all the large towns of south-west Persia—i.e., Shustar, Dizfúl, Khoramábád, Hamadán, Isfahán, Shiráz, and Bushire—but

also among the nomad Lurs of the Zagros and of mid-Persia. Many native capitalists from Tihrán, Tabriz, and other large towns of Persia, would greedily embark in such extended projects as sketched, if the Persian Government foster it without guile—indeed a royal prince might place himself at the head of its directorate at once. Hitherto a sad fate has overtaken the few Persians who have interested themselves in the development of south-west Persia.

As soon as such a line as I propose is in working order, either as mule-track, cart or rail road, other radiating roads from Isfahán, Yazd, and Hamadán will not be long wanting; and these, as is well known, are the most fertile parts of Persia, exporting grain, wool, and luxuries like opium, tobacco, cotton, wine, fruits, &c. The importance of such a line to British commercial enterprise is incalculable.

With the political effect of the promulgation of the late Anglo-Persian treaty I do not propose to deal. Our one and sole aim is to enable Persia to take that position amongst the Eastern Powers that her history, her industries, her tractable and skilful population, the fertility of her soil and the variety of her agricultural and industrial products, entitle her to assume. Our object is her salvation, to be gained only by taking the bold course of opening up her country unreservedly to European enterprise. I here write as an imperial citizen, jealous of imperial interests, and in the maintenance of our commercial supremacy in the East. The splenetic declarations in the Russian press perhaps only indicate the official vexation felt at a diplomatic triumph at Tihrán over Prince Dolgorouky; for the opening of the Kárún

certainly exhibits to Persia the independent market which she possesses on the Gulf, and the advantages that must result to her by an increase of our competition with Russia in all Persian markets.

The mail-steamers in the Gulf and up the Tigris are favoured with a postal subvention; and the enterprise of running English steam-vessels on the Kárún route will, it may be assumed, certainly be encouraged by a substantial subsidy from either the Indian or Imperial Governments, as some small return for the potential greatness of commercial results, and others, that must follow it. Great Britain can honestly, and without an ulterior thought, assist Persia, one of our imperial neighbours, whose fortunes are bound up with ours by the links of geographical position and its enforced common interests—links that none can unrevet, and which compel a brotherhood of nations otherwise widely separated.

Persia stands in need of population and means of locomotion,—wants that our empire can supply by her Indian subjects, and her moneyed merchants and manufacturers at home, who owe their wealth to the proud position we hold of chief carrier and supplier

to the East—a position which, if my readers have the patience to follow me, I purpose to show is not an unassailable one, but rather one that will require of us, if we hope to retain it, both boldness of enterprise and sacrifices commensurate with the vast interests at stake.

Let us hope that ere long these plains and hills of Arabistan, Khuzistan, and Luristan will no more present the same unhappy conditions as when I passed through them; for the wand of commerce has already pointed in that direction, and, like Ithuriel's spear, is effecting a transformation of the scene; so that within a few years of contact with Western civilisation, we may behold the nomads replaced by settled agriculturists, anarchy supplanted by law and order, whilst poverty gives way to wealth, and superstition to true faith.

"And I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the field. . . . And the desolate land shall be tilled, whereas it lay desolate in the sight of all that passed by. And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden; and the waste and desolate and ruined cities are become fenced, and are inhabited."

LADY BABY.

CHAPTER XV.—LADY BABY HAS HER WAY.

"Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art,
Nor nourish special locks of rowed hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan."

THE harmless, though rather vulgar little joke which Mr Smart had attempted about Nicky coming home "with his pockets full of tin," had left a disagreeable impression on Lord Kippendale's mind. He approved of everything connected with horses, except betting; on this one point he was stern. He had lived in unfashionable though very comfortable rusticity all his life, and in the matter of betting-books he had not marched with the time. To his old-fashioned ideas there was something almost of desecration in making a trade of so noble a passion. Good judge of horse-flesh though he was, he had never made money by his horses; he was a great deal too impulsive in his decisions and hasty in his transactions. It had almost grieved him to observe in Nicky some traces of the horse-dealer's genius, for Nicky's income was none the worse for a little padding of this sort, but as for the betting-ring he had had no suspicions. Nicky knew well enough what were his father-in-law's ideas on that subject; and also he remembered well enough the stormy day on which poor George had burst into Lord Kippendale's room, and with much tearing of hair and gnashing of teeth had announced himself to be a beggar, and all because of a Derby debt. It was not quite so bad as that,—starvation was not staring him in the face,—but by the time the debt was cleared, George Blashford was no longer the fairly

wealthy man he had been when Lady Catherine Bevan had married him. Kippendale had certainly been singularly unlucky in marrying his daughters, the world decided; it all came from his not taking time to think over it. No title and no money in one case; no title in the other, and the money that there had been gone in one day, like a bubble on the wind.

"That idiot Smart was talking nonsense, of course," said the old Earl to himself: "but I'll put the question to Craigtoun; a man with Craigtoun's pluck is bound to speak out, if there *should* be a wee bit truth in the matter."

Accordingly, when Nicky came back, which he did on the day after the polo-lesson last described, Lord Kippendale, without prelude or preamble, button-holed his son-in-law, and began: "Look here, Craigtoun, I want a square answer to a square question. You know what my ideas about betting-books are; have you, or have you not, been betting at the Derby?"

If the irascible old Earl had not been the most unsuspecting and short-sighted of mortals, he could not have failed to perceive the start which Nicky gave; and if Nicky had not happened to be standing with his back to the light, Lord Kippendale would have observed that his son-in-law's usually ruddy complexion had suddenly undergone a very curious change.

"I?" stammered Nicky. "I! what have you been hearing? Surely you know that I——"

"Yes, yes, I know that you are not the wild fellow that poor George was. You have been very steady, Craigtoun, my boy, very steady; and with temptations in your way, too. I was sure from the first that it was nothing but a daft bit of gossip, and I only want your word for it; so speak out, and let's be done with it."

"Really," began Nicky, taking refuge in a sort of virtuously indignant bluster, "really I should have thought that, after such a spell of time, I mean that, by Jove! I shouldn't have expected,—and upon my word it's hard upon a fellow when he has done his best to——"

Lord Kippendale put his hands to his ears with an expression of agonised impatience. "For goodness' sake, Craigtoun, how long are you going to keep me here? Adam is waiting for me in the stable-yard. I asked for a *word*, not for *words*;" or to be quite correct, what Lord Kippendale really said was: "I asked for a *woard*, not for *woards*;" for, in critical moments, Lord Kippendale's vowels had a way of breadthening out in exact proportion to the emotions at work.

Then Nicky's bluster died out, and he felt himself growing livid. He looked at his father-in-law, or rather he gazed convulsively at his shirt-pin; he heard the quick tap of the riding-whip against the table-foot, and he knew that a moment's hesitation would ruin him. And then this man, so celebrated for his courage, whose hand had never trembled and whose eye had never flinched in face of the greatest perils of the hunting-field,—this man became all at once aware that he was a coward, and swallowing something dry in his throat, waveringly pronounced the false word "No." For Lord Kippendale had not considered that there

are two sorts of pluck in the world,—the pluck that enables men to mount on vicious horses and take high fences, and the pluck that nerves them to speak the truth under disadvantageous circumstances.

Even though Nicky had to clear his throat twice before pronouncing that "No," the monosyllable was quite enough for Lord Kippendale. "All right—that's all I wanted; I knew it was all right;" and with a squeeze to Nicky's hand, he left the room, and Nicky, before drawing a breath of relief, first passed his tongue over his lips, for they were quite dry, while on his cold forehead the drops were standing.

He was still where Lord Kippendale had left him when Lady Baby looked into the room and distantly inquired whether he had seen Sir Peter. Nicky gave an impatient shake of the head, and began heavily to pace the floor, but as she was closing the door an idea seemed to strike him.

"Look here," he called after her,—“look here, Baby, I—I haven't been a bad sort of a brother to you, have I? I—I trained your ponies for you all right, and all that sort of thing, didn't I?"

"Of course you did, she answered, staring; "do you want to be thanked for it now?"

"No, upon my word I don't; I didn't do it for thanks. I like training ponies; but still I suppose that if ever you were in the way of doing me a good turn, you wouldn't mind doing it?"

"Mind doing it? Why, Nicky, I shouldn't wait till the good turn came in my way, I should go out of my way to do it. You couldn't have been a better brother than you have been. What has come over you to-day?"

"Nothing. And, look here, I

think I have been civil to Wyndhurst too, haven't I? I'm not a particularly civil fellow generally, but I always was ready to push Wyndhurst's chances. I made Aggie sit on the drag that day on purpose, that he should have Ajax to ride; and though Ajax *did* throw him, that wasn't my fault, and it all came straight in the end. Yes, by Jove! I think I've been uncommonly civil to Wyndhurst!"

"I daresay you have," said Lady Baby, suddenly withdrawing the hand which she had laid on her brother-in-law's sleeve, "but what has that to do with it? And what is it you want, Nicky? I don't understand you at all."

"Oh, I want nothing just now, at least not this minute; but maybe I'll remind you of this some day,—some day soon," he added under his breath, brushing past her into the passage. "That pushing on of Wyndhurst's suit was the luckiest thing I ever did," reflected Nicky, as he plunged out of the house. "And what are a beggarly thousand pounds to Wyndhurst? The income of a beggarly fortnight, nothing more; and I'll net it again somehow; it's only time that I'm short of just now."

Lady Baby, meanwhile, having puzzled for a few minutes over Nicky's strange behaviour, dismissed the subject and pursued the search for Sir Peter. She found him in a far-off morning-room at last, and walking straight up to him she said, "Sir Peter, I wish to speak with you alone after luncheon."

"Sir Peter?" he said inquiringly.

"Yes," she said, severely avoiding his glance. "Will you come to the big drawing-room after luncheon? I shall be there;" and, without waiting for an answer, she disappeared.

Lady Baby had come down to breakfast that morning looking rather pale, with tight-set lips and a general appearance of having come to a resolution, and of meaning rigidly to adhere to it. There was an ominous silence about her, and occasional flashes of something alarming in her eyes. And yet Sir Peter ate his luncheon with perfect equanimity and strolled quite leisurely into the big drawing-room when the party dispersed.

Lady Baby was there already, a shade paler, a shade more determined than she had been in the morning, and with her chin, if possible, a shade higher in the air.

"Supposing," said Sir Peter, before she had spoken, "supposing we adjourn to the conservatory? There is more sunshine than here, and more view."

The conservatory was very large, and it was square in shape, with a paved way running all round the four sides, while the entire centre was filled up with a mass of tall greenhouse plants, the tallest of which brushed the ceiling with their crowns, and formed altogether a small forest, just dense enough to be a screen. There were two entrances to the conservatory—one through a window in the big drawing-room, the other from the flower-garden; and it was to a bench placed beside this outer door, which to-day stood open, that Lady Baby led the way. The winding ribbon-borders and twisted flower-scrolls in the garden outside had just reached the summit of their brief summer glory. There was scarcely a flower dropped yet, there was not a leaf turned. For some days past the weather had been brilliant, but to-day there were signs of a break. There were those rapid changes from blue sky to grey, those fitful plunges from

brilliancy to gloom which portend revolution. The roses were greedily drinking in the last favours of the precious sunshine, and the scent of heliotrope and verbena hung heavily on the warm air. Through the midst of the blaze of well-ordered colour, a gardener would now and then glide discreetly with a watering-can in his hand; and the distant sound of gravel-paths being raked was all that broke the afternoon silence.

"May I smoke?" asked Sir Peter; "it is good for the plants, I believe."

"You may do what you like," she said, frowning, for she felt this was a bad beginning to what was to follow. "You can do whatever you like after to-day, Peter,—I mean Sir Peter. Do you know why I asked for this interview?"

"I have no idea."

"Have you not even attempted to form a guess?"

"I have not."

"Well, then, you shall know at once. Sir Peter, all is over between us."

There was just an instant's silence before Sir Peter spoke. "For what reason?" he asked.

"Reason! reason!" she said, beginning to pant a little; "I could give you a dozen reasons, I could give you a hundred."

"I only ask you to give me one," said Sir Peter, folding his arms and leaning back. Whether it was this attitude of patient waiting which drove the ideas from her mind, or whether it was his steadfast gaze, Lady Baby did not know; but for a minute she seemed to have lost sight of all the reasons to be propounded, and it was only with an effort that she could rally her arguments around her.

"My reasons—yes, I have

plenty. In the first place" (oh, what was in the first place? she mentally inquired of herself)—"in the first place, we don't suit each other."

"Why not?"

Because—because we are different; everything about us is different; our tastes differ."

"For instance?"

"For instance, the thing I like best in the world is horses, and you only care for them if you can paint them. That in itself ought to have been enough from the beginning. I should have kept to the first answer I gave you; it was only the accident that upset my nerves, and made me fancy that I—cared for you, when really I was only sorry for you. Such mistakes are often made, you know. They happen in almost every novel."

"So they do," agreed Sir Peter.

"Well, that is in the first place; now, in the second place?"

"We have no sympathies in common."

"But you have told me that already."

"Well, then," she broke out, "you don't care for me as you should—not as I expected it, not as I wanted it; that is in the second place."

In the programme of the interview which Lady Baby had sketched out for herself, she had proposed to maintain an absolutely icy dignity, but at this juncture the programme flew to the winds, and springing from the bench, she began to pace the paved walk between the flowers, nervously plucking a leaf here and a flower there, and tearing it to pieces with her fingers.

"What is it you did expect?" asked Sir Peter, very gravely.

"More"—"*display*," she was going to have said, but the word struck her as too flippant for the

occasion. "More of what is always expected in—in these cases," she lucidly substituted. "And I know the way it generally is, because I know how it was with Nicky and George. *They* cared for Aggie and Kate in the real way. George would have *killed* any one for whom Kate had shown the slightest preference; perhaps he might even have killed Kate. Don't you know that?"

"I had not the honour of Mr Blashford's acquaintance."

"No; but you know Nicky. Aggie and Nicky were just as devoted in their way. I am quite sure that if I had asked you not to open a newspaper during the last six weeks, I am quite sure that you would have refused."

"I am certain of it," said Sir Peter, in a tone of conviction.

"And," she continued, with an additional quiver in her voice, "I am sure that you would never have thought of reading poetry aloud to me?"

"I am sure I should not."

"Nor of serenading me on the violin?"

"I never learnt the violin," said Sir Peter.

She waved off the objection as being a mere accidental circumstance which could not affect the main principle. "And your conversation is as different as possible from that of either Nicky or George. Agnes says that George's language was simply unwritten poetry. I am sure that if I had waited for months longer, you would never have compared me either to an angel or a star."

"It is extremely unlikely that I should," agreed Sir Peter.

"And you admire other women as much as you do me,—more, perhaps; don't deny it! I know that you admire Maud."

"I admire Miss Epperton very much."

"Then why don't you marry Miss Epperton?"

"Because I don't happen to care for her."

She came to a standstill in front of him, and, perhaps because she dimly felt that his last answer was unanswerable, she hastened to quit that point. "Enough," she said, clenching her hands; "this is quite enough. All this only shows how right I was when I said that all must be over between us. I have felt it for a long time. Everything points the same way,—that we have made a dreadful, a fearful mistake, and that we must part while there is still time."

Sir Peter laid down his cigar on the edge of the bench and looked her straight in the eyes.

"You wish me, then, to resign my claims?"

"Yes; here is your ring," and she began hastily pulling it off her finger.

"And you wish me to go away and not to return?"

"Of course; that is just what I wish. It is because we do not suit each other, don't you see?"

"So you have told me."

"And you think I am right?"

"Very likely you are right. I shall never learn either to speak unwritten poetry or to play the violin,—and as it appears that these things are essential to your happiness, I think you have come to a very wise conclusion."

"And—and what are you going to do?"

"I shall do as you wish. I shall go."

"Ah!" she said, with a quick breath that was something like a gasp, and she bit her quivering lip; "but remember that you are

never to come back,—never, *never!* Do you understand?"

"I understand," said Sir Peter, rising, "and you shall be obeyed. Do you wish me to explain the alteration in our plans to Lord Kippendale, or will you do it yourself?"

"Leave it to me," and she crushed a head of costly begonia into an unsightly pink pulp.

"Then there is nothing more to say but good-bye," said Sir Peter, putting out his hand. "We need not swear enmity, I suppose, though they do that in novels." He held her hand in his for a moment, but dismay was bringing the tears to her eyes, and she could not see his face.

"Yes, good-bye; go at once," she said, with her head held high; "and—and remember that this is final,—that nothing, no, *nothing*, could ever make me change my mind again."

"I should not venture to expect it;" and, dropping her hand, he turned towards the open door.

"Peter!" she called after him as he reached it—"I mean Sir Peter, remember that I don't want any one, any friend, to—to interfere, or try and patch up anything."

"Be quite easy, I shall let no one interfere."

"Well, then, that is all; why are you not gone yet?"

"Because you recalled me. Good-bye."

"And—and, Sir Peter, you are not on any account to write to me. I should be *very* angry if you wrote to me."

"I should never be audacious enough to trouble you in that way;" and, having waited for a moment to see if this was the last of her instructions, Sir Peter turned and went slowly through

the open door into the garden: his steps sounded on the gravel after he was out of sight.

A chill and threatening breeze was sweeping over the flower-beds; the drifting sunshine had died out, and now, as at a given signal, the whole sky seemed to be alive and moving. In the west a stretch of clear blue was still visible, but across it the white clouds and the black clouds were scudding like smoke; and the white looked as mischievous as the black,—and most mischievous of all looked the bronze-red glare which loomed in the east, tinging the heavens with a wild reflection, almost like the light of a smile on the face of an angry man. Now the rose-bushes began to sway a little and to show the under side of their leaves, and the head-gardener was seen to pause with his watering-can in his hand, and keenly to scan the clouds. A complaining creak came from the open conservatory door; the flowers nearest the entrance began to shudder upon their stalks. As plainly as Chinese primroses can speak they were asking to be protected from the unaccustomed rudeness of this air. But Lady Baby was in no mood for understanding Chinese, or indeed any other language. She was standing in a trance, listening to Sir Peter's departing steps upon the gravel. Her head was still erect and her hand clenched, but for all that there was a look of stupefaction on her face. Was he gone then? Was he really gone? Was it all over, so quickly, so easily, without a protest, without a struggle?

"And is this the way it ends?"

She was not aware that she had spoken aloud until some one behind her said, "No, this is the way it begins;" and turning with a start she perceived Mr Carbury

advancing towards her between the flowers, looking rather flushed and very much more wide-awake

than she had ever seen him look during the whole course of their acquaintance.

CHAPTER XVI.—WHAT CAME OF THE EXPERIMENT.

"I am so much a fool should I stay longer.
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once."

There was something so very strangely timed about the sudden apparition of Carbury in the nick of this particular moment, that Lady Baby, though her acquaintance with the stage was most limited, felt almost as though she were witnessing a well-rehearsed "entrance" in a play. It was Carbury himself who brought this suggestion of staginess in the atmosphere with him, for excitement in him was always apt to take a theatrical shape; unconsciously he would stalk as though he were treading the boards, and instinctively speak as though he had studied his part. His black eyes were all in a flame, and his white teeth gleamed joyously, as out of the frame of clustering greenhouse plants he advanced towards Lady Baby. No *coup de théâtre* could have been more complete. "Where have you come from?" was all that she could find presence of mind to say; then in a moment she had remembered that the entrance through the drawing-room door was a very simple explanation, and quite disposed of any necessity for trap-doors or secret passages, of which an undefined suggestion had risen to her mind.

"Oh, I see!" she said quickly. "But you have not—heard anything? How much have you heard?" she asked imperiously.

"Enough: quite as much as I wanted to hear."

"Then you have listened? You came to listen?"

"I did not come to listen; I came to ask you a question, but I have got my answer already."

"Your answer?" she echoed, gazing in wide-eyed wonder. "When did I give you your answer?"

"When you said 'Good-bye' to Sir Peter Wyndhurst." Carbury was still smiling; but a little of the triumph had died out of the smile, and a little anxiety had come into it. He was watching Lady Baby's face keenly, eagerly, almost a little suspiciously. "Yesterday," he said, and his voice shook a little; "yesterday I guessed, but to-day I know."

"Do you?" she repeated; "well, you may know, but I am sure I don't," and she burst into a childishly impertinent laugh; not because she was amused, but because her nerves were overstrained. Indeed, if she had not laughed then, her only alternative would have been tears. Carbury was not smiling any longer; right through the sunburn of his dark skin his face had grown very pale. The flicker of suspicion in his eyes had turned to a fixed gleam of distrust. "Is this to try me?" he stammered; "is it to put me to the proof that you pretend not to understand what it is that I am here for? is it——"

"Pretend!" she flashed out. "Much need of pretence, indeed, when you start up as though you

were struck from the ground, and look mysterious, and talk in riddles, instead of in plain English. It is exactly like the play I saw when papa took me to Edinburgh in winter. Do you know, when you came in just now from behind the flowers, I couldn't help thinking that if only you had had lace ruffles, and if the flowers had only been pasteboard ones, you would have looked exactly like the hero when he came out of the bushes in the garden, just before the grand declaration scene. Any one would fancy——"

Lady Baby stopped short; it was something in Oarbury's face that stopped her. There was a minute's complete silence in the conservatory. Outside the storm was coming fast: a wall of white dust rushed across the garden, to be torn to shreds and whirled to the roofs. It had grown very dark, though it was still so early in the afternoon. Over Lady Baby's face there had crept a look of panic.

"Good heavens!" she cried impetuously, "you cannot, oh surely you cannot have meant *that*!" and again, in place of any answer, there was a minute of absolute silence. During that minute it all dawned upon Lady Baby. Perhaps it was the stony consternation of Oarbury's eyes that enlightened her, perhaps it was in the silence that she read her answer, or perhaps she owed the revelation to that lightning-like piecing together of past infinitesimal trifles, of which on occasion we are all capable—an instantaneous upstarting of those atoms of evidence which, once the right spring is touched, range themselves suddenly into incontrovertible proof. May it not even be that an experience not her own came to her aid, and that the heroes and heroines of a few hundred novels rose up at this mo-

ment to lend a hand in tearing the veil from her unwilling eyes? So blinding was the light let in upon her that she could do nothing but lapse into horror-stricken silence. And Oarbury also stood dumb, not because words failed him, but because he never would have risked speaking until he felt pretty sure that he could do so without anything absurd happening to his voice. For he also had lived through his minute of revelation, he also had put together his patchwork of words and of looks, of atoms of proof and half-formed suspicions; and as he stood there in the first blush of his discomfiture, it struck him that the whole which they produced was like nothing so much as a cunningly devised fool's cap, and that the head which this cap fitted was no other than his own.

He was neither slow nor stupid, and he was almost fanatically vain. There are many sorts of vain men, but, broadly speaking, there are two distinct species—the thick-skinned, complacent vain, and the thin-skinned, morbid vain. Had Mr Oarbury been of the first species, he would probably have taken half an hour to be convinced of the mistake he had made; but being a rather extreme example of the thin-skinned order, and being always more ready to suppose that he was being made a laughing-stock of than that he was not, instead of retreating before the proof, he met it half-way. Even before Lady Baby had quite done speaking, he had grasped the situation—the peculiarly and grimly farcical situation—in which he found himself placed. All its accessories might not be very clear, all its details of cause and effect might take time to unravel; the only thing that was perfectly plain and intelligible to him was that the past week

had been a game, and that he had been duped,—for what end?—with what purpose?—did not greatly signify just at present, nor whether he had been toy or tool. What did it matter, so long as the fact remained that he had been taken up and cast aside,—that he, Lawrence Carbury, the veteran campaigner, had been as completely and neatly blinded by this young lady just out of the schoolroom as ever was the most whiskerless boy by the most wily of sirens?

Some men might, at this juncture, have been relieved by realising the very absurdity of the position—the absolutely hopeless tragicomedy of the case; but to Mr Carbury it was precisely the absurdity which was the tragical part of the matter. It was nothing but an instinct of self-preservation which, as he stood there, enabled him to maintain this outward composure—belied indeed by his colour, but respectable at any rate in its effort. The dread of betraying how true the blow had struck gave him for the moment a fictitious strength, which must infallibly break down in the very moment that the strain was relaxed. The terror of detection was upon him. Hide the injury, hide it at any price! Never mind though the very soul be stunned with the blow; never mind though the heart be bursting, and the dream of yesterday turned to a grinning nightmare,—hide it, cover the bleeding wound; smile down the dismay which must perforce be so ludicrous to watch; swallow the mortification which, once displayed, must surely be as laughable as it is pitiable! There would be plenty of time later to stanch the wound and sharpen the weapons for revenge; but now, quick, a mask, a shield, a screen,—anything to slouch behind. It was this that

his writhing vanity groaned for,—this that his wits were wildly casting about for, as he stood there and quite distinctly felt the fool's cap on his head. It seemed to him that, if he moved, he would hear the very jingle of the ball.

In after-days, when the thoughts of Lady Baby or of Mr Carbury went back to this afternoon, neither of them could ever quite clearly remember what had been said during the five minutes that followed on her fierce, and, as it were, panic-stricken exclamation. What, indeed, could either of them have said that would not have made matters a little worse than they were? What word in the whole range of the British vocabulary could have helped to take the edge off the situation? Mr Carbury, indeed, had ever after an indistinct recollection of having burst into a laugh—or something that on the whole was not very unlike a laugh—and of having made some remark about the coming storm—perhaps under a passing wild idea that, since he had not spoken in so many plain English words, retreat was still open to him, or, perhaps, only because even a sham retreat was more endurable than naked exposure. But in the midst of it he had caught Lady Baby's look of haughty amazement, and, with a groan, he broke off, as though aware that he was wasting his pains. Without another word he turned and walked out bareheaded into the pelting rain. But he kept his head up as he went—he did not forget that he might be seen from the windows. He was conscious of having borne himself very bravely in the five minutes just lived through, and he did not want to mar it all at the last. Until he has reached the privacy of his room, let his poor mangled vanity remain at least

decently, if not effectually, covered up.

The thick drops had been falling now for some minutes; they blurred the glass-panes of the conservatory, and drove in through the open door upon the shivering plants. A flower-pot fell with a crash to the ground; the wind howled round the corner; and a dazed sparrow, helpless as a dead leaf, was borne in by the storm, flapping feebly about among the palms, so blinded with dust and terrified by the darkness that it could not again find the entrance.

Lady Baby sank down on the bench and stared fixedly into the stormy turbulence of the garden. What, oh, what exactly had happened? Mr Carbury in love with her! Preposterous idea! And yet, the first shock once over, she never thought of doubting it. The mask had been too transparent even for Lady Baby's eyes. Pity for him she felt none as yet; she was far too deeply plunged in pity for herself—far too wild with a nameless pain whose dull stabs she was only just now beginning to feel in her heart. As for weighing for a moment the right that was on his side and the wrong that was on hers, she was very far from calm enough to have realised even that such a wrong existed. Later the self-reproaches might come, later the remorse. If her conscience stirred just now, it was but faintly; and if anything within her soul at this moment deserved the name of remorse, it was at best a mixed and chaotic sentiment.

It was long before she felt calm enough to leave the conservatory. When she did so, she met her father on the staircase. Lord Kippendale was in a state of boundless excitement.

"The world is gone clean daft," he announced. "What's the mean-

ing of every one rushing off in this fashion, as though we had the plague in the house? Eh? What's the meaning of it? Can no one explain?"

"Every one!" repeated Lady Baby, standing still.

"Yes, Wyndhurst and Carbury; that's enough for one day, I suppose."

"Sir Peter is—gone?"

"Bless me, yes! Didn't he ask for leave of absence? It was a business letter or something which required his presence at Nolesworth. He went off an hour ago—that's rational enough. It's Carbury who is the crazy one; declared suddenly he had to catch the London night mail—went off at half an hour's warning. It's confoundedly rude to decamp in this fashion without any explanation."

"Perhaps he had a business letter too," suggested Lady Baby, rather faintly.

"Well," said Lord Kippendale, irritably, "it would take a precious deal of business to induce *me* to travel to-night. There's something bad coming; the barometer has not been so low for two years. We are either in for a rattling thunderstorm in the night, or it's going to be a stiff gale. I shall have the chimneys looked to."

The thunder did not come in the night—it had blown over; but the stiff gale came, chasing thunder and rain before it, roaring and howling and bellowing round the house like twenty thousand mad bulls let loose. Through long hours of the darkness Lady Baby lay with her eyes wide open, listening to the booming in the chimney, to the rattling at the shutters, to the whistling through the keyholes, uneasily looking back on the day that was past, and fervently wishing, as she tossed about from side to side, that she had let well alone,

and had stopped short of at least her last experiment on Sir Peter.

In the morning two of the big beeches on the lawn were down, and there were broken branches snapped into little bits of wood scattered all over the grass, and flung even against the windows. The flower-beds were as thoroughly destroyed as though they had been trampled by a marching army, or as though the bellowing bulls had been bodily monsters, and had thought that calceolarias and lobelias were pleasant things to roll upon. But this was too little yet for the gale; it just held its breath in the daylight hours, and then burst out anew on the second night.

News began to be heard of fatalities occasioned. A child in the village had been hurled against a wall and badly hurt; a man had been injured by the fall of a chimney. "And it is not confined to Scotland," said Lord Kippendale, as he read his paper at breakfast on the second morning of the gale; "it has been blowing twenty to the dozen all over England. The world is certainly gone crazy. November is the time for these big gales, not June. There it is: sixteen men wounded by the fall of a factory wall; loss of a boat and seven lives; two women crushed by a tree-trunk. Why, it must have been worse down there by a good bit. We have been let off easy this time."

But Lord Kippendale had not been let off quite as easy as he imagined. On the afternoon of that same day there suddenly arose a commotion in the house. Lady Baby, sitting alone in her room, alternately listening to the wind, which still howled lustily round the house corners, and writing letters to Sir Peter, which she immediately tore up and burnt

carefully at a candle, all at once became vaguely aware that something had happened. She had heard no great noise, no scream,—and yet, by one of those indefinable instincts that sometimes seize upon us, she felt in one instant convinced that "something" had happened, and that it was something great and important, perhaps even something terrible.

There had been a ring at the door, then steps, then silence; and then again steps, more hurried this time, more doors opened and shut, her father speaking, Agnes speaking, her father speaking louder, calling for somebody, for Nicky, for Germaine, loudly declaring that something or other was nonsense, but doing so in a tone of alarmed defiance. "What? Eh? Rubbish?" she heard. "It can't be. I don't believe a word of it. It's badly written too. Give me my glasses, Germaine! Where is Germaine! Why doesn't Germaine come?"

Lady Baby was at the foot of the stairs by this time. Her father was standing near the billiard-table with a paper in his hand, there was a boy by the door turning a greasy cap between his fingers, and there was an orange-coloured envelope on the floor.

"Agnes," and she put her hand on her sister's arm; "Agnes, what is it? A telegram? Has anything happened to——"

"I don't know," said Agnes, in tremulous perplexity. "I don't know what has happened. I don't understand. I don't believe; but there has been an accident——"

"To whom?" asked Lady Baby, shaking her sister's arm.

"To nobody; it was at Gullyscoombe. It was the gale. Wasn't it the gale? I am not sure what has happened, but it is something dreadful about the mines at Gullyscoombe."

CHAPTER XVII.—TABLE DECORATION.

"Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?"

Where was Germaine while Lord Kippendale shouted for him? Not very far off, only as far as the dining-room, where he was engaged in helping, or, to speak more truly, hindering Miss Epperton in her arrangement of the flowers for the dinner-table. Maud was never known to be idle; and Germaine, of whom the same could not generally be asserted, had lately developed an interest in all sorts of mixed occupations. When Maud was arranging books in the library, Germaine was apt to become suddenly interested in literature; when Maud was practising waltzes on the piano (she had discovered that a good waltz-player is generally a welcome member of society), Germaine, of whom his sisters used to assert that his only chance of distinguishing between "Rule Britannia" and "Pop goes the Weasel," was to hear them played in immediate succession,—this same Germaine would stand by the hour with bated breath, completely and entirely happy in turning over pages. Sometimes he would drop the books upon her toes, and sometimes he would not, and generally he would turn over the page of music at the wrong moment,—in either case he was very much in the way, but so eager to do right, and so penitent after doing wrong, that no one would have had the heart to discard his assistance. At any rate Miss Epperton had not.

On the present occasion Germaine had begun by breaking a crystal flower-trough, and had followed this up by sitting down in a basket full of geraniums, so per-

haps it was no wonder if the process of table-decoration occupied rather more time than the filling of a few vases and the disposition of a few ferns generally requires.

"It is all I can do to make the table even decent to look at," said Maud, trying with her fingers to impart a little straightness to a battered verbenæ. "Just look at these little bits of wreck! Lord Germaine, don't you think that, instead of standing in my light, you might make yourself useful?"

"But I thought I was being useful," said Germaine, opening his eyes a little wider.

His present phase of usefulness consisted in sitting on the edge of the table and plunging his two hands alternately into the basket of cut flowers. "I thought I had done a great deal already."

"So you have: you have broken one glass trough, and chipped another; also you have put an end to most of the geraniums, and you are at this moment pulling to pieces the one cherished moss-rose which I had destined for the centre-piece, and in one other minute you will have brought the table-cloth down, and scattered my fern-mosaic to the four winds of heaven."

"I am awfully sorry," said Germaine, plunging to his feet, and dropping the moss-rose as though it had been a hot cinder. "Can I do anything else for you? Shall I carry all the troughs back to the sideboard? or empty out all the baskets, or something? Or," more doubtfully, "are you going to send me to gather flowers? Please don't; you know I always pull them the wrong length."

"No," she laughed, "I shall not set you to gathering flowers again in a hurry. Take these scissors, please, and take this basket of verbena,—so."

"What am I to do to them?" asked Germaine, gazing at the verbena with the eye of a man who is prepared to go to any extremity.

"Do exactly as I tell you. You are to clip off the spoilt flowers, and leave only the good ones. Do you see?"

"All right; I shall do exactly as you tell me," and Germaine began fervently and energetically to make the scissors click.

"If I were not so abjectly afraid of that head-gardener," said Maud, "I would have made another excursion to the flower-beds. You have got such an extraordinarily grim set of family retainers about you,—they look as if none of them had been in the place under forty years."

"Forty years!" repeated Germaine, with a stare. "Why, some of the housemaids are quite young."

"I daresay," laughed Maud; "of course it is only a *façon de parler*." She had found already that Germaine was sometimes a little stolid and literal in his way of taking up a passing remark.

"What is a *façon de parler*?" he asked.

"Oh, it is a sort of loose general assertion that is not meant to bear dissection. Don't you see?"

Any one else would have said "I see," whether they saw or not; but Germaine did not quite see, and so held his tongue and vigorously slashed away at the verbena.

"But about the forty years," he began presently; "there is Jemima, for instance, the kitchen-maid, forty years ago her mother may not even have been born."

"Mercy!" cried Maud, laughingly putting her hands to her ears. "I concede everything; my forty years were selected quite at random. Perhaps there is not a servant in the house who has been here so long."

"Oh yes, there is; there is Adam. He has been with us more than forty years, almost fifty, I think. He is a capital old fellow."

"I have no doubt of it; but that particular class of capital old fellow is a little terrifying. Ever since I heard the details of his family history, I have quailed before Adam's eye."

"Why?" asked Germaine.

"Just think of the icy rigidity of a man who, without a pang or a struggle, could turn his wife out of the house and refuse ever to see her face again."

"But," said Germaine, "she had behaved atrociously—she had deceived him."

"I know; but think how young they both were. She was a mere child, it seems. Would he not be quite the upright man he now is, even if he had had the amiable weakness to forgive her?"

"Forgive her! Do you mean taking her back and trusting her again? Is that what you mean by forgiving her?"

"I mean not condemning an ignorant creature to life-long misery and degradation, because, dazzled by childish vanity, she had begun by making a fatal mistake. Don't you understand?"

"No, I don't understand. It was not a mistake; it was a downright acted lie. And how could she be more degraded than she was already by that lie?"

"A lie? Yes; but who is to throw the first stone at the liar? I suppose the people who tell the white lies think themselves en-

titled to throw stones at the people who tell the black ones."

"Then there are the people who don't tell lies at all."

"Dear me!" said Maud, with a thrill of uneasiness. "Do you really believe in those people?"

"I should think I do," said Germaine, stoutly, "and you are one of them yourself; you know you are."

Maud laughed a little loudly and unnaturally.

"You are wrong, Lord Germaine. I remember telling a most shocking fib on my fifth birthday. It was something connected with strawberry-jam and my aunt's store-cupboard."

Germaine looked genuinely distressed. "I am so sorry," he murmured; but after a moment he brightened, and added: "But I am so glad that you were only five years old; and then you were a girl. I wonder what my father would have done if I had told a fib about strawberry-jam? I dare-say he would have beaten me, even on my birthday."

"Truth-speaking is one of his hobbies, is it not?" said Maud, rather absently. She had not lived all this time in the house without discovering that in Lord Kippendale's eyes untruthfulness was the one great clog which kept everything back in the world, made everything slow and uncertain, and prevented the "next thing" from coming to its turn.

"Hobbies?" repeated Germaine.

"That is again a *façon de parler*," and Maud gave a little start. Germaine's complete subjection to her will and undisguised adoration had the effect of occasionally throwing her off her guard; but, oddly enough, there were moments when his steady pertinacity in taking up a word, and his persistency in following up an idea, had caused her almost some em-

barrassment. In such moments her mind would be touched by the passing question as to whether, for all the clearness of his big blue eyes, and for all the infantine candour of his smile, she had quite measured the height or quite sounded the depth of this boyish giant's nature!

"Scotch truthfulness is proverbial," she said rather hurriedly; "and yet in this very case did not your father act as intercessor?"

"My father has got fits of being soft-hearted."

"And you," asked Maud, "have you got fits of being hard-hearted?" She smiled at her own question; this curly-haired boy looked so much more soft-hearted than the irritable old Earl.

"Well, I don't know; but I think Adam was in the right that time, and my father in the wrong. Look, Miss Epperton, I have done the flowers."

"Yes," said Maud, gazing rather dreamily at the heap on the table, "I see that you have done them,—in fact you have done for them. There are next to nothing but stalks here."

"I cut off all the spoilt ones," said Germaine—"you told me to. I took great trouble to do the thing thoroughly."

"Yes; and as about nine-tenths of the flowers were more or less spoilt, you took me at my word and left me just the one-tenth which is not. Do you always do everything as thoroughly as this, Lord Germaine?" and Maud held up three inches of stalk, from which Germaine's merciless scissors had clipped all but one solitary pink star.

"Have I done it all wrong again?" he asked humbly.

"You have dispensed rather stern justice, that is all;" and then for a minute Maud was

silent, slowly turning over the wrecks of the verberna. "Did he love her, I wonder?" she suddenly observed.

"Who?" asked Germaine. This time it was Maud whose thoughts were tenaciously clinging to a subject supposed to be put aside.

"Adam. Did he love the girl he married? That destroying angel whose favoured victim he was?"

"Molly? Adam was just wild about her, I believe."

"And yet he consented never to see her face again. Oh, why could he not have given her one other chance? Perhaps she loved him. She may have been vile in everything else,—she must have been vile; but if she loved him—just think, if she loved him! Perhaps he could have saved her from herself; even if she was false to others she might have been true to him."

Maud broke off abruptly, and tried to smile away the tears that had sprung so suddenly to her eyes. She had spoken much more vehemently than she was aware of, and, but for the wonder on Germaine's face, she might have said more. How could he know that it was not the case of the long-dead fisher-girl that she was pleading? How could he guess that, in a dim and indistinct way, she felt as though she were pleading her own; and that what made her cheek flush now and her eye glisten was a craving scarcely understood by herself—a positive hunger to hear from his lips some sentence less stern to the guilt of falsehood than that which he had already pronounced? Germaine saw only that she was deeply moved by what he explained to himself as a divine tenderness of womanly compassion, and he saw also that this emotion made her look more lovely

than he had ever seen her look. Not even as Cleopatra had she been quite as beautiful as this, for as Cleopatra she had had no tears in her eyes.

"I am talking nonsense," Maud was saying, quickly. "Of course you cannot understand me. I was sorry for the girl, that is all."

"Why should I not understand you?" said Germaine. He had grown rather pale, and his heart was thumping almost audibly under his shooting-jacket. "I know that good women feel for each other, but I did not know that good women feel so much for bad ones; it can only be because you are so—so extra-good," said Germaine, bashfully yet resolutely coining a word for the occasion.

"Don't speak like that," said Maud, quickly; and at that moment it struck her that it would be but a small thing to give up all her chances in life in order to make herself into the sort of woman which Germaine so obstinately took her to be. Yet in the very height of the sensation she clearly understood that it was but a momentary madness—a passing "fit of the virtues," and that she never had been that woman, and never would be.

"You are always telling me not to speak," burst out Germaine; "you are always stopping me and turning off the subject, and just when I am about to say——"

"When you are about to say what?" asked Maud, faintly. It had become clear to her all at once that somehow the crisis was reached, and that Germaine was going to declare his love, and ask her to become his wife. To her great surprise, she discovered that she was trembling—actually trembling; she, Maud Epperton, who had heard this same question from

so many lips, which, unfortunately, had been the lips of ineligious men—men without fortunes and without titles. But though she trembled, Maud was yet cool enough to glance rapidly over the situation, and put to herself the question, "Is this the moment? May he speak?" The answer was, "Yes, he may speak." There was nothing to be gained by further delay, and there were some things that might be lost. The marvel was that she had been able to proceed thus far unmolested; and though as yet, thanks to her own discretion, his simple-minded relatives regarded Germaine's infatuation merely as a harmless boyish malady, still any day might betray her own motives a little too early. Therefore Maud said to herself, "Yes, he may speak."

"I won't be stopped any more," Germaine was hotly declaring. "You know what I want to say; it is nothing particular," he stammered, rosy-red now as a school-girl, and tugging away at an unhappy button,—“at least it is only that I—no, that you are the most beautiful and the most perfect woman in the world, and that I

love you more than all the rest of the world put together, and that you—no, that I——”

"Hush!" said Maud, sharply turning her head, "what is that?"

"Nothing; I suppose you want to put me off again?"

"No, I don't; indeed I don't; but there is some one calling," and just then Lord Kippendale's voice was heard again shouting for Germaine. "Something has happened," said Maud, just as Lady Baby had said to herself. "Something has happened. Lord Germaine, you must go."

Germaine was at the door already. "Wait for me here," he called back, with a glance of desperate entreaty. "I daresay it is nothing particular and I shall be back directly. If you mean to be good to me, wait for me here!"

And Maud must have meant to be good to him, for she waited. This time the interruption was not of her making, and her foot tapped the floor impatiently as she sat there in the big empty dining-room with the half-filled flower-troughs around her. But, though she waited very long, Germaine did not come back.

A POLISH NOVELIST—HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

It has lately been remarked in these pages, that at no former period has foreign fiction received so much attention at the hands of the English reading public—an assertion fully corroborated by numerous recent translations from French, German, Norwegian, Russian, and Hungarian authors. This newly awakened interest in foreign productions must be regarded as a healthy and hopeful sign; for our countrymen, who, not without reason, are often accused of being too exclusively and narrowly insular in their literary tastes, cannot but gain from contact with a wider range of ideas and the revelation of the interests and emotions by which millions of their fellow-creatures are swayed. Yet, while rejoicing at these marks of intellectual progress, we cannot help observing that the works selected for translation are not always those most deserving this distinction, and that the translator often leaves pearls unheeded, while offering husks or chaff to his English customer. Why, for instance, while the compliment of translation is paid to so many trashy French novels or ponderous German ones—why, while Hungary, Norway, and Russia have each had their turn, has such scanty notice been accorded to Poland? Yet Poland has a literature of its own, immeasurably superior to that of Russia, and few nations are able to enumerate such a brilliant bevy of writers distinguished in the field of history, fiction, and poetry.

Russian national literature is not yet, strictly speaking, a hundred years old, while in Poland letters have flourished since the beginning of the sixteenth century; but with exception of Mickiewicz, greatest of Polish poets,¹ to whom has already been conceded a foremost place among European bards of any period, Polish literature would seem to be a *terra incognita* to outsiders. How comparatively few people in France and Germany, how very few in England, know the names of a Rzewuski, Slowacki, Kaczkowski, Kraszewski, Kollontaj, Wislocki, Korzeniowski, or Zaleski! though many of these names deserve to be as widely known as are those of Dumas and Turgenjew.

I have purposely placed the names of Dumas and Turgenjew together, because the writer of whom I am about to speak unites many qualities of both these celebrated romancers, which, combined with another element—the spirit of Bret Harte—have made of Henryk Sienkiewicz the first of Polish novelists, past or present, and second to none now living in England, France, or Germany.

Dumas, Turgenjew, and Bret Harte—the mixture sounds *bizarre* enough,—as incongruous in theory as a dish composed of salt herring, pine-apple, and gingerbread; yet there is no doubt that it is precisely to this combination that Henryk Sienkiewicz owes his success. He has Dumas' facility for conceiving and carrying out a com-

¹ Miss Maude Biggs published in 1882 a good English translation of 'Konrad Wallerod,' and I believe that the same lady has since translated 'Pan Thadeus,' the greatest and most celebrated work of Mickiewicz.

plicated historical romance; he has much of Bret Harte's dry humour and laconic pathos; and a good deal of Turgenjew's melancholy suggestiveness, with some of his delicacy of touch.

Leaving Dumas out of the question, as the most neutral and subordinate ingredient in the dish, nothing at first sight would seem more irreconcilable than the Slave and American spirit. The result has proved this to be otherwise. Henryk Sienkiewicz, born in 1845, after studying at the University of Warsaw, spent several years in California. The account of these travels, published in a Polish newspaper, first brought him into notice; and it is evident that American influences have contributed much to the development of his peculiar vein of talent. The practical spirit, the caustic dry humour of our American countrymen, seem to have given force and precision to the Slave character; and that morbid supersensitiveness which is the defect of so many Russian and Polish writers, has here been developed to a more realistic sort of pathos. In short, while losing none of their national characteristics, Sienkiewicz's writings have gained other qualities which make them stand out from the work of his predecessors and contemporaries in a new and original light.

His sketches and novelettes were collected and published, in three volumes, in 1880; but it was only in 1884 that, giving his genius full scope, he produced his first great work, '*Ogniem i Mieczem*' (Fire and Sword), in four volumes, which, by the unanimous

verdict of competent authorities, at once placed Henryk Sienkiewicz at the head of Polish novelists, past or present. This first work has been followed by two sequels, '*Potop*' (Deluge), and '*Pan Wołodyjowski*' (Sire Wołodyjowski), in three volumes.

These three historical romances, whose appearance has been a real event in Polish literature, cannot be called novels in the ordinary sense of the word. They are rather grand historical pictures, not treating merely of single episodes, but unrolling the entire Polish history of the seventeenth century, in its political, intellectual, and social aspect. In the first of these romances, Sienkiewicz describes the Cossack wars under King John Kazimir; in the second, the subsequent war with Sweden; in the third, the Turkish invasion of the West. In all these works we see the Poles as they lived and breathed,—no modern figures masquerading in ancient costume, but each single character penetrated to the core with the spirit of his times;¹ we see them with all their strength and their weaknesses, their virtues and faults—and, as regards the latter, never yet has a Polish author had the courage to lay bare the errors and crimes of his countrymen so pitilessly, and yet so impartially.

His masterly style is well calculated to display the beauties of the Polish language to their fullest extent, and triumphantly to demonstrate its superiority to all other Slave tongues. His descriptions of nature are as picturesque and artistic as they are vivid; and

¹ Mr Andrew Lang, lately remarking on the difficulties of diction in historical romance, says that Thackeray alone, in '*Esmond*,' "has solved the problem of matching the style and the period." If he understands Polish, let him read the works of Henryk Sienkiewicz, and he will, I am sure, acknowledge that this riddle has a second time been successfully unravelled.

his analysis of character—that is, of masculine character—cannot be overrated. Every single figure of his frequently overcrowded canvas stands out before us in broad relief—firm in outline, delicate in shading.

We do not pretend to say that Sienkiewicz, as a writer, has not his faults like other people—faults which, however, mostly arise out of the very fertility and richness of his genius. He is sometimes unnecessarily lengthy in his treatment of historical episodes; his heroes are occasionally just a little bit too heroic, and execute such numerous and surprising prodigies of valour as to recall the feats of Dumas' three musketeers, or even those of Baron Münchhausen, of famous memory. His heroines, on the contrary, are often uninteresting, reminding us of some of Sir Walter Scott's least successful characters, as Rowena or Brenda. This fault, most perceptible in the two first romances, is, however, redeemed in the third work, where the author has shown us that he can, when he chooses, paint a woman who is interesting as well as merely lovely and virtuous. Yet, on the whole, love seems destined to play a very subordinate part in all the works of Sienkiewicz, and we feel instinctively that he is much more at home in less hackneyed walks of life than in analysing the tender passion, of which he merely introduces a sufficient flavouring to suit the palate of his readers.

Having named these few trifling blots on the disc of his sun, there is nothing more to be said against Sienkiewicz, and we can most

heartily endorse the assertion that the appearance of these three novels is an important event, not only for Poland but for the entire literary world, and fail to understand why, as yet, no fitting translator has been found to impart these masterpieces to the English, French, and German public.¹

These three novels—forming in reality but a single work—have, moreover, been written for a special purpose, and have a distinct object in view. An important and decisive historical period, which yet lives in the memory of the Polish people, is its basis; and while figures and scenery belong to the past, the author by means of them demonstrates to the present living Polish generation the gradual process by which the dissolution of Poland was brought about—a catastrophe to which the kings, the higher and lower nobility, and the clergy, each contributed their share. He shows us that heroism, self-sacrifice, and even the greatest patriotic enthusiasm of a nation, have but a negative value so long as these fine qualities are neutralised by ambition, dissension, and cupidity of the nobles. He clearly proves to his people that the downfall of Poland was a foregone conclusion, as with implacable hand he unveils the ugly sides of Polish history before their eyes.

To attempt to sketch even the bare outlines of this work within the narrow confines of a review is a sheer impossibility. Without such a thorough knowledge of Polish history as cannot be presupposed of any English reader, he could not grasp the plan of this

¹ A German translation of 'Ogniem i Mieczem' has indeed been published within the last year, but of such decidedly inferior and slovenly workmanship as to be of comparatively small value.

gigantic panorama, peopled with hundreds of figures which move through dozens of skilfully interwoven incidents. Our object being, therefore, rather to make the English reader acquainted with the style and genius of Sienkiewicz, than to give him a lesson in Polish history,—for which he would hardly thank us,—it will better serve our purpose to analyse one or two of the smaller sketches, than to give extracts from the more voluminous works.

‘*Bartek Zwycięzca*’ (Bartek the Victor) is the story of a Polish peasant serving in the Prussian ranks during the Franco-German war of 1870. Of gigantic stature, and with large staring eyes which used to distend inordinately whenever addressed, he was nicknamed ox-eyed Bartek by the neighbours; but oftenest he would be called stupid Bartek, by reason of the extraordinary simplicity of his character. Possessed of a small peasant property in the village of Pognebin, in the grand-duchy of Posen, of a wife named Magda, and a son called Franczek, Bartek’s life had been a peaceful and uneventful one, till suddenly he is summoned to join his regiment and march against the French.

“Magda, on reading the order, began to swear. ‘May the devil take them! May he strike them blind! You are stupid, I know, but yet I shall regret you. Oh, these French! they will not spare you. They will cut off your head, or something else!’ . . .

“Bartek knew well that his wife was right; he feared the French like the fire, and he felt both anxious and depressed. What have these French done to him? Why should he go away yonder? For what reason? To such a perfectly unknown country, where he will not find a single benevolent soul. Living here at Pognebin, life had seemed to him neither

good nor bad; but now that he is ordered to leave his home, he realises that it is better here than elsewhere. But there is no help for it; it is fate,—he must go. Bartek embraced his wife, then his son Franczek, aged ten, spat, made the sign of the cross, and left the cottage.”

The village tumult on the departure of the recruits is vividly described:—

“Dogs were barking, the church bell was ringing. The *curé* himself was saying the prayers for the agonising, for more than one of those who are going to war will return no more to Pognebin. The war takes them all, but it does not give all back again. The ploughshares will grow rusty, for Pognebin has declared war to France. Pognebin cannot stand the preponderance of Napoleon III., and has taken to heart the affair of the Spanish throne.”

At last—

“The station bell is heard, the whistle of the engine from afar, its loud breathing always coming nearer, always more distinct. It is the war that seems to be approaching. The bell rings for the second time, and a tremor runs through every heart. . . . The women begin to cry out, ‘They are coming! they are coming!’ and one voice, shriller than the rest, adds, ‘The French are coming!’ and instantaneously panic seizes not only the weaker sex, but also the future heroes of Sedan. The crowd staggers; the train draws up before the station. Nothing but uniforms and red caps to be seen at each window, a regular ant-hill of soldiers. From the vans peep out the oblong lugubrious bodies of black cannons; the tops of the open carriages are bristling with a forest of bayonets. The soldiers have orders to sing, and the whole train vibrates with the resonance of their strong male voices. A certain strength and power seems to emanate from this long train, of which the end cannot even be perceived.”

The recruits are formed into

order, and made to get in; the engine begins to pant like a dragon, letting out clouds of steam. The women's lamentations reach their climax. Some cover their faces with their aprons; others stretch out their hands towards the carriages; choking voices repeat the names of sons and husbands.

"'Farewell, Bartek,' cries Magda from afar, 'and do not stuff your nose there where you are not obliged. May the Holy Virgin— Farewell. O my God!'

"'Only take good care of the cottage,' says Bartek.

"Suddenly the long row of carriages quivers, the waggons bump against each other, and begin to move forward.

"'But remember that you have a wife and child!' cries Magda, trotting alongside of the train. 'Farewell. In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, farewell!'

"The train, moving ever faster, was carrying off the warriors of Pognebin, and of the two neighbouring villages. . . .

"On one side, Magda returns to Pognebin with a crowd of other women; towards the other side of the world flies the train—the train all bristling with bayonets. Bartek is in it. . . . Scarcely can he still descry the village. The big lime-tree has assumed a grey tint; the church spire casts golden reflexes, for the sun is striking it with its rays. Soon the lime-tree has melted away into the air, and the golden cross is no more than a little shining dot. So long as this dot was shining, Bartek looked at it; but when it too disappeared, his grief knew no bounds. A great weakness comes over him; he feels himself lost. Then he began to stare at the non-commissioned officer, for now indeed he feels that only God and the corporal are his masters. The corporal will now have to decide whatever is to happen. Bartek has no longer any independent will—any

independent understanding. The corporal is sitting on the bench smoking his pipe, and holding his musket between his knees, his grave and anxious face often veiled by clouds of smoke. Bartek's eyes are not the only ones fixed on this figure; all eyes from all corners of the carriage are watching him. At Pognebin each Bartek and Wojtek is master in his own house; each one is obliged to think of himself—for himself: but now that is the corporal's business. If he orders them to look to the right, they will look to the right; if he tells them to look to the left, then it will be to the left."

By-and-by Bartek begins to talk to his neighbour, also a peasant from Pognebin, from whom he hopes to extract some information about these Frenchmen whom they are going to kill. What sort of people are they, for example? he asks.

"Wojtek's sagacity sees here a precipice into which it is easier to fall head-foremost than to escape from. He knew well that Frenchmen were Frenchmen. He had heard speak of them by old people, who had said that they were always victorious in war; finally, he knew that they were very singular beings: but how explain all this to Bartek, so that he might understand how singular they were?

"He began, therefore, by repeating the question—

"'What sort of a nation are they?'

"'Well, yes—'

"Wojtek only knew of three nations—the Poles in the middle, at one side the Russians, and at the other the Germans. But of these Germans there were several different kinds. Wishing, therefore, to be more distinct than exact, he said—

"'What sort of nation are the French? How shall I explain it to you? They are also a sort of Germans, only they are still worse.'

"Then Bartek answered—

"'Oh, carrion!'

"Up to this moment he had felt

¹ A Polish exclamation of disgust.

only an indescribable fear of the French, but now this Prussian recruit conceived a great patriotic repugnance for them. However, he had not yet understood everything, so he asked—

“Then the Germans are going to fight against Germans?”

“Wojtek, like a second Socrates, chose metaphorical language, as he answered—

“Do not Lysek, your dog, and my Burek, bite each other?”

“Oh, that is true.”

Wojtek then proceeds to a terrific description of the Frenchmen: each of them is as large as two or three ordinary mortals; they have beards like the Jews, and some of them are black as the devil:—

“If you catch sight of one of them, recommend your soul to God!”

“But then, why are we going to them?” asks Bartek in despair.

“This philosophical question was perhaps not quite as senseless as it appeared to Wojtek. . . .

“I, too, would prefer not to go. But if we do not go to them, they will come. There is nothing to be done. It was printed—you read it yourself—that they are set against us peasants. Folk say that they are so greedy of our land, because they would export our Polish brandy, and the Government does not allow it; that is why there is war. Do you understand at last?”

“Why should I not understand?” answers Bartek, resignedly.

“Wojtek went on—

“They are as voracious of women as a dog of bacon.”

“Then they would not even spare Magda?”

“They do not even spare the old women.”

“Oh!” cried Bartek, in a tone which seemed to say—if that is the state of the case, then I shall fight with all my strength.

“This was too much of a good thing. He could have resigned himself to the exportation of Polish brandy; but as to touching Magda—perish the thought! Bartek now began to consider this war as an important personal matter; and think-

ing over it, he feels reassured by the knowledge that so many arms and cannons are going to defend Magda, threatened by the rapacity of the French. He tightly clenches his fists, and hatred of the French begins to assimilate itself in his mind to his former fear of them.”

On nearing the frontier they meet other trains full of wounded soldiers. At sight of these first bloody fruits of war—of the pale agonised countenances and gaping wounds—Bartek’s warlike spirit flies as by magic.

“Come here, Wojtek,” he cries, horrified; ‘do you see how many men the French have spoilt? . . . Jesus! Maria! Then do men really cut each other up in this fashion? At home, when one man beats another, the gendarme takes him to the judge and he is punished.’

“But now, the man who can best destroy the other is considered to be the finest man,” replies Wojtek, sardonically.”

Then come other trains full of French prisoners,—funny insignificant fellows, as Bartek remarks; he could easily knock down four of them at one blow.

“It seems that the race has degenerated,” says Wojtek, in a tone of disappointment.”

The Turcos alone inspire Bartek with some dread, but they must be devils, not men, he thinks, as he suggests to his companion to try the experiment of making the sign of the cross against them.

The battle of Gravelotte is so admirably described, that it is difficult to believe the writer not to have been actively engaged in it himself. First comes the long weary period of inaction during the earlier part of the day, so far more trying to the courage of brave men than the most desperate struggle. Bartek and his companion stand thus for hours im-

movable, knowing nothing of what is taking place, each man asking his neighbour, "When will it begin?" Then a vague movement begins to be felt—something is going to happen; it is fate, perhaps death, which is approaching. The cracking sound of muskets, the thunder of cannons, begins to draw nearer.

"They see flying towards them something which looks like a pale pink rose, like a little cloud, and inside this cloud it whistles, laughs, crackles, and howls. 'A grenade!' the peasants cry out. This bird of war flies like a tempest, approaches, falls, and explodes. All ears are rent by a terrible crash, as though the world itself had been shattered to atoms, and there is an air-current as of a mighty wind."

They are soon in the midst of the fire, hurried words of command and heavy groans all around them. The ranks draw tighter together. The whistling sound is repeated—ceaseless, terrible. Dead men are pulled aside by the feet.

"Are you afraid?" asks Wojtek.

"Why should I not be afraid?" answers our hero, with chattering teeth. . . .

"... Despair takes possession of the soldiers, and exclamations of rage and impatience are heard in the ranks. If their commander would but order them to advance, they would do so like a tempest. They can hardly remain still. One of the soldiers tears off his cap suddenly, and throws it down violently on the ground, saying, 'The goat can die but once!'¹

"These words somehow seemed to remove such a great weight from Bartek's mind, that he almost ceased to be afraid. For if the goat dies but once, then nothing very important is going on after all, it would appear. This peasant philosophy is better than any other sort, for it restores the

courage. Bartek had known quite well before that the goat can die but once, yet it was pleasant to be reminded of it just then, and to feel convinced of it."

Bartek's turn comes at last.

"In his heart was fear, impatience, despair, which all resolved themselves into one sole sensation of fury, and when the music strikes up, every nerve in his body distends itself like an iron wire. His hair stands on end, and from his large ox-like eyes shoot fiery sparks. He forgets the whole world, he even forgets to remember that the goat can die but once, as, seizing the musket in his large paws, he rushes forward with the others. Reaching the top of the hillock, he falls at least a dozen times, bruises his nose, and covers himself with mud and the blood streaming from the nose. But onward he runs without ever drawing breath, panting furiously, swallowing the air open-mouthed. He distends his eyes yet wider, in order more quickly to descry a Frenchman in the brushwood, and he catches sight of three of them near a flag. They were Turcos. You think perhaps that Bartek was afraid? No, indeed; for just now he would seize Lucifer himself by the horns. He has reached them, and they too throw themselves bellowing upon him. Two bayonets advance towards his breast; but our Bartek, seizing hold of his gun by the muzzle, swings it on high: he repeats the blow, . . . and is answered by a horrible crash—a groan—and two black bodies fall down in convulsions. At the same moment a dozen comrades arrive to the assistance of the third one, who carries the flag. Bartek hurls himself on them like a fury. They fire—a flash and an explosion.

"Missed!" shouts Bartek's hoarse voice through the smoke, and his musket is in swing again with terrible effect—a fearful weapon, and again he is answered by groans. The Turcos draw back in awe at sight of this giant beside himself with fury; and Bartek, do his ears hear aright?

¹ Polish proverb, signifying that it is better to know the worst, as death can come but once.

But it seems to him that from each of their lips comes the cry—

“‘Magda! Magda!’

“‘You would have Magda!’ he bellows, and with one bound he is in the midst of his foes.”

Luckily other Polish soldiers come up in time. “Hurrah! Bartek!” they cry; and the vineyard soon becomes the scene of a terrible struggle, accompanied by the cracking sound of muskets and the feverish respiration of the combatants. Bartek’s fury is like a hurricane. Blackened with smoke and gunpowder, and beameared with blood, he more resembles an animal than a man; caring for nothing, he overthrows men at each blow—he breaks heads and weapons alike, as he moves his hands with the terrible rapidity of a machine, sowing death and disaster. And so throughout the rest of the day: Bartek takes two cannons and three flags, and attracts general attention. At the conclusion of the engagement the major points him out to the colonel, and the colonel to General Steinmetz himself. He is the subject of conversation between these three—the general having suggested that he should on the spot be promoted to the rank of non-commissioned officer.

“‘Zu dumm, Excellenz’ (too stupid, your Excellency), replies the Major.

“‘We shall see,’ answers his Excellency, and he turns towards Bartek.

“Bartek does not know what is happening to him,—an almost unprecedented event in the Prussian army, the General is going to speak to a simple soldier. This will be all the more easy for his Excellency, as he speaks Polish. Moreover, this common soldier has taken three flags and two cannons.

“‘Where do you come from?’ asks the General.

“‘From Pognebin,’ replies Bartek.

“‘Good. Your name?’

“‘Bartek Slowik.’

“‘Do you know why you are fighting the French?’

“‘I know—’

“‘Then say.’

“Bartek began to stammer. ‘Because—because—’ Luckily Wojtek’s words came back to his mind, and he blurted out very quickly, for fear of forgetting them—

“‘Because they are also Germans, but still worse vermin than the others.’

“The facial muscles of his old Excellency begin to vibrate, as if his Excellency were inclined to burst out laughing. Next minute his Excellency had turned towards the major and said—

“‘You were right, sir.’

“Bartek, perfectly satisfied, remained standing before the commander.

“‘Who won the battle to-day?’ resumed the General.

“‘I,’ replies Bartek, without hesitation.

“His Excellency’s face begins again to quiver.

“‘Yes, yes—you! Here is your reward;’ and the old warrior takes an iron cross from off his breast, and bending down towards Bartek, fastens it upon him.”

The colonel, the major, all the officers down to the corporal, hasten to follow the General’s example by rewarding Bartek with money. Every one laughingly repeats to him that he has won the battle,—every one except Wojtek, who alone does not seem quite satisfied with his comrade’s behaviour. It was on the evening of that same day, when Bartek’s noble countenance was all beameared with *Erbseiwurst*,¹ that Wojtek said to him, in a resigned tone of voice—

“‘Oh, Bartek, how stupid you are! Stupid! stupid!’

¹ Sausage made with dried peas—the common food of German soldiers.

"And why?" asked Bartek, through his sausage.

"What nonsense did you jabber to the General that the French are Germans!"

"But you said yourself that—"

"But you should have reflected that the General and his officers are also Germans."

"And what does that matter?"

"It was now Wojtek's turn to stammer.

"But it matters—that though they are also Germans, it was not quite—polite to tell them so."

"But I said it against the French, not against them."

"But do you not see—"

"Wojtek stopped short; evidently he wanted to say something. He wanted to explain to Bartek that before Germans one must not abuse Germans, but his tongue got entangled. He could not explain himself."

After this battle Bartek begins to acquire a taste for war, and his letters to Magda are full of martial eloquence. He distinguishes himself in several other engagements, and though he never is promoted, he is decorated over and over again. In one letter to his wife he writes—

"Wojtek has been torn into two pieces by a cannon-ball; but war is for that—do you understand? But he was stupid, for he used to say that the Frenchmen were Germans, and they are really Frenchmen, while the Germans they are our people."

On one occasion only does Bartek's patriotism come into violent collision with his military discipline. A detachment of his regiment is sent against a band of Franc-tireurs, who, surrounded on all sides, made a desperate resistance. Two only were taken alive by Bartek's company, and, sentenced to be shot at daybreak next morning, were confined overnight in the room of a forester's

cottage. Several sentries were placed at the door, and for still greater security Bartek was ordered to remain inside the room, near a broken window. This scene is so pathetically beautiful, that I cannot refrain from giving it here in great part:—

"Of the two, one was no longer young; his moustache was already grizzled, and his face expressed indifference. The other, scarcely past his twentieth year, with an almost imperceptible fair down on the upper lip, had rather the face of a young girl than of a soldier.

"All is at an end," said the younger man; "the bullets will give us death, and all will be finished!"

"Bartek quivered, the musket trembled in his hand; the young man had spoken in Polish.

"As to me I do not care," returned the other apathetically. "Believe me, it is all one. I have already wandered about the world so much that I am weary of it."

"Bartek's heart bumped even more loudly beneath his uniform.

"Listen," continued the elder one, "we must submit; if you are afraid, think of something else or try to sleep. Oh, life is wretched! By God, I do not care!"

"I regret my mother," returned the young man, huskily.

"Here to calm his agitation, or perhaps in order to cheat himself, he began to whistle. He suddenly broke off, and said in accents of deepest despair—

"May thunderbolts strike me! I did not even say good-bye to her."

"You ran away from home!"

"Yes, I went; for I felt certain that the Germans would be defeated, and that afterwards the inhabitants of Posen would be happier."

"I too believed it—and now—"

"The elder man sighed and lowered his voice. The night was cold. A small drizzling rain swished against the window from time to time. The forest hard by was black as ink. The wind was whistling in the corners of the room, and howling in the chimney like a dog. The lamp, hung above the

window very high so as not to be extinguished by the wind, cast a fitful uncertain light over the room, but Bartek standing just below was in shadow.

"And perhaps it was just as well that the prisoners did not see his face. Strange things were happening to him, and his brain was all in a whirl. In bewilderment he stared at the captives, trying to understand what they were saying. So they had come here to fight the Germans in order that the Poles might be happier; but was he himself not fighting the French in order that the Poles might be happier? And these two are to be shot to-morrow! What does this mean? What is an unfortunate man to think of all this? Suppose he were to speak to them? tell them that he too belongs to them? that he is sorry for them? Something seemed to be strangling his throat all at once. And what should he say to them? Shall he save them? Then he too will be shot as well. O God! what is happening to him? . . . A terrible sadness comes over him, from afar, from Pognebin. Pity, an unknown chord in the soldier's heart, begins to vibrate, loudly calling out, 'Bartek! save them! They are your countrymen, they are Poles!'—and his heart flies towards home, towards Magda, towards Pognebin. He yearns towards them as never he has yearned before. Oh, he has enough of this France, of this war, of these battles! And always more loudly he hears the voice saying, 'Bartek, save them!' Oh, may this cursed war be annihilated! The blackened forest outside the broken window is groaning like the pine-trees at Pognebin, and in this groaning again something seems to call—

"'Bartek, save them!'

"What is he to do?

"Shall he fly with them to the forest? All his military discipline recoils at this idea. . . . In the name of the Father and of the Son! He can but make the sign of the cross to defend himself from this thought. He a soldier to desert? Never!

"The forest groans ever louder, the wind whistles ever more sadly.

"The elder prisoner says, suddenly: "It is like our wind at home in autumn. . . .'

"'Leave me in peace,' says the younger, in a stifled voice.

"But a moment later he repeats several times to himself—

"'At home, at home, at home! O my God!'

"A deep sigh is lost in the whistling wind; the prisoners are silent again. . . .

"Bartek begins to shake like a patient in a fit of ague. . . . The worst thing that can happen to a man is when he has lost account of his own mental state. Bartek has stolen nothing, and yet it seems to him that he has committed a theft, and is afraid lest he be found out. Nothing threatens him, yet he feels horribly afraid of something. . . . Outside the tempest goes on increasing, and in the whistling wind strange voices and calls seem to multiply. Of a sudden Bartek's hair stands up on end under his helmet. . . . It seems to him that yonder, in the damp depths of the forest, some one groans and repeats, 'At home—home—home!'

"At last his presence of mind returns to him; he looks and sees that the two prisoners are lying down in a corner. The lamp flickers, the wind still howls—everything is in good order.

"The light is falling full on the face of the young prisoner. It is the face of a child or of a young girl. But, with his closed eyes and the straw under his head, he looks like a corpse. Never before, in his whole life, has Bartek felt so weighed down by sorrow.

"Meanwhile the elder prisoner turns round painfully and says—

"'Good-night, Wladek.' . . .

"There is silence again. An hour passes; something evil is happening to Bartek. The wind is now droning like the church organ at Pognebin. The prisoners are quiet, till the younger one, raising himself with an effort, says—

"'Charles?'

"'What do you want?'

"'Are you asleep?'

"'No.' . . .

"Listen—I am afraid. . . . Say what you like; but I—I am going to say my prayers."

"Pray then."

"Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come"—the young man's words are suddenly checked by sobs, but still he goes on in broken accents—

"Thy . . . will—be . . . done!"

"O Lord!" bellows something within Bartek's breast. 'O Lord!' No, he can hold back no longer. Another moment, and he will cry out, 'Young gentleman! I am a peasant! . . . then off through the window to the forest . . . let happen what may!'

"But measured steps are now heard approaching; it is the patrol coming to relieve the sentries. . . . Next day Bartek was drunk from morn to evening, and the next day again."

In spring, the war being at an end, Bartek returns to Pognebin; he arrives half-tipsy, and his greeting to Magda is mixed with German words picked up in the army, and which he employs at haphazard—as "Links, rechts—Heu Stroh—Halt!" ("Left, right—hay straw—halt!") He frequents the village tavern, where he often gets drunk, and is there regarded as a great politician, for the fame of his exploits has preceded him to Pognebin. He, formerly so timid and quiet, now puffs himself up like a turkey-cock, and draws the long-bow as he expatiates on the German victories, and on his own share in them.

"On hearing him, old Maciej Kierz shakes his head, and says—

"Yes, the Germans have won a terrible war: they have conquered, and we have helped them; but shall we gain anything by it? God only knows."

"Bartek stared at him with great eyes.

"What are you saying?"

"The Germans never respected us,

and now that their noses are up so high in the air, as if they do not even see the Almighty before them, they will despise us yet more—even now they begin to despise us."

"Oh, that is not true!" said Bartek.

"Old Kierz was such an authority at Pognebin, that the whole village thought after his head, and it was almost an insult to contradict him. But Bartek, too, was an authority now, for he was the victor."

"He was regarded with surprise, with indignation even."

"Why do you dispute with Maciej? What are you to do so?"

"What do I care for Maciej? I have spoken to quite other people. Do you understand, boys? Have I not spoken to Steinmetz? Was? Maciej invents all that stuff—he invents. Now the Germans will be better for us."

"Maciej gazed at the victor for some moments, and then said—

"Oh, how stupid you are!"

"Bartek struck the table with his fist till glasses and bottles jingled."

"Still der Kerl da! Heu Stroh!"

"Do not shout so loud. Be quiet. If you do not believe me, ask the priest, or the master himself."

But Bartek is not to be convinced. What does the priest or the master know about it? Have they been to the war? have they talked to Steinmetz? and he shows his breast covered with decorations in proof of the good intentions of Germany towards the Poles.

Bartek, since his return, shows little inclination to resume his agricultural labours, or to relieve Magda in her duties. He felt pains in his back, and his breath had become short. He remained whole days sitting inertly in front of the cottage, smoking his pipe, gazing at the world with an indifferent apathetic stare. He looked like a man from whose bones the fatigue had not yet gone.

As he is thus sitting one day, his son runs howling up to him. The German schoolmaster of the village has given him a box on the ear. Magda taunts her husband—what is the good of his having beaten the French, if now a German permits himself to maltreat their child? Is that the reward of his fine exploits?

Thus challenged, Bartek goes to call the schoolmaster to account. Their discussion is short but lively, and ends by the miscreant mentor being placed by Bartek head-foremost in a pig's pail of dirty water—Bartek performing this action with the greatest simplicity, as a matter of course. To give a sousing to an insolent German seems a trifle to the victor of Gravelotte and Sedan. But the German authorities see the matter in a different light; and Bartek, marched off to prison, is sentenced to pay a heavy fine to the ill-used family. Stricken down by fever in the sick ward of the jail, he has time to reflect on many things in his lucid intervals, and the idea occasionally recurs to him that perhaps, after all, he had been mistaken in fighting the French so hard.

In the meantime, Magda has got into other financial difficulties. During the past winter she had been obliged to borrow money, and now the term of renewal is approaching. A neighbouring German colonist, who has long had an eye on Bartek's little property, offers to advance the sum, and Magda imprudently accepts, having nowhere else to go to, as their master, the proprietor of Pognebin, is away from home.

But soon the master returns, bringing with him a pretty young wife. She has pity on Magda's distress, and promises to help

them. Through her intervention Bartek is provisionally set at liberty, and the kind-hearted lady even promises to obtain from her husband the money required for the debt. But the elections are approaching, and there are two candidates for Pognebin,—Jarzynski, the Polish proprietor, and a German named Schulberg. Madame Jarzynska, the pretty young wife, goes round the cottages to persuade the peasants to vote for her husband; but when the polling day comes, the German candidate is elected, for Bartek along with many others unexpectedly vote for Schulberg against their own Polish master. Threatened by the Prussian authorities, they had not dared to do otherwise.

Bartek is now a lost man. He must be indeed a hopelessly perverted and ungrateful character thus to turn against his benefactors. Even the tender-hearted Madame Jarzynska will have nothing more to do with him.

Autumn brings a splendid harvest, but it is of no use to Bartek and Magda, whose little property has just passed into the hands of their covetous German neighbour.

The story concludes with a melancholy picture: a man, woman, and child are walking along the highroad towards the town in a small drizzling rain. The man is bent and feeble-looking, like an aged man rather than one in the prime of life; the woman is crying bitterly. Bartek, Magda, and Franczek are going to the town, for the victor of Sedan and Gravelotte has to discharge the rest of his prison term. This is all the poor hero has gained by the Franco-German war!

Numerous other sketches of Sienkiewicz deserve to be known.

Of these, 'Szkice Węgłem' (Charcoal Sketches), 'Stary Sluga' (The Old Servant), and its sequel, 'Hanna,' are among the best. Profoundly pathetic is likewise the 'Memoirs of a Tutor'—the story of a Polish boy at a Russian gymnasium, who succumbs to the effects of over-study and injustice. Also the 'Latarnik,' the tale of a Polish lighthouse watchman on a rocky island off the coast of Panama, whose solitary existence is one day brightened by the present of a book—the poetical works of the great Mickiewicz. Absorbed in their perusal, he lets the signal-lamp go out, and is discharged in consequence. Though now bereft of the means of earning his bread, the blow fails to crush him, and he leaves the lighthouse with the precious volume pressed tight against his heart, feeling that he has gained a treasure which amply compensates him for all reverses of fate.

Most of these smaller stories of Sienkiewicz have a tragic ending—none more so than 'Janko Musikant' (Janko the Musician), a little poem in prose only a few pages long, but so absolutely perfect of its kind, that many people consider it to carry off the palm over all other works.

The story begins with Janko's birth:—

"He came into the world so weak, so small and puny, that the gossips assembled round the bed shook their heads ominously over mother and child. The blacksmith's wife, wisest among them, began to comfort the patient after her fashion.

"Wait a bit," she said. 'I shall light a blest candle—for you are near your end, neighbour—so make you

ready for another world. We must send for the priest to give you absolution of your sins.'

"Bah!" said the second one; 'and the youngster must be baptised at once, for he cannot hold out till the cure arrives. Mark my words, we shall be lucky if his soul does not haunt the place as an unbaptised imp!'

"At these words she lighted a blest candle, took the child, and sprinkled it so vigorously with holy water that it blinked with its eyes, as she said—

"I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and give thee the name of Jan. And now, Christian soul, return whence thou hast come. Amen!"

But the little Christian soul shows no inclination to comply with these injunctions: on the contrary, the infant begins to kick with its feeble legs, and to cry in a weak plaintive voice, like the mewing of a cat. A week later the mother is going about as if nothing had occurred; and Janko, whose life seems at first to hang by a thread, reaches his tenth year. He remains weak and under-sized, with hollow cheeks, and a tangled mop of bleached fair hair, from which peep out two large staring eyes. Ever since his eighth year he was sent as herdsboy to the forest, and Providence alone prevented him from being eaten by a wolf. He did not seem to be an intelligent child, his mother was not proud of him, neither did any one expect much good of him. For one thing only he displayed extraordinary interest, and that was music. He hearkened attentively to every sound and note in field and forest, and the older he grew the more did these things absorb him. When sent to the wood to

¹ The belief that the souls of unbaptised children are apt to roam about restlessly, is prevalent in Poland.

pluck berries, he would return empty-handed, saying—

“‘Mother, mother! something in the forest was singing so beautifully. Oh, oh——!’

“‘I shall make you sing presently, you good-for-nothing imp,’ cried the mother, angrily, as she proceeded to make music on his back with the cooking-ladle.

“The youngster roared, and promised not to listen any more; but yet he always kept thinking to himself how beautifully the forest had sung and sounded. . . . Who and what was singing? He hardly knew. The pine-trees, the beeches, the birches, the thrushes—everything chanted and carolled. The whole forest was singing! And the echo too. . . . In the meadows the grass-blades were singing; in the garden behind the cottage the sparrows twittered till the cherry-trees shook again. At night he heard all manner of voices, such as can only be heard in the country; and when set to work at the dunghill, he thought to hear the wind playing through the prongs of the pitchfork. When the overseer surprised him standing thus idle, with flying hair, listening to the wind playing on the wooden pitchfork, he laid his leather thong about the boy’s shoulders, and gave him a few stripes as keepsake. But it was all in vain. The people nicknamed him Janko the Musician. . . . His mother durst not take him to church for fear of scandalising the congregation, for whenever the organ began to drone, his eyes would start almost out of their sockets, or they sparkled and shone as if lighted up by the reflection from another world.”

The night watchman going his rounds often surprises a little figure crouched down outside the village tavern, listening to the sound of the music within, and chases him home with threats and curses, where he lies awake, still hearing in fancy the strains he has been listening to. Janko’s greatest happiness is when he can hear

the fiddlers on occasion of a wedding or harvest feast. After it he used then to crouch whole days behind the big stove without speaking a word—merely staring out with eyes that glistened like those of a cat in the darkness. The greatest ambition of his life was to possess such a fiddle—a board that could be made to sing. How was he to procure one? He fashioned for himself a sort of instrument out of a piece of board, with some horse-hairs stretched across it, but it would not play as well as the violins in the tavern; it could only produce a faint buzzing sound, like the distant humming of midges. Yet he played on it from morn to night, even though it brought him so many knocks and blows that his body soon resembled a bruised unripe apple. But he could not keep from it—it was just his nature. He grew thinner and weaker day by day; his eyes were larger, his cheeks more hollow. Neglected and ill-nourished, he lived almost solely upon raw turnips, and upon his burning craving to possess a real fiddle.

The climax in poor Janko’s short life is brought about by a violin belonging to the footman in the great house hard by, with which this domestic used occasionally to amuse his comrades or serenade his sweetheart. Squatting among the creepers which overhung the pantry window, Janko had many a time previously listened to its strains.

One evening the pantry was empty. The family was travelling abroad, and so the footman was probably engaged in flirting with the girls at the other side of the house. Janko, peeping in at the window, sees the fiddle hanging against the wall, distinctly visible

in the light of the full moon, which is weaving a halo about it. Touched by the moonbeams, the screws are shining like glow-worms, and the bow hanging alongside is changed to a silver wand. Some magic is here at work, for it seems to Janko as if the violin were detaching itself from the wall, and were hovering towards him.

Torn between longing and dread, an irresistible attraction draws him at last into the room, through the open window, and crawling on hands and feet he has reached the object of his desire. The moon is now covered by a cloud, and all is in darkness, when suddenly the silence is broken by a single plaintive note, like the cautious twanging of a string—and a loud coarse voice calls out to ask who is there? A light is struck, and Janko, apparently detected in the act of stealing the violin, is seized and dragged next day before the village bailiff. He is pronounced too young to be put in prison—a good flogging is all he will require, for which purpose he is given over to Stach, the night-watchman.

“Stach nodded with his stupid brute-like pate, took Janko under his arm like a young puppy, and carried him into the barn. Either the child did not comprehend what was being done to him, or else he was too much terrified to move; he said no word, and only peered about him like a startled bird. How should he guess what was going to happen to him? Only when Stach, on reaching the barn, seized him with his fists, stretched him on the ground, and, raising the little shirt, began to swing the rod, did poor Janko cry out—

“‘Mother!’ and after each blow he cried out again, ‘Mother!’ but always with softer and weaker voice, till after a good many blows he was silent, and called on his mother no

more. . . . Poor Janko! Poor little cracked violin! . . . Thou stupid! thou wicked Stach! thus to belabour a child, and, moreover, one so weak and puny, whose life has always hung but by a thread!

The mother came at last and took the boy, but she had to carry him home. . . . Next day Janko rose no more, and on the third day he breathed his last. . . .

“The sparrows were twittering in the cherry-tree before the window; a ray of sunshine pierced the casement, gilding the boy’s tangled fair hair, and touching the pale face in which no drop of blood would seem to be left. This ray of sunshine was like a path prepared for conducting the little soul to its destination. ‘Tis well for him to wander in Death by a golden pathway, for his path in life has been rough, and strewn with thorns. The hollow chest still falls and rises feebly, and the child’s face shows him to be yet conscious of the sounds of the outer world, reaching him through the open window. It is evening, the peasant girls coming back from the hayfield are singing, and from yonder stream comes the sound of vibrating reeds. For the last time Janko is listening to the village concert. . . . Near to him on the coarse blanket lies the little board strung with horse-hairs. Suddenly the dying face is transfixed with light, and the pale lips whisper—

“‘Mammy!’

“‘What is it, little one?’ asks the mother, in a voice choked with sobs.

“‘Mammy, dear! Will the good God give me a real fiddle when I go to heaven?’

“‘He will, my child, He will,’ returns the mother. She could not say more, for out of her dull impressionless heart the weight of sorrow suddenly breaks forth. She can only groan, ‘O Jesus, Jesus!’ and falling with her face against the cupboard, she begins to cry out like a crazy woman, or like one whom Death is robbing of its most precious treasure. . . .

“And Death did rob her of it. When she raised her head again and looked upon the child, the eyes of the little musician were open but fixed,

his face grave, gloomy, and set. The sunbeam had gone from the room. . . .

"Next day the gentlefolk returned from their journey to the great house, and the young lady, talking on the terrace with her bridegroom, is loud in her praise of Italy—what a beautiful country! A land of artists and musicians! How delightful it must be to discover these talents, and develop them!

"Meanwhile the birch-trees are rustling sadly over little Janko's grave."

We said before that Polish fiction is unknown in England, but that was a slip of the pen, for which we beg to apologise. It is the Polish fiction-writer, not the fiction itself, who is unknown to us.

The story of Janko the Musician, for instance, has been read, and doubtless admired, by hundreds of people who have never even heard the name of Sienkiewicz. Dressed in English garb, and with altered

names and scenery, it has been turned to good account by one of our best known contemporary novelists, whose originality would appear to be much on a par with his honesty. Of his ingenuity alone, no doubt can be entertained; and we often have had occasion to admire his admirable skill in palming off whole pages of Gogol or Kraszewski upon a guileless British public, which never suspects the English roast-beef with which it is nourished to be Russian caviare in disguise.

To this deft weaver of foreign fabrics, therefore, the latest productions of the Polish muse cannot fail to prove a very tap-head of fiction; and from the three historical romances of Henryk Sienkiewicz it will be easy for him to extract material sufficient for the construction of a dozen average English novels.

AIRY NOTHING.

I TEACH English, my native language, in a small Austrian town. Having no competitor, I give a good many lessons, especially during the winter season. People here are very eager for the study of languages, provided that the terms are moderate; meaning by moderate terms, eighteenpence or two shillings at the utmost per lesson. Fortunately living is cheap enough in this country, and I somehow or other manage both to pay my own way and to provide for my wife Lisbeth into the bargain. And by carefully abstaining from all pleasures, and eschewing plays, concerts, and excursions, we even find means to lay by about ten pounds a-year; which will enable me to retire from my labours with a capital of £500, at the ripe age of eighty. By that time I think I shall have had enough of teaching Ollendorff.

When I said that we enjoy no pleasures, I meant no costly ones. Lisbeth, my little German "Frau," has her knitting at home, and an occasional walk abroad in the public gardens with me; not to mention a few visits now and then from her female friends. And I,—well, my hobby is philosophy. From Kant to Fichte, from Fichte to Hegel, and then back again to Kant; such is my way of spending my leisure hours. I am of course an Idealist, a Transcendentalist;—the doctrine has something inexpressibly soothing to my mind. To think that all things are identical with me, and that I am identical with everything else, takes away the sting from poverty, and the shame from humiliation. "Think of the Non-

Ego," says the Master, "you have it at once in your own mind; it is *you*. Think of your Ego, and it is no longer the subject, but the object of thought, the Non-Ego." When Count Donnerwetter again and again forgets to pay the few florins that he owes me, and of which I stand in need, is it not a sweet consolation to reflect that want, florins, lessons, and Count Donnerwetter himself, are all just such modifications of me, as any fancy that might flash through my brain? And when Frau Brummer, with her sour smile, reminds me that I came last time five minutes too late, by setting a watch on the table, and saying how highly her daughters appreciate my teaching, and how vexed they would be to lose even the smallest part of it, why should I bite my lips and feel the smart so keenly? Having created Frau Brummer, my mind naturally makes her act in accordance with her character; and I ought to feel pleased at having struck her off so well. Unluckily I do not realise all this deeply enough. In time, perhaps, I may. Still, after the occurrences that I have now to relate, I really do not think that I ever shall.

I generally have plenty of lessons from November till the beginning of May; after which date they begin to fall off, because of the successive departure of most families to their country seats. This year it was not so. I had about ten hours daily, well taken up by my work, until the very end of May; but I could not give up Hegel on that account. Strong black coffee acts most powerfully against sleep; and every night I

continued my intellectual revels long after my dear little brown-eyed Lisbeth had sunk into slumber. Nothing, as may be conceived, was better fitted to refresh me after the weary dreary hours spent over Ollendorff and Ahn. Strange to say, even this did not quite succeed in refreshing me. In spite of the calming influence of idealism, I was fast growing more and more nervous. The slightest noise upset me, the veriest trifle irritated me; and more than once I started up in the dead of night, fancying myself called by an awful voice. But June was at hand; and we had already decided that, as soon as my last lessons came to an end, Lisbeth and I should spend the holidays with a friend who lived in the country.

One day I was walking out with a pupil, to give him an hour of English, of fresh air, and of exercise at the same time, when I suddenly heard my name, and saw a young student, whom I knew, running towards me. "Herr Professor," said he, "would you kindly step in at my uncle's for a minute! There is an English gentleman who has just come, and would like to be shown through the town." I knew what this meant; but such an invitation to "do the honours" of the place was not to be refused. I found that the gentleman particularly wished to see the mine of rock-salt, which is not far off, and is certainly the most extensive and the oldest one in the world; and having never seen it myself, was much delighted at the idea of going. But it was not the visitors' day; so I had to run to the telegraph office, and wire a request for admission, Mr — being unable to remain with us longer than one day. I note all this down, in order to point out that I had a

great deal of trouble and worry about it, and was quite as much tired and heated as pleased, when we finally got into the carriage, and drove off to the mines. Indeed I remember that I had a sort of dizzy feeling, with flashes before my eyes.

Of course we both very much admired the chapel, hewn entirely out of rock-salt, with its salt statues of saints, kings, and queens, all sparkling in the light of the torches or the Bengal fires; the long corridors, all of massive salt, supported upon pillars of salt; and the immense hall where, on stated festivals, hundreds of couples dance to the music of the orchestra, or to the sound of the miners' voices. But what struck us most of all was the lake—the dim, dark, mysterious lake, at the very bottom of the mine; a true "Stygian pool"; over which we were ferried in the blaze of three successive Bengal fires—red, green, and dazzling white.

And here, upon this weird expanse, began the astonishing—the word "astonishing" is too weak, I ought almost to say "incredible"—chain of adventures which I have to relate.

I was bending down over the water to calculate its depth at the spot where we were, as well as I could guess by the white flame of the Bengal fire, when all at once I saw, at the bottom of the lake, *a face looking upwards at me*. A female face; wonderful in its classic beauty. It was quite plainly to be seen; and yet it was not out of the deep shadow that the side of our boat cast on all that part of the lake. The light that shone upon its features evidently came from elsewhere. It looked up at me; its eyes shone into mine. I had never seen nor dreamed of such eyes before. Such an earnest

yet passionless expression! such depth of thought! such calm sublimity of intellectual life! One instant more, and we had passed the spot. A mad desire sprang up within me, as we swept by, and I with difficulty restrained myself from plunging into the water. No wonder that I was excessively absent-minded all the way home; no wonder that my curt replies were noticed by my companion, so different was my behaviour now from the awkward self-consciousness with which I had at first spoken to him—for my recluse habits give me a very embarrassed demeanour with those whom I do not know. But the face was alone in my thoughts now, and I was so absorbed as even to seem unpolite. I remarked a certain degree of stiffness in his manner as we shook hands at parting; he was no doubt offended. But how could I apologise without telling him what had happened? and how could I tell him or anybody *that*?

Could it have been all a delusion? a hallucination? A *hallucination*; what does that word mean? Are there any hallucinations? They consist in taking a subjective for an objective appearance, you will say. But, according to the Master, subjective and objective appearances are identical. And, setting his theory aside, what could possibly distinguish this vision from reality? Was it credible that my fancy could have made out of a few ripples on a white stone the superhuman beauty which I beheld, and the glance of intelligence that she fixed upon me? for of this last point I am absolutely sure. Take any hypothesis, and you must admit that what I saw was as real as any reality could be.

Telling Lisbeth that my head ached, I went to bed—slept, and

dreamed of that face. Night after night I dreamed of it; day after day it came between me and my pupils' compositions and the list of English irregular verbs. In order to keep it away, I tried to plunge deeper still into philosophy; but the strange expression in the eyes of the Vision was ever present, ever full of meaning, ever seeming to take in the signification of all that I read. As the days went by, the desire to see it, if possible, once again, grew stronger and stronger, more and more overwhelming. I at last resolved to return to the mine.

But how could I possibly go there? What pretext on earth had I for visiting a mine more than twelve miles away, and in which I had no business whatever? Necessity has no law; my determination was paramount,—I descended to falsehood; and my poor unsuspecting Lisbeth never had the slightest idea that I was deceiving her. I secreted an important letter, and told her that it was lost; that I knew it was in my pocket on the day I went down into the mine; and that I now remembered how a paper, which I then thought of no consequence, had fallen to the ground in the "dancing-room"; I even recollected the exact spot where it had fallen. In short, my stratagem enabled me to go to the mine again; again I went down into that splendid and murky region of crystals and darkness; again I set foot on the ferry-boat; with what mingled feelings of hope and fear, strained to the highest pitch, I shall not attempt to describe. Now we are nearing the spot. Here we are! Nothing, alas! nothing. Yes! there she is, looking up from the depths; and the attraction that sways me becomes ten times more irresistible at the sight. And now we are

passing—passing by; shall I lose her for ever?

No!

Hardly aware of what I was doing, I had plunged into the intensely salt water and struck the bottom, which was as smooth as glass—it was, in fact, a mirror of black rock-salt, as I afterwards learnt. I am a good swimmer, but some drops of the intolerable brine had entered my mouth and nostrils, and I was suffocating; so I struck out, intending to rise to the surface, and in another second was standing upright, half out of the water, that proved much shallower than I at first thought. My eyes smarted from the salt bath, and it was for some time in vain that I tried to open them. When at length able to do so, I opened them wide indeed with wonder and amazement. I was no longer in the mine, but in an adjoining cavern, not of salt, but of grey sandstone rock; a misty light, that came from a sort of luminous cloud hanging close to the vaulted roof, enabled me to discover the harsh angular outlines and crudely shadowed tints of the stone walls of the grotto. I was plunged to my waist in a small pool or well of salt water that communicated with the lake on the other side, by a very large outlet, I suppose, or how could I have passed through so easily? And above, seated on a rude throne of the same grey rock, was the very Being whose face I had already beheld, fixing her calm steady gaze upon me, and seeming to read all my thoughts.

I do not believe in descriptions. The best word-painting is a wretched daub, and the best description can at most make the reader regret that there is not an illustration in its place; if it awakens that feeling in him, it

has attained its highest perfection. Still, so long as we have to use words, we must depict objects by their means, and descriptions are necessary evils. Besides, though I cannot hope to convey the slightest conception of what this unknown one's beauty precisely was, I yet may give a faint idea as to the sort of beauty; and a few lines will suffice.

Her shape was the pure classical, immortalised by Grecian art; as was the face, so was the whole body: nothing could be more perfect. Her colour corresponded in perfection to her shape; it was everywhere just what it should be, blending the varied intensity of each hue into the grand harmony of the whole: from the faint pink dye and the blue veins of her nude feet to the ripe rosy tint of her lips and the dark azure of her eyes, it would be impossible to conceive of anything more ideally right. And her movements! Few people are aware (though all must feel it more or less instinctively) how great a charm accrues even to plainness itself, when set off by graceful motions. And she was all grace. Her garment, a long mantle of some unknown silvery-white tissue, was almost always moving, now covering one part and now another, but ever with such exquisite ripples and undulations, with such a combination of elegance and artlessness, that even those attitudes which would have appeared affected in any other, seemed natural and were pleasing in her. But, above all, there was that characteristic I had seen in the mirror at the bottom of the salt lake: the intellect—keen, strong, and astonishingly sublime—that shone with such intense splendour on every feature of her countenance. Had she been deformed in shape and faded in

colour; had even her movements been ungraceful and awkward, I verily believe that I should still have thought her supremely beautiful while that expression remained.

And nevertheless, though in all the glow of my first enthusiastic admiration, I felt that there was something wanting.

I of course took in at a few glances the details of this description, which, with all my endeavours to be short, has occupied so many lines. She manifested neither surprise nor anger, nor indeed any kind of emotion whatever. I durst not address her, but slowly crept out of the briny pool, knowing not what awaited me. She spoke: in what soft, clear, full tones! With what perfection the sound bore out the meaning of each word! It was a true delight to hear her.

"You need not tell me who you are; I know. I was expecting you: I am Calypso."

Instinctively I raised my hand to my forehead, with a stupefying sense of bewilderment. "Could this be all a dream? Was it a reality? Or, if neither, was I..."

"No," she replied to my own inward question; "no, you are not mad. Far from it; you are a highly favoured mortal. I am Calypso—the *hidden one*. Since Ulysses of Ithaca, no one has ever seen me as you see me now. For when the race of men multiplied above ground so exceedingly that solitude in my isle of Ogygia became impossible, I departed thence, and have ever since dwelt here. Neither do the miners disturb me; I am near them, yet alone. Well do they know that their vein of salt is exhausted where this rock begins."

I had recovered enough courage by this time to gaze steadily and

scrutinisingly upon her. Lisbeth, my dear little, brown-eyed, soft-hearted wife, had lately been reading the adventures of Telemachus with breathless and naïve interest in my company; and now these words occurred to my recollection: "Elle se trouvait malheureuse d'être immortelle." But neither on her lofty brow, nor in the sombre azure of her eyes, nor round her finely chiselled lips, could I discern the trace of aught like love or sorrow, or anything but Thought.

"So," continued she, answering as though she read into my soul, "I do not seem to you to be wretched because I am immortal. And you are right. I never loved Odysseus. Fate brought him to me, fate took him away; even as fate has led you hither, and will also take you away. For my nature is such that it allows of neither love, nor hate, nor admiration, nor contempt, nor fear, nor anger, nor of any passion whatsoever: only of undying contemplation—contemplation of all that is, of all that was, and also of many things that will be."

A short space of silence ensued. The words of Calypso tempted me to speak; but I feared. "Perhaps," said I to myself, "she will again answer my thought as she has already done;" but she was silent. At last, making an effort, I said with a faltering voice—

"Did Homer lie, then, O Calypso?" The words rang strangely and harshly in the hollow grotto, after the sound of her own melodious voice.

"No; but he was misled. That tradition which told him of Odysseus' intercourse with me, had taken it to be of a nature very different from what it was in truth. What else could be expected from men? I indeed was not even interested in the hero, except in so far as I

take interest in all things that are."

"And are you not at least curious to *know*?" I inquired, now less timid. My analytical and sceptical temperament had begun to be roused. I expected to find in her, if nothing else, one desire; and if one desire, one love; and if one love, one passion.

"To know? But I do know. I know all that is and all that was. All."

I believed her. Incredible as her assertion may appear, I had gone too far not to believe her. Besides, what she said was in such perfect harmony with what she appeared to be, that I scarcely felt any surprise. Still, I determined to dispute: I had not graduated in a German university for nothing, and I had many a time disputed even in my dreams.

"Do you know all that is to be?" I asked.

"No. The future is in itself nothing but a sequence, more or less closely connected with the present and the past. Who knows these last perfectly, knows, it is true, all their relations. And could I penetrate infinitely into all I know of what is and what was, I then should behold clearly the whole of the eternal future. But the sight of my mind is not infinite."

"With you," I retorted, "life is made up of thought and contemplation. Do you, then, never wish for a higher life? for the power of penetrating into the future more perfectly than now?"

"There are other beings," she replied, "that only differ from myself by that degree of thought which they possess, and I do not. Were I to be changed, I could no more continue to exist than the number 8, if it were to become 9. Men can change: their life comprises many things that come and

go. With our race, all things are essential."

By this time I had recovered from my fear. Had she taken another tone, or even spoken on a different theme, I might still have been cowed in her presence; but this was one of the subjects that I loved best. I glanced at her body, so beautiful in all its delicate curves and soft wave-like movements. Was it a fantastic body, or a real one? She at once replied to my unuttered question, and to the chain of arguments to which it led.

"You think that a body such as mine must, if real, have sensations, and so feel pleasure and pain, and therefore flee pain and seek pleasure. Well argued—for a mortal. But what if my sensations are only the means of conveying to my mind the whole of what takes place in the universe? What if the thrill of my optic nerves, interpreted by intellect, gives me to know all visible appearances in the world, even to the very uttermost regions of space? What if my senses are all-perfect, but *mere instruments of thought*? . . . I cannot enjoy pleasure; neither can I suffer pain."

"Then—then you can know neither!" I exclaimed, pleased at having found, as I thought, that she had contradicted herself. I was disappointed, for she answered—

"You do not understand. I know the feeling by which pleasure or pain is caused to you mortals; but I am free from that irresistible attraction or shrinking which accompany them for you, and which you therefore include in the sensation itself. Strike me."

I stood aghast. I would as readily have committed sacrilege.

"Touch me," she said; "if you fear to strike, touch me."

I laid my hand upon her satin-

white shoulder. It was warm, soft, and in all things like a real human body. *Did she feel?*

"I do; and if you struck at me, I should be aware of all the violence of the blow, but this violence would cause me no pain."

Reader, excuse me, for I must tell the truth. I am intensely curious, and unlike most men in more than one respect; and here, I confess, my curiosity got the better of me. I struck her twice—the first time vigorously enough, and again with all my force. Such a blow, levelled at a man, might have felled him to the ground. Calypso sat unmoved, and went on speaking in her sweet, full voice—

"Now you know who I am and what I am. But your visit to me ought to be of some avail; so the Fates have decreed it. Take, then, my advice: let philosophy alone; that way madness lies. Do not seek to find out the *how* and the *why* of everything—or of anything. Above all, be sure you understand Hegel when you read him, or else do not read him at all."

"But," I exclaimed, "how is it possible to make sure of that?"

"Then he is not for you. Take to mathematics, physics, science, art, anything—but let alone what you do not understand."

"O Calypso!" said I, "instead of this cold advice, help me to understand him. My greatest difficulty——"

"I know it well. 'How can the Ego and the Non-Ego be one, when you cannot help distinguishing them, and setting them one against the other?' To this question I could easily reply, but only by an experiment—an experiment that might possibly render you miserable for life."

"Try any experiment! Let me

undergo any ordeal, provided it brings me nearer to the goal!" I exclaimed, suddenly raised to enthusiasm at the prospect before me.

"Hear me. This experiment will indeed be not without sweetness; you will have to take both sweetness and bitterness as they come. You are well aware how impossible it is for any man to find his ideal of sympathy in this world—to discover another nature in absolutely perfect agreement with his own. I am not your ideal. The attraction you felt for me was merely very highly wrought curiosity. No mortal could love an absolutely passionless being, such as I am. No; there must be something that answers back from one to the other; contrast amidst harmony, and harmony in the very midst of contrast, is essential to love. You know how beautiful the red poppies look in the bright green corn-fields; these colours sympathise. Between them they would make up *white*—the perfect colour. And so of any two mortals that love each other; one must be the other's counterpart, so that their union may form one complex but perfect being. Now this can never take place. As there are no perfect spheres, nor squares, nor straight lines, so there are no perfect sympathies in this world."

I sighed. How true were the words she spoke! How often had I quarrelled with my dear little wife, my own *Lisbeth*! and yet I had never known any one whose disposition was so completely congenial with mine. Alas! in every terrestrial harmony, there must be some discord now and then; the happiest are only those with whom it is rarest, and the most wretched those with whom it is most frequent.

"But," Calypso went on to say, after a pause, very slowly and deliberately, "I have the power to . . . all but create a being with whom you would be in absolutely perfect sympathy—sympathy of mind and heart and fancy, and, in short, of all things."

These were startling words. If it could be so! If it only could be so! But what did that mean, "*all but create*"? And how could such a creation be possible, when she had just affirmed the contrary? Wondering and questioning, hoping and doubting, I looked into her impassible face.

"Can you not imagine a voice that does not exist otherwise than in your sensation, and yet that you cannot distinguish from a real external sound?"

"I can; and indeed I have heard such sounds very frequently of late."

"Can you not fancy a colour or a shape that is in your eye alone, and invisible to any but yourself?"

"I can."

"Extend this to all other sensible appearances, and admit that I can act upon your senses, so that you may see, hear, and touch a being that has no existence whatever outside of you. And this being—a fair and comely maiden—will be in all things your exact, perfect, and ideal counterpart: so that you cannot choose but love her, and love her as you never have loved before, and never will love again."

"Do this, O Calypso, and I will adore you!" cried I, falling on my knees.

"Your adoration is a quite irrelevant matter, and I am, as I said, absolutely indifferent to it. I do these things, not to please you, but because it is written that it will be so, if you choose. Do you choose?"

I believe that, had I ever seen the slightest touch of anything human in this Calypso, I should have fallen madly in love with her. Happily for my peace, she was utterly superhuman in all things, and thus dead to me. There was an odour of death in her wisdom, in her grace, in her very beauty itself. I admired indeed, but love was impossible. Ashamed to have knelt before her, I rose and answered—

"Yes, I choose. Let it be so."

"And you take the consequences upon yourself?"

"I do; whatever those consequences may be."

"Turn towards the far end of this cavern," said she, rising from her seat as she spoke. I obeyed. Only the wall, a wall of grey sandstone, was to be seen. Laying her hand upon my head, she commanded me to look steadfastly, and to desire mightily; and as her delicate fingers pressed downwards, I felt an unknown force pervade all my frame. All grew darker and darker around me; still I continued to look towards the farther end of the cave, though I could scarcely see it for the gathering shadows. Suddenly, springing forth out of the thickest blackness, there appeared a white-robed form. It approached.

"I come; for you have called me."

What a strange sensation, not unlike an electric shock, though infinitely pleasing, shot through me as I heard that voice, as I saw that shape! Yet she was not beautiful. At least the classic splendour of Calypso's form cast her entirely into the shade. The features were all a little—a very little—irregular; and I had just gazed with such admiration upon faultless regularity! There was, besides, a slight want of harmony

in the colour of her cheeks, in the movements of her limbs.

Her eyes were grey—deep and dreamy one minute, lively and laughing the next; her thick hair, arched eyebrows, and long eyelashes were of a very dark brown, almost black. Altogether she was rather an enigmatical sort of person, from an æsthetic point of view; for in every part of her there was something wanting, though so little that it was hard to say what. But this little lack of harmony with the absolute fitness of things was in such perfect agreement with my own imperfect nature, that one glance at her sufficed to kindle a fire in my heart. As she came towards me, she blushed slightly; and then—perhaps this was the cause of what I felt—her eyes flashed as she glanced at me; only for one instant, however—the next, they were hidden under her drooping lids. Here, O here, was life! Here, O here, was love!

Calypso said: "Come hither, Psychè, for by this name shall we henceforth call you;—because in truth, soul and body, you are nothing but the soul of this man that stands here. Such you are, such you remain; and if you vanish, you vanish into his soul, even as the morning cloud melts into the morning air, out of which it has come forth."

Psychè smiled. Lost memories of the past! And I shall never see that smile again!

She said: "Most happy am I to be of him, to belong to him, and to vanish into him, if ever I must vanish." Sweet confidence, sweet love—sweet, above all, after the calm, unchangeable, thoughtful face of Calypso! I already thought her less beautiful than Psychè. My reason told me I was wrong; but the heart is stronger than the

mind at times, and has reasons of its own that Reason itself cannot comprehend.

"Give me your right hand, each of you," said Calypso. "As it is written, so let it be. She is yours, and you are hers: be it as the Fates have spoken, and as you yourself have freely willed. Be happy in each other, you who are not other, but only one being; be happy until this fiction of otherness shall disappear—disappear for ever! And now, see; I make for you other appearances—the vision of a paradise, wherein you may live." Waving her hand, she sat down.

I looked around me. All was changed—all but Calypso and the rock on which she sat enthroned, and the briny well into which she gazed with such untiring steadfastness. On all sides spread a vast landscape, fertile as the Garden of Eden, with vast groves of fruit-trees, verdant grassy swards, hills, and valleys: there were sinuous brooks at our feet, warm balmy breezes around us, and a blue sky overhead. But all that was to my bliss only as the golden frame of some great masterpiece of art; for my own Psychè was by my side, and we wandered forth together hand in hand.

By degrees we began to hold converse with each other. She indeed seemed somewhat shy at first—not so very shy, however. For when I asked her if she feared me, she looked up and answered, with a sly sidelong glance—

"Calypso says that I am you; and how, then, could I be afraid of myself?"

I am very brusque in manner, and little versed in the gentle art of courtship. My next question was, point-blank—

"Do you love me?"

"I must love myself. I cannot help it."

"With all your heart?"

"With all my heart."

I was sitting on the grass, with her hand still in mine, whilst she reclined her head on my shoulder, and looked up into my eyes with such rapture beaming from hers, that I was ten times more happy to think that I was the cause of such bliss. And yet, I musingly said to myself, *is she happy?* Is all this but a seeming? This hand that I clasp, and that clasps mine so lovingly; this heart that I feel, that I *FEEL!* beating against my heart; these lips that answer my questions with sweet replies, and my kisses with tender—oh so tender!—kisses; this delicious delicacy and modesty, so wonderfully blended with the strongest and most overwhelming passion,—is all this a mere vision, a delusion, a phantom of my brain? I will not believe it. I cannot believe it.

And yet, thought I, what is the alternative, if she be anything more than this? I have duties to fulfil, I have made vows that I must keep; I may love no other being, as I have sworn to love my Lisbeth. Whatever I do, that let me do in all honour. I must think this over more deeply. Is not all that I now experience mysterious and supernatural? Is it not possible that so wonderful a being as she who calls herself Calypso—a being whom I know to be more than mortal—may really possess those occult powers which she professes to employ? And if so, Psyché is . . . nothing! Nothing? And can I love *Nothing?*

"Dearest," said I, aloud, "tell me the truth: I must know it. I cannot bear the thought that you are only an appearance—an

unreal ghost. Is this not a trick played upon me by Calypso? Were you not somewhere before you came up out of the darkness that environed me?"

"Indeed I do speak the truth," she answered, simply. "As for me, I can well bear the thought of being only an appearance, so long as that appearance is a part of you. I love you so dearly!" she added, blushing and hiding her face for an instant. "But," continued she, suddenly raising her head, while her features were lit up with a radiant expression that I have rarely seen on any other face, and never to such advantage as on hers; "but I really was—I must have been—somewhere before I was called up out of the darkness. I have a vague knowledge of having existed, and of having somehow been present at many scenes. How else could I remember so well such a number of events and places that crowd to my memory while I speak with you?"

"What events, dear Psyché? And what places?" I asked, much surprised and interested.

She then described to me many scenes and persons, all of whom, to my great astonishment, I perfectly recognised as scenes and persons I had known or seen during my past life. She did not know every one, however, as became plain to me by questioning her discreetly; and I found that nothing was present to her memory of that which I myself wished to forget. With this exception, her reminiscences were, in every case, the supplements of mine. When I had thus found out that her recollections were so abundant and so vivid, we often had long conversations together about times gone by. She always took great interest in whatever I told her, and said that when I spoke I always recalled half-

forgotten incidents to her mind, which was the exact description of the effect that her own conversation produced upon me. We never could speak of anything that was entirely unknown and totally strange to either of us. Our talk combined the pleasure of recalling what was familiar with the charm of learning what was new. I shall never forget how we enjoyed piecing together our reminiscences of those novels which "we" (or I?) had read in old days. When they had been perused slowly, or read several times over, we could remember nearly all; but when read very fast, or without interest, our joint endeavours could only reproduce a very faint outline.

Shall I say a word of our discussions? She enjoyed philosophy exceedingly — and how could it have been otherwise? — but mostly took the opposite view to mine; and I always found that the objections which she brought forward had been, at some time or other, uppermost in my own mind. Sometimes she ended by acquiescing in my views — sometimes she demurred. Often enough she held her ground tenaciously to the very last, and I invariably found that at the bottom of my heart my opinion was not very different from hers. And not unfrequently, tired with the dryness of the dispute, she would start up and run away to hide in the nearest orange-grove, and when I came in pursuit, pelt me — the saucy *Psychè*! — with a volley of the oranges that she had plucked, taking good care all the time, however, to send them wide of the mark.

Oh, these were happy times — happy, happy times! Were they perfectly happy? the reader may perhaps inquire. Most undoubtedly they were. What more could I wish for? She had just that

beauty which I loved above all, if I did not admire it most. She loved me — unaffectedly, fondly, ardently. Her mind was a treasure to mine, and I had the satisfaction of seeing that mine was a treasure to hers: my very character and temperament was the converse of hers, and our mutual defects counterbalanced one another. For instance, I am slowly roused; but when roused, I easily carry things to excess. Whereas a trifle sufficed to put her spirits in motion; but she never went too far. And yet, such is the perversity of human nature, that I sometimes fancied myself not quite happy. What, then, did I regret? I ought to blush while I record it, but I regretted my little quarrels with Lisbeth, her pouts, my fits of sulkiness, and the bliss of our reconciliations. All this I knew was impossible with *Psychè*. My humours varied, so did hers; but in such a manner that there was always a "perfect accord." Now, just as the modern theory of music brings in occasional discords as essential to the most interesting compositions, so I — through sheer perversity, I confess — would have liked a little bickering now and then. If the Israelites, instead of hankering after the flesh-pots when in the desert, had sighed for the bricks and taskmasters of Egypt after their arrival in the Promised Land, they would hardly have been more unreasonable than I. So it was, notwithstanding.

Psychè never knew it, though — never dreamed of such a thing. And, in fact, it was only a passing pang that sometimes shot through my heart, at the memory of my wife. This memory was a source of other troubles besides. It reminded me of the dilemma which I had never solved, and which again and again rose before me, as

insoluble as ever. If Psychè was myself, I could not—if not myself, I might not—love her as I did. We often talked about this subject in our philosophical discussions. I well remember how one day—but it was eternal day in that Eden—sitting by the side of a brook, with a white sandy bed and daisied banks, we came to the conclusion that men did not properly know either what “otherness” or what “identity” was: and that it was therefore useless to dispute about mere words. This satisfied me, and quieted my doubts; unfortunately, not for long.

This morbid craving to solve an insoluble mystery grew upon me as time flew by. Problems multiplied, and were soon numberless. If Psychè was I, was she “I” before the apparition, or afterwards? Which of the two was the real being? Had she not as much right to affirm her reality as I mine? Instead of showing me that Hegel was right to identify the Ego with the Non-Ego, Calypso’s magic had only convinced me that what I saw was distinct from myself. Was there any criterion of truth other than this one: *I cannot help believing it*? If not, Psychè’s separate existence *was* the truth. Here again conscience tormented me with scruples. All the innocence, all the candour of my loved one could not efface the remembrance of Lisbeth, and the same reasoning returned once more to torture me. These sufferings, of course, were, or ought to have been, very easy to bear; but to those that have nothing to suffer, every trifle becomes intolerable. The Sybarite, sleepless on his bed of roses, is a trite example of what I say; and, on the other hand, one of the merriest races that ever existed was that of the American

negro slaves. I was spoiled by happiness: a mere riddle, taken from the cloudiest dreamland of speculation, was the turned-up rose-leaf that interfered with my bliss. This went so far at last that I decided to go with Psychè to the briny well where Calypso sat, and question her, once for all, and for ever.

To my surprise, my loved one hesitated to accompany me. “Let her alone,” said she; “let her alone, sitting and thinking by that bitter pool; we do not need her. Are we not happy here?”

“Yes; but I want my doubts solved.”

“And will she, can she solve them? You already have her word, telling you what I am. Will you believe her if she merely repeats it? If she can lie or err once, she can do so a second time; and should she now contradict herself, you will have no proof that what she says is true this time, and that it was false before.”

“Be that as it may,” I muttered, “she may explain things so as to set my doubts at rest; and if so, I shall be happier.”

“Then let us go,” she said, in a tone of sudden decision, adding more tenderly, “O my beloved one! it was only for a moment that I hung back. Your happiness is mine; and as for me, I do not fear the worst that may befall me. For that worst is the best after all: it is to be dissolved and melt into your being.”

“Which I firmly believe to be impossible,” answered I. Our eyes met, and we both laughed.

Calypso was in her usual attitude of meditation. She only raised her dark-blue eyes when we stood before her, and quietly said, “I know what you wish to ask; you may hear my answer at once. Ought not this experiment to have taught

you the one great lesson that I thought it would teach? Your philosopher has raised an insuperable difficulty—a difficulty which it is beyond the power of mortal man to solve. Can any proof of the unreality and consequent non-existence of your *Psychè* be more conclusive than that which I have given you? Yet such is the power of your sensations, such is the weakness of your reason, that its strongest arguments are met by an invincible movement of revolt. And if so, how can you possibly believe of the whole universe, on the strength of a mere speculation, what you cannot admit even in one single case, though experimentally convinced of my powers? I neither grant nor deny the force of Hegel's reasoning; but that you, made as you are, should think yourself able to decide the question, is flat absurdity."

"Then . . . my *Psychè* does exist!" I exclaimed, more and more excited; for the question was no longer one of mere philosophical interest, it was now interwoven with my very heart-strings. If I could not think of her as not existing, surely she must exist!

"She does . . . for you."

"And for herself?"

Calypso was silent.

"O *Psychè*!" said I, wildly; "if *she* will not answer me, *you* will: for I cannot bear this state of suspense, and I must have some reply."

"I exist for you, and for you alone," she answered, looking at me, with deep love beaming from beneath her long eyelashes. "I do not even think of myself or of my own pleasure; only of you. My happiness is bound up in yours. My existence is yours! Yes; I feel I could no more exist without you than a shadow could

have being apart from the tree that throws it."

"Listen," interrupted Calypso. "The Fates have decreed that I warn you both. One of you may, at no distant time, wrongly, madly, infatuated by the excess of his passion, utter a certain word. But should this word be uttered, all separate existence would at once be at an end, and you would again be united—this time, for ever!"

"O my only one! O my *Psychè*!" I exclaimed, heedless of the warning, and worked up both by the cold gravity of the one and by the impassioned love of the other, into a state bordering upon frenzy; "you have heard what she has just said. But is it not idle folly in her to menace us with a catastrophe that neither can conceive? No; you are mine, and I am yours: still you are not I, nor am I you. United, and yet not one; two in all things, save in our perfect love; existing both out of and in each other—we can and we will defy fate. You supply all that I want—all—all—all! And I likewise to you. And thus we are independent of the universe. We are greater than the universe; we are *infinite*, O *Psychè*!—infinite in our all-sufficiency, infinite in our bliss. Yes, *Psychè*, we ARE GOD!" I cried, clasping her to my breast.

I heard a low wail; I felt a shudder; and my arms closed upon . . . nothing. Nothing absolutely. There was not the slightest vestige of anything remaining. All had gone as suddenly as it had come. As the excitement of my momentary and blasphemous intoxication subsided, I saw around me the bare rocks of the cavern, and before me Calypso, serene, beautiful, and thoughtful as ever.

"It was to be," said she.

"What was to be? . . . Where

—where is Psychè? Do not conceal her. Bring her back. . . . She must be near me; I touched her but now.”

“There never was any such thing,” said Calypso.

“I pray you, do not quibble. Thing or appearance, bring it back; it matters little, so that it returns.”

“That appearance does not exist anywhere now.”

“But it will appear again, will it not? Oh, you have brought it forth out of utter nothingness: do so once more! Calypso, see! I am at your feet; I beg you, I entreat you, restore her to me!”

The void in my heart was awful. I would not admit the thought that I should see her no more. That Calypso would resist my tears and my prayers never entered my mind; and I knelt, and wept, and kissed her feet, grovelling like a worm. For I felt as if I were guilty of having slain her whom I loved; her low wail still rang in my ears, and I still felt the shudder with which she passed out of the world.

Long, long did I thus pour out my passionate supplications at her feet. But when I glanced upwards, all exhausted, but hoping for some word, to say that in the distant future I might perhaps again clasp Psychè in my arms, Calypso looked into my face with those dark-blue eyes of hers, and said—

“It was to be. Do not fatigue yourself with entreaties that have no force. Or do as you choose. I warned you of everything beforehand, merely because it was written that you were to be warned. Your misery cannot touch me in the least. Know that the apparition has as certainly gone from you for ever, as it has come to you for a time.”

So it was all true, and irrevocable! Lost, lost, and never more to return during all eternity! Lost! I felt my heart turning into stone. Lost! What was life worth, after that awful blow? . . . Lost! And could not I be lost too? Could I not provoke that terrible Power, that had made and annihilated Psychè, into annihilating me likewise? I would arouse her anger against me, and perish execrating her.

“May the most frightful curses of hell light upon you, infamous demon that you are!” I shrieked. “Fiend! fiend! fiend! May every one of your cold thoughts be cursed! Cursed be your knowledge of the present and of the past; blasted be your beauty, and withered your mind! May whatever there is of evil in the wide world come upon you, overwhelm, and destroy you! . . .”

I went further; much further and much lower. But I must forbear to transcribe the rest of my “wild and whirling words.” It is enough to say that the most degraded of womankind would have been roused to fury by the epithets that I heaped upon her. She remained perfectly calm. Once before in my life I was present at a somewhat similar scene. It was a glorious river, with picturesque banks, and glittering in the silvery moonlight. A young man, while bathing, had got out of his depth; and before I could come to the rescue, he was drowned. And the river still flowed on as before, glittering in the silvery moonlight. I fled from the spot in horror; so cruel a thing as death was doubly and monstrously hideous to me, when surrounded and caused by such beauty.

Something of the same sort of horror seized me, when, in the transports of my rage, and reck-

less of consequences, I advanced towards her—to do I knew not what; for I had not forgotten that she was invulnerable. She gazed full into my face. So repulsively beautiful was she at that moment, that I could have endured anything rather than that look. I could not bear to live in her presence; if I had been armed, the unutterable loathing that I felt would most certainly have made me commit suicide. As it was, I only turned away in disgust. Turning, I saw before me the briny pool. A wild longing for death took possession of my soul. Anything, rather than to be with Her! And I plunged into the waters headlong. As they closed over me, I became insensible. I thought it was death, and felt pleased at the thought. The troubled wave of Becoming was subsiding at last into the unruffled surface of Being.

I woke—not at once, but by slow degrees—to the surprise of finding myself still existing, and lying comfortably in a large bed. The morning radiance of the warm sun shone through the curtains, for the room where I was looked towards the east. As consciousness returned, I became aware of something strange in my surroundings. I soon saw that the room was not mine; that I had never been there before. Birds were twittering outside, and the branches of the trees, waving in the wind, cast their moving shadows on the panes. I hastily rose and went to the window, but could not recognise the landscape that met my view. All at once the memory of my past happiness and the consciousness of my present desolation flashed upon me. Had Calypso thrown another spell, and was this but a second

phantasmagoria of my brain? Why not? My curiosity was roused, and I proceeded to examine the room.

It was quite bare. The walls were neatly but very simply papered, and there was not the least attempt at ornamentation in the shape of engravings or pictures. On a small stand in one corner were several bottles of medicine. The windows were strongly barred outside. I tried the door and found it locked. What did all this signify?

There was a small hand-bell on a table by my bedside; I mechanically pressed the knob down, and it sounded. In a few seconds I heard steps outside; a small wicket that I had not noticed opened in the door, and a pair of hard inquisitive eyes peered in at me from underneath bushy eyebrows and a shaggy fell of hair, belonging apparently to a stalwart man.

"What does this mean?" I asked, returning stare for stare.

When I spoke I saw the expression of his eyes change from curiosity to astonishment. He seemed rather abashed, but answered nothing.

"Are you deaf?" I said. "Where am I? and why am I here? Open the door at once—at once!" I repeated very firmly and sternly.

"Perhaps you would like to see the Herr Director, sir?" muttered the man. "I am only a servant, and know nothing."

"Let the Herr Director come, then, and explain matters," answered I, wondering who this "Herr" could be, and of what he was a director. I got into bed again, musing over the strange break that I found in the series of my conscious acts. My last movement before had been a plunge into

a cold lake; my next, immediately afterwards—so it seemed at least—was a leap out of a warm bed. But I soon heard the footsteps of the man who was going to account for everything.

The Herr Director came in—a tall man, of a decidedly Jewish cast of face, wearing spectacles, and stooping considerably. He introduced himself as Herr Kornblum. "Herr Professor," said he, "I am most happy to see you looking so well, and so little in need of my services."

"May I ask, Herr Director, what those services have been?"

"Most certainly; but will you permit me, first of all, to send a telegram to your *gnädige Frau*? She is anxious on your account, and will be most pleased to hear such good news."

He went out, and I remarked that he did not lock the door after him. I had been ill, as it appeared. But what could have been the nature of my ailment? Perhaps it had been caused by my excitement, and my leap into the waters of the lake. I had been found somehow or other by the miners, and taken to this doctor's private establishment, or *Heilanstand*. Poor Lisbeth! How much she must have suffered!

I was frequently interrupted in my surmises by peals of hysterical laughter, that seemed to proceed from an adjoining room: sometimes they sank into chuckles, sometimes they rose to yells. The effect was on the whole very disagreeable, and I wondered what on earth the man could have to laugh at so violently. Presently Herr Kornblum returned, very polite, and almost obsequious in his manner; though I noticed that at first he seemed trying to stare me out of countenance; an attempt which, I need not say, failed completely.

Questioned about my illness, he told me it was not easy to give me a correct idea of what it was; it occurred so rarely that it had no popular name. He could only state that there had been a severe affection of the nervous centres, together with delirium; but that it was impossible to go into details without using highly technical terms, unintelligible to such as did not know medicine thoroughly. With this explanation I had to be satisfied.

"But, Herr Director," said I, "how did it come on? What was the cause of my malady?"

He shook his head. "That I cannot tell. Your *gnädige Frau* will perhaps be more communicative with you than she has been with myself."

"Well, I shall speak with her. But I suppose I am well enough to get up and walk about."

"Indeed you are. And, in fact, you may go home this very day, if convenient; the crisis of your illness has passed, and has not left you in a weak state of convalescence, as is the case for some distempers. You are well and strong again."

It was a most extraordinary establishment, this *Heilanstand*. At the end of every passage there were locked doors, and it was very difficult indeed to go about the house. Near a room by which we passed, I heard a noise as of some one leaping about; the Director hurried past, and replied to my glance of inquiry by the words, "Gymnastic exercise." I wondered who could take such violent exercise as this appeared to be; but not wishing to criticise his way of dealing with the patients, I preferred to ask him why he kept the doors locked. He answered me with a feeble smile, "I am afraid I must confess that I have a weakness—some

would even call it a touch of mental derangement—but the fact is that I cannot bear the least draught. I used to have doors with springs, that closed immediately by themselves; but one day a patient of mine set a stone in the door to get fresh air. A case of pneumonia, which proved fatal, was the result. I have had the doors looked ever since. Only I and the servants, who are responsible for any irregularity, have the keys."

Odd as it was to hear a doctor accusing himself of a weakness that almost amounted to a craze, I had no time to think of it, for my wife came in just that minute. She was an energetic little woman in her way. I was cured, and could bear the journey; there was nothing more to detain me. So, in a quarter of an hour's time, a carriage was at the door; and after slipping a closed envelope into the hand of the Herr Director, who acknowledged it with a very low bow, she stepped in with me, and away we drove.

It was then that I remarked how much she was changed; she seemed at least several years older. Even her joy at seeing me recovered could not efface certain marks that proved how much she had had to bear; and now that the first excitement was over, and she leaned back on the cushions, I saw at one glance all that she had gone through. I wanted to question her, but she stopped me at the very outset.

"Dearest, let us not think of the past. It would be painful—painful to you, painful to me. Doubly painful, if——" Here she broke off abruptly, and tears rose to her eyes.

"But I must know——"

"You must know that you have

been very ill, and very carefully tended."

"But when did my illness begin? and how?"

She shook her head and pressed her lips firmly together, with so sorrowful an expression that I did not venture to insist. In an hour's time we were at home.

At home! Ah me! how dreamy I felt, looking around me at the dear old home with its ancient pictures and its quaint furniture, and its canary that trilled out a carol of joy as I entered, and the thick-furred Angora cat that advanced, purring softly, to greet me! All these things had been half effaced from my memory by a host of images that were still vividly present to my mind. My little brown-eyed Lisbeth was sitting beside me, and Psychè was no longer there! Psychè was no longer there, and I scarcely felt the bitterness of her loss. Instead of golden apples, culled from the garden of the Hesperides, I was presently discussing cold veal and bread-and-butter; instead of quaffing the water of the limpid brook, with Psychè sipping at the same iris-tinted shell that contained it, Lisbeth and I were both drinking the hot, black, aromatic beverage that flowed from the *Kaffee-machine*, and was abundantly tempered with rich fresh cream. And Psychè scarcely ever took notice whether I ate or not; while Lisbeth was continually as intent upon my having the best of everything, as if that was my be-all and my end-all here. So I sat and ate and mused, dazed by the contrast. Were both of these scenes dreams? Was only one of them true? And if so, which? Or were both realities?

"You are tired, Heinrich," said Lisbeth.

No. I was not tired, but . . . Well, if she had her secret, I would have mine too. I was thinking of some very strange things that had befallen me.

"Oh, tell them to me, Heinrich!"

"Then tell me what you know about my illness."

"Never, never!"

"Very good. I am not curious. But you must not desire to get anything out of me, either."

"No, I do not care. Only . . . one thing, dear Heinrich. That I must know."

"Well?"

"Have you ever . . . loved any one else but me?"

"Never. I swear it."

And then she came, tearful but smiling, and threw her arms round my neck . . . and we kissed again, after so long a lapse of time! For it was now August, and my fatal visit to the mine took place before Midsummer's Day.

"Never?" Had I spoken the truth? It was a questionable matter, and much might be said

on both sides. If Calypso had not lied; if Calypso herself was a dream, and Psychè the dream of a dream; if Herr Director Kornblum, with his locked doors and barred windows, and patients hysterically laughing or indulging in outrageous gymnastics, had concealed the real name of my illness under polite phrases? . . .

If? But even then, supposing Hegel's system to be true, I had as truly loved *another*, when I loved Psychè, as now, when I pressed Lisbeth to my bosom. In both cases the "otherness" is only in appearance; it is a Non-Ego, which is the Ego after all!

Calypso was right. That way madness lies. And since I can understand Hegel to no better purpose, I must leave off trying to understand him at all. To-morrow morning I start for the country. No books shall go with me; at least no philosophical books. I sold them all just now to a Jew, who gave me one florin for the lot. And now for two months of fresh air, liberty, and happiness!

THE HOSTAGE.

BY FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

CLOSE up to the tyrant Damon went,
His hand on the dagger was hid in his vest :
He was seized by the guards that around him pressed,
"Speak, slave ! For what was the dagger meant !"
Dionysius cried, and with wrath was rent,
"From the tyrant we loathe to free the state !"
"Ha ! this on the cross thou shalt expiate !"

"To die I am ready !" Damon said.
"I ask not for life ; but one boon there is
Of your grace I crave, and that boon is this,
My freedom until three days are sped,
That my sister I may to her lover wed.
My friend will here as my hostage stay ;
Him, if I fail, you are free to slay !"

The king mused awhile, and then, as o'er
His face played a crafty smile, he spake :
"Three days, just three, I will let you take,
But know, if this respite run out, before
You give yourself up to my guards once more,
Your friend full surely your doom must dree,
But you shall go from my vengeance free."

Damon comes to his friend—"The king," he said,
"For the deed that I purposed decrees that I
A felon's death on the cross shall die ;
But he sets me free till three days are sped,
That my sister I may to her lover wed :
Will you stay, then, as hostage for me to the king,
Till I come, and release from his dungeons bring ?"

His true friend embraced him ; no word he said ;
And so from the tyrant is Damon freed.
Away then he hastens with breathless speed,
And ere the third morning broke rosy-red,
His sister he sees to her lover wed,
And home he hurries, in soul afraid,
Lest he fail in the pledge to his friend was made.

Torrents of rain from the welkin pour,
Rivulets rise, and rush from the hills,
Swell into rivers the brooks and rills.
As, stepping out stoutly, he came to the shore,
Down on the bridge the fierce torrent bore,
The arches give way with a thunderous crash,
And over the ruins the waters wash.

He paces the bank in wild despair,
Far every way his eye he casts,
And his shouts ring loud on the driving blasts,
But no boat puts out from the strand to bear
Him across to the wished-for shore, and there
Is ferryman none to be bribed by fee,
And the river expands to a raging sea.

He sinks on the ground, with sore grief foredone,
And, uplifting his hands to Zeus, he cries—
“Oh stem the waters that madly rise!
The hours fly fast, at noon the sun
Is standing, and should its day's course be run,
Or ever I reach the city, my friend
Must come for me to a woful end!”

But higher and fiercer the torrent grows,
The wild waves on, ever onwards, sweep,
On, ever onwards, the lost hours creep;
Then, mad with the terrors that round him close,
Into the torrent himself he throws,—
He cleaves the waters with lusty arm,
And a god had pity and saved him from harm.

He reaches the bank, he speeds on his way,
And he thanks the god that has saved him so.
He is threading the gloom of a forest, when, lo!
Out rush from the thicket, where close they lay,
Some robber knaves, and his passage stay,
And they brandish their bludgeons, as if they meant
To kill him, if onward his steps he bent.

"What would ye?" he cried, all pale with fear.
"Nothing have I but the life I live,
And that I perforce to the king must give!"
He snatches a bludgeon from one stood near,—
"For my friend's sake have mercy!" They will not hear;
Then, laying around him stoutly, half dead
Fell three of the robbers,—the others fled.

The sun flamed in the sky like a scorching brand,
And wearied and spent with alarm, and all
The toils he had braved, he was like to fall.
"Hast thou rescued me from yon robber band,
Hast thou borne me safe through the waves to land,
And now must I perish for thirst, and he,
The friend, who so loved me, be slain for me?"

Hark! What tinkles there with a silvery sound,
What is this that goes gurgling by?
He stops, and he listens: 'tis nigh! 'tis nigh!
And lo! a spring that with sudden bound
Shoots from the rock, and goes prattling round!
He stoops and drinks with delight from the pool,
And the fever that raged in his blood grows cool.

The sun through the green of the branches peers,
And paints the trees' giant shadows deep
On the meadows that there in their beauty sleep;
And two wayfarers anon he nears,
And, as he goes hurrying past them, hears
These words by one to the other spoken,
"Even now will the man on the cross be broken."

Anguish lends wings to his feet—affright
Spurs him still swiftilier on, and lo!
Where, tipped with the sunset's ruddy glow,
The Syracuse roofs are shimmering bright!
Now his steward Philostratus meets his sight,
Come forth to meet him along the way,
And he sees his master with wild dismay.

"Back, back! and save your own life! Too late,
To save the life of your friend, for he
Even now is stretched on the fatal tree!
Hourly did he your return await,
And nought or in heart or in hope did bate;
He recked not the tyrant's scoffs, but clung
To his faith in your word with a heart unwrung."

"If it be too late,—if I may not delight
His eyes, coming back to his rescue there,
Then death shall unite me to him, for ne'er
Shall the tyrant boast in his savage spite,
Friend kept not to friend what his word did plight;
To slake his wrath, let him slay us both,
Then believe in love and in loyal troth!"

Now sinks the sun. From the gate he spied
The cross already uplifted high,
And a mighty throng that stood gaping by.
They hoist up his friend with cordage tied;
He dashes the close-packed crowd aside:
"Tis for me!" he shouted, "for me to die!
It is I, for whom he was hostage, I!"

Amazement fell on the crowd. They cling,
Locked in each other's arms, these twain,
Weeping for mingled delight and pain;
Not an eye but is filled with tears. They bring
The marvellous tale to the moody king,
And so on his feeling the story wrought,
He has them straight to his presence brought.

He looks at them long in mute amaze,
Then says, "The victory rests with you.
My heart you have mastered. I see, that true
Devotion is not a mere empty phrase.
Fain would I share in your thoughts and ways;
Then let me, for deeply my soul is stirred,
Be in this league of yours the Third!"

GABRIEL BONVALOT.

ON the last occasion on which we occupied ourselves with French literature, our attention was confined to fiction. To-day we deal with an example of a much less important but still very characteristic branch—viz., the literature of travel. The proportion of Frenchmen found among the leading travellers of the day is not large. The spirit of adventure does not seem to lead them in that direction. Not that, nationally, they are by any means indifferent to the value of scientific exploration; no nation probably is more alive to this, and the liberal equipment of various important expeditions during the last 100 years, and their records—we need only recall the voyages of the *Astrolabe*—bear witness to the fact. We are dealing now, however, with the individual traveller and his work. Perhaps there is no department of French literature in which the national idiosyncrasies come out more strongly, for the French traveller always seems to us to be less than others a citizen of the world—or of that portion of it, at least, which lies outside the “Latin world.” But this is no un-mixed disadvantage to his reader. The instinct for artistic completeness, and for showing personally to the best advantage, will keep the writing steadily at a much higher level than is at all common among ourselves. Truth may indeed be sometimes in danger of succumbing to epigram, while the recorded opinions of intelligent aborigines, if not exactly breath-

ing a Parisian spirit, will tend generally to corroborate the author's views and political prepossessions. These still not unfrequently savour of the old Anglophobia. On the other hand, so many Frenchmen, like Irishmen, are “agin the Government” of their own country, that the shortcomings of the latter seldom escape very free criticism. We can well afford to sympathise with the intelligent Frenchman who, in so many distant regions, finding his country's influence and trade overshadowed by those of other European nations, nevertheless puts a bold face on it,—in the spirit of the Abbé Huc, who, in his inimitable ‘Travels in Tibet,’ tells us that his mission there was to proclaim to a benighted people the glory of Jehovah and the greatness of France.

The above remarks apply to, and indeed are immediately suggested by, the very handsome volume lately published by M. Bonvalot. From the first page to the last it is never dull. It is a series of brilliant, humorous, and life-like sketches mingled with racy talk and observation, pen and pencil mutually supporting each other, the style of the latter—not to mention its artistic beauty—being marked by the same cleverness, *netteté*, and humour which characterise the text. The author is an experienced traveller, and has journeyed in all directions over a region which, from pre-historic times, has never been without political importance. It is a well-defined region, having

Western Siberia to the north, the Caspian Sea to the west, and Persia to the south, while on the east it is bounded by the lofty and practically inaccessible mountain-mass known as the Pamir. It was the scene of the mighty struggle, of which the Shah-nameh sings, between Iran and Turan,—a struggle which most of us, in our complacent Aryan exclusiveness, consider, with the early Persian poets, to represent the contest between light and darkness, civilisation and barbarism. Well, these early Turks and their congeners, if barbarians, were at all events very grand barbarians. They were builders of empires; mighty builders too, in the ordinary sense, as their architecture still testifies. If literature and science were not their forte, they have at least left their mark in poetry and astronomy. And it is not only the Turanian races who have played their part in this region; the successors of Alexander, the Arabs in the first fervour of Islam, and the Great Moguls, alike contribute famous chapters to its history: but all this has been overshadowed by the mighty wave of Russian conquest which, within a short quarter of a century, has swept over and settled down upon the country from end to end. Great movements like this do not seem always to attract contemporary attention. In the present case it has been obscured, perhaps, by stirring events nearer home; our ignorance of geography, too, inconceivable among a *soi-disant* "practical" people, stands in our way. But beyond all this, it is not the sort of question which attracts interest, or therefore votes, in the House of Commons; where, besides, if the importance of a question be insisted on by

one party, it is like, under our present patriotic system of government, to be pooh-poohed by the other.

Important, however, as the movement has been and will be in its consequences, and great as is the area occupied, this has been perhaps less the result of great statesmanship or brilliant military talent than of the humbler but solid and valuable qualities of tenacity and perseverance. No doubt the physical obstacles—the waterless steppes and burning deserts—were formidable, and the disparity in numbers between the Russians and their native foes immense; but these are not masterful races: the nomad Kirghiz have no cohesion; the Sarts, the commercial element, mainly of Persian origin, are quite unwarlike; and the dominant Usbeks have greatly degenerated. Behind all these, indeed, were the Turkomans, who were a hard nut to crack; but after their final stand at Geok-tepe, followed by the ruthless massacre by the Russians of men, women, and children, they had the intelligence to perceive that they had found their masters; and these hardy men-stealers, the terror hitherto of all their neighbours, are hastening to beat their swords and spears into picks and shovels to work on the new railway, and will beat them further into spades and ploughshares and settle down to agricultural labour when the streams, now wasting themselves in the swamps of Merv, have been restored to their ancient duty of irrigating and fertilising the soil. M. Bonvalot draws a striking picture of the revolution which is commencing in this respect. Along the northern frontier of Persia he met labourers, to whom the idea of a fair day's wages for work was a new revelation, crowding towards

the Russian lines to reap such unaccustomed fruits of labour. In the meantime there is, he reports, severe distress (causing, as we have heard, much disaffection) among the poorer Turkomans, who are not allowed to replenish their resources as heretofore by raids into Persia. In all this, and in the establishment of her power in Central Asia, Russia has done a great, and, on the whole, a civilising and beneficent work, and we Englishmen ought to be the last to grudge them success in a sphere which we are accustomed to claim as our own, and in which the first essays of the omniscient Teuton have so conspicuously failed. If in speaking of the Russians' work we have used a qualifying term, it is from the recollection of what Russian officialdom is, especially in places remote from any control. At all events, if their morality does not soar to a height incomprehensible by their subjects, the new *régime* is beyond all doubt a vast improvement on what preceded it. But we need hardly say that the sympathy and approval accorded to the earlier stages of her advance cease entirely, now that Russia has adopted an offensive position with regard to Afghanistan, with the unconcealed object of being able at a critical moment to control the policy of England in Europe by the threat of creating disturbance in India. And in this connection it must be remembered that in the recently conquered Turkomans Russia possesses a vast reserve of the finest irregular cavalry in the world.

M. Bonvalot's incidental notices of the various races which inhabit this region are full of interest. The Turkomans greatly attracted him by their simple, sturdy virtues, recalling the peasantry of European

Turkey. Their ferocity and predatory habits he attributes, probably with justice, to no inherent depravity, but to conditions which have now been radically changed. For the Persians he has not a good word to say: they are faithless, selfish, cruel, obscene. But his stay in Persia was short; and though his narrative is graphic and amusing, we feel that his verdict is that of the passing traveller who, as so often and naturally happens, has come in contact only with the more unfavourable side of the national character. But *facile princeps* in force of character and natural dignity among all the neighbouring races stands, according to our author, the Afghan. Addressed by an Afghan as *barádar* (brother), M. Bonvalot felt within himself that the implied claim to equality was justified; whereas a similar assumption on the part of a Kirghiz or an Usbeg would have sounded as simply grotesque. This superiority is admitted unquestionably by all their neighbours; and the defeat of the Afghans at Penjdeh by the Russians has added enormously to the prestige of the latter, who are now regarded as *vainqueurs des vainqueurs du monde*. M. Bonvalot asks himself what might have happened if the Afghans fifty years ago, instead of expending their energies against the Sikhs and the British, had invaded the effete khanates of Bokhara and Khiva. He believes that they would have conquered and annexed these without difficulty, but that it would have only precipitated the fate which now (he says) awaits them, as they would thus have the sooner come into collision with Russia. Here, we think, he makes the not uncommon mistake of supposing that the Afghans are, in our sense of the word, a "nation," or possess any sort of

cohesion or unity for offensive purposes. This could only happen under a ruler of extraordinary commanding power. Even Dost Mohammed would, we think, have found the task impossible.

Some interest attaches to M. Bonvalot's journey across the desert from Merv to Bokhara—that desert whose terrors and dangers were so vividly described by Vambéry—because no traveller probably will ever encounter those dangers again. M. Bonvalot does not give any details, beyond the terrific heat and the deaths of several natives from thirst, because, as he says, any one who wishes to know more about the desert has now only to go to the railway station at Merv, and ask for a ticket to Bokhara; while, instead of dying of thirst, he has only to walk into the restaurant—though, he adds, he would not accept the post of station-master on that line for a Prime Minister's salary. He speculates, as others have done, on the melancholy decadence of a country long the seat of civilisation, and dotted with flourishing cities. It is easy, of course, to ascribe all this, as many do, to the blighting influence of Islam; but, as the author suggests, there is much reason to believe that a general desiccation of the country has taken place. There may have been destruction of forests by man, or these may have perished owing to a general rise of the land. There would thus not only be a diminished rainfall, but increased difficulty of bringing the water to the surface for purposes of irrigation.

A vast tract of country along the Oxus, and to the north of it, offers almost virgin ground to the archæological explorer. M. Bonvalot discovered the site of more than one great city, with the build-

ings in a fair state of preservation, but utterly deserted. The architecture was all of Mussulman date, but investigation might have found more ancient structures underneath.

Isolated quotations can give only an imperfect idea of the stream of lively description, alternating with anecdote or conversation, which forms the staple of the book. Here is a sketch in the *caravansarai* of Nishapur at the hour of siesta:—

“Le caravansérail, bruyant tout à l'heure, est calme. On ne voit sous le porche que gens étendus dans des postures diverses, tous à l'ombre, sauf un enfant d'une dizaine d'années, sorte d'avorton difforme, nu comme un ver, bombant son ventre d'hydropique au soleil. On dort; les corps sont immobiles, à l'exception des visages tressaillant aux piqures des mouches insatiables. Le boutiquier d'en face, profitant de ses loisirs, teint sa barbe en noir; son voisin, le débitant d'orge et de bois, peigne ses rares cheveux, arrose ses salades, s'éponge le front de sa manche et disparaît dans l'obscurité de son établissement; le marchand de thé, assis près de son samovar éteint, sommeille la tête entre les jambes; à côté, son fils, à plat ventre, dort sur la brique, et de temps à autre, en rêve, j'espère, d'une main qui tâtonne, cherche sous sa chemise une puce, un pou peut-être: Allah seul sait ce qui rampe sous la serge de son vêtement! Les bêtes imitent les hommes: les ânes, les mules, les chevaux reposent vautrés ou plantés sur leurs quatre membres et s'émouvent d'une queue nonchalante, l'oreille basse, machinalement. . . . Pas de bruit que le bourdonnement des mouches, le tintement faible des clochettes oscillant au cou des bêtes de somme, parfois, le petit cri d'une rapide hirondelle qui file sous la voute et nargue cette paresse, et le flicflac irrégulier du velarium abritant le portail du soleil.”—Pp. 119, 120.

And afterwards, in the bazaar, we have a realistic, perhaps one

may add revolting, portrait of an Eastern hag :—

“Voici un vieux qui a discours dix minutes pour cinq sous d'orge, qui rend son achat, reprend son argent, et s'en va en grommelant ; lorsqu'il passe près du marchand de thé, d'un geste rapide comme un coup de bec d'épervier, il enlève avec ses doigts crochus un morceau de sucre et s'éloigne, digne sous les guenilles. Sa femme arrive, afin de renouer les négociations au sujet de l'orge ; elle est immense, osseuse, étique ; le menton, le nez, les pommettes, les clavicules percent sa peau de momie si hâlée, qu'on la dirait passée au bitume ; les clavicules saillent sous la bure sombre de sa robe comme les bouts d'un gibet. Quelle allure tragique ! Quelle gravité effrayante ! La pythonisse d'Endor que Saül consulta n'avait pas une tournure plus biblique.

“La voilà devant les sacs d'orge béants de l'étalage. Elle s'arrête, et sans qu'on entende le moindre cliquetis d'ossements, elle s'affaisse, se condense, se replie, comment vous dire ? elle tombe à ses pieds, clac ! et elle vous a la pose d'une grenouille au bord d'un étang. Elle plonge ses mains, des fourches, dans l'orge, la retourne, la goûte ; ses mâchoires édentées s'agitent et ses joues se gonflent, se creusent comme les goîtres aériens d'un crapaud. Ah ! l'épouvantable vieille ! Elle s'entend néanmoins avec le marchand, et, tirant les tchaki un à un, elle les tend comme des pastilles, semblant lui dire : ‘Quel bonheur pour toi de recevoir tant d'argent !’ Puis, elle se relève à la façon d'un échaasser et d'un dromadaire, et part majestueuse.”—P. 121.

Later on, a favourite horse belonging to their Armenian servant, Ménas, is dying, and the owner is in despair. The *aksakal*, or head-man of the village, is sent for.

“Il hoche la tête : Ménas suit ses moindres gestes avec anxiété et lui demande son avis. ‘Le cheval est très malade, mais mes ancêtres m'ont transmis le moyen de le guérir, je vais réciter la prière.’ Il enlève la couverture du cheval, qu'on a dressé sur ses pieds, il lui tire la queue, lui

pince les naseaux, puis, ôtant son turban, tandis qu'il marmotte une prière que Ménas anonne en même temps, il frotte le dos et la croupe du malade. Et lorsque le musulman met enfin la main à la barbe en s'écriant : Allah Okbar ! (Allah est grand) le chrétien l'imité et s'écrie aussi : ‘Allah Okbar !’ C'est que Ménas, bien qu'Arménien et chrétien, a été élevé en Orient au milieu des musulmans, et qu'il a leurs mœurs, leur tournure d'esprit, et une bonne part de leurs superstitions, sinon leurs croyances. On fouette Maltchik afin de le faire avancer, mais il ne bouge non plus qu'une borne. On savonne le cheval avec de l'eau qu'on a apportée de l'aoul, mais le lavement ne lui produit pas d'effet. Il tombe de nouveau sur le flanc et souffle. Avec sa longue barbe, sa maigreur ascétique, sa peau de mouton, sa calotte crasseuse, le vieillard, à la lueur de la lanterne, ressemble véritablement à un sorcier. Il doit inspirer une grande confiance à Ménas. Aussi, lorsque soudain il lui dit : ‘Combien donnerais-tu pour voir ton cheval guéri ?’ ‘Ce que tu voudras,’ répond-il. ‘Donne-moi cinq soums (roubles).’ Je veux empêcher cette bévue. J'engage Ménas à ne pas croire les billevesées de cet incantateur de rencontre. Je le plaisante. Mais rien ne l'arrête. Il délie sa bourse et me supplie de le laisser faire. Il donne les cinq roubles, et voici ce que le vieux lui ordonne en étendant le doigt : ‘Tu vas te déshabiller, te mettre nu comme une couleuvre, tu prendras ton cheval par la queue, tu le frapperas trois fois du pied au derrière, et moi, je réciterai entre temps une prière que m'a enseignée mon grand-père, et que seul parmi tous les Koungrads je connais.’ Je fais remarquer que nous sommes en novembre, que tout ce prétendu sortilège n'a pas le sens commun, que son cheval n'y gagnera rien, et que Ménas risque une fluxion de poitrine. . . . ‘J'aime mieux mourir que mon cheval ; je t'en prie, éloigne-toi ! Laisse-moi faire tout ce qu'ils diront.’

His sceptical master then left him to his fate. However—

“Ménas rentre à quatre heures du matin. Son cheval va mieux, et il

me conte en riant qu'il s'est déshabillé, mais pas complètement, le vieux ayant eu la condescendance de lui permettre de conserver son pantalon de cuir (tchalvar)."—Pp. 247-250.

From Samarkand the party made an ineffectual attempt to penetrate into Afghanistan, their guide being an Arab from Balkh, who had left home "parce qu'il était malheureux en ménage. . . . Le brave homme nous conte ce que chacun sait dans le pays, qu'il a décollé sa femme pour se venger d'une infidélité, 'sans excuse,' dit-il, 'car je la nourrissais bien; presque tous les jours nous mangions du palao.'" The firmness of the Afghans on this occasion was the more striking from its contrast with the pliability of all the other races encountered, who were more or less under Russian control; and the one summary and unfailing argument by which the Frenchmen were accustomed to break down all other opposition—the argument of the stick—would have been a dangerous game to attempt with the Afghans. One may feel more or less pity for a race which accepts and yields to such treatment as a matter of course, but at all events it marks them off sharply from other races. The only other attempt made to penetrate Afghan territory was after they had crossed the Pamir and wished to enter India by Wakhan. Here the Afghans again stopped them, and would have driven them back by force had they not found safety by flight into Chitral. "Who are you?" they were asked at the frontier. "Feringhis." "English Feringhis?" "No, not that—Feringhis simply, but particular friends of the English" (we can imagine the "aside" with which this statement was made by so confirmed an Anglo-phobe!) And as these peculiar

Feringhis were known to be also particular friends of the Russians, it was not surprising that neither the ethnological nor the political training of the border chief could decide on their precise nationality and status. As we would gladly be at charity with all men, we must regret the unfriendly and somewhat carping spirit towards England which animates this accomplished author. At the same time, it would be ungrateful not to admit that it has afforded us some amusement. We learn that whatever the English are, they are—and show themselves in the East to be—essentially unwarlike. *En revanche*, they are immensely clever in their government of India. "Ils déploient une volonté, une intelligence, une activité admirables. . . . Ils dominent les hommes grâce à des prodiges d'habileté. Ils font voir ce que peuvent des commerçants et des industriels ayant de la suite dans les idées." (The italics are our own.)

That the recent advances of the Russians, to say nothing of the intrigues of their emissaries in India, have considerably increased their prestige, is probably true enough. It may even be that "comme leurs finances ne leur permettent pas les prodigalités des Anglo-Indiens, on est surtout frappé de leur puissance militaire, tandis qu'on s'étonne de la profondeur de la bourse des autres." But it is sad to hear that "ils ne timment pas les Anglais pour de puissants guerriers, mais pour de très riches marchands, ayant construit l'édifice de leur puissance sur des piles de roupies. . . . Rien ne serait plus fragile," adds our author. Nothing, indeed; but we still cherish the hope that some faint memories and echoes of the great battles of Napier in Sind, of the Sikh campaigns, or of the

fall of Delhi, may have crossed our rupee-built if not scientific frontier. That the discontented or disloyal in India should have poured their grievances into the ear of this Russian sympathiser, and have assured him that the Indians are hoping for and expecting that advent of Russia which is to restore all things, is only what we should have expected. All this is harmless enough, and breaks no bones; but we regret, though again we are amused by, the references to their detention in Chitral, and rescue from almost certain death by the interference of the Indian Government. They had escaped the Afghan guard in Wakhan, and fled into Chitral, a fanatical, semi-savage, Mohammedan territory beyond our north-west frontier. They were at the end of their resources, worn out by fatigue, and incapable, even if they had escaped with life, of returning across the Pamir, for the rivers in their rear had become impassable. Under these circumstances they naturally applied for succour to Lord Dufferin, and no doubt without the smallest apprehension as to the result. But it is more congenial to pretend to speculate as to whether the Indian Government will leave them to perish, or indeed order their throats to be cut. It would seem hardly worth while;—and yet, who knows? But even if that supreme crisis comes—"Eh, bien! tout espoir ne serait pas perdu. Il nous resterait nous-mêmes. On tenterait l'impossible, et en cas de non-réussite, on passerait du moins quelques journées intéressantes"! This is magnificent; and the friendly reply of Lord Dufferin, accompanied by a bag of rupees (from the foundations of the empire), and orders for their protection *en route*, must have fallen on these daring spirits, now attuned to face the

inevitable, with a sort of bathos. Meanwhile it has transpired since, that their six weeks' detention among these frontier peoples was not spent in inculcating goodwill towards their "particular friends" the English; we wonder if it occurred to them to reflect what sort of a reception a party of travellers crossing that region in the opposite direction, and everywhere preaching enmity to the Russians, would have met with at the Russian frontier! Naturally the hospitable reception of the party in India is passed over in almost complete silence, and the narrative ends abruptly—the remainder of the journey homewards being performed, the author adds, "*avec la vitesse de l'oiseau qui rentre au nid.*" We have seen a little child go out to feed the birds on the lawn after breakfast, when a hungry black-bird has swooped down, and brusquely and without acknowledgment carried off a carefully prepared morsel: we sympathised with the child's displeasure at such bad manners;—but perhaps the bird felt more gratitude than it showed!

But let us turn from these things to the great and crowning achievement of the journey—the passage of that till lately mysterious and all but unknown mountain-region, the Pamir. It is wonderful how much geography owes to the political rivalry of nations, and even to war—*Delirant reges, gaudent geographi*. It seems some time, indeed, since we had a new war-map; but when our Liberal friends were in office we used to have a couple in a year. It is hardly a quarter of a century since the Russian surveyors advancing from the North, and our own native Indian explorers from the South, began to invade the fastnesses of the P—
 —ant Wood had

shortly before made his remarkable 'Journey to the Sources of the Oxus,' which is still such attractive reading; but between his time and that of Marco Polo we cannot recall more than two occasions when the Pamir was crossed. Some of our readers may remember the curious story of the geographical forgeries connected with the name of the distinguished orientalist Klaproth, by which the true knowledge of this region was long confused, and the way in which light was gradually brought to bear on the subject by the prescient and ingenious speculations of Sir H. Rawlinson and Colonel Yule. Now the Pamir has been explored, chiefly by Russian travellers, in nearly every direction; but we need only mention that it is a plateau some 200 by 170 miles in extent, lying at an elevation of 12,000 feet, which is intersected by ranges several thousand feet higher, and from 38° to 40° north of the equator, to show that to cross it in the winter season is no light achievement. It had indeed been pronounced impossible, and would most likely have proved so but for the efficient aid given by the Russian authorities (who probably were not sorry to see the experiment made), and by the nomad Kirghiz under their influence. The unfamiliar paths, difficult in themselves, lay buried deep in snow. The cold was intense, aggravated by blinding snowstorms, cutting winds, and the sufferings caused by the extreme elevation. Aided vividly by the artist's pencil, the author draws a moving and lifelike picture of the incidents of each day's march—no signs of life except the distant herds of the famous mountain-sheep or an occasional wolf, or when the vast silence was broken by a human apparition, some

lone wanderer, or strange waif or stray, outcast even from the society of a region where, as the author puts it, "on n'est pas pointilleux." Invited to the bivouac of one of these gentry—

"Un filet de fumée s'élève d'un feu de crotin. Le sol en est couvert, les deux Kirghiz en ont fait des tas dans lesquels ils s'enfoncent pour dormir sur des peaux d'arkars. . . . Le propriétaire du gîte nous étend quelques peaux et nous offre à souper : du mouton bouilli dans de l'eau qui a pris un goût de crotin très prononcé, soit que le vent ait saupoudré d'une poussière de fiente la neige qu'on a fait fondre, soit que la fumée du feu pénètre dans la cafetière. . . . Ils tirent les morceaux de viande avec leurs doigts, les déchirent à belles dents, et à tour de rôle boivent le bouillon. Il n'est pas salé. Tandis que nous dégustons ce mets délicieux, notre amphitryon nous conte son histoire."—P. 309.

But next night they fared worse, for the baggage had not come up.

"Nous nous arrangeons du mieux que nous pouvons. Le vent souffle avec violence au-dessus de nos têtes, il hurle, de temps à autre il nous effleure de ses caresses glaciales. Aussi je prends le parti de me réfugier au milieu des moutons et des chèvres. Un bouc, à qui je trouverai demain la mine intelligente, appuie sa tête contre la mienne, je me garde bien de bouger. Un brébis se couche sur mes pieds, une autre lèche la glace collée à mes vêtements, puis s'étend tout le long de mon corps. Une chaleur délicieuse me pénètre, et je m'endors en faisant de beaux rêves. Ils ne durent pas longtemps; je suis éveillé par le passage sur mon corps d'une partie du troupeau qui a été pris d'une des paniques propres à cette gent timide. J'essaye en vain de prendre place au milieu d'eux, ils sont en défiance et fuient quand j'approche."

His companions fared no better, and next morning—

"Pépin montre une face affreuse,

tuméfiée, des lèvres énormes, aux gerçures sanguinolentes; il ne peut ouvrir les yeux et ne voit plus. Capus est boursoufflé, son nez a les marbrures de la lèpre, il est méconnaissable, c'est le plus hideux de botanistes. Je suis, paraît-il, 'un peu mieux conservé.' 'Tu as le cuir plus dur,' dit Ménas, qui lui aussi, est dans un état de décomposition assez avancé."—P. 310.

Here is a specimen of a day's march. The snow was deeper than usual, and the Kirghiz guide was leading and sounding the route with a long pole. At last, after a series of falls and misadventures—

"Personne n'en peut plus, tous sont sans souffle, sans force, presque complètement aveuglés; nous avons des maux de tête, des suffocations; tel est étendu sur le dos, à côté de son cheval sur le flanc; un autre se repose debout, la tête appuyée sur la selle; celui-ci, en retard, frappe à coups de fouet son pauvre animal, à la queue duquel il se cramponne comme un noyé à une amarre. On en voit qui saignent du nez; les chevaux eux-mêmes perdent du sang par les naseaux, le sang gèle, et ils reniflent des rubis; ils en ont aussi sur le corps, taché de caillots rouges là où de petites veines éclatent. Un cheval a presque disparu dans un trou; on le hisse, on le traîne comme s'il était mort, avec des cordes qu'on lui a glissées sous le ventre; puis c'est une sangle qui rompt et qu'on répare. Si un cheval de bât tombe, on doit le décharger, et ce n'est pas chose facile de dénouer les cordes du côté de l'ombre (à midi, il y a encore —5°); elles sont couvertes de glace, et les mains gourdes sont inhabiles. On coupe donc les cordes, on remet le cheval sur ses jambes, et les coffres ou les ballots sont de nouveau placés en palan. Parfois, on doit les porter sur le dos, après avoir déblayé avec les pelles, car de tous côtés la neige est profonde de deux mètres. On y plonge en entier des bâtons plus hauts qu'un homme. Après avoir franchi ces pas difficiles, on se repose. . . . On ne sait dans quelle direction louveroy. Rien qui nous engage à aller dans un sens ou dans l'autre. La neige est sans ves-

tiges, bien unie, nous agaçant de sa masse vierge, molle et comme indifférente. Elle énerve même les bêtes. Et si, par hasard, un loup a laissé sa trace, on la suit aussi longtemps qu'on le peut, par indécision, ainsi qu'un fil d'Ariane, dans ce labyrinthe que nous-mêmes dessinons. Cette piste nous mène à une impasse, à un trou, veux-je dire, et l'on perd pied. On bat en retraite, on cherche, et, finalement, on va quand même du côté du Kizil-Art; on se traîne, c'est une lutte sans merci contre cette blanche poudre sans consistance. La caravane est semée sur la plaine comme les grains d'un chapelet dont le fil a été rompu. Les grains noirs font un tas là où un cheval ou bien un homme arrête par sa chute la marche des suivants, tant qu'on n'a pas repêché ceux qui se débattent. Et cela dure de huit heures du matin à quatre heures et demie du soir, sans prendre de repos. Où voulez-vous qu'on fasse halte? Nous allons jusqu'à extinction de forces. En route, on partage un peu de pain avec sa bête, on mange un abricot séché, du millet grillé qu'on grignote à la poignée et qui donne le jarret d'arriver enfin au monticule sur lequel on campera. Avec la pelle on déblaye la neige; puis, les feutres sont étendus, la tente dressée, le feu allumé avec de l'esprit-de-vin. On prépare le thé et la bouillie de millet pour nous et pour les affamés qui arrivent les uns après les autres. Les pauvres chevaux, mis à ban après qu'on a desserré leurs sangles, l'exténuent encore à creuser du sabot la neige, afin d'atteindre la mauvaise herbe et les racines peu nourissantes ensevelies plus bas. A la nuit seulement, la caravane entière sera réunie."—P. 306.

Once they infringed, accidentally or otherwise, on the Chinese frontier, and were threatened with arrest; in reply the travellers demanded a relay of camels from the Chinese officials, and thrashed them for not at once supplying them!

Their intimate relations with the Kirghiz nomads bring out the character of this race in a very interesting way. They are essen-

tially a rude people, as becomes the region they inhabit; if morality is not high, crime is not frequent, nor are the passions violent; on the other hand, they are not stunted in body or mind like the Eskimo. After all, they have their summer, and this season can be greatly prolonged by a visit to the valleys or plain-country surrounding the Pamir. But the most striking character of all those with whom they came in contact was a certain *pir* or dervish. He had been a daring and noted robber, altogether the most famous ruffian on the Pamir. Then came a dream—a sudden conversion—a visit to the holy men of Khojand; and Núr Ján now only lives to make amends for the past by doing good to his fellow-men. Besides defending the travellers, at great personal risk, against the fanaticism of some of his co-religionists, and providing for their wants in the most difficult and trying circumstances, simply because they were strangers and in need, he acted as their guide across some

of the most difficult passes, heroically risking and all but losing his life in their service. Well may they heartily indorse the popular verdict that he is a true saint.

Bravely and gaily as they had encountered these fatigues and privations, they had told severely on the whole party, and the rapid descent to lower altitudes and a milder temperature, with the fresh verdure of spring and all the signs of reviving nature, was immensely welcome. The absence from these great snow-clad solitudes of all trace of human life and work had been very depressing; and even in the little hamlets of Wakhan, the human babble, and barking of dogs, and twitter of sparrows, were felt correspondingly delightful. There were willows, and roses too, and grass for their starving cattle, and—acme of delight!—"on entend même un moustique, le premier depuis longtemps. Il ne neige pas. Une chenille me tombe sur la figure. C'est l'été! C'est l'été!"

COUTTS TROTTER.

THE PLEASURES OF SICKNESS.

THE pleasures of health are taken as a matter of course, and are only passively appreciated. With ninety-nine healthy people out of a hundred, we should willingly lay the long odds that they entirely forget to be grateful. The author of 'The Bible in Spain' was a pious man, with nerves of steel and a constitution of iron. Day after day, through a scorching summer, he was riding over the sun-baked plains of La Mancha when they were raided by ruthless Carlist guerillas, faring like the unfortunate peasants, and sleeping on straw-pallets when he could. All that time, when he was scattering his Spanish translation of the Gospels, he escaped the Carlists by a succession of miracles, and was never sick or sorry for a day. So he had well-founded reason for his firm belief that he was under the special protection of Providence. He was fervent in his general expressions of gratitude, although he never felt specially thankful for his health. It was very many years afterwards that the idea suddenly occurred to him. Strong as ever, with his knapsack on his sturdy shoulders, he was walking through the hills and valleys of "Wild Wales," where he gave another proof of the soundness of his constitution by perpetually singing the praises of strong ale. As it chanced, one night he put up at Carnarvon, where he met an ailing youth, who, in deep despondency, had come to those Welsh hills for change of air. Borrow, who was always ready to talk with anybody, sought to cheer the boy, and succeeded. And after that colloquy he began to moralise, as many of us are apt to do when we have lost what we never valued.

"The intense wish of the poor young man for health caused me to think how insensible I had hitherto been to the possession of the greatest of all terrestrial blessings. I had always had the health of an elephant, but I had never remembered to have been sensible to the magnitude of the blessing, or in the slightest degree grateful to the God who gave it."

As for the keen appreciation of the after-joys of illness, we turn to another popular writer. Our old friend "Tom Oringle," who originally published his inimitable lucubrations in 'Maga,' was a man of another temperament from Borrow, and wrote in a different, though in at least as picturesque, a style. Tom took infinite pleasure in "tropical high-jinks"; he seldom found time to think seriously on any subject; and in convivial company would swallow so much claret that he had to "warp himself along" subsequently from lamp-post to lamp-post.

And this is what Tom has to say, when, revelling in the luxuries of contrast from his time of "suffering in a small miserable vessel within the tropics," he was passing the blessed borderland of convalescence after a dangerous illness: "I say, messmate, have you ever had the yellow fever, the *vomito prieto*—black vomit—as the Spaniards call it? No! Have you ever had a bad bilious fever, then? No bad bilious fever either? Why, then, you are a most unfortunate creature; for you have never known what it is to be in heaven, nor eke the other place. Oh the delight, the blessedness of the languor of recovery!" Then Lieutenant Oringle, looking back to the

dismal purgatory of the stifling and tossing little cruiser, where he was being slowly tortured into delirium and high fever, proceeds to paint with a loving hand the circumstances under which he had awakened in Paradise. The roomy bed; the cool sea-breeze playing through the open windows; the soft shadows of the spreading palms; the warm glow of the ripened oranges; the fragrance from the clusters of the double jessamine; the hum of the many-hued flies floating about like winged gems,—above all, the sweeter perfume of the rummer of sangaree, where the old Madeira was delicately flavoured with spices. But “above all” we were wrong to say. What he really lay revelling in was the sense of relief from the pangs which had been making life an almost unendurable burden. We have borrowed the apologue from Mr Thomas’s ‘Log,’ because it contains the root and conclusion of the whole matter. We are not writing ironically of the “pleasures” of chronic maladies and hopeless invalids—though we are glad to know that even these have consolations of their own, and in not a few cases such blissful tranquillity as the most prosperous of mankind might envy. Nor do we mean to mock poverty-stricken sufferers by talking of their pleasures, for the pleasures of sickness are among the luxuries of the well-to-do. But we are safe in saying that the tolerably affluent in their bodily troubles are far less to be pitied than they are inclined to believe. They have hours of delight and days of relief of which the invariably vigorous have no sort of conception; and in their hunt after the health which seems to be ever eluding them, in the swift fluctuations of alternating apprehension and hope, they have the excitement which is the veri-

table salt of existence. No doubt, if we could arrange our lots we would all have the constitutions of cart-horses, and in the bills of mortality there would be nothing recorded save fatal accidents and deaths from old age. But as illness in all its shapes and refinements is always with us, it is the wisdom of its victims to make the best of it; and should the worst come to the worst, there is the incalculable capacity for endurance, which draws serene satisfaction from its successive triumphs over pain.

But glancing at illness in its graver aspects, we are getting into the vein of Job or Jeremiah, when our purpose is to preach cheerfulness. So let us turn to the lucky *malade imaginaire* who has just enough the matter, mayhap, or something more, to salve the consciences of the respectable doctors who levy lucrative contributions on his fears. He is middle-aged, and in more than easy circumstances; the chances are that he is a bachelor or a widower, for had he been cumbered with the cares of a household he would seldom have given a thought to his health. He has got *blasé* on society; he is too corpulent for waltzing, and too indolent to flirt. Suppers infallibly bring indigestion, and the protracted dinner-parties that begin to bore him mean excesses in Veuve Clicquot, and repentance next day. Even if he were formerly a devotee to field-sports, he finds that the day for these has gone by. He has put on flesh and lost his nerve for the hunting-field, and he rides in terror of the fall which would shake him to pieces. His breath serves him no longer on the steep braes in the moors or the forests, and he shrinks from the cold and the perils of wet feet in *battues* in chilly and wintry weather. Travel and change of

scene would be his natural resource, but travel with no definite object is transportation, and a worse form of boredom. Like most of his countrymen, he knows nothing of art artistically; he is literally abroad in the different periods of architecture; and his concern in the social conditions of Continental nations is confined to casual observations from his seat in front of the *café*. Need we say that it is an unspeakable boon to such a man, when, with strengthening suspicions of failing health, he takes out by way of prescription a fresh lease of existence? Thenceforth he has an object, and, what is better, an object that is strictly personal. He has an interest that, stimulating his egotism or selfishness, ceaselessly occupies him each hour of the day, and sends him forth on voyages of discovery more animating than those of a Cook or a Vasco da Gama. He fancies his liver must be slightly congested, or he has flying warnings of rheumatic gout. A morbid melancholy grows with indulgence, and he takes to brooding over premonitory symptoms. He feels depressed and down upon his luck when he awakes of a morning; trivial vexations swell into serious troubles; and even his bath fails to revive him. He takes to trifling with a breakfast at which a grilled grasshopper, in the words of the Preacher, is a burden. He picks himself up after lunching with a pint of champagne or two or three glasses of "sound claret," and he feels equal to going out to dinner instead of sending the apology he had been meditating. At that dinner, in congenial society, and with frequent draughts of the stimulating champagne, he brightens up and becomes the life of the party. The inevitable reaction follows when he is back again in the solitude of his bedchamber.

Ruminating sadly in the night watches, he comes to the conclusion that "this sort of thing cannot go on;" so he takes the desperate resolution of seeing a doctor—the first medical interview he has had since he was vaccinated.

That is in itself a novel sensation, and sensations of any kind have long been unfamiliar. His feelings are far from pleasurable in the face of them; yet there is an agreeable undercurrent of excitement. He fears the worst, but he hopes the best, as he steps into the hansom which takes him to the consulting-room. Strange to say, while waiting in the antechamber of the eminent physician, his spirits are sent up. He sees around him cases that are evidently more desperate than his own. There are shrunk forms and sunken cheeks; sad eyes that are nevertheless unnaturally lustrous, and expressions stereotyped with the lines of protracted suffering, scarcely brightened by fitful gleams of hope. Our friend pulls himself together, and involuntarily cheers up. We all know the well-worn maxim of La Rochefoucauld, that there is something pleasant in the misfortunes of our dearest friends; and well may it be excused to the frailties of human nature, when its anxieties are lightened by contrasting them with the troubles of strangers.

Wonderful men are those fashionable consulting physicians. They sit for great part of each day at the receipt of custom, tossing the sovereigns and shillings into the drawer, where they are decorously put out of sight; pronouncing peremptorily on the destinies of their miserable fellow-creatures, scattering broadcast sentences of death or slow torture, consolation under mitigating conditions, reprieves, or plenary absolution. Custom may lighten the weighty load of their

responsibilities, but surely all the same it must sometimes sit heavy on them. For, after all, they are human like the patients, and occasionally they must themselves be out of condition and far from feeling up to the mark. Case after case, and often for the first time, is brought panoramically beneath their observation, and each minute is precious when there are so many to be advised. They are invited at a moment's notice to diagnose the origin and the course of complicated and obscure diseases; they are asked in the way of ultimatum all manner of embarrassing questions as to methods of treatment and probable results. They must answer the main questions to the best of their ability, and if they do not actually put forward claims to infallibility, they are bound professionally to speak with the assurance attaching to their position. As a rule they are sympathetic, and strive to soften down unfavourable opinions; but there are desperate cases, and not a few of them, in which it would be cruel kindness to conceal the truth. The mother who brought a daughter she fancied was merely delicate, lifts herself in speechless anguish into the dismal four-wheeler, in the conviction that her child is in a hopeless decline. How the sun has been darkened to her during the last long hour or two! and like Scott standing over the grave of John Ballantyne, she feels it will never again shine on her so brightly as before. The husband who thought there was nothing seriously the matter with his young wife, reads solemn warnings in the ambiguous prognostications of the oracle, and, striving manfully to master his vague apprehensions, knows well that his wedded happiness is at an end. As for the minor sentences and the offhand prescription, they may

be ludicrously though painfully incongruous. The hard-working barrister, who by indefatigable industry has laboriously got together a promising practice, is ordered absolute "rest" for an indefinite time. Similar orders are given to the ambitious and eloquent statesman, who is aware of half-a-dozen of aspiring competitors who are ready and eager to slip into his place. The mockery of telling these men to take repose, when inactivity is ruin or bitter disappointment! Then the overtasked clergyman, with his overdrawn banker's account and unpaid butcher's bill, is told to transport himself for the winter, under penalty of death, to the Riviera, or possibly to California or Colorado, according to the caprice of the medical dictator. You might as well prescribe a generous diet—turtle-soup and old brown sherry—to a bedridden labourer in one of the eastern parishes, where there is nothing in the shape of a gentleman within reach, save the half-starved vicar and the dispensary doctor. All these trivial details are no concern of the omniscient Galen: he is feed to give his directions, and it is for the patients to carry them out.

Happily, however, our *malade imaginaire* stumbles on a shrewd man of the world, with whom he had a slight previous acquaintance. The doctor knows something of his man, whom he has occasionally analysed in society, and goes about his inspection and examination with the sympathy of the friend and the subtlety of the serpent. The preliminaries are somewhat formidable, and he pompously assumes a gravity of manner which sends a shudder through the patient's frame. Nothing is more disagreeable to a novice in the consulting-room than to be handled like a "screw" at a horse-fair; to

have a curious inquirer looking into your mouth and eyes; to be tapped over the heart and pummelled in the region of the liver. However, all is well that ends well. The doctor's solemn expression relaxes into a reassuring smile, and he cheerfully remarks that the ailment is a trifle, and that the patient "may make himself perfectly easy." He sits down to dash off a couple of prescriptions, rapidly giving some slight instructions meanwhile as to regimen. Our friend feels infinitely relieved, and yet he is not altogether contented. Like Naaman the Syrian, he had screwed up his courage for doing "some great thing," and it seems absurd to put him off with a call at the chemist's, and a simple order to eschew sherry and liqueurs. Dr Worldly Wiseman, as we said, knows his man, and knows that he is in want of an object and an occupation. What? Waters and change of air? Well, yes; you can do no better than go to Bath or Buxton, and if that sets you up, as it is quite sure to do, you may go in the late summer or the early autumn to Homburg, or the "Baths of Hercules," or Hongkong, or the Hawaiian Archipelago, as the case may be.

At Bath or Buxton, or any other health-resort, where the great majority of the visitors mean business, you must be bad indeed if you do not find consolation in the sight of many folks far worse than yourself. In the city of the "chair" that was christened after it, bath-chairs would never be in general demand were it not for the number of the halt and the lame. For it is the city of the seven or the seventeen hills, with sides a trifle steeper than the slope of a house-roof. As for Buxton, did not Randolph Caldecott celebrate its cripples in one

of his latest series of 'Graphic' sketches? And in the one place or the other, if you are fond of discussing your ailments, as of course you are, you will have every opportunity of gratifying your taste. Eager talkers make good listeners, so it is a matter of generous give and take. As an outsider, we have paid many a visit to the Pump-Room Hotel at Bath—an excellent establishment, and a representative one of its kind. It is salubriously situated in the bottom of the kettle in which the inhabitants of the lower town are simmering through the summer. The basement is devoted to the baths, to which the boiling water is laid on from the adjacent springs. There is a lift by which the patients may be let down from the upper storeys. Every possible convenience is provided. But what struck us as having the greatest attraction for sufferers was the sympathetic atmosphere. Listening curiously in the snug smoking-room after dinner, we learned almost everything that man can tell as to the troubles of chronic rheumatism and hereditary gout. The victims, who were deep in each other's innermost secrets, met regularly of an evening to compare notes; and if some were happy in signs of improvement or the sense of temporary relief, others figured as the stoical heroes who had been supporting diabolical pains. And these last, too, being temporarily relieved, were impressive examples of the pleasures of sickness. For the time they were often in higher spirits than the others: they reminded one of what "Eothen" says of his voluptuous joy in bathing in the cool green vegetation of the Land of Goshen, after eight days of camel-riding through the burning desert. Our ailing friend gets on capitally in such company, and makes visible pro-

gress from day to day. He can walk with a jaunty swagger when his neighbours crawl; he has his claret at luncheon, and his champagne at dinner, when they are mortifying themselves with slightly tintured Apollinaris; and he ignores the fact that, though struggling towards an identical goal, they set out from very different starting-points. So he swears by Bath, vows to return thither, blesses the memory of King Bladud who discovered the wells, and, resolved to follow up this first success, shifts his quarters to town, to arrange for a Continental trip.

Now he is realising the pleasures of what may be called chronic convalescence—never well; tolerably sanguine on the whole; generally feeling himself better in a succession of fluctuations where the ups predominate over the downs. Henceforth he has always the resource of flying trips on the Continent, and, following the paths of the duty he owes to himself, seeks health in frequent change of scene. At Wiesbaden, Kissingen, or Carlsbad, he has the unfamiliar enjoyment of a well-filled life and a busy day. Doctors at watering-places differ widely in their views: the wisdom of one is folly to another. But they all agree on the point of being strenuously peremptory as to the rigid observance of certain rules. One friend who used to steal hours between the sheets from the intolerably long forenoons, if he does not actually get up with the sun or the “early village cock,” is woke sharp at six by the clamour of the band. Unless he be impregnating himself with iron among fashionable acquaintances from St James’s or Belgrave at Homburg, he is nowadays particular as to his morning costume. There he is, to his own admiration, fresh, fasting, and in extreme dishabille, promenading,

trotting solemnly at the double, or marking time, in the long shady alley where the water-drinkers, tumblers in hand, take their matutinal treadmill. Back for breakfast with a keen appetite, in itself a novel and delightful sensation. Even at Kissingen, where you are dieted like anchorites, the butterless rolls seem delicious to a man who refused only a few weeks before to be tempted by the delicacies of Fortnum and Mason. The programme of the day is marked out methodically. After breakfast, dallying with the papers, tobacco, and digestion. After digestion, bath, followed by a second toilet. Then comes early dinner, the great event of the day; and at some of the most potent of the baths, like Wildbad, the *cuisine*, which is as elaborate as it is excellent, sets all medical rules at defiance, and seems intended to tempt to indiscretion. The diner may indulge, or he may have the discretion to refrain—that is a matter between himself and his conscience. After dinner, coffee, digestion, and more tobacco. Then our friend, who has long renounced garden-parties when at home, and set his face against anything in the shape of a picnic, finds himself falling into the social fashions of the place, and joining driving-parties into the hills and the solitudes of the pine-forests. He is even seduced into something resembling flirtations, and, taking care not to commit himself, on the whole he likes them. It is a satisfactory proof, at all events, of the progress of his recovery, that good-looking girls seem quite willing to marry him, for assuredly he is not so bad as to encourage the hope of speedy and handsome settlements with widowhood. The supper *à la carte*, though somewhat lighter than the earlier meal, is virtually a second dinner. Somehow the day has

slipped away imperceptibly. For early rising means early going to bed; and in the languor of gentle fatigue, and with the goal of oblivion within easy reach, there is little difficulty in disposing of the remaining hours.

Very different are the feelings of those who are sent abroad in grave anxiety. Their sensations are solemn enough, even when they are blessed with ample means, and have no professional preoccupations; when they travel with unlimited credit on the bankers, with valets and maids and a courier to save all trouble, between lounging-chairs and sleeping-berths in drawing-room cars. But the impecunious clergyman, who has broken down over parochial work, or the struggling father of a family who has been scraping a business together, where personal supervision is almost indispensable, plays a speculative game, under heavy drawbacks, for tremendous stakes. He cannot repeat the venture indefinitely. He cannot cast his habitual cares behind him, and shake himself free from the weight of well-justified anxieties. He is bound to get well against time, for it is a case of now or never. With difficulty, and perhaps by borrowing, he has equipped himself with the *minimum* of circular notes for the journey. We may suppose he is bound for Hyères or Cannes, leaving the English fogs and snows in the depths of a dark December. No Pullman cars or sleeping-berths for him on the most extortionate of European railways. He is hustled into an over-crowded compartment, encumbered with his wraps and a multitude of loose packages. When he awakens, after fitful snatches of fevered sleep, among the olives and the almond-trees on the banks of the lower Rhone,

he is scarcely cheered by the brilliant sunshine, or by the sight of a sky of blue. He cannot rouse himself to even a passing interest in the picturesque bridges, and the palaces of Avignon or Orange; and though he has been imperatively ordered to take frequent nourishment, he has no sort of appetite for the *table-d'hôte* breakfast, with its dessert of southern fruits and its gay embellishment of flowers. When he breaks the journey at Marseilles he is pretty well broken himself, and perhaps is not far wrong in believing that he is one of the most miserable of mortals. But, as the old song says, it is always the darkest hour before dawn, and next morning he begins to have a foretaste of some of the pleasures of sickness and convalescence. A night's rest has worked wonders, and he wakes up marvellously refreshed. This second morning he is in sympathy with the glowing sunshine; he has glimmering hopes of a happier return; he even indulges the wild fancy that his business may hold together in his absence. By good luck the infernal mistral is not blowing, and he has a balmy day for the journey along the Riviera, with one of the windows open. He revels in the deep azure of the placid Mediterranean; he looks down from lofty bridges and over precipitous cuttings into the picturesque creeks that indent the curving shores; he looks down on the chimneys of the fisher's cottages sheltering in the nooks and corners, that are draped in a many-coloured tapestry of clinging plants; he looks up to the castles and the convents that crown the commanding heights. He well-nigh forgets his ailments and the future, as, in an intoxicating sense of the novel and the beautiful, he draws long deep draughts of the exhilarating air. What a change

it is from the grimy gloom of London, or from the fogs of some country parish reeking with damp, which stifled his breathing like the folds of wet blankets! His pitiful wife, who has been hanging on his looks since he left home, cheers up in sympathy, and is persuaded already that their circular notes will prove a marvellously profitable investment. When the invalid continues to answer to the spur, how intensely they enjoy that health-giving holiday! In their growing gratitude they feel it would be tempting Providence not to trust it in confidence for all the rest, and cares being cast behind, the progress is wonderfully accelerated. There are ups and downs which give a not disagreeable zest to the cure; but on the whole there is sanguine content, not unfrequently voluptuous enjoyment. Dating from that first memorable morning, when through the bedroom windows they had ventured to raise came the gentle sea-breeze, laden with the fragrance from the mignonette and the heliotrope; from the drives and the donkey-rides, when even as the night-shadows were settling down in the valleys they had to seek protection against a sun-glow still almost oppressive,—all has been mixed more or less with pleasure. As for the homeward journey, with its pleasant retrospects and its happy anticipations, it is a succession of delights in place of a prolonged strain. The reinvigorated health-hunter is full of papal memories at Avignon, and delighted to pick up a copy of 'Rienzi' at the book-stall; till his *blasé* fellow-travellers, who are touring "for pleasure," resent the ridiculous freshness of his enthusiasm, though they might probably sympathise with it if they suspected its source.

In ordinary cases, people born

with silver or plated spoons in their mouths can command ordinary comforts and careful attendance. But sometimes even they are surprised and struck down in circumstances which bring home to them the sufferings of the neglected. The officer who has been wounded, and left mangled on the battle-field, is no better off for the time than the crippled soldier who has carried a musket in the ranks. There he lies with the rain or the sun beating down upon him, racked with pain, and burned up with thirst, till, rejoicing in rescue and the sense of relative relief, he is picked up hurriedly by rough arms, and thrown upon a rudely fitted ambulance-waggon, to be jolted away to the field-surgery. Be sure there is no time there for consultation as to the treatment of a shattered limb or the infliction of the minimum of pain. Anæsthetics may be conspicuous by their absence, and the surgical appliances must be scanty at best. The wearied doctor plies the knife and probes against time, and as one groaning patient gives place to another on the operating table, he is consigned to a depot to await his turn, till he is forwarded by *petite vitesse* to the bed in some distant hospital. We know nothing more harrowing in the annals of war than the story of the sufferings of the wounded in the retreat from Moscow. We know nothing that supplies more striking illustrations of the inveterate tenacity of life and hope in the human system. The men who fell in the first battles, after the evacuation, of course perished slowly and surely. But of those who were shot down near the passage of the Vistula, and within reach of the friendly territory—the long-looked-for land of refuge,—there were a few who survived almost by miracle. They were

strapped on to a gun-carriage, or stowed away in an ammunition-waggon. In a frost that was many degrees below freezing-point, with their wounds seldom dressed, and left to fester beneath the filthy rags and the snow wrappings that served for bed-clothes, with scanty food given them at doubtful intervals, where the unwounded were scrambling for each scrap of garbage, nature in some phenomenal constitutions, nevertheless, did not succumb. And we are told how nature rallied in their transports of relief, when they had placed the formidable passage of the river between them and the enemy, finding temporary rest and comparative comfort. It was only a few months ago, when, in a frightful railway smash in southern France, Englishmen travelling for pleasure had somewhat similar experiences, saving the exposure to the extreme severity of the weather. The train had been wrecked in a back-of-the-world district, where there was no capable local science; and it was decided, as the better way out of a difficult dilemma, to forward the victims to their destination in Italy before undertaking their treatment.

Those who go down to the sea in ships must often have a horrible time of it. The smaller craft, of course, must dispense with a doctor's services; and from frequent revelations in the police courts, we can conceive what may be the fate of an ailing seaman under a tyrannical skipper, at the mercy of a brutal first mate. Till he gives proof positive of the gravity of his illness by absolute collapse, he is supposed to be "shaming Abraham." He is mercilessly knocked about, compelled to turn out for the midnight watch, and driven from the deck to the rigging in all weathers. Fancy a man enfeebled

by dysentery, and burning and shivering by turns through every fibre with incipient fever, forced to climb the ratlines and lie out upon the frozen yards, when a bitter easterly gale is shaking the masts in their sockets! When he is compulsorily shelved on the sick-list, his illness is treated as a crime. The ship is sure to be short-handed, and his share of work must fall upon his fellows. And if he is happily spared more active ill-treatment, he is left to lie and take his chance of dying as a dog in the foul bunk in the fore-castle, where he is half suffocated by the smells of bilge-water, vile tobacco, and soaking clothes. Emigrant ships are always advertised as carrying a competent surgeon. We know something of the surgeons they frequently carry, nor do we deny that they are generally clever young men. The pay, which is calculated on percentage or commission, is good, and candidates have to produce excellent certificates. But when the shipowners have fulfilled their part of the contract, the responsibility shifts on the shoulders of the young aspirant to celebrity. If he is ambitious, and means to succeed in his profession, there is little danger of his being supine. The risk is rather on the side of professional zeal. He has a rare opportunity of experimenting "on his own hook," such as never could have come to him at home in the hospitals. "*Fiat experimentum in corporibus vilis*" is his motto. Each case of serious illness is an agreeable sensation; a superb compound fracture is a godsend; each subtler malady is a joy and a treat for the rest of the voyage. He tries all manner of empirical remedies with the best intentions; he revels in the uncontrolled use of his instruments in the interests of the patient—and science. It may be hit or miss,

kill or cure, but somehow even a well-principled young man can reconcile anything to an elastic professional conscience. We have shuddered at reminiscences from one of those emigrant floating hospitals, told in all good faith, in moments of confidence, by practitioners who honestly believed they had been experimenting in the cause of humanity.

Yet emigrants who are the subjects of such experiments may be envied by the North Sea trawlers. Sailors who ship for long voyages in surgeonless ships, do so with their eyes open. They know that they must not expect medical attentions and count upon keeping their health, if they give any thought to the matter. So, it may be said, do the trawlers; but then they can hardly help themselves. They have been born and brought up as fishermen, and must fish on a fixed system in these days of capitalists and limited liability companies. For weeks together, and often in the wildest weather, they have cut all communication with their homes, and are dragging the shoals and sand-banks between England and the Dutch coasts. The fish, as fast as they are caught, are stowed away in boxes, and transferred to the swift steamers which ply to the Thames or the Humber. Not excepting that in the deepest mines, or on the giddiest engineering works, there is no more perilous occupation than theirs, though the danger is rather to limb than life. The fishing craft are rolling in a heavy surf, the decks are slippery with fish and frost, so that it is impossible, as you stumble about in thick-soled, iron-clamped boots, to keep a firm footing. The fish cases are being slung over the sides into a boat that is bobbing like a cork beneath the counter. Necessarily accidents of every de-

gree and kind are common. A leg or an arm snaps like a pipe-stem with the sudden swaying of a heavy boom; an ankle is strained or broken in a fall; a finger is caught and crushed in a steam-winch; a hand mangled between a box and the ship's side. Then there is nothing for it but to transfer the victim to the carrying steamer, where no preparations have been made to receive him. When the steamer has made up her cargo she steams away, and the sufferer, while being tossed about for a day or two, has to bear his sufferings as best he may, with the knowledge that the mischief is being aggravated with each minute lost upon the voyage. Doubtless if he has retained sensibility, or revives to it, it is an exchange of Purgatory for Paradise when he is comfortably bedded in the hospital in London or Hull, with cool dressings and soothing anodynes applied to the fevered wound. But what an infinity of bodily misery and mental worry might be spared if the sufferer had been transhipped to a hospital-steamer, with skilled attendants and suitable appliances! Which naturally suggests the subject of hospitals in general, and the vast amount of genuine pleasure they give. It is sad to know that many of the poor never taste anything of the luxuries of life elsewhere. Dickens, with all his hyper-sentimentalism, was constantly striking the keys which throbbed through sensitive hearts. And he never gave expression to a more melancholy truth than when he made the ungainly Maggy, in his 'Little Dorrit,' revel in the memories of the delightful days when she had been struck down and laid up. "But what a nice hospital! So comfortable, wasn't it? Oh, so nice it was! Such an 'evenly place! Such beds! Such lemonade and such oranges! Such

d'licious broth and wine! Such chicking! Oh, wasn't it a delicious place to go and stop?" It is difficult to look up at life from the low standpoint of the abjectly wretched, and the very difficulty should make us grateful for our own mercies, and dispose us to lavish benevolence. We can hardly conceive the possibility of having pleasant remembrance of a brain-fever in a hospital ward, although it introduced us to such delicacies as chicken and oranges. Yet we do not know. Everything so entirely depends on the point of view. The great whitewashed ward, with its double rows of beds and its austere military uniformity, strikes one as cheerless and depressing in the extreme. But on second thoughts we realise how clean, soft, and comfortable the beds really are, and we remember that severe military system extends to the prompt and punctilious attendance which anticipates each possible want. What must it be, after becoming deliriously unconscious in the almost palpable darkness and the foul stench of some overcrowded cellar in the slums, to waken to a different life, in fragrant linen, in an airy hall of palatial proportions, and in the delicious languor of wholesome warmth? Instead of turning in disgust from fragments of strong-smelling cheese, and crusts of bread as black and dry as dust and ashes, to have the palate tempted by seductive liquids and luscious fruits, leading on to such light dishes of a sensual Elysium as the pauper, for the best of reasons, had never dreamed of. We know no way in which practical charity may be better bestowed than in contributing to fairly-well-managed hospitals. Say that the abuses exist of which we hear so much,

and which can never be altogether guarded against; admit that not a few who can well afford to pay their fees shamefully sponge upon the alms of the benevolent. When all that has been said and admitted, when any undue percentage has been deducted from waste and working expenses, there remains a great balance of revenue to the good, almost incalculably fruitful of new pleasures and fresh hopes, and blissful relief from almost intolerable sufferings. The pity is that, unfortunately, owing to shortcoming in the funds, many victims of slow diseases, in a fair way towards permanent cure, must perforce be turned out prematurely. A sad instance of that is the children under treatment for hip diseases. It ought to be remembered that many of the greater hospitals in the metropolis and elsewhere are almost entirely dependent on voluntary and annual contributions—such old establishments as St Bartholomew's, which is richly endowed, being altogether the exception. Moreover, these establishments desire, and indeed are bound in their own interests, to remain mainly dependent upon precarious support; for if once they get the reputation of being decently endowed, the stream of the charities is checked or diverted. The moral is obvious. Do not leave your philanthropy to take posthumous shape, nor defer taking thought for the disease-stricken poor till you are done with the money you dispose of by testament. There is no better way of buying pleasure and satisfaction cheap than by sending a cheque to a well-managed hospital, and we may be sure the money is more safely invested than if it were in Mr Goschen's new 2½ per cents.

ALEX. INNES SHAND.

A BURMESE BOAT-JOURNEY.

THERE is one province of the Indian empire which, in regard to its rural communications, is like Venice among the towns of Europe. A network of waterways, the high-roads of this country are broad rivers, the by-roads are tidal creeks. The common mode of travel from place to place is by boat. Every child is as much at home in his canoe as the Yorkshire boy on his bare-backed horse. For months in every year towns and villages, built of ephemeral bamboo and leaves, stand plunged in water to the basement, sometimes even to the roof, and a canoe is moored at every door. In this province the European officer traverses his district by country boat; and in his early training at home for Eastern service, the art of riding, on which so much stress is laid, is of far less importance than the arts of swimming and boating.

Among many boat-journeys in this land of waters, it has twice fallen to me to traverse a belt of country in which the beauty and variety of water-travel are so concentrated into the space of a few miles, as to form a succession of pictures not less striking in their way than the succession of marvels which keep the traveller agaze as he crosses an Alpine pass.

Each time I have felt irresistibly impelled to try to arrest the passing panorama, and to fix some of its fleeting beauties, however imperfectly, either with pen or pencil.

The railway which traverses the Sittang valley from Rangoon to Toungoo—now pushed forward to Mandalay—leaves the old Burmese town of Shwegyin, on the banks of the Sittang, some fifteen

miles to the eastward. The journey thence from Rangoon must be made either direct by boat, as from time immemorial, or by train as far as the station of Pyuntaza. From this point the Sittang is reached at one season by road, but in the south-west monsoon, when the whole country is flooded, by canoe. It is this latter journey, made at the height of the rainy season, of which the strangeness prompts me to speak here.

A hundred yards from the railway station, the traveller finds drawn up in line at the edge of a sluggish stream a dozen long canoes bound for Shwegyin or other station on the Sittang river. The fore-part of each canoe is occupied by two men with paddles. At the stern is a boarded space for the passengers, with arched covering of bamboo matting, arranged as in boats on the Italian lakes, behind which there is room only for the steersman. The bamboo canopy is so low that it is only possible to sit or lie down after climbing into the boat on hands and knees; but with rugs and pillows the traveller finds himself in no less luxury than in a punt on the summer Oherwell, and for a five hours' journey through fascinating scenery, the situation is one of anything but discomfort.

As the boat glides for the first mile through level rice-fields, attention is most drawn to the picturesque figures of the Burmese boatmen as they paddle leisurely along, laughing together in low conversation,—for there are no merrier people in the world than the Burmese.

The dress consists only of a coarse silk waist-cloth falling to

the feet, and short white cotton jacket; but the most remarkable part of the figure is the head. The long hair of the Burman is his glory, no less than that of his sisters; and in this country the degradation of the "prison crop" adds terribly to the sentence of imprisonment. Usually tied in a tight shining ball on the top of the head, the hair is often left folded in trailing lengths with the gay-coloured silk turban invariably worn. Surmounting this, the boatmen wear, for protection from sun and rain, a characteristic circular hat, with broad stiff brim and sharp-pointed conical crown, made, like almost everything in common use in the country, from that wonderful plant the bamboo.

But from the human figures in the foreground, the eye is soon drawn to the wild scene through which we are passing. Entering a narrow waterway, bordered by a fringe of dense underwood, by which the boat brushes on either side, we presently emerge into a forest-landscape of such unusual beauty, that we seem to have lighted on the veritable reality of dreamland.

Without exaggeration, one seems to have left the everyday world far away, and to be moving through an enchanted land. In attempting to recall the scene, one experiences precisely the same difficulties as in trying to describe a dream; so that no language seems really appropriate, but the conventional wording in which dreams are clothed.

Methought I was suddenly transported from the bright glare of Eastern sunshine to the intense stillness of a vast tropical forest. There was no confinement of space, for the overarching roof of leaves was so lofty and so finely interwoven, as to seem hardly nearer or more palpable than the

sky in the world of reality; yet so deep was the shade, that, but for stray gleams which here and there stole in at some unseen loop-hole, and threw a fairy light into far-off corners, the daylight was converted into a uniform soft green twilight. The burning air had become cool and still, and silence reigned as in some vast empty cathedral.

I was on land, and yet reclining luxuriously in a boat; and the figures of the boatmen, my only companions — of strange complexion and garb and language — seemed in harmony with the unearthly surroundings. For the most striking feature of the scene was, that instead of the solid ground, with beds of fern and scrub, such as underlie the earthly forest, this labyrinth of wild vegetation was planted in the still waters of a lake. Instead of the woodman's footpath threading the maze, there was free passage on every side, through avenues of tree-stems and walls of brushwood, reeds, and grasses. Through this pathless wilderness the waterways, known only to the half-human creatures by whom it was haunted, were marked at intervals by notches on the trees, or where a passage was cut through some dense hedge of bush. On all sides the view was bounded by towering walls of foliage, rising from invisible stems, and receding from time to time into dark glades of deepest shadow.

Now and then, as the boat cut its way through the silent waters, an opening in the maze would reveal gigantic trunks and outlines of stately trees reared against the sky. From the surface of the water out of which they rose, as far skyward as the eye could reach, stems and branches were clothed thick with ferns and orchids, and trailing and climb-

ing plants. Here, in undisturbed profusion, grew the elkhorn and hart's-tongue, and conspicuous for loveliness of form and colour, the beautiful bird's-nest fern, with its crown of pale-green leaves planted in mossy clefts at inaccessible heights, and standing out in bright prominence against the blue depths of the forest. Crashing through masses of tangled shrubbery, starred here and there with wild jasmine, and winding through irregular aisles formed by trees on either side, our boat crept on its way, from hour to hour, to the stranger not less in need of compass than the ship in mid-ocean or caravan on the African desert.

At each turn some new beauty was made visible, and the stillness, disturbed only by the plash of the paddles, or at rare intervals by some far-off bird-call, or by a stray monkey dashing from tree to tree, added to the weird influences of the place.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the clear tones of a child's voice ringing through the forest in a wild unknown cadence, and at a bend in the route a black narrow canoe shot across our path, laden with women and children, singing as they went, dressed in silks of many colours, and packed in with piles of fruit and vegetables.

Passing soon afterwards through a bamboo gateway, we found ourselves in a watery village buried deep in the forest. Every house stood reared on piles just above the water's edge; boats and canoes were moored to the steps of the houses, or fitted from place to place; and the amphibious population gazed with delight from houses and boats at the passing strangers. Then the village was left behind, and presently the narrow way opened into a tiny lake literally embosomed in the woodland, like a lark's nest hidden

among meadow-grasses,—with its reedy and mossy banks, its still clear waters, and overhanging canopies of leaves, a fitting playground for Titania and her fairies.

At length came the first signs that we were nearing the edge of the forest. The trees became rarer and the light brighter. The undergrowth of thorny shrubs was exchanged for tall pink-tufted grasses overshadowing the boat. The stillness of the water gave place to eddies and strong currents, setting in one direction and carrying us more rapidly onward, till, through an opening in the reeds, a vista of distant landscape broke upon the sight; the boat shot forward from its leafy prison into the light of day,—and I awoke, and behold it was a dream! I was once more on earth, under the open sky, in a Burmese country boat, on a side-eddy of the great Sittang river. It was with a palpable sense of relief that one breathed again, as if escaped from a spell-bound world, in sight of the familiar heavens and fleeting rain-clouds, and heard again the sounds of earthly life. Skirting a succession of sandy grass-covered islands, we were soon in sight of the full body of the stream, flowing at this season like a mill-race, and at the point of issue nearly a mile across.

It is a grand river the Sittang, and though exceeded in size by the Irrawaddy and Salween, has a character, a beauty, and even a mystery of its own. Many an English soldier knows well the steep cliffs of its banks, with their fringe of forest-trees and elephant-grass; its tortuous windings; its swift currents, and the treachery of its endless sandbanks. But the terrors of the river have their climax in the famous bore or tidal wave, due to the formation of the river's mouth, and surpassing in

grandeur and in destructive power the same phenomenon as known in any other river. Half an hour before the huge wave comes in sight the roll of its thunder is plainly heard, and at the cry of "Dee, Dee!" every boat within miles is drawn up safely out of reach of the irresistible tide; and it is not till long after it has passed up the stream, bearing great tree-trunks and spars of wreckage, like straws on its surface, that any river-craft dares to venture forth. So dangerous are the approaches to this river from the seaward, that they are practically untraversed by human beings. Their eternal solitudes are seen only by cormorant sailing overhead, or alligator wallowing in the mud on the margin, lonely as megatheria in the ages before man had place on the earth.

Pushing through the reeds, we presently launch our boat on the broad surface of the river and cross to the opposite bank, as we are borne rapidly down-stream. Here the banks are low and grassy, and the route lies by more than one peaceful bamboo village, with its quaint Buddhist monastery, from which rises the well-known chorus of children repeating by rote the combinations of the Burmese alphabet.

Monotonous as is much of the scenery of the Sittang, there are reaches of great beauty, and nowhere is there a lovelier stretch of river-landscape than in the approach to Shwegyin from the south. As we draw near to the town the prospect becomes every moment more beautiful, and the signs of life more frequent.

The banks rise into richly wooded hills on either side, and in the distance the mountain-ranges of the Toungoo frontier come into view. The site of the town itself, at the junction with the Sittang of

the tributary Shwegyin river, is eminently picturesque; and as a corner is turned, and the first reach of the smaller river opens before us, the ever-prominent feature of a Burmese town, the pagoda, comes in sight. Its graceful gilded spire rises from a bower of trees glowing in the evening sun, and backed by the blue hills of the Yonzaleen valley. The whole picture is mirrored in the smooth waters of the Sittang, and life is given to the scene by the sight of the long racing-boats in training for the forthcoming festival, and by the rhythmic shouts of the crews.

The outburst of lawlessness following on the annexation of King Thebaw's adjacent territory has not seriously broken the normal quiet of the older province, and the ideal of rural peace presented by a Burmese village or country town has always seemed to me to represent the cream of the benefits which are conferred on an Indian province by English administration. To have bestowed such a condition of peaceful security on nations who for centuries have lived in a state of barbarous intertribal warfare, is the best reward of England's efforts in dealing with alien races, as it constitutes her strongest title to the tenure of her Eastern empire. In presence of such a spectacle, one is reminded of nothing so much as of the American poet's description of the Acadian village, every detail of which is faithfully represented by many a village in the land of which I write:—

"Neither locks had they to their doors
nor bars to their windows,
But their dwellings were open as day
and the hearts of the owners.
There the richest was poor, and the
poorest lived in abundance."

P. HORDERN.

THE OLD SALOON.

FAMILY affection is a beautiful thing, and the veneration of a household for its head a fine moral spectacle. This is a very safe aphorism, and one which nobody will contradict: and a sentiment so charming and so true finds a hundred echoes, we need not say, in this home of our reflections and remarks, which is in every sense of the word the hall of our fathers—a place in which every respect is paid to the opinions and wishes of those who have gone before us. Yet even this hallowed feeling has its reverse side, and may be so demonstrated as to make itself and the object of it tedious to the world. We have already on several occasions been compelled to deprecate the mistaken judgment which considers every fragment that falls into the letter-box of an eminent person, or even his wastebasket, as valuable matter, to be fished out of natural decay and thrust forth upon the observation of the world. Because a man has acquired distinction in his day, because he has moved in “the best circles,” because even he has produced solid and valuable books, that is no reason for believing him to be one of the few delightful letter-writers of the world. The most distinguished persons do not always write the best letters; sometimes a recluse in a village, whom nobody has ever heard of, will so recount the little events around him (or her) as to make them interesting to all the world, while the literary celebrity, with all the finest names in Europe at his

finger-ends, will be as dull as ditch-water. This is one of the mysteries of which we can offer no solution; but it is so. You may be very remarkable yourself, very interesting, charming, and attractive, and yet your letters may be uninteresting and commonplace. Nature is essentially capricious in all the gifts of the intellect: she gives and withholds on rules—if on any rules at all—which are very difficult to explain or to understand.

These remarks are forced from us by the appearance of another huge two volumes¹ containing the letters of Mr John Lothrop Motley, the author of the ‘History of the Dutch Republic,’ and one of those cultured and delightful Americans, sent by their country on a special mission to the Upper Classes of Europe, to make America famous, and to charm the European mind with the mere sound of her name. No mission was ever better fulfilled than this mission has been. The image of the coarse Yankee with which we were once all so familiar, the truculent individual who flourishes in Dickens’s ‘American Notes,’ and many another publication of a similar kind, has vanished before the smile of these genial gentlemen. We know now through their means, not only that a great many Americans are remarkable men, but that, in reality, the glass of fashion and the mould of form is to be found in the New World, and that nothing is so cultured and refined in mind, so suave in manners, so generally all that an accomplished

¹ The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley. Edited by G. W. Curtis. London: John Murray.

citizen of the world ought to be, as the representatives of the great Republic. As a matter of fact, we have taken the statement with great good-humour and perfect faith. The American gentlemen of letters—so different from the gaunt and threadbare individuals who were once called by that name—have conquered society. And there is now nothing to be said on the subject except a general submission on our part, and consent to recognise that all that is brightest and best in the modern world comes to us from over the water. But there is a line to be drawn somewhere, and we think we may place it here. We have a great many people among ourselves who have written an infinite number of letters, and who have a certain right to our attention; but that we should be thus laid open to scores of volumes more, demonstrating how good and delightful are our American visitors, how entirely appreciated, how warmly received into the bosom of society, how conversant with the noblest names and houses—is a little too much. It is an age of revelations; and when a man, a son, an executor, a confidential agent, comes before us with the piquant discovery that a great man is naught, and all his supposed goodness a sham, there is something in the communication which makes the public prick up its ears. But when it is only a devout family, with their hands full of documents to prove to us—what we never questioned—that their father was everything that is delightful, much *repandu* in society, and unusually courted and adored, the entertainment flags. If it could have been proved that Mr Motley was bilious, and not always patient of the lordlings, à la

bonne heure. But he loved the lordlings; he paid every dinner he ate (except, indeed, one in a literary house, which he describes as plain) with appreciation as warm as that bestowed upon himself and his work; he said nothing disagreeable of anybody. Why, then, we ask, these two big books, all full of mutual admiration—admiration by society of Mr Motley, admiration by Mr Motley of society in return? But ours, probably, in this old abode of all the conservatism, will be the only voice in the present *régime* of the sovran American, to venture on so much as this mild protestation.

It is curious, however, and instructive, to see with what facility and completeness Mr Motley made the conquest of society. He came to England in 1858 in the freshness of the reputation gained by the 'History of the Dutch Republic,' and with a few friends acquired in the different capitals in which he had been a member of the United States Legation. He came, save for these friends, a man unknown, without wealth or any other vulgar passport to the favour of the world; and in a couple of months, within the straitest limits of one season, he had formed a hundred friendships, made the acquaintance of everybody worth knowing, dined with everybody, and become one of the favourites of "the best circles." To read the record of this triumphant season, the reader would imagine that every second person in England bore a title, and that there were only earls and countesses, lords and ladies, to be met with in London. It is true that Mr Motley, in declaring that English society has spoiled him for every other society, adds that society in England is composed of every element

of distinction, and that nothing great or notable is left out. "The great distinction between Vienna and London company is that here (Vienna) the fine world is composed exclusively of folks of rank and title; *there*, every illustration from the world of science, art, letters, politics, and finance mingle in full proportions with the patricians, and on equal terms. Society so constituted must be entertaining and instructive." This is no doubt true; but it is curious how little importance the men of letters and arts whom Mr Motley encounters in the world bear in the artless record addressed to his wife and daughters of his own triumphant success. Thackeray is mentioned, and so is Dickens—but not as dear Lord So-and-so, and the charming Duchess, and all the other patricians are introduced. These letters remind us a little of a novel of Mr Henry James, in which a young American beauty, coming to lay siege to London, scornfully declares her determination to know none of the second-rate people, but to have the duchesses, or nobody, for her bosom friends. Mr James's young lady succeeded, and so did Mr Motley. He dined with nobody under an earl (except once or twice, just to please Thackeray and such other small deer), and at the end of his season was firmly established on the highest level, and saw England and Scotland thereafter, by no vulgar means or in no ordinary company, but through the windows of ducal castles and noble mansions, and with a sort of celestial surrounding of what he calls the cream of the cream—the very finest people in the kingdom. We are perfectly convinced that Mr Motley was no toady, and held himself like a man and a brother in the midst of all these fine persons. But

it is curious and diverting to note this mode of vindicating the power of universal equality and democratic principles. It is a way, like another; for there is an amusing conviction underneath, both in the case of Mr James's young lady and of the dignified historian, that the dukes and duchesses are really the cream of the cream—the best and highest human beings who can be met with—which is very significant as well as very remarkable. We are not, however, in this aristocratical country, so artlessly certain that it is so.

There was but one cloud upon the historian's satisfaction with his English friends, and that was when the great war broke out in America, and Mr Motley discovered that Englishmen were of two opinions upon the vexed question of North and South. On this point he does not show the equanimity of the historical judgment. He finds it, indeed, difficult to believe that anything but "a bigoted Tory mind," a strong underlying jealousy on the part of England towards America, and the desire of the English Government and aristocracy to see the destruction of the great Republic, could make it possible that any one should not agree with him on this point. It is very interesting, indeed, to see the fever of excitement into which his calm and self-contained nature was driven by that great national crisis. Americans were not then perhaps so completely cosmopolitan as they are now. The ties that linked them to their own country, even though they were quite satisfied to live and die outside of it, were stronger, and the number of the voluntarily expatriated was not so great; but certainly his passion of sympathy and interest in every-

thing connected with the great struggle increases our regard for the man, if it somewhat diminishes our respect for his toleration and impartiality towards others. When he says, 'The telegrams are always sent to me very soon after they arrive, and I cannot tell you the sickening feeling of anxiety with which we look at the little bit of folded paper brought in by a servant on a salver, which I always take up between my thumb and finger as if it were a deadly asp about to sting us,' we feel nothing but sympathy; but when we are told that the aristocracy (his dear aristocracy!) listens with delight to every reverse of the American army, and hopes to see the Union rent in sunder, because its prosperity is a menace to England, our sympathy fails, and is apt to be replaced by a wondering demand, how it is possible for an able and intelligent observer so curiously to mistake public sentiment and deceive himself. To be sure, he is so much alarmed by the possibility of any quarrel between us, that his fears find expression in the most heartfelt outcry. "I simply feel that if a war is to take place now between England and America, I shall be in danger of losing my reason," he says: though this is less out of regard for England than for the danger of seeing the South supported by her recognition. It is somewhat sad and discouraging to reflect upon Mr Motley's splendid anticipations of what is to follow the victory of the North, and the abolition of the only drawback to his country's glorious progress, and to contrast the state of affairs now with his great prognostications. What would his patriotism have said to Mr Howells's scoff at that very

war as a matter of profit and money-making? and to all the pictures of political corruption which we owe to American writers; and to the sentimental halo which is beginning—to judge by native report—to encircle the pensive and suffering South, always the most picturesque portion of the Western world? The great war and the great victory, and the elimination of one vast element of national danger, seem to have done far less than was so confidently hoped for, to clear the political atmosphere of that remarkable country.

There is one name which appears with much vigour and personal identification in Mr Motley's correspondence, and that is the most discussed, the best hated, and perhaps the most powerful man in Europe—Prince Bismarck. By one of the extraordinary paradoxes of human nature, this tremendous statesman had the greatest affection and fondness for the suave and studious American. They had been lads at Göttingen together, and the friendship between them seems to have survived many years of separation, and to have sprung up again in the warmest force when both were middle-aged men. But to speak of Prince Bismarck merely as one of Mr Motley's correspondents, is quite unworthy of the force of his appearance. In the midst of all the serious and stately gentlemen who appear in this light, he rushes on the stage with the whoop of a noble savage, twirling a sort of friendly tomahawk round his head, and executing a wild dance of friendship round the flattered but somewhat startled companion of his earlier days. The view afforded of the man and of his habits and surroundings is certainly very vivid, and no

less droll—unlike the ordinary ways of civilisation. Some of the letters signed by that great name are the most rollicking performances, and suggest to us the amusing but uncomfortable spectacle of a refined gentleman from town poked in the ribs and beaten about the shoulders by the rampant cordiality of a Squire Western—a cordiality which the unfortunate visitor must pretend to like, while all the time in mortal terror of the affectionate blows aimed at him, and the stray shots fired in his honour. To be sure, when this wild welcome is given not by a rustic host but by the first statesman of his time, the guest is so sincerely flattered by it as to make nothing of the many shocks to his nerves; and Mr Motley naturally writes with pride to his wife of his reception in the Giant's cave, where there is no intention at all to crunch his bones, if not in pure kindness. Here is the first glimpse of this wonderful household:—

"It is one of those houses where every one does what he likes. Their living rooms are a *salon* and dining-room at the back, opening upon the garden. Here there are young and old—grandparents and children and dogs all at once—eating, drinking, smoking, piano-playing, and pistol-firing (in the garden), all going on at the same time. It is one of those establishments where every earthly thing that can be eaten or drunk is offered you—porter, soda-water, small beer, champagne, burgundy or claret, are about all the time—and everybody is smoking the best Havana cigars every minute."

Later this peculiar version of hospitality is a little softened and subdued, though it remains still simple enough.

"The manner of living is most unsophisticated, as you will think when
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I tell you that we were marched straight from the carriage into the dining-room (after a dusty hot journey by rail and carriage of ten hours), and made to sit down and go on with the dinner, which was about half through, as, owing to a *contretemps*, we did not arrive till an hour after we were expected. After dinner, Bismarck and I had a long walk in the woods, he talking all the time in the simplest and funniest and most interesting manner about all sorts of things that had happened in these tremendous years, but talking of them exactly as everyday people talk of everyday matters—without any affectation. The truth is, he is so entirely simple, so full of *laissez-aller*, that one is obliged to be saying to one's self all the time, This is the great Bismarck, the greatest living man, and one of the greatest historical characters that ever lived. When one lives familiarly with Brobdingnags, it seems for the moment that everybody was a Brobdingnag too, that it is the regular thing to be: one forgets for the moment one's own comparatively diminutive stature. In the evening we sat about most promiscuously—some drinking tea, some beer, some seltzer-water, Bismarck smoking a pipe.

"I don't intend to Boswellise Bismarck any more. It makes me feel as if I were a 'New York Herald' interviewing reporter. He talks away right and left about anything and everything—says, among other things, that nothing could be a greater *bêtise* than for Germany to attack any foreign country—that if Russia were to offer the Baltic provinces, he would not accept them. As to Holland, it would be mere insanity to pretend to occupy or invade its independence. It had never occurred to him or anybody."

Mr Motley began his official life in St Petersburg, and was afterwards, for a short time, minister in Vienna, but found little interest in either of these places, and continually reports to his American correspondents that there is nothing to tell, which seems curious.

He is better off in Holland, where he goes freed from official trammels, to study for his work, and where his taste for good society is gratified by the intimate and affectionate friendship of the Queen. Perhaps in the light of this intercourse, or from a natural predilection towards the country of which he had made himself the historian, he admired exceedingly the charming little capital of The Hague, with all its canals, and trees, and red houses, shining with airy freshness and cleanness. Mr Motley is not much given to landscapes, but here is one little vignette from his Russian experience which is wonderfully vivid :—

"A frozen fog filled the air, the trees were frosted over with silver, ditto the beards of the venerable coachmen and the manes of the horses. The effect on crossing the Isaac's Place through the mist, as I took my noon-day walk, was singular. Peter's colossal statue dilated through the mist into gigantic and spectral proportions. The towers and domes of Isaac's Church behind him loomed up in shadowy grandeur, and the sun hung like a globe of half-extinguished fire, round and rayless, in the centre of its low arch, and apparently but a half-hour above the rim of the horizon. The day was cold, but one did not feel it cold because it was so still.

And here is a specimen of a much less edifying kind :—

"Last night we drove over to Weidlingau for the first time this summer, except the day when we all four dined there, and found nobody there as company but Mrs G——, who is staying with Lady Bloomfield ; the Cramers, of course ; the Callimakis, by the way, are supposed to have departed for ever ; Don T—— M——, C.E., M.P. of his Serene Majesty Maximilian I. of Mexico. Pretty little B—— has had his hair, not cropped, but almost

shaven, and looks very funny with his delicate cameo features and his *forçat échappé* coiffure. De l'A—— said, as I was expressing my wonder, 'He wants to shave, and so has to shave his head !' At which B—— was wroth and smote the chaffer, for in truth 'his having no beard is still a younger brother's revenue.'"

The idea of reproducing these scraps of gossip and mild jokes more than a quarter of a century after, exceeds even the ordinary fatuity of the collector of remains. There is much of the same sort of thing to be found for those who like it. We must protest, too, as an instance of bad taste of a much more offensive kind, against the contemptuous banter with which the setting out of the unfortunate Maximilian is described and commented upon. Granted that American wits might have some excuse for growing angry over such an invasion of their own continent, the tragic end of that story, so terrible and overwhelming, might well exempt the name of an honourable and noble-minded man, however mistaken, who paid bravely the uttermost price for his error, from any unseemly pleasantry, repeated so many years after the catastrophe of which he was the victim. It was poor enough fun at any time—it is at once unchristian and ignoble now.

We had supposed that the world had grown too old for Utopias ; and even in the time when these visionary commonwealths were practicable, few writers permitted themselves to give a local habitation and a name to such creations of fancy. The Rev. Canon Isaac Taylor¹ is bolder.

¹ Leaves from an Egyptian Notebook. By Isaac Taylor, Canon of York. London : Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

He has found the perfect country where intellectual brightness, theological sweetness, a perfect faith and perfect temper are to be found. It is some time now since this reverend gentleman startled an ecclesiastical assembly by the statement that the religion of Islam was better suited for the Eastern races than Christianity, and that its progress as a civilising and spiritualising influence was greater, and likely to be still more great, than anything that Christian missionaries could boast of. The clergy listened with a gasp of astonishment; and though there was, no doubt, some opposition and several protests, a statement so bold and uncompromising naturally produced a great sensation, and carried off the honours of the day. There is nothing like startling an unprepared crowd by an assertion which nobody could have expected, especially from the lips of an English divine. After making this wonderful statement, it apparently occurred to Canon Taylor that it would be a good thing to collect some proofs of it; and it would seem to have been with this aim that he has visited Egypt and published the results of his investigations. It is one thing to examine into facts, and quite another thing to seek for proofs of a foregone conclusion, as everybody knows. There is often nothing more disconcerting than the first process, and there is nothing more easy than the second. Canon Taylor proceeded to Cairo with this object, and immediately found himself in a sort of vestibule of Paradise. It was not that all the men were brave and all the women fair, according to an old formula. The women, indeed, do not appear much, though when they do they are highly satisfactory, and show none of the empti-

ness of mind or life which we are accustomed to meet in ordinary records of the harem. But the men, the officials, the teachers, the schoolboys of Egypt, to what can we compare them? Mr Taylor found them accomplished and cultured gentlemen, liberal-minded and candid instructors, boys—such are not to be found in any public school in England. All this perfection takes away our breath. Were an intelligent foreign inquirer to make a round, say, of the public offices in London, he would no doubt find some gentlemen of a similarly ideal character. But next door he would find a bore, or, worse still, a prig, at the head of affairs. Some of them would be dull and given to red tape, some light-minded and addicted to frivolity. The enlightened, the polished, the wise, would occur but here and there. Human nature would vindicate itself on that level as well as on every other, and would not permit an average of perfection. But in Cairo the cup is dealt after another measure. There is no quarrelling in that model city; an "occasional dispute" may arise, but "in a few moments the disputants, having recited some verses from the Koran enjoining peace, are walking together reconciled." There is no crime. As in Ireland in the days of Brian Boromhe, a maiden, however "rich and rare were the gems she wore," might pass unmolested through the streets. "The patience, good-humour, gentleness, and dignity of the poorer classes cannot fail to strike the most superficial observer." And as for the higher classes, Canon Taylor, notwithstanding the great opinion of Mohammedanism previously expressed, was "surprised to find how high a

standard of intelligence and education prevails in the upper ranks of Mohammedan gentlemen." The very donkey-boys, of whom, in more profane publications, we have heard less laudatory accounts, have the spirit of paladins, and regard European ladies as "angelic beings." "A young girl, protected in her innocence only by the native chivalry of a Moslem donkey-boy, picked up casually in the street, would be far more safe from insult or injury in Cairo than under similar chance escort in the streets of Paris or London." Cairo, indeed, and the country around, stand so high in the moral scale in every respect, that there would seem no better thing to do than to transport ourselves there in detachments—not too many at a time, lest we should spoil our instructors—to learn how to live.

The special point on which Canon Taylor had to satisfy himself—i.e., the superiority of the Mohammedan religion—might be supposed to be almost settled by these results: but he goes on to establish it at greater length by his interviews with several of those highly cultivated Mohammedan gentlemen who naturally were the best authorities on such a subject. He found that they were all thoroughly acquainted with Christianity (of which, however, he would seem to represent one specially enlightened individual as deriving his information from Renan's '*Vie de Jésus*,' a curious authority)—regarding it with respect, though "firmly convinced of the superiority of Islam:" and that there was a general disposition among them to consider the question whether Mussulmans and Christians were not in reality one, or whether

they might not at least be so drawn towards each other as to become so. The following is a *résumé* of the faith of Mohammed in this new interpretation:—

"Every Moslem believes devoutly in a personal God, in an overruling Providence, in the mission and miracles of Christ, whom they designate as the Messiah, in the duty of prayer, in the immortality of the soul, in a future state of rewards and punishments, and in the inspiration of the Bible. An educated Moslem, if asked why he does not become a Christian, may not improbably reply that, according to his own interpretation of the New Testament, he is one already. Thus, in a letter lately received from one of my friends, he styles himself 'a Muslim and a Christian at the same time.' Though a most pious and sincere Mohammedan, he claims to be one of those 'who profess and call themselves Christians,' for whom we pray every Sunday that they may be led into the way of truth. They hold that Islam was the latest revelation, perfecting the Christian revelation, just as Christianity supplemented the revelation given to the Jews. Mohammed may be considered as a reformer of Christianity; like Luther he denounced certain superstitions that had grown up, such as monastic celibacy, the worship of images, of the crucifix, and of the Virgin Mary. The Koran says that God gave the Gospel to Jesus to proclaim, and that He put kindness and compassion into the hearts of those that followed Him; but 'as for the monastic life, they invented it themselves.' 'In the time of Mohammed,' says one of my friends, 'Christianity had become corrupt, as many of your own writers admit; and it was these corruptions that it was Mohammed's mission to reform. We reject the corruptions of Christianity. But we claim to have a final revelation, predicted by your own prophets, just as the coming of the Messiah was foretold to the Jews, who nevertheless blindly rejected Him as you reject Mohammed."

This is, we think, about as be-

wildering a statement as ever confused history and the convictions and experiences of ages. Mohammed, like Luther— We can only hold our breath at that extraordinary candour and persuadableness, which is one of the fanaticisms of our age, and which is capable of ignoring all evidence, all records, all that has gone on in the world for centuries, in favour of an amiable theory, backed by the polite admissions and assertions of a suave Oriental skilled in throwing dust in the eyes of the inquirer who has come to prove a foregone conclusion. Canon Taylor naturally takes the present institutions and the future hopes of Mohammedanism with the same glow of enlightened interpretation. Polygamy has ceased, if indeed it ever existed, save as a means of protecting women in an unsettled state of society. The harem is "the centre of conjugal happiness. It is prohibited to strangers because of the reverence accorded to women. In the harem the wife reigns supreme. The husband has no authority within that circle." The domestic arrangements of Mohammedans are all dictated by the purest sentiment. As for the houris of Paradise, "educated Mohammedans, who ought to know best what they really believe, would repudiate with horror and indignation" the usual descriptions of these after-rewards. They are as figurative as the descriptions in the Revelation of the streets of gold and the gates of pearl in the New Jerusalem; indeed the Canon goes on in his fervour to add,— "Moslems might allege that the description of 'the shouts of them that triumph, the songs of them that feast,' in the favourite paraphrase sung with such

unction in our churches reproduces as elements of the Christian Paradise the noisy revelry, the gluttony and drunkenness, and the swaggering songs which scandalise the staid and sober Moslems when the bibulous festivities of Western nations take place in Cairo." Argument, perhaps, could scarcely fall lower than in this wonderful antithesis. Canon Taylor would have been on safer ground had he kept the Song of Solomon to the front, to form something like an offset to the raptures of the Koran. The pure and lovely vision of Revelation, with its dazzle of glory too great for human words, has absolutely no analogy even with an allegory of fleshly joys. And with whatever unction the favourite hymn of "Jerusalem the Golden" may be sung, no one, we suppose, has ever taken that for a divine revelation. The same extraordinary want of perception is in his comparison of some really fine prayers, specially culled from the Mohammedan liturgy to be triumphantly contrasted with an invocation to the Virgin Mary, sanctioned by the late Pope. That there are beautiful prayers in use among Mohammedans, and adjurations which to us are nothing less than blasphemous among the Roman Catholics, has nothing whatever to do with the question. We have seen nothing more touching, solemn, and beautiful than the prayers of a deist, holding passionately to the idea of a God while rejecting all revelation. Should we, therefore, conclude that the views of a man who could so express himself were more devout and sincere than those, let us say, of an Archbishop of Canterbury, bound to furnish forms of prayer upon occasion, but without that special gift?

The conclusion to which Canon Taylor finally comes as to the prospects of a *rapprochement* between Christianity and Moslemism is curious. He does not suppose that the Eastern religionists will ever accept the Westminster Confession (which would indeed be asking a great deal of them), or what he calls "the Elizabethan compromise" of the English Articles and Prayer-book. "But there are many Mohammedans," he thinks, "who would not repudiate some form of Christianity approaching Socinianism. . . . Possibly the time may come when Mohammedans, who do not differ greatly from English Unitarians in their interpretation of the New Testament, may be designated, if they desire it, by the name of Unitarian Christians."

If they desire it! a very necessary, very pregnant, and even all-important addition. We wonder whether any one except Canon Taylor imagines for a moment that they do desire it, or that all that is characteristic in a great historical creed is thus to be obliterated in lightness of heart, and because a few highly cultivated pashas have imagined it to be worth their while to flatter an amiable Englishman by consenting to his enthusiasm. We must add, however, that the difficulties would not all be on the Mussulman side. The at present very popular sect which they are most likely to join, would, no doubt, have some concessions to make on their part. "There is but one God, and Mohammed is His prophet!" Are the Unitarian Christians, we wonder, as already existing, to accept that formula along with the immense mass of converts who will swell their numbers when Canon Taylor's divinations are fulfilled? It

has been a not unimportant formula in the history of the world. It has swept over deserts and mountains with fire and flame. It has carried consternation, terror, and misery into Christendom in ages when its votaries were nearer the fountain-head than those sublime pashas in whom the Canon puts his faith. We do not ourselves understand Mohammedanism without Mohammed, and we should like to see it clearly settled where the Prophet is to come in. The Unitarians are in special luck at this period of the world's history. Mrs Humphrey Ward has just sent them 'Robert Elsmere,' with the large contingent of vague persons who have strayed after him in still more vague intention. And here is all Islam coming in, with Isaac Taylor, Canon of York, at their head. Certainly that genteel and philosophical and highly cultured but small section of religionists are in luck. They have not hitherto shown much power of expansion; but at last their day seems to have come. Only we cannot believe that it will be possible to consummate this union without some concession on their part. It would be prudent, perhaps, to begin at once by adding a tall tower, as near a minaret as possible, and an official, blind or otherwise, with something of the character of a muezzin, to every chapel. This would be a picturesque feature, and would involve no abandonment of principle, while naturally making the new worshippers more at home.

Not very long ago there was a little book, written, we believe, by a master at Eton, about Ireland, and which wrought much material woe to that ingenuous spirit—in which the subject was approached with the same delightful impar-

tiality with which an inquirer might enter into the condition of an island in the South Seas—if indeed any island exists in the South Seas or elsewhere of whose history it is possible to be entirely ignorant. Mr Taylor would seem to have approached the great Eastern religion in the same way. He gives us to understand, indeed, that he is aware of the existence of a book by “Peter Parley,” in which Mohammed is called an impostor, and wonders indignantly how we should like it “if Mohammedan missionaries were to distribute among the students at our theological colleges books describing the Founder of Christianity as an impostor”—books, be it understood, of equal weight and philosophical importance as those well-known volumes of Peter Parley, which might be expected to flutter the dovescots at St Bees. And he knows that another gentleman of his own ecclesiastical degree—Canon Maccoll—has written about Mohammedans and Mohammedanism; but according to all appearance, the Moslem’s new guide is ignorant of other literature on the subject. Yet there is a large mass of literature on the subject. There is Gibbon, for example, who is not a hostile witness, but from whom Canon Taylor might perhaps correct his ideas as to the Prophet’s position as a reformer of Christianity, and also as to certain laws of morality which were not at all *ménagés* by Mohammed as by his modern disciples. Perhaps under a course of reading, the precious utterance quoted above, which informs us that Mohammed, “like Luther—denounced monastic celibacy,” might be enlarged and expanded. Celibacy of any kind, we may be allowed to believe, did not come within the

Prophet’s views; nor would he perhaps have regarded Canon Taylor’s pashas, whose excellences remind us more of the qualifications stated by St Paul as necessary for a bishop,—“blameless, the husband of one wife,” &c.,—than any lesser ideal—with the same satisfied regard as that of their English admirer. It is indeed extraordinary that a man of average education, beyond the hot enthusiasms of youth, not to say a Canon of York and dignified clergyman, should be capable of showing an ignorance so bewildering of the history, antecedents, and individuality of a great religion. Whatever Mohammedanism may be, its mild introduction within the pale of respectable English Dissent is one of the most astounding conceptions that ever entered into a modern brain.

As is natural for a partisan so thoroughgoing, Canon Taylor regrets the abolition of such characteristic institutions as the *kourbash* and the *corvée*, both too summarily and unintelligently done away with by the English,—one of which he considers as a prompt, and, on the whole, merciful form of punishment; and the other as a necessity of State, without which the country is likely to fall into ruin, materially and physically, since nobody will work at the dykes which restrain the Nile unless they are compelled to do so. This statement seems to be somewhat contradictory of another some few pages further on, describing the operations of the Public Works department, which is making canal upon canal, and by whose means “something like 2,000,000 acres has been added to the productive area of Egypt” during the last five years, without the use, we presume, of either of those stimu-

lants to work. On the whole, however — though he thinks but poorly of our religion — Canon Taylor seems to retain an idea, or perhaps prejudice, that in external matters English methods are the best ; and that so far as organisation and government are concerned, it is perhaps well that the Giaour (though he is unaware that such a coarse expression was ever used by his dignified and cultured friends) should continue to direct the public affairs of Egypt. For he allows that a certain feebleness of fibre attends the excessive goodness of this most devout and religious people : they are too good to live. Not only are they without the “cussedness” which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon, but their excess of virtue is detrimental to all possibility of holding their own. They would not run the risk of

hurting anybody by firing a wicked gun : and then the Koran proclaims forgiveness of injuries, and peace with all men — which it is to be supposed Christianity, in Canon Taylor’s knowledge, does not do.

For these entirely original views upon a subject which might have been supposed to be somewhat hackneyed, it is right that a jaded public, weary of the ordinary, should be grateful to Canon Taylor, as also for the revelation of a perfect society in which goodness is supreme. When the “United Church” is evolved, and the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, with the addition of “the Koranic prohibitions of alcohol, gambling, and cruelty to animals,” becomes its rule, both the Eastern and Western worlds will, no doubt, rise up and bless him. But where, then, will be the Prophet’s place ?

GUTTERSLUSH: MAKER OF PARLIAMENTS.

"Ave, Caesar! perituri te salutant."

I.

GUTTERSLUSH, one of the million,
Can neither read nor write,
But can drink and swagger and bluster,
And if he likes can fight.
He labours for daily bread,
And thinks the toil severe;
And spends the better half of his wage
In tobacco and beer.

II.

His miserable wife
Works harder far than he,
To earn a crust for the starving brats
That clamber at her knee,
Or swarm in the putrid alleys
In the puddle and the rain,
To pluck up vice in the gutter,
Deadening heart and brain.

III.

And Gutterslush is a voter,
By right of the rent he pays,
Or allows his life's poor partner
To hoard for the evil days
When the landlord of their dog-hole
Might turn them into the street—
To howl for coppers to purchase drink,
On pretence of bread to eat.

IV.

And Gutterslush thinks he's a man,
Because of the paltry vote,
That he'd sell to the highest bidder
If only for a groat,
To buy the beery poison
Or the throat-inflaming gin,
And think no shame of the bargain,
But clench it with a grin.

V.

Is he not one of the million
That help to rule the State
And choose the men of action,
The brave, the true, the great;
And aid it to hold the place
It held in days bygone,
When wisdom sat at its councils
And guarded the steps of the throne;

VI.

When fools and knaves and cowards
Were ruled, but did not rule,
And the teachers were not governed
By the dunces of the school;
When the doctors not the patients
Kept peace in Bedlam's halls,
And the warders not the felons
Were the lords in the prison walls?

VII.

Every man is a foeman
In Gutterslush's eye,
Who wears a better coat on his back
Than idleness can buy.
And Gutterslush as a voter
Is great on election days,
When a party-ridden nation
Indulges in its craze;

VIII.

And accepts the voice of the mob
As an oracle divine,
Though the voice be as void of reason
As the rowte and roar of kine;
Of the mob that is bound to labour
And has not leisure to think,
And of traders engrossed in trading
Who hear but the money's chink;

IX.

Or closely packed together
In the grip of the teeming town,
Strive in their desperation
To trample each other down;

Or goaded by fear of hunger
Limit their little skill,
To sell by fraudulent measure,
For the filling of the till ;

X.

And scruple not to poison
The unoffending poor
By the carrion food they sell them
At a profit large and sure,
To be wrung from the ready penny
In a famishing woman's hand,
Who has sold, perchance, her virtue
For the pence at her command.

XI.

The Guttersluses rule us,
And surge and overwhelm
The buttresses and bulwarks
Of a once majestic realm ;
And take no heed of the rivals,
Many and brave and strong,
Who are springing up around us
As the swift years hurry along.

XII.

For alas ! our would-be statesmen,
Floundering in faction's mire,
Will walk as their party bids them,
Though it lead through flood and fire ;
Not giving a thought to duty,
Or their suffering country's need
Of honest men to rule it,
In all their thought and deed.

XIII.

If Gutterslush were but one,
Small evil might be wrought ;
But he's part of a swarming million
Unscrupulous and untaught,—
Though he knows the Gospel of greed
And "Every man for himself,"
And "The devil take the hindmost,"
In the dastardly struggle for pelf !

XIV.

But the million are the masters,
Till the destined end shall come,
And the Court and the Camp and the Forum
Shall be captured by the Slum.
Demos is Lord and Monarch,
Supreme in bower and town,
With a firebrand for a sceptre,
And a fool's cap for a crown!

XV.

And Jack is as good as his master,
And Jill is the quean of the land,
And covers the streets with her children
To shame us where we stand.
Vox Populi! Vox Stultorum!
Are they not the same?
Speaking in tones of thunder
And devastating flame?

C. M.

PARLIAMENTARY PROSPECTS.

PARLIAMENT, having enjoyed an unusually brief recess, reassembled upon the 21st February with a legislative programme which required that those who had to conduct it should be prepared to devote themselves earnestly and diligently to the work before them. The House of Lords, with that commendable adherence to business-like habits which distinguishes its procedure, completed its debate upon the Address, in answer to the gracious speech from the Throne, in the space of a couple of hours, in which all was said that it was necessary to say on behalf of the two great political parties in the State, and the decks were cleared for the discussion of the practical business of the session. Such a course was far too sensible and commonplace to recommend itself to the House which is supposed to "represent" more directly the most practical nation in the world. After the announcement (unhappily become too constant to attract attention) of the imprisonment of two or three Irish "patriots" for breaking the law, the Address was duly moved and seconded, and a desultory debate occupied the rest of the time until the adjournment at midnight. Friday night having been occupied in an utterly useless and idle debate upon subjects which will again and again crop up during the session, the "representative" House became more serious on Monday, and, having absolutely and unpardonably wasted the two former nights, proceeded to the discussion of Mr John Morley's amendment, which impeached the administration of the law in Ireland by the present Government, and vaguely pointed to those mea-

sures of "conciliation" which Mr Morley and his friends, when they had the opportunity under Mr Gladstone's guidance, signally failed to produce in any practical form save in the two Home Rule proposals which so offended the loyalty and startled the common-sense of the British people. This was a perfectly legitimate amendment, threatening as it did the existence of the Government, which is one of the natural functions of the Opposition.

It had become very evident during the recess that the old war-armour of the Separatists was to be furbished and polished up for a fresh encounter; that the same strings were to be harped on by the same singers, and the oft-refuted arguments and widely disseminated misrepresentations again employed against the Unionist Government and its allies. The controversy, indeed, had never been allowed to sleep. Even our Christmas holidays were less peaceful than usual, and the year was ushered in with oratorical tempests still more trying than the ordinary vicissitudes of our northern climate. In some parts of England, indeed, the cares of the new County Councils seemed sufficient to divert the minds of men from the bitterness of political strife; but even these important duties failed to soften the Separatist heart in every case, and Lord Rosebery had scarcely been elected as emphatically the non-political chairman of the London County Council, than he evaded the performance of the duties of his recently accepted office, in order to delight the ears of Scotch Separatists by an eloquent all-round sneer at the party of law and order. Mr Morley, meanwhile,

had "kept his hand in" by sundry orations during the recess, and in bringing his indictment against the Government was as vigorous, as self-confident, and as bitter as is his wont, recklessly striking right and left, and accusing the administrators of the law of mismanagement and oppression, after the fashion of orators on the other side of the Channel, who speak without the responsibility of which Mr Morley, as an ex-Minister of the Crown, cannot divest himself, and which should estop him from criticisms of such a character.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr Balfour defended himself and the Government with a vigour and ability which left nothing to be desired, and the debate continued until Friday without anything worthy of special remark. On that night, however, the great Separatist leader, fresh from the benign influences of Italian skies, came forth to disprove the power of such influences to assuage political rancour or appease personal animosity. No one could have heard or read his speech without marvelling alike at the physical power and mental acerbity which it displayed. His attacks upon Mr Balfour, and sneers at the epithet "brave," which has been so thoroughly well earned by the Irish Chief Secretary, were surpassed by the concentrated gall with which he turned upon the "Liberal Unionists" who had the honour of falling beneath his lash. Mr Chamberlain, Mr Courtney, Mr T. W. Russell, all came in for a share of this torrent of vituperation; whilst the whole of this section of the Liberal party were assured, with a scornful vehemence which was intended to be withering, that although their votes in the present Parliament were indeed of sufficient value to convert the Government minority into a

majority, yet no one would attach the slightest importance to any vote from the same quarter after a general election should have brought a new Parliament into existence.

But apart from the intensity of bitterness with which this prediction was uttered, the speech had little of strength and nothing of novelty to recommend it. For fully a quarter of an hour did the orator labour to show that the result of some sixty bye-elections since 1886 conclusively proved that a general election at the present moment would result in a Gladstonian triumph. As this is a point impossible of proof, and one upon which argument is therefore wholly useless, and upon which every man will hold and retain his own opinion, its discussion by Mr Gladstone served no purpose but to waste the time of the House, and no one on the Ministerial side took the trouble to answer him thereupon. But for the rest of his speech, he had a full, sufficient, and crushing reply from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who followed him immediately in the debate. Having briefly but conclusively dealt with Mr Gladstone's personal attack upon the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr Goschen went on to expose and demolish his arguments and assertions upon the question of "political prisoners," showing at once the inapplicability of his precedents, and the inconsistency of his contention that men should be dealt with in a manner different from that in which, for precisely the same offences, they had been treated under Mr Gladstone's own Government by that prince of apostates, Sir George Trevelyan. During this part of Mr Goschen's speech, the unhappy Trevelyan sat cowering before him, the very picture

of detected inconsistency; whilst Mr Shaw-Lefevre (so well described by Mr Chamberlain on a previous night as a man "of painstaking intellect") was totally unable to endure the sting of the lash which presently fell upon him, and jumped up again and again to interrupt by an "explanation" which the interposition of the Speaker's authority was required to restrain within reasonable limits.

Mr Goschen, nothing daunted by the interruptions by which these discredited politicians evinced their exposure and discomfiture, continued mercilessly to dissect the speech of the Separatist leader, perhaps confounding him nowhere more completely than in his allusion to Mr Gladstone's reference to the Plan of Campaign. Never indeed was a reference more unworthy and dangerous made by a responsible statesman. Let it be well remembered that the Plan of Campaign has been explicitly declared illegal, and that no British statesman, so far as we are aware, has hitherto maintained or even suggested the contrary. Indeed, in the very next sentence, Mr Gladstone endeavoured to open for himself a loophole for escape from the meaning of his own words by declaring that he had "never vindicated the Plan of Campaign." But, as Mr Goschen truly remarked, those words will probably be soon forgotten, while the previous sentence will be but too well remembered. And what was the previous sentence, uttered with fierce gesticulations and in his most earnest and impressive manner?—"Of course, that refusal" (to deal with the distress of 1886) "was followed by the Plan of Campaign. Yes, of course, the Plan of Campaign was the *direct and necessary offspring*" of the conduct of the Government. It is easy enough for Mr Gladstone to add that he has never "vindicated" the Plan of Campaign; but having

stated it to be "the *necessary offspring*" of the action or inaction of the Government, he has gone as near vindication and justification as can well be done without the use of the very words themselves. For that which is "necessary" is unavoidable, and that which is unavoidable hardly requires "vindication."

Mr Gladstone, however, did not content himself with these mischievous words. Not satisfied with attacks upon his political opponents, he must needs fall foul of the resident magistrates, undeterred by the consideration that several of these had been appointed by his own Government, or by the fact that in a very small percentage of cases had their decisions been reversed upon appeal. So absolutely does this "great statesman" appear to forget the responsibility which attaches alike to his age and experience, and to the position which he holds as one who has been again and again charged with the most important official duties, that even the non-political servants of the Crown, engaged in the discharge of difficult and sometimes dangerous duties connected with the due administration of the law, are not secure from his attack; and in the speech of which we are now treating he actually went so far as to denounce by name individual magistrates, a proceeding scarcely condoned by the allusion to "some more" whose names he professed himself "not anxious to unfold." It is probable that the records of Parliament would be ransacked in vain in the search for a precedent for such a speech from an ex-Prime Minister, and it is well that it was promptly torn to pieces by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The misrepresentations and erroneous inferences with which that speech abounded were fully exposed and

refuted, and the occasional interruptions from the front Opposition bench only gave point to the refutation and exposure.

Nor was Mr Goschen less successful in demolishing the position of his opponent upon points beyond that administration of the law against which his most furious attack had been launched. The Separatist leader had complained that no Local Government Bill had been introduced for Ireland, which he avowed to have been promised by the present Government. Mr Goschen's reply was conclusive. There have been two years since 1886, the first of which was mainly occupied with Irish matters; and in the second, England had, as Scotland has now, a prior claim to consideration for her local affairs. He might have added that the interminable debates upon the Address, and the prolongation of other debates, for which the Gladstonian-Parnellite party must be held primarily responsible, have greatly interfered (as they were intended to interfere) with the work of legislation; and that if the Nationalist party is resolved to display its power by thwarting and delaying the legislative proposals of the Government, it must be prepared, as a necessary consequence, for the postponement of Irish legislation until legislators from Ireland arrive at a better frame of mind.

Mr Gladstone, indeed, surpassed himself when he declared that "withholding Local Government from Ireland" was "coercion;" in reply to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer appositely demanded whether Scotland is being "coerced" while she is awaiting the promised Local Government Bill, and pointed out, moreover, that Local Government, if given to Ireland at the present moment, would be practically left in the hands of a "central clique," who

already boasted of having "established a political citadel" in every municipality by means of all the Boards of Guardians and corporations throughout the country. The simple truth is, that this cry for Irish Local Government is a thoroughly dishonest cry upon the part of Mr Gladstone and his associates. They desire no Local Government Bill which might remove actual grievances, and satisfy the legitimate aspirations of honest Irishmen. The Local Government Bill which they desire is one which might be converted into a lever for Home Rule; and it is neither their intention nor their interest to see Ireland sufficiently contented and prosperous to discourage and defeat that Nationalist party which, in truth, oppresses and afflicts the nation, but has become the life-blood and vital support of the political party which Mr Gladstone leads. To the action of that party, and to the hope in Ireland's future which that action has inspired in Irishmen, Mr Gladstone complacently attributed the diminution in Irish crime which he is forced to admit. Of course it is not part of the Gladstonian policy to recognise that the firmness and courage displayed by Mr Balfour, and the increased security which Irishmen feel in the due administration of the law, have had anything to do in producing this satisfactory result. The people of Great Britain, however, are likely to take a more impartial view, and will not condemn Mr Balfour for having imprisoned members of Parliament who have broken the law, or for refusing to allow their representative character to carry with it the novel privilege of exemption from any prison rules which may happen to be disagreeable to an incarcerated legislator. There has been nothing more

contemptible in the whole of the Irish troubles than the pitiful whining of these self-dubbed "patriots," when once the prison doors have closed behind them, unless it be the sympathetic howl of the Harcourts and Trevelyan of the front Opposition bench, who have all along known perfectly well that the administration of the law is as it was when they themselves held office under the Crown, and that if, unhappily for the country, this should ever occur again, they would, under similar circumstances, administer the law in the same manner as the present Government.

Among the many weak points in Mr Gladstone's speech, perhaps the weakest was one which has been apparent in other recent speeches which have come from the same quarter. Of invective there has been plenty; of specific points on which he has attacked the Government there have been sufficient; of attempts to confuse the issue as regards political and non-political prisoners, enough and to spare,—but as soon as the question of conciliatory measures has been reached, there is nothing but vague generalities, and the unsubstantial phantom of Home Rule is flourished before us, a fleshless skeleton which no power on earth will induce Mr Gladstone to clothe with flesh and blood. To his mind, no doubt, as to the minds of that portion of the Irish Nationalists who are not in the secrets of their leaders, the words Home Rule convey only the realisation of his and their dearest wish—namely, the defeat of his and their political opponents, and the successful issue of the party strife which commenced with the sudden conversion of Mr Gladstone to the doctrine which bound together four-fifths of the Irish representatives

in a compact body, whose support was essential to his parliamentary majority.

But although this may be the case, and Mr Gladstone may think it unnecessary to enter into vulgar details upon the subject of Home Rule, the country has a right to know what he means by it, and to understand what it is which the electors will be asked to accept or reject at the next general election. As far as we know, two changes, and two only, have been shadowed forth by the author of the Bills which wrecked his Cabinet and divided his party in 1886. It is understood that his Land Purchase Bill is not to be reintroduced, and that the Irish members are to continue to sit as members of the Imperial Parliament. These points are doubtless of great importance, but they by no means exhaust those upon which the country has a right to expect information; and until this is afforded, Mr Gladstone must of necessity pose before the electorate as one who has entirely and badly failed in the attempt to solve a political problem, and who simply asks to be allowed to try again, without giving any guarantee against another failure, or even any indication that he intends to proceed upon lines which will render such failure less probable than before. The debate gave no indication of the kind, and the majority of 79 in favour of the Government (more conspicuous from the fact that a large proportion of the absentees were Conservatives) satisfactorily showed that the recess has in no way affected the solidarity of the Unionist party. Before, during, and after the debate, however, the weakness of the Gladstonian faction has been clearly shown by the intensity and pertinacity with which they have endeavoured, and

still endeavour, to mystify the electorate and confuse the issues before the country. Their orations during the recess have touched but little upon the question of Home Rule, and the possibility of its adoption without affecting the integrity of the empire. Allusions to Irish history, mythical or otherwise, have dropped out of sight; "Grattan's Parliament," with all its merits and imperfections, has been forgotten; and even abuse of the manner in which the Union (which Mr Gladstone does *not* want to repeal!) was passed, has occupied but a small space in Gladstonian-Parnellite harangues. These things have all been left out of sight, and for what reason? It is not far to seek. The British public is a sensitive and a generous, even in a greater degree than it is an intelligent, public. It has in some degree discovered the falsification of history upon which rested the demand for a "National Irish Parliament": it has realised the difficulty of discovering and recognising a separate Irish nationality, and, seeing the readiness with which the Imperial Parliament has devoted itself to the consideration and removal of Irish grievances, it has reasonably doubted whether everything legitimate and consistent with the general interests of the empire is not pretty certain to be done for Ireland without dividing and thus necessarily weakening the Imperial Parliament.

But, because it is generous and sensitive, it hesitates again when direct and urgent appeals are made to its sentimentality and its generosity. To these appeals, therefore, the Gladstonian - Parnellite oratory has been constantly directed, and instead of calm discussion of the political side of the Home Rule question, we have been treated to wild complaints

of the harsh treatment of prisoners, and denunciations of the cruelty and severity with which the law has been administered in Ireland. It is in vain to point out to our Scotch and English Radicals that it is strangely inconsistent with Radical and democratic doctrine that, whilst scores of poor men, having followed the exhortations to lawlessness with which they have been befooled by "patriot orators," have suffered in consequence all the ordinary discomforts of prison life, these orators themselves are to enjoy immunity from such things on account of their more gentle nurture and greater refinement. "*Populus vult decipi, et decipiatur.*" It is in vain to point out that all men are equal before the law, and that although they may be prompted by motives which by a strain of courtesy may be called "political," these refined patriots have been guilty of such common vulgar offences as those of inciting men to disobey the law, to refuse payment of their just debts, and by other and still worse methods to set themselves in opposition to the most ordinary rules of civilisation and humanity. It is in vain to remind the Gladstonian faction that in all former parliamentary struggles between opposing political parties, both sides have invariably held it as a high moral duty to uphold the law and maintain its supremacy in every part of the empire. They seem to have before them nothing but the hope of regaining their lost ascendancy in the country; and to achieve that object and realise that hope, they appear ready to embrace any sort of allies who may present themselves, and to shrink from no inconsistency, and no departure from political morality which may seem expedient at the moment.

The events of the last few weeks have abundantly justified this statement, strong as it may appear to those who are amiably desirous of attributing high and pure motives even to their fiercest opponents. The attempt to evoke a "National Protest" against the treatment of Mr O'Brien, although set on foot and carried out with a truly Schnadhorstian skill and well-drilled Schnadhorstian machinery, had already turned out to be such a conspicuous failure, that its originators and supporters were at their wits' end to discover a new method to excite the popular feeling, and to persuade the public of the wrongs and wants of Ireland. At this moment a stroke of good fortune befell them which they were too astute to neglect. The "Special Commission" met in October, and has since that time been engaged in taking a mass of evidence bearing upon the connection or non-connection of the Land League and the National League with crime and outrage in Ireland. Our readers will bear in mind that, so far back as August last,¹ we expressed our strong disapproval of the appointment of this Commission. We pointed out that if the 'Times' had libelled Mr Parnell and his friends, the courts were open to the latter, and that we could not recognise any claim which they possessed to special interference on their behalf. We added that "it is doubtless out of of a generous desire to see justice done that the Government have taken action; but it is to be feared that their departure from the beaten track will expose them to much hostile criticism, and will obtain but little gratitude from those on whose behalf it has been taken. . . . There is something

opposed to common-sense and common justice in an interference which no other persons in a similar position have ever either expected or obtained. The country would have supported the Government in a resolute determination to leave to the ordinary tribunals of the country issues which could be brought before them if the aggrieved persons desired, and not to remove from the latter the responsibility of neglecting that reasonable remedy which the constitution has provided." We added that we feared that they had, by the appointment of this Special Commission, "weakened the impregnable position which they had hitherto occupied, without the slightest chance of satisfying their irreconcilable opponents." It is by no means satisfactory to us to find our predictions verified to the letter, but it can hardly be denied that such has been the case.

It is not our province, neither is it our desire, to discuss the extent of forgery committed by the unhappy Pigott, or in any way to comment upon the evidence taken before the Special Commission. But to every impartial person it must be abundantly evident that neither the Government nor the Unionist party have anything to do with the knavery of Pigott or the deception practised upon the 'Times.' The attempt to prove the contrary has indeed been made by the Gladstonian-Parnellite faction, and it is one of the basest and most contemptible political manoeuvres with which it has ever been sought to bewilder and mislead the British public. It may be open to argument whether an Attorney-General should be allowed to hold briefs for private persons whilst holding office under the Crown. But if

¹ "The Second Half of the Session," *Blackwood's Magazine*, August 1888, pp. 306, 307.

this has hitherto been the custom, the Government can hardly be blamed for not having interfered with the discretion of their law officer in such a case. But, save and except the action of the Attorney-General in a non-official capacity, no member of the Government has any more to do with the case before the Special Commission than the child unborn. The attempt to connect the Government with the failure of part of the case of the 'Times' is only another instance of the desire of the Separatist party to evade and avoid by any and every means the true issues before the country. Moreover, they studiously conceal the fact that, apart altogether from the Pigott episode, there are other portions of the 'Times' case altogether unaffected by this failure. We, of course, pronounce no opinion whatever upon the case; but it may be noted that the pertinacious endeavours of the Parnellite-Gladstonians to bury the whole case under the cloud of dust which has been raised by the "forged letters" incident, is not of itself any remarkable proof of their belief that the rest of the case has broken down and failed. Nor, indeed, is the innocence of the Nationalists proved by this incident any more than the innocence of a man accused of complicity with any crime whatever, can be held to be proved from the fact that he has been falsely accused of writing a letter which contained a condonation of the crime. There may, or there may not, be other evidence to bring the crime home to him, but the absence of such an expressed condonation is in itself no proof at all, one way or the other. The Separatists, however, are sufficiently clever to perceive that the public mind naturally fixed itself upon the grave charge made against Mr Parnell, as distinguished from the

general allegations which also affected other leaders of the Nationalist party, and their whole efforts have recently been concentrated upon an attempt to lead public opinion upon a false scent, and to persuade the public mind that the collapse of the one necessarily involved the failure of the other. This, however, is of course an entire misrepresentation of the truth, and we must patiently await the verdict of the Commission before we are able to speak with certainty upon the main question submitted to its decision. All we do know, and should remember, is the fact that, but for the appointment of the Special Commission, the exposure of Pigott would probably have never taken place, and that the Gladstonian-Parnellite party interposed all kinds of obstacles and delays when that appointment was proposed.

It is due to Mr Gladstone to chronicle the fact that, on the *ninth day* of the debate upon the Address, he deprecated the practice which has of late years sprung up, of discussing all kinds of questions upon this occasion, and seconded Mr W. H. Smith's appeal to hon. members to bring the debate to a close that evening. Discipline and moderation, however, are not characteristics of the Gladstonian-Parnellite cohorts, and in spite of this appeal, another night was wasted in idle talk upon subjects which could not be practically dealt with, and which this inconsiderate waste of time only delayed still further than might have been the case if the chattering of the House of Commons could have restrained their love of hearing themselves speak. It required a tenth sitting to complete the debate upon the Address; but it was a sitting which did some good service in enabling the country to identify (if identification was ne-

cessary) two of the greatest and most incorrigible wasters of public time. Mr Conybeare is not a person of weight or authority upon any question whatever, but he is one of those who constantly thrust themselves forward in debate, to the exclusion of abler and better men, and who will probably before long compel the House of Commons to adopt some species of personal "closure" as the only method by which it can free itself from affliction of interminable tirades from intolerable bores. Mr Ritchie did well in calling attention to the fact that this gentleman, having inflicted upon the House one harangue of one hour and a quarter's length on a Tuesday, had occupied one hour and ten minutes of the short sitting of Wednesday, at a time when the exigencies of the public service urgently required that the debate should be closed without further delay. Nor was the rebuke less well deserved which was administered to our Scotch Conybeare, Dr Clark, by the First Lord of the Treasury, who replied to his complaints of the delay of Scotch business by the delicate reminder that if the other sixty-nine members for Scotland had occupied the time of the House as often as the loquacious doctor, the House "would have been discussing Scotch questions exclusively during the whole of a long session."

It is curious that these gentlemen, so terribly afflicted with the *cacoethes loquendi*, do not perceive that the difficulty of bringing forward for consideration the questions in which they profess so much interest is immensely increased, if not mainly created, by their own loquacity upon other subjects in which their interest is not special, and their authority not sufficient to justify their intrusion upon the House. We must not, however, forget that these men are

the political friends of such as Mr Labouchere, who has openly declared that it is his wish and intention to hinder the legislation of the present Government by numerous speeches; and perhaps we should wonder, not at the loquacity which carries out this object, but rather at the audacity which accuses Government of being responsible for the delay, to create which is a distinct object of at least this wing of the Opposition. Another instance of the same audacity is to be found in the loud complaints of certain members against the encroachment by Government upon "the time of private members"—a much-perverted and much-abused phrase. Of course it is quite right that opportunities should be given to private members to air grievances, to ventilate questions of interest to their constituents, and even to propose legislation upon subjects which they may think should have been included in the legislative programme of the Government. But it is the *public time* which has to be consumed by Parliament; and if private members waste that public time by undue verbosity, it is they and not the Government who are really responsible for the curtailment of the time which can be spared for the business in the hands of private members.

The debate on the Address furnishes an excellent instance of this fact. Two days instead of ten would have been ample for the discussion of the only really legitimate amendment—namely, that of Mr Morley, which challenged the policy of Ministers in a definite and parliamentary form. Yet the debate was made to embrace so many irrelevant topics as to spin it out for ten days, because private members could not restrain themselves. Thereby so much time was deliberately lost; and to call it "the

time of private members" is certainly a misnomer, unless we explain that we so designate the time which private members chose to occupy in desultory debate, and which could otherwise have been applied to the work of practical legislation. The delay at this particular juncture was the more inexcusable, because, apart from the exigencies of Supply, the country was anxiously awaiting the statement of the Government with regard to the defences of the country, which, had the public interest been the first object of the Opposition, could and would have been made a week earlier than was the case. It was not until the evening of the 7th March that Lord George Hamilton was allowed to make his statement of the intentions of the Government with regard to the navy, a statement which had been awaited by the country with great and justifiable anxiety. It is not our purpose to enter upon a criticism of the details of this statement at the present moment. Suffice it to say, that it is one which shows that, whilst her Majesty's Government are fully aware of the importance of the question, and of the expectations of the country, they are by no means oblivious of the tax-payers upon whom must fall the burden of the necessary expenditure. It is the desire, as it is the interest, of the Government so to blend together efficiency and economy, that the latter may be practised without the sacrifice of the former, and that the requirements of the nation may be satisfied without an undue addition to the public burdens. Complaints of mismanagement and extravagance are easily made, and are too readily believed by the credulous portion of the public, as well as by political opponents. We may be sure, however, that in the hands of her Majesty's present advisers, the

administration of the naval and military departments of the country is and will be conducted with a single-minded desire to promote the public interests, and that if administrative improvements can be suggested, and wasteful expenditure discovered and checked, no men will be better pleased than her Majesty's Ministers. We trust, however, that neither the reckless advance of such charges, nor the jealousies of professional or political critics, will deter the Government from steadily pursuing their programme, altered or unaltered, as circumstances may dictate, in such a manner as to ensure to the nation the maintenance of that naval supremacy which the country has a right to expect, and which the people are determined to have.

After what has already passed, the country will watch with a jealous eye the proceedings and tactics of the Opposition. We have not only to deal with this great question of expenditure upon the defences of the country, but the development of Local Government in England, and the promised bill for Scotland, which can and will be passed in the present session, if it be the good pleasure of her Majesty's Opposition to allow their passage. It would be too much, however, to prophesy that such will be the case. It is easy enough to make, as Mr Gladstone has already done, grandiloquent professions of a desire to forward the necessary business of the Government. We have a right to expect something more than empty words from the leader of the "official" Opposition. It may not be in his power to restrict the extraordinary abuse of the right of questioning which is now in practice, and which is, for the most part, more rashly indulged in upon nights devoted to Government business. This growing evil may, and probably

will, ere long call for the interference of the House itself, and is perhaps beyond the control of a leader on either side. But there are other opportunities for the expedition of necessary business which might and ought to be taken by the leader of the Opposition, and his neglect of which deprive him of the claim which he advances on his own behalf to be considered a helper and promoter of such business, and consequently an economiser of the public time. Notably was such an opportunity presented upon Friday the 15th March, when the First Lord of the Treasury made an urgent appeal to the members to restrict discussion upon going into Supply, so as to allow the Supplementary Estimates to be finished, in order that the Vote on account might be taken on the following Monday. If Mr Gladstone had deemed it right to support that appeal, it might, and in all probability would, have received a favourable response. But the leader of the Opposition remained silent, and what followed? one of his own most devoted friends, Mr W. Rathbone, interposed with a long dreary speech with respect to equalising the emoluments of the Ministers of the Crown, a subject which was of purely academical interest, upon which no practical step could be taken at the moment, and which might have been discussed three months hence, or next session, or probably in the next Parliament, without anybody being one bit the worse for the delay. Then followed a long debate upon "Continuation Schools," also introduced and principally maintained by Gladstonian orators, and finally, from the same quarter, a discussion upon certain Scotch fishery rights, which three debates consumed the whole of the night, and postponed Supply altogether, without any

practical result or any progress in the business of the session.

Here then is an instance of a whole night wasted, and wasted by persons who must be supposed to be more or less directly under the influence of Mr Gladstone, and who would doubtless have listened to any request of his directed to the economy of public time, and the expediting of public business. It is by this want of discipline, or rather this disinclination to apply discipline, and to assist the transaction of necessary work by discountenancing useless discussions when no practical result can follow, excepting that of delay, that the Opposition have in previous sessions discredited themselves with the country, and have forfeited the claim which Mr Gladstone has somewhat audaciously advanced on their behalf upon this subject. If, indeed, her Majesty's Government could only command a small and fluctuating majority in the House of Commons, and were holding office in opposition to the expressed will of the country, there might be some justification for the impeding of public business by their opponents, with a view to necessitate a speedy appeal to the constituencies. But it cannot be honestly pretended that such is the case. The reduction of the Government majority since the general election of 1886 is no greater than has frequently befallen previous Governments, and it is preposterous to expect a dissolution from a Government with a House of Commons majority which is still admitted by its opponents to reach the respectable number of ninety. The cry for a dissolution may be used as a means to excite enthusiasm in a party which is sadly in want of some such stimulant to revive the shock and disruption which it experienced in 1886; but if it is used as an ex-

cuse for the further obstruction of business in the House of Commons, it will soon be seen through by the constituencies, and will bring those who employ it into deserved discredit with the electorate.

That discredit, indeed, already attaches in a marked degree to a large section of the Opposition, and their conduct is such as to call for the condemnation of all who value representative institutions and parliamentary government. Of this obstructive section Mr Labouchere poses as the leader, and if further proof of this fact were necessary, it would have been afforded by the speech which he delivered in moving an amendment to the First Lord of the Treasury's motion relative to public business on the evening of the 19th March. Having commenced that speech with deprecating the charge of obstruction which had been made against some of his friends, Mr Labouchere proceeded to give a practical justification of any similar charge against himself. He declared that "the Opposition were going to carry on a guerilla war,"—that he "would not give a single day to the Government, because never a day in their hands passed without their doing some sort of evil." He "would not afford them the opportunity of getting one single sixpence;" and if the First Lord of the Treasury refused "to consult the country"—i.e., to dissolve Parliament—then they, the Opposition, "*would throw every obstacle they could in the way of the transaction of public business.*" Mr Labouchere went on to say that "they meant to do everything they could to provoke a dissolution, and *one of the means of doing that was to render public business exceedingly difficult* in the present Parliament. *He himself*

would do everything he could to attain that excellent and most constitutional end." After these plain-spoken words it would be difficult for any man with less than Mr Labouchere's impudence to accuse the Government of being themselves guilty of delaying the business of the country. Such an accusation has already been made, and will doubtless be made again; but henceforward it will carry with it its own refutation, and no one will believe that any one is responsible for the delay of necessary legislation save those who have openly avowed and boasted that they intend to cause obstruction and delay. Thus it is that from the most democratic quarter of the House of Commons comes the discredit which obstruction throws upon democratic institutions. Who and what is Mr Labouchere, that he should dictate to the Sovereign and her advisers the proper time for a dissolution of Parliament? The insolence of the claim is only equalled by the folly of the means by which this wise legislator seeks to enforce it. For the employment of such means must have one of two results. Either it must eventuate in the condign punishment, by suspension or otherwise, of the individual who essays to prevent the transaction of business by the Legislature, or it must bring home to the minds of the British people the conviction that the enlargement of the electoral franchise, and the advance of democratic principles, have been followed by a curtailment of that ability to discharge legislative duties which has characterised our British Parliaments when elected under a restricted franchise. If such a conviction should once be established in the minds of the people, it is possible, and perhaps probable,

that the final result may be a measure of restriction upon obstructionists of the Labouchere type which may teach them to take a more accurate measure of their own power and importance. The extravagance and absurdity of the claim of these nonentities to force a dissolution upon the country will be better understood than they appear to think, and even Radical Northampton itself may reflect upon the strange position which has been assumed by its Radical representative, in attempting to prevent the democratic House of Commons from proving that it is at least as capable as its more aristocratic predecessors to discharge the legislative duties and perform the legislative work imposed upon it by the constitution. It remains to be seen how far "the head of the dog will be dragged by the tail," or, in other words, how Mr Gladstone, somewhat unduly excited by success in isolated elections, will be tempted and drawn in to make a further sacrifice of the precedents and proprieties of parliamentary life, and suffer himself to follow the lead of the obstructionists.

We have already alluded to Mr Gladstone's self-congratulation upon the subject of the bye-elections which have taken place since the general election of 1886. The amount of Gladstonian triumphs has been nothing extraordinary. Writing on 13th March, the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' no unfavourable witness to the Gladstonian-Parnellite party, was forced to admit that the bye-elections held during the six months previous to that date afforded no indication of an early victory for Home Rule, or of any such reaction as seemed to betoken the approach of such a victory. Out of eight bye-elections, the

Home Rule party had fared worse than in 1885 in five, and better only in three. The last election, namely, Barnsley, had certainly afforded no great reason for Gladstonian rejoicing, for although they had secured in the person of a Radical lord the precise kind of candidate whom Radicals love, his majority was less than that obtained by the candidate of his party either in 1885 or in 1886, whilst the Conservative candidate had largely increased the Conservative poll on these occasions. This may, of course, be in some degree attributed to the fact that the champion was a local man, and one who had before contested the constituency. Precisely the same, however, may be said of Mr Beaufoy, the Gladstonian candidate for Kennington, who had, moreover, the advantage of the circumstances under which Mr Gent-Davis had been forced to vacate his seat, and the discredit which those circumstances reflected, however illogically, upon the party to which he had attached himself. The defeat of the constitutional cause in Kennington, and the failure to wrest the seat from the Separatists at Gorton, should by no means discourage Unionists, but should teach them useful lessons with regard to the future. It is not enough to organise and canvass, however thoroughly, at the moment of an election. Attention to the register, between election and election, is an indispensable condition of success, and scarcely less so is the careful selection of candidates with a view to meet local wishes and local requirements. However able and excellent may be a candidate, he is heavily handicapped if, unconnected with the constituency which he contests, he finds a local opponent upon the other side.

The electoral franchise is now possessed by a class which is peculiarly susceptible of local feeling and local influences. Large numbers of this class are practically outside the range of political influence, and have no special sympathy with either political party. But they thoroughly understand and appreciate the large employer of local labour who stands well with his men, the generous donor to local charities, and the man whom local feeling identifies with themselves, and inclines them, irrespective of political considerations, to support against "a stranger." When we consider the enormous preponderance of Unionist feeling among the educated classes, it seems strange that such a local candidate should not be forthcoming on the Unionist side in every constituency. To this end the care and energy of our leading Conservative and Unionist organisations should certainly be directed, and before the next general election there should be no constituency without a candidate whose political claims may be supplemented by those of a local and personal character.

We repeat that in the result of recent bye-elections there is nothing by which we ought to be discouraged. Our cause is as good and as strong to-day as it was upon the day when Mr Gladstone's bill for the dismemberment of the empire was defeated, and the better it is understood the stronger it will yet become. The Separatist party may rave about coercion,

indulge in romantic descriptions of the hardships inflicted upon Nationalists and "patriots," who have qualified themselves for the inside of a jail, and desire the glory of martyrdom without its sufferings; and strive to asperse the fair fame of their political opponents by every device which the leisure of opposition enables them to fabricate and mature. But the Unionist cause rests upon foundations too solid to be injuriously affected by the wild, intemperate, and insensate attacks which are thus directed against it by its unscrupulous assailants. It rests upon the calm common-sense of the people of this country; and though that common-sense may for a moment be obscured or misled by the impetuous eloquence of an octogenarian statesman, and the gigantic faculty of invention possessed by some of his followers, yet in the long-run it will certainly assert itself, and refuse to allow the destinies of this empire to be placed under the control of men whose chief characteristic is an instability of opinion heretofore unexampled among British statesmen, who have placed themselves not only in a close but a submissive alliance with those who have climbed to political eminence by abuse of Great Britain, her history and her people, and whose return to power would be viewed with unmitigated alarm and apprehension by every British subject to whom loyalty and patriotism are not dull words and expressions without a meaning. H



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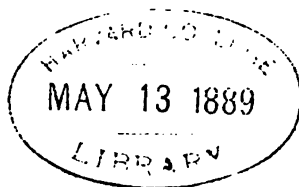
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RECENT CONVERSATIONS IN A STUDIO.¹

Belton. How pleasant it is to get into a studio. There is always something attractive to me in its atmosphere. It seems to be a little ideal world in itself, outside the turmoil and confusion of common life, and having different interests and influences. An artist ought to be very happy in his life. His occupation leads him into harmony with nature and man, lifts him into ideal regions and sympathies, and gives to the outward world a peculiar charm and beauty.

Mullett. It is a happy life; all other occupations after art seem flat and tasteless. The world has for the artist a different aspect from what it wears to the common eye. Beauty starts forth to greet him from the vulgarest corners, and nature shows him new delights of colour, light, and form at every turn. He is her lover, and "love lends a precious seeing to the

eye." If art be pursued in a high spirit and pure love, I know nothing more delightful. It gives a new meaning and value to everything. Life is only too short for the wooing.

Bel. Is an artist ever in love with his work? Do you recognise any truth in the myth of Pygmalion?

Mal. No. I cannot understand how an artist can be enamoured of what he has done. He, more than any one, must feel its shortcomings. He knows how inferior it is to his aim and to his conception, and the nearer he comes to the end of it, the less he is contented with it. Even when he succeeds, success is a merely relative term: the thing produced must necessarily be below and within the producer. It is not the victory so much as the battle that delights him. It is not the

¹ See "Conversations in a Studio"—'Maga,' April, June, Sept., Dec. 1875, and July 1876.

product, but the producing. There is a certain sadness which comes over one at the end of every work—first, from a sense of disappointment that the result is not more satisfactory; and, second, from the loss of a companion and friend of many days, to whom the greater part of his time and thought has been given. Before the work is completed, there comes a certain exhaustion of purpose and power. Already the mind is projecting itself beyond into new conceptions and ideas, which beckon forward with illusory promises of higher beauty and fairer accomplishment. The thing to be done will be better than what is done. The next combat will be crowned with victory. The future is glad and large of promise—the present is sad and unsatisfied.

Bel. This is so with every pursuit—with life itself. The past and the future have a certain consecration which the present has not: the mists of memory enchant the one; the glories of hope transfigure the other.

Mal. Still, one enjoys the present through the ministrations of art more than by any other means. Every day has its happiness and its work; and it is the union of the mechanical and the poetic—the real and the ideal—which gives it a special charm. The body and mind are working together. Artists are generally long-lived—and particularly sculptors—for the simple reason that the mind and body are both kept constantly in harmonious action.

Bel. I suppose irritation and worry kill far more than hard work, and this is the reason why business and commerce use men up so rapidly.

Mal. Besides, in art one is always learning, and that begets a kind of cheerfulness, under the

influence of which the mind works more easily, and with less wear and tear. The labour we delight in physics pain, and as long as we enjoy our work there is no danger of overworking. It is only when we get irritated and worried that work begins to tell on us and wear us out.

Bel. I suppose artists have their black days too? I hope you have. You have no right to have all your lives pleasant.

Mal. Black enough days we have undoubtedly, when nothing will come to our hand; when we get confused and tormented, and know we are going wrong, and cannot see the right way. Then our work haunts us and harries us, and pursues us in our dreams, and will not give us peace. But these days pass, and we get over the trouble; the sun shines again, and all goes well.

Bel. Do you ever get any hints in your dreams which help you?

Mal. Never! When I dream of my work, it is always going wrong, and I am vainly attempting to put it right. And this arises from the simple fact, I suppose, that it does not occupy my dreaming thoughts unless I have been worried by it or by something else. But I never get anything of value from dreams.

Bel. With time and study, at last, I suppose you embody your conceptions at once with more ease and with more certainty? But every work must have its own difficulties, however you may have accomplished yourself in the practice of your art.

Mal. The beginnings of art are comparatively easy, and we are often surprised to find so little difficulty in achieving a certain result not utterly bad. The friends of every youth who begins to paint or to model see in him the promise

of a future Phidias or Raffaele. But as we train our powers and continue our studies, the difficulties increase—we see more to do, and we are less satisfied with our work. The horizon grows larger and larger at every advance, and we soon begin to feel not only that perfection is impossible, but excellence exceedingly difficult. We labour to attain what is less tangible and more essential. Of course the mere facility increases enormously, so that at last we do with ease what cost us at first great labour; but we strain ourselves to harder tasks. Nature taunts us, and tempts us, and tries us with her infinite variations and finesses and subtleties. There is never an end. The more we learn the more there remains to learn. The higher we go the more precipitous rise the heights above. The peak that, seen from its base in the valley below, seemed to tower into the sky above, proves, when we have reached its crest, to be but a trivial fragment in a mighty chain of mountains,—that cliff over cliff rise, towering beyond, and never do we reach a summit that does not dwarf all below, and open the way to loftier heights, to ideal Silberhörner, that dazzle and delight us with their unattainable splendours and inaccessible despairs. Then, again, in seizing one thing we lose another. What we gain in knowledge and facility we lose in naïveté and freshness of impression. It is difficult to keep up to the end that sustained enthusiasm which alone holds the keys of success in art; and in proportion as we lose our love we lose our power. Nothing good is done in art by trick or sleight-of-hand. The complete force of the man must be put forth, and his work must be done in absolute earnest.

Bel. It is said that Thorwaldsen,

in the latter part of his career, stood before one of his statues which he had just completed, and after looking sadly at it for a time, said, "I see I am growing old, and my powers are failing. This statue satisfies me."

Mal. I know not whether the story is true, but the observation was just, and contains a great deal of philosophic truth. In age the temptation is to relax one's efforts, and to rest satisfied with achieving a certain excellence, within one's knowledge and power, instead of striving for more. So we see in the later works of distinguished artists more freedom of style and brush, but more carelessness of detail and execution, more mannerism, and but too often mere repetitions of themselves. Art is an imperious mistress, and we must give her all if we are to obtain her utmost favours. Nor is it so alone in Art. It is so in everything. Nature never gives. She exacts strict pay for all you take. She does not scatter her largesses to the idle and the careless. She only pays the wages of your work. Worse than that, her highest fruit she puts just beyond your reach to tempt you on to your extremest effort. If you will not strain to your utmost for it, you must be content to go without it: it does not drop into your hands of itself.

Bel. Ah! I am afraid I do not quite agree with you. You take no account of genius, with which some few are dowered by nature, and into their hands the fruit sometimes does seem to drop without any pains and struggles on their part. And then, again, there is so great a difference between men in their natural facility. Some seem to do with ease what others labour for in vain.

Mal. True—but the strain comes

somewhere with every one. Great natural facility at first is not always, if it be ever, a boon to be coveted by one who seeks to attain great excellence. Somewhere at some time the whole soul must be put into one's work, the whole powers strained to the utmost; and it is perhaps better that this should occur at an early period, otherwise the danger is that we may rest contented with those small achievements which are bounded by our facilities. There is a desperate wall somewhere or other to block our progress. It may be early in our course, when we are bold and fresh and enthusiastic, and then with will and energy we may overleap it; or it may be in the middle of the course, when fatigue has come on, and the mind is jaded, and we have been spoiled by praise, and then we lack the energy to surmount it, and prefer to canter about within the easy limits we possess. No man ever did his best without laying out all that was in him. There is nothing so dangerous and so tempting as facility, unless it come from hard study and long practice, and even then it is a temptation and a danger.

Bel. That is very true. Facility is often mistaken for genius, but it generally leads to mediocrity. How many a person I have known who, with great promise at the beginning, soon faltered and then stopped; while others, with no early facility, strengthened themselves by study and will, and passed far beyond them at the end. So many are satisfied with doing pretty well what they can do easily, and want the energy to do very well when it costs labour and struggle. But at least four-fifths of genius is an indomitable will.

Mal. Very true. Take Michel Angelo, for instance: he had not a natural facility like Raffaele, but he climbed to far higher regions by force of will, and an energy that ninety years did not tire; while Raffaele had passed his culmination at thirty-seven, and his last works, young as he was, are far from being his best. However, we need not go to great examples; common life and every day will furnish them. A thousand are pleased with dabbling in water-colours and toying with them as amateurs, to one who earnestly works with the determination to be an artist. After all, there is far greater difference between men in their will than in their talent. What we will to do, despite of obstacles and failures, we generally succeed in doing at last. "Easy writing," says Sheridan, "makes damned hard reading;" and we must make up our minds to work if we wish to win success.

"Nil sine magno

Vita labore dedit mortalibus,"

says Horace.

Bel. I remember years ago a little incident which amused me, and illustrates these remarks. An accomplished artist in water-colours in Rome was one day showing his portfolio to an English lady. She was delighted with them, as well she might be, and after many expressions of admiration, she turned to him and said, "They are perfectly beautiful. How I wish I could paint in this way! Pray, how long do you think it would take me to learn to paint thus?" "I cannot tell," replied the artist, "how long it would take *you*, but it has taken me all my life."

Mal. It is a very common thing to hear persons say, How I wish I could do this or that thing, but

nine times out of ten it is just the earnestness of wish or will that is wanting. The desire has no real root of determination. It is a momentary feeling. Such persons would not be willing to give laborious hours and days and years to attain the end they covet; but they would like to reach out their hand and pluck the fruit at once without trouble. I can't do this, means very commonly, I don't choose to do it. I should like to have it, but I won't pay for it. If they do not succeed at the first trial they are discouraged. A true artist must make up his mind to fail a thousand times, and never be discouraged, but bravely to try again. I am always surprised to see how well most people begin, and how little way they go. They seem to think that to be an artist comes like reading and writing, as Dogberry has it, by nature.

Bel. And so it does. But remember that Dogberry also says—and his judgment in such matters you surely will not question—"God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas! good neighbour." And when Leonato says to this, "Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you," Dogberry replies, "Gifts that God gives."

Mal. "It shall be suffigance!" I will say no more. Dogberry also is right. There are gifts that God gives. If the creative power be wanting that moulds the material to its purpose, nothing great ever will be achieved. But without the additional gifts of courage and will, whatever is the power, it will come to nothing.

Bel. It is a common notion that no general education or high culture is necessary to the artist, but that art is a special faculty, a handicraft, a gift requiring no education save in its practice. No mis-

take could, as it seems to me, be greater. It is only from the pressure of full and lofty streams that the fountain owes the exultant spring of its column. The imagination needs to be fed from high sources, and strengthened and enriched to fulness, before it can freely develop its native force. The mere drilling of hand and eye, the mere technical skill, nay, even the natural bias and faculty of the mind, are not sufficient. They are indeed necessary, but they are not all. It is from the soul and mind that the germs of thought and feeling must spring; and in proportion as these are nourished and expanded by culture do they flower forth in richer hues and forms. It is by these means that the taint of the vulgar and common is eradicated, that ideas are purified and exalted, that feeling and thought are stimulated, and taste refined. Out of the fulness of the whole being each word is spoken, and each act takes the force of the whole man. It is not alone the athlete's arm that strikes—it is his whole body. The blacksmith's arm in itself may be stronger, but his blow is far less effective.

Mal. Undoubtedly; but on the other hand, the public, on whose approbation the artist to a certain extent depends, requires equally to be educated, for without this the higher fruit of art cannot be tasted or appreciated. While the general education of the public in art is so deficient, criticism must necessarily be low and ignorant. All that we can ask is, that it be not also arrogant.

Bel. There is no doubt that a taste and knowledge in art is rapidly growing in America.

Mal. Very true: but as yet there is a very general idea prevalent that the big is the great, and that it is size that constitutes

grandeur. I have heard it constantly boasted, for instance, that the so-called monument to Washington, in the city of Washington, was the tallest obelisk in the world—as if that was in itself a great recommendation of it as a work of art. To which I have ventured to answer, Yes, perhaps. But it is not, correctly speaking, an obelisk, to begin with, for an obelisk proper should be a monolith. But I am willing to own that it is the tallest chimney in the world, and, I will also add, the most useless—and the ugliest. And besides, it has not only no use, but no meaning and no appropriateness as a memorial to Washington. We are now also loudly called upon to admire the Eiffel Tower just erected at Paris, on the ground that it is the highest in the world, and has I know not how many steps and storeys. But has mere size any claims on our admiration in a work of art. Some of the smallest are among the grandest that ever were made; some of the largest the most inane and empty. What rare Ben Jonson says of life is equally true of art—

“In small proportions we just beauties
see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.”

Bel. Yes; and, on the other hand, it is not minuteness of finish and elaboration of detail which are primarily to be desired. A great work can afford to be imperfect in detail. Where the grand conception and impression are, there is the great work. But between the claims of Realism on the one side and Idealism on the other, the true mean seems to be pretty hard to hit.

Mal. Did I ever say art was easy? Nothing that is great is

easy or common. There is no clearly defined road, more than for the bird in the air. One must know it by intuition and feel it by internal conviction. “What is it that makes your music Mozartish?” asked some one of that great composer. “I know not,” he answered; “it is as it comes to me.” And where does it come from? Ah! who knows! That which is force or power or individuality in any work is an unconscious effluence from the spirit of the artist. He knows not how or whence it comes. He only knows that it is imperious, and he must obey.

Bel. Which do you think the higher art—painting or sculpture?

Mal. Neither or either. The cup is nothing. It is what you put into it that is of value. Each art has its great difficulties, and it is not easy to say which has the greater. Still, in one sense, sculpture is the higher art, in my estimation—for the reason that, while its means are far more limited, its requisitions are greater and higher. It is at once more positive and more ideal. It has the highest requirements and the poorest means. Its ends are more difficult, its beginnings far more easy. To mould the pliant clay into some sort of material resemblance to any form is not difficult—it is in the grasp of almost every one. But to conceive a great statue and embody a noble idea—not simply by imitation of the model, but by a grand treatment of form, and a noble character of design and expression,—this is doubtless as difficult a task as can be set to an artist. There is every grade, from a mud-pie of a child to the work of Phidias. But, on the other hand, painting has the great requirements of tone and harmonious

colouring which are avoided in sculpture, so that these difficulties nearly balance each other. Again, painting is more illusory, more imitative, more literal in its aims. It may please and enchant by literal reproductions of actual facts in nature. The whole field of genre, the facts and incidents of daily life, and the wide range of landscape, are open to it; while in sculpture a higher and more restricted class of subjects is demanded, and a nobler treatment of forms. It cannot stoop to genre without losing its true characteristics. It has only form to deal with, it is true, but that form must be ideal in its character, and while in nature, must also be above nature. If it content itself with copying the model, it degenerates into common-place, and abdicates its highest functions. The pure imitation which pleases in painting by creating a partial illusion, is denied to sculpture. Besides, a statue must be right, harmonious, and effective from every point of view and in every light and shade. And, last, sculpture is restricted for the most part to a single figure, or at most to two or three, and into this everything must be put. In a word, it is the most material and the most ideal art. Each, however, has its great difficulties, and it is idle to put one above the other.

Bel. One thing at least is certain, that many more artists have attained great excellence in painting than in sculpture. The great sculptors are very few; the great painters many. Setting aside the Greeks, with whom the two arts seem to have been nearly balanced, as far as history informs us, there is no doubt that since then there have been scarcely any great sculptors to compare with the great painters. I do not speak of the

present time, for that would be invidious; but up to our time there is scarcely a sculptor, except Michel Angelo, entitled to be called great, or whose works are to be placed beside those of the renowned painters. Nay, even Michel Angelo himself was perhaps greater in fresco than in marble. This would seem to show that sculpture is at least a more difficult art than painting. At all events, Michel Angelo, so excellent in both arts, gave the higher rank to sculpture.

Mal. It is far less understood, and far less popular, certainly. A picture appeals to a much larger number than does a statue. To feel and understand the beauty of the statue requires more knowledge and more culture. Few are capable of criticising it in its execution with intelligence. Its refinements of treatment, its delicate modelling, its picked truth to nature, are for the most part lost on the crowd. The public appreciate neither its anatomical accuracy nor its subtle expression of the human form; because the naked figure is so rarely seen, and so unfamiliar, that few are able to say whether it is right or wrong. All the finest parts of the execution are "caviare to the general." The public are only capable of understanding the expression and the pose.

Bel. The taste for sculpture seems to be growing of late, and especially among the Americans. They buy more statues, I am told, than any other nation. The English seem to care little for it, and to prefer painting. How do you account for this?

Mal. You have only to breathe the English atmosphere, and see the English landscape, to understand this. Everything is colour in England—and even more, water-

colour. The atmosphere is thick and humid, and obliterates form. Everything is saturated or washed in colour. On the contrary, the American atmosphere is tense and dry, revealing the outlines of every thing, and insisting on form. The distances are clear—the far-off hill is drawn sharply on the sky. The trees are not blotted as in England, but defined and etched upon it. The form asserts itself far more strongly than the colour. So it is in Greece, where sculpture attained its largest proportions and its finest expression.

Bel. That is ingenious—but is it true?

Mal. I think so. You will see these characteristics in the minds and in the persons of the people, as well as in their art. The American is slenderer and more nervous in his material organisation, more metaphysical in his intellect, more irritable in his temperament, than the Englishman. His sharp thin air acts always on him as a stimulus. It will not let him rest, but whips him on. The brilliant sunshine is like a wine that intoxicates him. It eats away his flesh, turns muscle into tendon, and refines and quickens his perceptions. So we find him always inquiring, investigating, questioning, inventing, working. His perceptions dominate his sentiments. He is always organising and re-organising, and inventing, and putting things into shape. Every thing runs to form rather than to colour in his mind. He must have things definite and decided. The Englishman has more equipoise. His susceptibilities are more blunted; he is less nervous and more contented, calmer-minded and steadier of purpose. He has his loyal sentiments, his fixed habits, his regular formulas of life and thought, his quiet pre-

judices, and, in a word, his inertia of nature. He is fonder of facts than of metaphysics. He is full of general impressions, and does not like to be disturbed in them. His sentiments dominate and colour his perceptions and opinions. His face and figure are vaguer in outline than the American's, and fuller of colour. He is fitter for a picture than for a bust. Much of this difference undoubtedly is to be attributed to the influences of climate; for even the unmixed English blood in America has already lost its type, and developed a new one. Take an English girl, and put her beside an American girl whose ancestry is pure English, and there is a remarkable difference between them in shape, nature, and colour. The American, as a rule, is slenderer, fairer, and slighter limbed, thinner featured, and more vivacious and excited in manner. The English girl is fuller, rosier in colour, heavier in build, and calmer. The voice of the American is thin and high, that of the English girl is rich and low. But where you will find the greatest physical difference is in the feet and hands. The American's foot is small, thin, high arched, and tendonous in the ankle. The English girl's is plump, flat, and full in the ankle. There is the same difference in the hands. Take a cast from an American and an English foot, and any one can distinguish them with half an eye. All the attachments, as they are called, are longer and more tendonous in the American than in the English.

Bel. You seem to make out your case. Certainly there is a great difference between the general appearance of the English and the American. There is something charming in the one as of a

rose, and in the other of a lily. Where the English have the advantage over the Americans is in their voices and intonations. An Englishwoman's voice is a pleasure to hear—so sweet, and low, and pleasant in its modulations—while the Americans whine with a high-pitched voice. I wish they would correct this. You know them "as the blind man knew the cuckoo by the bad voice."

Mal. They sing better than the English, because the English never can fully utter their voice and throw it out.

Bel. Certainly the American girls are sometimes very handsome, and they generally have a refinement of look and feature, if not of manner. In their ways, too, there is a certain wild wilfulness and independence which, when it does not go too far (as it frequently does), is very attractive.

Mal. The English have had at least one great sculptor—Flaxman. He was a man of rare genius and a most refined imagination—almost a Greek born out of his time and country. His illustrations to Homer and Æschylus are full of restrained grace and simplicity, and admirable in their character and composition. His illustrations of Dante are very inferior to them, though full of talent. His life, however, was spent in making monuments and allegorical figures for which he had no taste, but which the public demanded. But he will be remembered by the ideal works which the public refused and rejected. I think, for only one of his outlined compositions did he ever receive a commission, and that was for the Mercury and Pandora which is among his drawings from Hesiod.

Bel. His power seems to have

been best exhibited on his outlines. In the technical parts of his art, and in his modelling and manipulation, he was as clumsy as he was refined and poetic in his conceptions. At least, so I should judge from the modelled bas-reliefs of his which I have seen.

Mal. It is very true. He did not model well—at least, all the casts from his models that I have seen are carelessly executed, and, in fact, mere sketches. But perhaps I have not seen any of what he could consider his finished models.

Bel. You were reproaching modern art the other day for its slavish following of nature, and saying that we could never attain a high development of art so long as we aimed simply at an imitation of nature. You promised at the same time that you would give me your notions of what true art is. Will it bore you to do this now?

Mal. Not at all, if it won't bore you.

Bel. I'll risk it. Go on.

Mal. In considering the true principles which govern art, we must first clear our minds of the notion that the object of art is illusion. Art is art because it is not nature; and could we absolutely reproduce anything by means of form, tone, colour, or any other means, so as actually to deceive, it would at once fail to interest the mind and heart as art. However we might, on being undeceived, wonder at the skill with which it was imitated, we should not accept it as a true work of art. It is only so long as imitative skill is subordinated to creative energy, and poetic sensibility, that it occupies its proper place. Otherwise, if by any process we could fix on a mirror the reflection of anything, we should have a per-

fect picture. Yet, perfect as the reflection is in every respect, it is not a picture, and it does not interest us as art. The most perfect imitation of nature is therefore not art. It must pass through the mind of the artist and be changed.

Bel. Shakespeare says we should "hold the mirror up to nature" in our art.

Mal. Ay, but what mirror? Not the senseless material mirror, in which nature is simply reproduced as fact. Art is nature reflected in the spiritual mirror, and tinged with all the sentiment, feeling, passion of the spirit that reflects it. It is nature that has "suffered a sea change into something rich and strange." It is then an absolute requisite of a work of art, that it should neither be real nor illusory. The moment reality or illusion comes in, art disappears. The birds that strove to peck the painted grapes of Zeuxis, the ape that ate the coloured beetles in the volume of natural history, are types of the ignorant and vulgar mind that never entered into the sacred precincts of art.

Bel. The story of the birds pecking the grapes in the picture of Zeuxis is always related as a proof of his wonderful power of copying nature, even to the point of literal deception. But birds and insects are easily deceived by the commonest representation of fruit and flowers. I have often watched the bee-moth as he tried flower after flower, painted coarsely along under the cornice of my Italian villa walls, sometimes making the entire round of the room in search of his sustenance, and never learning by experience.

Mal. The old story of the painted curtain of Parrhasius, which he was requested to draw aside from before his picture, is in

the same class. It is evidently made out of the whole cloth—like a hundred others that are told about artists. But supposing it true, it proves that the result of the perfect imitation was to take the picture out of the domain of art—to the minds of all who saw it. Much as one might admire the skill of the deception, the result was not interesting as art in its higher sense. But art is not only not illusion—it is not even a mere reproduction of nature,—but an expression and bodying forth of the inmost being of the artist. Its germ is within and not without; it only uses nature as an outward garment in which to clothe the living idea and conception, assimilating whatever in nature belongs to it of right, and rejecting all which is not fit or necessary. It weaves its figure out of nature, but nature is only the material which it uses in its loom, and which obeys the motions of the working spirit as it transfigures the outward substance with its own inner life. Truth and fact are to be carefully discriminated. Mere facts, however true in and for themselves, may be all untrue in art. Nothing is true in art unless it be assimilated by the imagination to the idea which is the soul of the work, whatever it may be, independently of that connection, and viewed by itself. Too close an imitation of facts often lowers the character of the work and degrades the idea, and this is specially to be seen in music, which, in so far as it is imitation, is on a low plane.

Bel. Is it not equally so with regard to sculpture? Suppose illusion to be its object, and literal imitation its true means, on such principles the wax figures of Madame Tussaud, with their real dresses, their real hair, and painted

faces, ought to be truer products of art than the noblest of Greek statues. But, in truth, it is this very illusion which disgusts us while it deceives. So far from desiring illusion, it is an imperitance which we reject.

Mal. Undoubtedly it is.

Bel. And let me, before you go on, also recall to you those charming lines of Wordsworth, suggested by a picture of Peele Castle in a storm, by Sir George Beaumont:—

"I was thy neighbour once, thou
rugged pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of
thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the
while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was
there;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! It seemed
no sleep,
No mood, which season takes away, or
brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty
deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle
things.

Ah! then, if mine had been the
painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add
the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or
land,
The consecration, and the Poet's
dream."

Mal. Exactly! That is what is wanted in art—the consecration, and the poet's dream—and without it there is no real art in the highest sense of the word.

Bel. One moment before you go on. These lines of Wordsworth reminded me of a passage in Shelley which it very closely resembles—

"Within the surface of the fleeting
river

The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, yet for ever
It trembles, but it never fades
away;"—

a passage which he seems to have liked, for he repeats it, with a variation, in his "Ode to Liberty," almost identical with this line of Wordsworth's—

"It trembles, but it cannot pass away."

But if we continue quoting poetry, we shall not get on with our discussion. You were saying that art should be above nature while it was in it—as the spirit is above and in the body—and that it should be an interpretation and not an imitation of nature. Now go on, if I have not entirely put you out.

Mal. In art there is no nature independent of man and his relation to it. While art should never be false to nature, it should be its master and not its slave. Nature is the grammar and dictionary of art; but it is not until we have mastered these so as to use them freely and almost unconsciously as a language, that we can rise to be poets or artists. A faultless grammatical sentence, or series of sentences, does not make a poem; and many are the artists who, after they have learned the language of art, have nothing to say which is worth saying. If we have nothing really to say, what is the use of learning the language. A servile imitation of nature is fatal to all the higher impulses of the spirit, and will never result in anything admirable. A sketch by a great master is better, despite all its incorrectness, not only than the most careful reproduction through mere imitation of any facts in nature, but often better than the finished work of the same master—better,

because freer and fuller of the idea. Every artist will tell you that he finds it difficult in his finished work to come up to the impression of his sketch, for the former is produced in the heat of enthusiasm, and when the mind is penetrated thoroughly with the idea, while the latter is more studied and mechanical. Persons ordinarily speak of imitations of nature—as if nature were something definite, and positive, and absolute. But nature is to each one a different thing. It is what we are, and takes the colouring of the eye and the mind. It is infinite, too, in its variety, infinite in its scale, and infinite in its combinations—while an imitation of a definite fact is limited to that fact. Yet even that one fact is protean. It changes with every light, and is affected by every emotion of the artist. Nature is not an aggregation of facts—it is an idea in the mind derived from a long series of varying impressions and experiences. When we say a work of art is natural, it is because it answers to this idea, not because it is true to some particular fact. Many incidents true in fact are to the imagination false, unnatural, and unfit for art.

Bel. You remember Coleridge's lines beginning—

“Oh, lady, we receive but what we
give,
And in our life alone doth nature
live,” &c.—

all so true and so charming. But go on.

Mal. The vice of modern art is that it founds itself too much on the low principle of imitation and literal realism, as it is called. The study of particular facts in nature is considered as an end and not as a means; and they are treated, not as idioms or phrases of a language

to be learned and freely used to express ideas, but as being in themselves poems which are merely to be copied. The artist subordinates himself to some particular scene, or place, or room, or dress, and by patiently, and often servilely, copying these, he expects to produce a great picture. He sets a model before him, and by imitating carefully every detail of the individual, expects to produce a great statue. But in this kind of work there is no opportunity for style and grand character. Its place but too often is usurped by the sham and counterfeit *chique*. The imagination is not tasked to a great conception, but cleverness and trick play its part. Undoubtedly the dexterity and ability shown in some of these works of mere handicraft is very great, but there it all but too often ends. Such works surprise and delight for a moment, but their time is short. The public admire and buy. The artist yields to temptation and paints to sell, and thus talent and skill of a rare quality are wasted; and when the fashion of the day goes, such works go with it. The consequence is, that we have many phrase-books, note-books, and studies from nature, and very little art in its highest sense. That nature should be studied with the utmost earnestness and zeal, that it should never be falsely represented in our work, is too obvious to need to be stated. But all this study is only preparation for art. It is learning to play the scales, but it is not music. It is acquiring the language, not writing poems.

Bel. You differ from the principles laid down by Mr Ruskin, who seems to think that a perfect reproduction of anything physical before you will constitute an admirable work of art.

Mal. Oh, I don't believe he

would accept such a rendering of his thought and teaching. He has done an immense deal of good by his writings. He has stimulated the mind to think. He has brought art over from vague generalities to a real study of nature, which is the true basis of excellence in sculpture and painting. But it is not the end. We cannot idealise anything by omitting its peculiarities and slurring over its facts; but only by mastering them, and then subjecting them to the idea to be represented. Besides this, he is a poet, and his descriptions of nature in landscape are wonderfully true and subtle. But in his statement of principles he is vague, contradictory, and unphilosophical. The principles he lays down dogmatically in one chapter, he controverts and refutes in the next, so that it is impossible to understand what his real principles are. He has no system, but very many just observations; no metaphysical accuracy, but a high poetic and critical faculty. He has changed his view in regard to many of the great painters in the most remarkable way,—now decrying them as comparatively worthless, and at a later time praising them with equal vehemence. It always seems to me as if he were learning his lesson aloud, and correcting his impressions before the public. Still, he speaks as authoritatively when he is beginning to study his lesson, as afterwards when he has advanced to a position where he finds what he said is untrue. But he has one great merit. He is honest, bold, and in earnest.

Bel. His observations of nature always strike me as particularly admirable and close, and his descriptions are so poetic and rich in expression and style that they carry one away with their eloquence. But you were saying that imitation

is a mere means and not an end of art. You are speaking, I suppose, more in relation to sculpture and painting than in relation to poetry and music?

Mal. I have been speaking of art in general, and not of art as confined to any particular form. Undoubtedly, in sculpture and painting, imitation must properly be carried further than in music or poetry. Music, which is the most ideal of all the arts, at once wrenches itself entirely from imitation, and seeks to stir the emotions by fiery sallies into the upper nature which overbroods the lower nature of facts, forms, and incidents, as the sky over the earth. In landscape, for instance, the material facts are etherealised and transfigured by air, light, and colour, so as to lift them out of prose facts, and the true artist should seek the sentiment as well as the facts. It is by the imaginative sense that he subdues the prosaic facts to the emotion and idea to be conveyed in his work, and thus fuses the literal into poetry. Round every form there hovers an essence that spiritualises it, and it is this which the true artist should seek to appropriate as well as the form, for without it the form is vacuous. Nature is plastic to the soul. There is no stock, or stone, or weed which a great emotion in the heart will not spiritualise. Nature is not a dead repertory of facts—it is a living keyboard for the imagination to play upon, out of which infinite combinations of harmony or melody may be produced. But nature must be played by the artist in the key of the emotion to be embodied, and the modulations must follow the creative energy, or only consecutive sounds will be evoked, and not music.

Bel. That is what we mean in

common parlance when we say of a work that it may be very clever, but it has no feeling, — that it shows great skill and technical mastery, but does not touch us. Nothing, I suppose, ever does touch us, unless it has come from a deep feeling. Unless the artist profoundly feels his own work, and infuses into it his own spirit, how can he expect to move any one? Mere mechanical dexterity will not evidently suffice. How many works, despite their technical merit, seem to us hard, cold, or clever; while other works, despite their manifest defects and incompleteness, delight us? But I did not mean to interrupt you, though you require, perhaps, to be taken down from your high horse once in a while, lest you go out of sight and lose yourself in the clouds. But go on.

Mal. Look at poetry, and you will see how little imitation has to do with it. The poet will never evoke the simplest scenery by enumerating its facts, but he condenses into a single phrase the whole spirit of the scene, and makes it live again in the sympathetic mind of the reader. He leaves out the barren and waste details which do not of necessity belong to his emotion, and without falsifying, reproduces nature as a garment to his thought. In music, too, the composer does not imitate the sounds of the natural world, though he summons it up to you by the tones in which he embodies it. So it should be, though in a less degree, with the painter and with the sculptor. He cannot say all, and he must select. What is not necessary in art is impertinent. Each work has its one word to say, its one blow to strike, and if that be missed, all the rest is rubbish. If the artist have a real and sincere intent, a living idea and thought, let him subordin-

ate all to that, rejecting the unnecessary, however pleasing in itself, and making his work in all its details converge to one point, and cry out with one voice. But to do this, he must have an imperious conception to which all must yield. He must learn the virtue of renunciation. What is left undone is as necessary to a true work of art as what is done. In each of the arts too much is as fatal as too little. A suggestion is often better than a statement. The imagination is always ready to be beckoned, but rebels against being drilled or driven.

Bel. I have a modern picture in my mind now, which justifies all you say. It was painted with very great technical skill—all the parts were carefully finished, and it showed great talent. But it had no central point of interest. Each detail was emphasised as if it were essential, and the artist seemed to have given as much love to each bit as to the whole. Indeed the whole was lost in the parts. When I first saw it, the impression it made on me I cannot better express than by saying, that it seemed to me as if I entered a room where everybody was talking at once—each claiming my attention, and each saying his word as loud as he could. Apparently the artist was afraid of not being true to every part in detail, and thus lost his grasp on the essential one thing to be said. The public was delighted with the care with which everything was done; but the whole picture seemed to me a mistake, and a waste of talent. Notwithstanding its skill, it left no real impression upon me.

Mal. Art is now a slave or servant of the age, and no longer a leader and master. Yet this is not its true function. It is born

to command, and its life is Freedom. But the necessities of the time, the follies of fashion, and the public desire for illusion and imitation, pull it down from its pedestal, and drag it in their train. It goes creeping along to swell the pageant of wealth and utility. But art does not sing well in a cage. It is only in the fulness of freedom that it does its best. As Schiller says in his 'Letters on the *Æsthetic Education of Man*,' "Man only *plays* when in the fullest sense of the word he is man; and he is then only truly man when he plays." What is mere truth is only the mechanics of art. It is of the earth, earthy. But inspiration and imagination have the spirit of what Schiller calls play. They are rejoicing and self-sufficing, and freely play with the materials that work has collected. So long as our art is mere work, it is a vulgar drudge. It is only when imagination lends it wings that it soars into its true sphere of the ideal, and becomes the master and not the slave of Nature. Let me read you a passage from Schiller on this subject. He says—"The current of events has given the genius of the age a bias, which draws it further and further from the art of the Ideal. This must abandon actualities, and lift itself with becoming boldness above mere necessities. For art is the daughter of freedom, and from the urgency of the spirit, not from the necessity of the matter, must its conceptions spring. But necessities now rule, and bow fallen manhood under her tyrannical yoke. Utility is the great idol of the age, which all powers serve, and to which all talent does homage."

Bel. There is no doubt truth in all this, though it is a little vague in expression. Yet between the

claims of the ideal on the one side and of practical adherence to nature on the other, the artist seems to have as difficult a course to steer as between Scylla and Charybdis. In the past generation we had the Ideal school, which, by endeavouring to lift itself above nature, became vague and untrue and phantasmical. Now we have the Realistic school, which sins as much on the other side, and becomes literal and prosaic in its slavery to imitation. Taking to avoid Scylla, we have fallen on Charybdis.

Mal. The true mean is of course difficult. If art were easy, and its path strictly drawn, it would cease to be the problem it is. But listen again to Schiller: "Matter without Form" (he uses Form in the highest sense of imaginative shaping) "is only a half possession, for the most royal knowledge is buried when dead treasure in a mind, which knows not how to give it its shape. Form without matter, again, is only the shadow of a possession, and the utmost dexterity of art in expression is useless to him who has nothing to express."

Bel. All very true, but is it not also self-evident?

Mal. I suppose it is; but in discussions upon art, one has often strongly to insist upon principles which seem to be almost self-evident.

Bel. Let us go back a little to what you were saying about Imitation not being the end of art. In music and in poetry, one sees at once that it is not. The ear has a science for its art, but unfortunately the eye has not. There is no absolute harmonic scale of colour, and still less of form. And we must therefore depend on our natural instincts, as we have no definite positive rules.

Mal. That is undoubtedly true to a certain extent; but I have no doubt that there is a real science of harmony to the eye as well as to the ear, only we have not yet discovered and formally established it; and so we blindly work in the one, while our way is comparatively clear in the other. I spent a good many hours at one time in endeavouring to make a thorough-bass of colour, but it foiled me, and after many experiments I gave it up. But sounds and colours are closely connected, and the harmonies of one are as absolute as those of the other. The blind feel this perhaps more than those who see, and certain sounds represent to their minds a corresponding colour. You remember the blind man who said that the sound of the trumpet seemed to him scarlet. Do we not all feel that he was right? It may be fanciful, and of course it is, but most of the instruments represent to me colours.

Bel. You may well say this is fanciful. I do not follow you at all. They represent nothing of the kind to me; and even if what you say were true, I suppose to each different mind the effect would be different, and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to establish any agreement.

Mal. I daresay it would. I merely threw out a hint. But the common use of the words "tone" and "harmony," as applied to colour, indicate that there is a subtle connection between sound and colour, however dim and intangible. Certainly some colours clash together, and produce the same mental impression as discords in music. So also harmonies of forms and lines are felt to be allied to music, though we cannot explain the relation. Proportion is harmony; symmetry is

nothing but the harmonious relations of measures, and I have no doubt they have an absolute mathematical relation, as much as the pulsations of strings. It is because we do not scientifically know these relations that we are always groping in the dark; and having only an empirical knowledge, gained from practice, we are never sure of anything, and so cannot lift ourselves above imitations of what we see and feel to be agreeable; and this brings me back to what I was saying. In art, servile imitation means ignorance. Take sculpture, for instance. This, as I have said before, is at once the most positive, the most restricted in its means, and the most requiring in its end. If in this art mere imitation be not required as of necessity, it would seem to be required in no form of art. Yet it is precisely because of its literal imitation that sculpture in the modern days is defective. It has no style. It is not nature, it is the individual model; it is Lisette or Antoine. When compared with the best antique work, though it is far more elaborate in its execution, and more finished in its details, it is far inferior in character, dignity, and style. In the antique the forms are scientifically disposed, according to a certain established scale or harmony of proportion, and the details are subordinated to that distribution. The type is never lost sight of; it dominates all the parts. The Greek artist in his ideal works never suffered himself to be seduced by any accidents of the model from principles established by long study of the varying forms of nature, and reduced to system. His art has, like music, a thorough-bass, a scientific standard of proportion which is abso-

lute. He permits himself no extravagance of gesture or form, but he seizes on the characteristic, works it boldly out, and knows what he is doing. All the ancient sculpture has a style of its own: whether the individual work be good or bad in execution, it is founded upon a distinct and scientific distribution of parts,—upon a system which the artist has learned, and knows as if it were a multiplication-table. Modern sculpture, on the contrary, is full of accident. It is domineered over by the model. It is founded on no system and on no scientific basis. It has no absolute standard of proportion for the human form, it is governed by no law, and seeks through imitation of the individual model to supply this want. Part by part it is worked out, but without any understanding of the whole, and without any style. Imitation is its bane, because the imitation is carried out without principles and without selection, and what is seen in the model is copied and taken as absolute.

Bel. Do you say the ancients had a mathematical and scientific standard of proportion to which they always adhered?

Mal. Undoubtedly. No one can carefully examine the ancient statues without being struck by that. They are all marked by the same characteristics of proportion, and even their poorest works are blocked out on a regular system.

Bel. Would not such a rule limit the sculptor exceedingly, and tend to render his work mechanical?

Mal. Certainly not, if the standard was just. Nothing would help him more than an absolute rule of mean proportion. He might vary it in any figure, if he chose, for a special effect, but in so doing he would always know how far

he strayed, and would be careful not to exaggerate. Besides, small variations produce great differences; and, after all, he must be careful to keep to the real proportions of the human figure, whatever he do. Does grammar prevent us from being poets? Does the exact science of thorough-bass limit the range of music? Does not the imagination play with the utmost freedom within its bounds? Is the result of its strict rules, monotony of character among different composers? Is there any resemblance between Beethoven and Rossini? Yet they both worked within the same absolute rules of thorough-bass; and if at times Beethoven chose for effect, contrary to rule, to make consecutive fifths, he violated the rule consciously, while he recognised it as in ordinary cases just.

Bel. Was the rule of proportion the same through all ages of Greek art?

Mal. No. The first scientific and absolute standard of the proportion of the human figure was established by Polycleitus, who wrote the famous treatise on the canons of proportion, celebrated in antiquity, and who embodied its rules in the statue of the Doryphorus, which was called the Canon. After him Euphranor introduced a variation, by lengthening the lower limbs in proportion to the torso; and still later, Lysippus increased this variation. But all recognise the necessity of a standard of proportion for the formalisation of their work. This in nowise restrained their inventive powers, or limited the range of their imagination. How could it?

Bel. I do not see how it could. I merely asked the question, because I remember an article written upon a treatise of proportion, where the critic objected to any

elaborate system or standard of proportion upon the ground that it restricted the artist's powers, left him no free play in his art, and tended to render his work mechanical.

Mal. Nonsense. Such a critic could have had little idea about art to entertain such a notion. He must have supposed that a sculptor could do nothing better than to set a model before him, and copy as accurately as possible what he saw. But such a method as this would never result in excellence, except by chance. A model should serve an artist only as a grammar or dictionary of reference, to supply gaps in his knowledge of special facts and nothing else. It would be impossible to take from one the soul of his work,—nay, even the pose of it, for the artist must use it in reference to a fixed notion of movement and expression in his own mind, and modify it to that. No model can take even the pose of the statue you are making, as you wish it to be; and some fixed notion you must have, otherwise, as the model constantly changes, not only in pose but even in parts, according to her changes of movement, his work would require constant changes to correspond, and he would never end.

Bel. Besides, no model can ever enter, I suppose, into the feeling of the artist, and assume the true movement he seeks.

Mal. Never; and therefore it becomes necessary for the artist to have a fixed conception, and a thorough knowledge of what is just and proper to express it, taking only from the model what suits his idea, and rejecting or modifying the rest. And here the Greeks are our great masters. They sought for style, and not for minute imitation of details. The details came in subordinated in-

telligently to the masses, and they formalised their statues to a scientific standard of proportion. Too minute an imitation was by them considered a defect. Callimachus, for instance, on account of his exceeding devotion to detail, was nicknamed *καταρτήσιμος*—the over-refiner or niggler—and he was criticised by Quintilian as "*nimius in veritate*." Lysippus, indeed, was celebrated for the great finish of his works (*argutie operum*), but in his standard of proportions he was more ideal than any of his predecessors, and he worked upon a peculiar system of his own, saying that "men should be represented, not as they were but as they ought to be." Yet in his day the grand school was already on the wane, and soon began to decline into eclecticism, over-refinement, and delicacy, and to betake itself to portraiture and the making of Venuses and Cupids,—just as the best style of the great Italian painters declined and became academic in the time of the Caracci. In the grand school of Phidias, the details were completely subordinated to the masses. Nature was thoroughly understood and treated with great mastery, but minute detail was avoided.

Bel. Mr Ruskin would seem to trace back to imitation of nature even the forms of arabesque, and has endeavoured to account for the pleasing effect of certain lines and combinations by the suggestion that they are taken from natural products, as leaves and flowers, and are therefore beautiful. This seems to me to be an utterly untenable position. Forms and lines, and combinations of these, are not beautiful because they are to be found in nature, but simply because they are beautiful—that is, because there is an inborn sense of harmonious

relations in the human mind to which they respond. Certain forms and certain proportions please the sense of beauty—and there is the end of it. A line does not please us because it may be found on the outline of a leaf,—for the outline on the leaf would not please us merely because it was found in nature, but because simply it pleases us. Both please us for the same reason. The combinations of harmonious and melodious tones in music are not taken from nature. They do not owe their charm to any imitation of nature's sounds, but to the inward sense of man. And the same is the case with arabesque. Certain combinations are agreeable, and others are not, whether they may be found in nature or not. It is idle to tell me I ought not to like the Greek fret, because there is no such form to be found in nature, and it is an imitation of nothing; and that I ought to like the honeysuckle pattern, because it is taken from the flower. I answer that this has nothing to do with the reason why I like or dislike either pattern. All forms in nature are not necessarily or equally beautiful, otherwise we might as well copy in arabesque one thing as another.

Mal. It was only this morning that I read a passage from Mr Ruskin which bears upon this very question, and which is a famous specimen of his autocratic style and his inconsequential argumentation, or rather affirmation—which he deems philosophy. Here it is: "I have repeated again and again" (how imperious!) "that the *ideas of beauty are instinctive*, and that it is only upon consideration and in a *doubtful* and disputable way that they appear in their typical character." This would seem to agree with the notions

you have just expressed. But mark how he continues: "While I assert positively, and have no fear of being able to *prove*, that a curve of any kind is more beautiful than a right line, I leave it to the reader to accept or not the only reason for its agreeableness that I can at all trace—namely, that every curve divides itself infinitely by its change of direction." Can there be a more extraordinary contradiction of sentiment than is exhibited in this passage? First, he asserts that the ideas of beauty are instinctive, and appear in a doubtful and disputable way; then that he can *prove* that a curve is more agreeable than a right line; and then the only *proof* that he can offer is a suggestion, which the reader may accept or not. How can you prove anything which is doubtful and disputable by a suggestion that in itself is admitted to be questionable?

Bel. If the ideas of beauty are instinctive, then of course a thing is beautiful because we like it, because it is agreeable to us, because it corresponds to an instinctive sense of beauty; and this is the end of the whole matter. Besides, I deny the proposition that "a curve of *any kind* is more beautiful than a straight line." A half-circle drawn with the compass is no more beautiful than the line of the diameter. Nothing is more fatiguing or mechanical than an uninterrupted curve. It is the combination of various curves, now flattened so as to be almost quite straight, now swelling, balancing each other, interrupted, and related to each other and to straight lines, which is agreeable in composition and in form.

Mal. On the coast of Cornwall the wreckers have the custom, on dark and stormy nights, of tying a lantern to the neck of a bell-

wether, and setting him loose on the cliffs. As he moves along, nodding his head up and down, he attracts the notice of sailors and fishermen making for shore, and, taking his wavering lantern for a lighted boat in harbour, they direct their course towards him, expecting thus to make a safe landing, and are lured and wrecked upon the rocks. I must confess I think that artists who take Mr Ruskin as an absolute and practical guide in art will but too often find him a wandering—however brilliant—light to lure them to danger, and perhaps destruction. And the worst of it is, that he is all the more dangerous as a guide because of his brilliancy.

Bel. Let us leave Mr Ruskin and return to our text. Art, according to you, would be the medium between nature and man—the interfusion of facts with feelings and ideas—and not a mere rescript or imitation of dead nature.

Mal. If art be a language, it is plainly the duty of an artist to learn its grammar and structure as thoroughly as he can. Then the question is whether he has anything to say which is original, poetic, or interesting? It is scarcely worth while to learn the language if one has nothing but trivial commonplaces to announce by means of it. Where is the use in learning to make rhymes and verses if you have no poetic and inspiring ideas to express? The means employed in the various forms of art—in music, painting, sculpture, and poetry—are indeed quite different; but the end to be attained is the same—to stir and move the heart and mind, to lift it out of commonplace, and to idealise the literal and make it subservient to some grand or beautiful conception of the im-

agination. In each of the arts there is as great danger of doing too much as of doing too little, or being too literal as in being too vague. In many if not in most cases, a suggestion is better than a statement. Too much literalness of imitation invariably degenerates into dulness and prose, and a hint, suggestion, or touch often does more to stimulate the mind than a careful elaboration. Every great work contains more than its statements. It has a mystery in it that stimulates the mind, and carries it beyond the mere facts into a dreamland of sentiment and feeling. In poetry especially, the poet is often tempted to say too much. The imagination is always ready to supply whatever is suggested, but refuses to be guided and taught its lesson. In a picture, also, there is one thing to be represented in especial to which all else should be subordinated—one main idea to be expressed, and to insist in giving equal value to all that is accessory is a mistake. Besides, it is not true to nature. When the eye is in the centre of the scene, then all is definite, while all else is subordinated and comparatively vague. To give to all the parts equal value and precision, is to draw off the mind from the main object upon which the attention should be fixed. The true artist shows his judgment as well as his imagination in not distracting the eye and the mind by giving the same importance of treatment or the same vividness of representation to the accidental and unnecessary as to the necessary and essential.

Bel. The same observation will apply to the theatre. The actors are obliterated by the gorgeous scenery behind them. The "Tempest" of Shakespeare, for instance,

by this treatment becomes a scenic effect, and Prospero and Miranda are merely subordinate figures in a splendid landscape. With a green curtain behind them, the imagination will supply the scene, and the passions of the persons become the all in all, as they should. This is one reason why Shakespeare always produces a vastly greater effect on one who reads any of his plays than on the same person seeing it on the stage. The imagination must be very dull if we need actual facts and properties and scenery to stimulate them. But nowadays we must have a real wreck for Ferdinand; a real, or apparently real, river for Ophelia to drown in; a real castle, battlements, and moonlight for Hamlet to meet the ghost upon; and the poet is reduced to the line of the playwright. The scene-painter gets as much applause as the author. It is like the artist in 'Little Peddlington,' with the actual pump and the veritable axe and cow-house. We want illusion, not reality.

Mal. The stage has always exercised a great influence on art, as well as art has upon the stage. The Greeks had almost no scenery; their imaginations were so quick that they did not need it. They did not seek for scenic effects and illusions, but were absorbed in the passions portrayed by the actors in their words and gestures. They had no asides on the stage; but all was represented, so to speak, in *basso-relievo*. In like manner the figures in their pictures were in a plane, and had the character of *basso-relievo*. They had no middle distances, no far-off backgrounds, no various incidents, but only foreground figures. They were sparing in effects, and simple and almost sculptural in their arrangements, and concentrated the

interest in few figures. On our stage we represent distances and narrow planes with many figures and elaborate backgrounds and scenery, and our historical pictures partake of the effects of the theatre in their groupings and arrangements. We should not be satisfied with the simple and bare effects of the Greek stage. We not only want the play, but the scenery.

Bel. All our art is different from the art of the Greeks; and certainly in one art—that of music—we have left them, so to say, nowhere. The monotony of their music would bore us to death. This is the great art of our century, which has developed a new world. I doubt if they did not surpass us in painting as much as in sculpture; but unfortunately we have none of their pictures except a few wall-decorations, and not one of their wonderful statues except those which are partly decorative—so, at least, I have often heard you say.

Mal. It is true. The noble works of the Parthenon, of which only a few defaced and broken statues now remain, are decorative figures made by unknown artists, and not celebrated by any ancient writer. But if these noble statues were only decorative, and not considered worthy of special notice, what must have been those famous ones which were the wonder of the world, and so extravagantly praised by the critics of antiquity! What must have been the Athena of Phidias, or the Olympian Zeus, which was said to have exalted and enlarged religion itself! What the magnificent works of Praxiteles, Calamis, Polycleitus, Lysippus, Scopas, Alcamenes, Myron, Agoracritus, and the rest! All these are lost; not one remains—unless,

perhaps, we may except the group of Hermes and Cupid lately unearthed at Olympia, which is full of feeling, grace, and nature, and which, as it corresponds to the text of Pausanias in subject and place where it was found, may possibly be by Praxiteles. But which Praxiteles — for there were two — if either? We must be very careful to remember that Pausanias wrote centuries after Praxiteles died; and all that he can say is that a statue then stood in this place which was called a work of Praxiteles. Well, how many pictures that are called Raphaels, and how many statues that are called Michel Angelos, do we not know that neither Raphael nor Michel Angelo ever saw? And we have only Roman copies of the great Greek works. Nay, we even do not know with certainty that even these are copies, or if so, of what they are copies. The Apollo Belvedere itself is a Roman work of about the time of Nero.

Bel. How do you know this?

Mal. First, from its workmanship. It is not in the Greek style — not *carré*—squared, and flat in its planes, but rounded in its forms, as the Romans worked; and second, because it is executed in Luna or Carrara marble, which fixes its date — the quarries of Carrara having been first opened about the time of Nero.

Bel. Is there, then, so great a difference between the style of workmanship among the Romans and the Greeks?

Mal. Very great. But it would take too long to explain it here; and, besides, I doubt if I should make it perfectly intelligible in words after all, though I could easily show you the difference by comparing two statues. All I can say is that the Greek work is, to use two French words which better

explain what I mean than any English ones which I can now think of, *carré* and *arrêté*—more squared out and decisive in its statements of form. The scientific statement of form is never lost. The treatment is freer, bolder, and based on clearer knowledge and principles. The Roman work is more puffy and rounded, and the muscles are more feebly stated and smoothed away. Compare the Apollo with the Theseus of the Elgin Marbles, and you will at once see the difference.

Bel. But were not all, or nearly all, the sculptors in Rome Greeks?

Mal. That is the general opinion, I know; but I do not agree to it. If they were, they changed their whole style of workmanship. But I see no sufficient reason for any such supposition. Almost all the known names of sculptors in Rome are Greek in their terminations undoubtedly, but this proves nothing. Greece was the land of art and of sculpture, and at one period undoubtedly many came to Rome and practised this profession there—though it does not seem that among these there was a single one of the celebrated sculptors. But Greece could never have supplied artists enough to make the almost incredible number of statues that existed in Rome. They were, as you remember, said to equal in number the inhabitants. One man alone—Emilius Scaurus—had three thousand disposable statues to put into his temporary theatre; and how many more he had, who knows! Now the inhabitants of Rome—not of the *urbs* or city, but of what was called Rome (the Romans making in this respect the same distinction that is now made between London and the City)—must have been at least four millions; and it is difficult to believe that Greece alone

could have furnished artists enough to make them, even if she had sent every sculptor she had to Rome.

Bel. Do you place the inhabitants of Rome at so high a figure? You surprise me. Mr Merivale, if I remember right, only puts them at some 700,000.

Mal. Justus Lipsius, who is a far better authority on this point, has discussed the question in a very elaborate essay, and he estimates the number at four millions. After carefully examining all the data we have, all the statements of the various ancient writers who allude to it, and all the facts which seem to bear on the question, I am convinced that in estimating the number at four millions, I am rather understating than overstating it. It is much more probable that it was larger than that it was smaller. But if you are interested in the question, I will lend you an essay on it which I wrote years ago, and which will give you the grounds on which my estimate is founded. De Quincey also estimates the inhabitants of Rome at four millions. I will only cite one fact, and then leave this question. The Circus Maximus was constructed to hold 250,000, or, according to Victor, at a later period probably, 385,000 spectators. Taking the smaller number, then, it would be one in sixteen of all the inhabitants if there were four millions. But as one-half the population was composed of slaves, who must be struck out of the spectators, when the circus was built there would be accommodation then for one in eight of the total population, excluding slaves. Reducing again the number one-half by striking out the women, there would be room for one in four. Again, striking out the young children and the old

men and the sick and impotent, you would have accommodation for nearly the whole population. Is it possible to believe that the Romans constructed a circus to hold the entire population of Rome capable of going to it!—for such must have been the case were there only four millions of inhabitants. But suppose there were only a million inhabitants, it is plain from the mere figures that it would never have been possible to half-fill the circus. But I will say no more on this subject now, for otherwise we shall spend the whole day on it, and I have already thoroughly discussed it in the paper of which I spoke. Let us now go back to the Roman sculptors. I was saying that I saw no sufficient reason for supposing the sculptors in Rome to be Greeks, although for the most part the names which have come down to us have Greek terminations. I take it that it was the fashion in Rome for sculptors to assume Greek names, just as in our day singers assume Italian names, and for a similar reason. Italy is the land of song and opera; the language is the language of opera; and singers of all nations take Italian terminations to their names—just as Greece, being the land of sculpture originally, and having produced the most renowned sculptors, the Roman sculptors assumed Greek names, and perhaps pretended to be Greeks. Some of them probably, although long domesticated in Rome, also came of Greek ancestry; at all events, we know it was the fashion among dandies and literary men in Rome to talk Greek, and to quote Greek, and put on Greek airs, and to wear Greek dresses; and it is quite probable, therefore, that this affectation extended to sculptors.

To such an extent was this carried, that the great Julius Cæsar himself, while dying, remonstrated in Greek with his assassins; and Cicero in his 'Officiis' recommends the Romans "not to lard their talk with Greek quotations," though, as far as his own letters are concerned, he greatly sinned against his own precept.

Bel. Yes; and I remember Shakespeare, who divined everything, girds at this peculiarity of Cicero in his "Julius Cæsar." Cassius says, "Did Cicero say anything?" and Cassius answers, "Ay, he spoke Greek."

Mal. Well, suppose a thousand years to pass by, and some Australian or South American or Patagonian to be endeavouring to trace the history of music from the records we have—would we not be as much justified in declaring that all the singers of this age were plainly Italians, inasmuch as their very names were evidences of the fact, as we are in declaring all the Roman sculptors to have been Greeks?

Bel. In like manner in later terms, when Latin was the literary language, most of the writers assumed Latin names, of whatever nation they were—as for instance the old chroniclers, Luitprandus, Frisingius, Ditmarus, Arnulphus, Adelboldus, Rupertus, Adhemarus Ostiensis, Chronographus Saxo, and others. Nay, even in our own day we see the German historian of the middle ages in Rome calling himself Gregorovius, after the old fashion.

Mal. It is a curious fact, however, that Rome itself has given us no great names in literature or art. None of the great Latin writers of ancient times in prose or poetry were Romans; and none of the great painters, poets, or writers of the Renaissance.

Among the former, for instance—Virgil was a Mantuan; Terence a Carthaginian and a slave; Lucan and Seneca were Spaniards, and were both born at Cordova; Plautus was an Umbrian; the elder Pliny came from Verona, and the younger was born at Como; Cicero was born at Arpinum, in the Abruzzi; Sallust was a Sabine, and came from Amiternum; Catullus came from Verona; Propertius was an Umbrian; Tibullus came from Pedum, in the Sabine hills; Juvenal probably was born at Aquinum, though the exact place of his birth is not known; Martial was a Spaniard from Bilbilis; Persius was an Etrurian from Volterra; Livy came from Padua, where he was born and died; Cornelius Nepos was a Veronese; Ovid was born at Sulmo, in the country of the Peligni; Horace was an Apulian from Venusia; Phædrus was a Thracian or Macedonian; Strabo came from Amasia, in Pontus; Julius Columella from Cadiz; Quintilian from Calagurris, in Spain; Apuleius from Madaura, in Africa; Ausonius from Bordeaux; Statius from Naples; Valerius Flaccus from Padua; Fronto from Numidia.

Bel. This is very remarkable, but you have left out in your list Tacitus, Lucretius, and Suetonius.

Mal. I shall have to give up Lucretius, and also Varro. These were both born at Rome, and in the whole range of authors these are the only exceptions. As for Tacitus, the time and the place of his birth are unknown, as well as the time of his death, so we can say nothing about him. If he were a Roman he was an exception, as you see, to the general rule, and there is no reason to suppose he was. So also the birthplace of Suetonius is unknown. Rome has

therefore no great name among authors to boast of in the ancient days, with the exception of Julius Cæsar, Lucretius, and Varro. The same observation holds good of the time of the Renaissance. All the great painters, and sculptors, and poets, and historians, and essayists came from other places—principally from Venetia, from Umbria, from Tuscany, from Naples. I cannot recall a single one who was born in Rome, unless, perhaps, Julio Romano. Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, Pulci, Tasso, Macchiavelli, Muratori, Boccaccio, Michel Angelo, Titian, Correggio, Veronese, Palma, Da Vinci, Giotto, Massaccio, Lippi—in a word, all the great men who illustrate the literature and art of Italy—were born out of Rome. The Eternal City can show “no single volume paramount”—no master spirit.

Bel. Ah! but you cannot make good all your quotation. You cannot say, “No single volume paramount—no code.” There at least the Romans were great—in their laws and their science of government. The Roman code is the basis of all our law.

Mal. I am not so sure even of that. The Institutes, Digests, Code, and Novellæ—that is, the whole *Corpus Juris Civilis*—was indeed compiled under the order of Justinian, then emperor of Constantinople. But he was not born in Rome, and we have no knowledge that on the commission of jurists to whom the compilation of this great work was confided there was a single Roman. There may have been, but there is no proof, nor even probability, that there was. So, too, the Theodosian Codex was compiled in the east in the reign of Theodosius, called the Great, and he was not a Roman. We do not even know that Gaius, the great Roman jurist, whose ‘*Institutiones*’ were the text-book of

the Roman law before the Institutes of Justinian, was a Roman by birth. Besides, the law was not a science, and scarcely a system, in the time of Cicero, and the advocate founded his cases more upon appeals to the passions and prejudices of his jurors than on strictly legal arguments. Cicero, in one of his speeches, casts a slur upon the condition of the law in his day, and says, “Occupied as I am, I could yet make myself sufficient of a lawyer in three days.” In trials of state criminals the jury selected from the senators were judges as well of law as of fact, and the presiding magistrate was scarcely more than the curule chairman, without any power of decision.

Bel. You must add to the list of Romans the name of Marcus Aurelius, who was certainly born in Rome.

Mal. How could I have omitted him? Yes, truly his name does make up for a great deal. I know nothing nobler in spirit than his ‘*Meditations*,’ though perhaps his name could not properly come in among the great authors of Rome. He was the purest and noblest character that ever wore the purple, and one of the purest and noblest spirits that ever lived. It is not the literary merit of his book, however, that gives it value. It was but a private journal, and not a book intended for the public, and I was rather thinking of authors who wrote for the world.

Bel. Well, at all events you will admit that the great artists in Greece were Greeks, and that Athens was not as poor in native artists as Rome.

Mal. That depends on what you mean by Greeks. Many of them certainly were not Greeks proper, and very few Athenians. Polygnotus, for instance, was a Thracian

by birth, and came from Thaos, and his Athenian citizenship was only conferred upon him on account of his distinction. Zeuxis, again, was a Macedonian from Heraclea; Parrhassius was an Ephesian from Asia Minor; Pampheleus was also a Macedonian from Amphipolis.

Bel. Who was Pampheleus? His name is not familiar to me among the great Greek painters.

Mal. Still he was a very distinguished man, and of great repute in his country—a Greek Leonardo da Vinci, skilled in mathematics, geometry, various branches of science, and painting in all its methods, of wax, encaustic, &c. He was the master, among others, of Apelles, Melanthius, and Pausias, and it was through his influence that the arts of Greece were greatly developed. He had a school of art, in which the course of study occupied ten years, and his entrance fee was a talent, which the scholar was obliged to pay whether he pursued the whole course or not. But to go on with the Greek artists who were not Greeks, we must add the great name of Apelles, who was born in Asia Minor, though at what precise place is not agreed upon. Suidas refers his birth to Colophon, but Pliny to Cos. The Apelles to whom Lucian refers as an Ephesian is probably another person: whatever he was, however, he was not a Greek proper. Dionysius was also a native of Colophon; Athenion was a Thracian from Maurea; Autophilus an Egyptian; and Protogenes, either a Carian from Caunus, or, according to Suidas, a Lycian from Xanthus.

Bel. Were there none of the great painters of antiquity who were Greeks proper?—none who were Athenians?

Mal. A few. Timanthes was a

Greek from Sicyon; so was Eupompus, I believe. Apollodorus, Nicias, and Panceus (the nephew of Phidias) were Athenians; but I recall no one else among the painters. Yes, I do. Nicomachus and Aristides were both Boeotians from Thebes. As for the sculptors—

Bel. No, I thank you. I am sufficiently upset now in my ideas. You will go on and prove that Greece never produced any great men. I decline. I am not sure that you won't undertake to prove, in Mrs Gamp's phraseology, that "there wa'n't never no such place as Athens," and that it is a sort of "Harris" among cities—a *Ἀρρισσόπολις*, and that Haristides is as apocryphal as William Tell. I should not dare to ask you who Pericles was.

Mal. Your last statement reminds me of a pretty girl, not overcultivated in literature and classical lore, who was turning over the leaves of Shakespeare's plays one day, and came to Pericles. Here she paused for a moment, and then looking up, said, with a delightful smile, and pronouncing the great Athenian's name as she would "obstacles" or "manacles"—"Pericles, Pericles—what are Pericles?"

Bel. Did you tell her?

Mal. I told her they were a queer sort of shell-fish, or periwinkle, or oyster, found in Greece, and that when the Greek girls got tired of a man they wrote his name on the half-shell, which was a delicate way of sending him off, and this they called ostracising him.

Bel. And what did she say?

Mal. No matter.

Bel. That reminds me of a definition of mind and matter, which I once heard: "What is mind?" "No matter." "What is matter?" "Never mind."

SCENES FROM A SILENT WORLD.—III.

BY A PRISON VISITOR.

It seems probable, judging by the present state of feeling on all that concerns the welfare of the people, that the best and wisest modes of dealing with the criminal classes will become one of the great questions of the day. Such a result is much to be desired, especially if the attention of those who are in a position to influence the Legislature can be drawn to the subject in detail. A conviction has been growing up of late in the minds of many persons who take an interest in the outcasts of the population, that our prisons ought to be made more productive of moral benefit to their inmates than is the case at present. The impression, indeed, is very general that prisoners—male and female alike—often come out of jail worse than they were when they went in,—that they encounter there an actively deteriorating influence, and acquire—at least the younger criminals—a greater knowledge of evil than they had attained in their previous career. Those who form their opinion only outside the prison walls, or after a brief official visit, are not, however, in a position to judge rightly on these points; it requires a long and intimate acquaintance, both with the criminals themselves and with the machinery which surrounds them, to gauge adequately the nature and extent of the problems involved in the legal administration of punishment.

So far as a ten years' experience of that description may be trusted, we are decidedly of opinion that the risk of evil influences to a

prisoner within the jail has been greatly overrated.

It is a rigid rule in all penal establishments that the inmates are not to be allowed the smallest intercourse among themselves. Such communication, therefore, as they do succeed in holding with each other, is obtained surreptitiously by means of much ingenious trickery, and it is too circumscribed and dangerous to admit of any elaborate tutoring of the younger prisoners in crime. It frequently happens, also, that some sparks of latent good feeling in the minds of the older and more hardened criminals lead them to look with a certain sorrowful pity on the immature aspirants to their craft; and they are more inclined to warn them of its miserable results than to guide them into its lower depths.

While, however, we are disposed to deny, generally speaking, the existence of any active agencies for evil within the jail, we freely admit that unless strong measures are taken for the improvement and moral education of the prisoners, it is likely that they will undergo a passive deterioration, during the long solitary hours spent in sullen brooding in their cells over the crimes of the past and the possibilities of the future. As the prison system is at present constituted, we do not hesitate to say that the remedial means provided are inadequate for the purpose. These consist for the most part solely of the duties devolving on the prison chaplains. We cannot speak too highly of that admirable

body of men. Those whom we have been fortunate enough to know intimately, have been absolutely devoted to their onerous duties, and have done all that human beings can do under the circumstances. But if one solitary man is set in face of a large number of criminals, succeeding each other more or less rapidly, as their sentences are long or short, and is told that it is his business to bring them one and all from darkness into light, it is physically impossible that, even with the sacrifice of his whole life, he can really accomplish what he is supposed to undertake. In the case of the female prisoners he has a special difficulty of a most formidable kind. According to a stringent rule which obtains in all convict establishments of every description, the chaplain is not allowed to see the women alone—a female warder has to be present during all his interviews with them, even when they are sick or dying in the jail infirmary. This rule is not only right, but rigorously necessary for the protection of the clergyman himself, from the false statements which would infallibly be made respecting him by the lawless and utterly reckless beings with whom he has to deal; but we need scarcely say that it renders his ministrations among them almost entirely fruitless. He can never gain their confidence, or hear the truth from their lips, while they are conscious of being watched by a prison official.

Admitting, then, that the measures at present adopted for the moral and religious improvement of the prisoners are out of all proportion to the object it is desired to attain, there seems to be only one remedy that could meet the necessities of the case—and that is a regular system of visitation

by volunteers from without, who, under the direction of the governor and chaplain, should co-operate with them in efforts for the reformation of the criminals.

That such extraneous help is a distinct necessity in the case of the female prisoners, for the reason we have given above, seems to have been to some extent recognised by the Prison Commissioners, as lady visitors have now been appointed for the women in a few of the principal jails of the kingdom. The number is as yet, however, very small where such additional help is afforded, and we are not aware that it has been extended in any instance to the male prisoners.

There would be one advantage in the admission of supernumerary workers to prisons which might not occur to the minds of those interested in the subject, but which is none the less a very cogent reason for their employment,—it lies in the fact that they would be unpaid volunteers, known by the prisoners not to be in receipt of an official salary as an equivalent for their labours among them. We can best prove the truth of this statement by giving a brief account of a prisoner, whose history was also in other respects somewhat remarkable.

This man had been in prison for a considerable time, and only two months of the term to which he had been sentenced remained to be gone through, when he became very ill with what was pronounced to be pulmonary consumption. He was passed into the infirmary ward, and there he came under the notice of the visitor attached to that jail. The account given of him previous to his failure in health was extremely unsatisfactory. When he first entered the prison to await his trial, he had

not only refused to give his name, but said in the most determined manner that none should ever know who he was or where he came from, or anything whatever concerning him. If they must have a name whereby to designate him in the prison records, they might take Jack Smith—it would do as well as any other. During the whole time of his imprisonment after conviction, he maintained the same obstinate silence as to his antecedents,—in fact, his demeanour was characterised by an unvarying sullenness, and he never opened his lips to any one unless he were compelled. The chaplain did his best with him, but he certainly could never have had a more hopeless subject for his ministrations. The man was not openly rude or insolent, as he knew that such conduct could only bring down condign punishment upon himself; but he took care to make it distinctly evident that when the clergyman tried to instruct or admonish him, he deliberately fixed his mind on some thoughts of his own so as to avoid even hearing the words which were addressed to him; and he never made the slightest response of any kind. In chapel, it is the defiant custom of prisoners who, like himself, have no desire to share in the services, to stand like a soldier on parade, the arms hanging straight by the side, the eyes fixed on the wall, and the lips firmly closed, as if the singing of the hymns and chants were as meaningless as the moaning of the wind outside the narrow windows. It seemed plain that the chaplain's visits served only to confirm him in his dogged reserve and silence.

Several other convictions were recorded against him, and the opinion held of him by the authorities was expressed in one brief sentence addressed by the governor to the visitor who asked to see him—

"You can go to him, of course, if you like, but you had better understand at once that he is a thoroughly bad fellow in every way, without a redeeming point about him."

He received his visitor in perfect silence, and his aspect at first sight was certainly not encouraging—a gaunt, haggard-looking man lying motionless in bed, with his eyes dark and keen as those of a hawk, fixed on the one narrow window high up in the wall, through which a strip of blue sky could be seen—his breathing hurried and feverish, and his large wasted hands, where the bones stood out like those of a skeleton, clenched every now and then as if some secret thought moved him to sudden anger.

On this first occasion the visitor turned the conversation entirely to the state of his health, promising to obtain for him, with the doctor's permission, the means of alleviating the thirst which consumed him,¹ and showing all possible sympathy with his physical sufferings. The prisoner answered very briefly; but towards the close of the interview he suddenly turned his eyes on his visitor with a long scrutinising gaze, which seemed to have some peculiar meaning. It was explained next day, when the chief warder informed the visitor of a brief conversation he had held with the sick man the evening before. The prisoner had begged leave to ask a question: he wished

¹ No addition can be made to the diet of a prisoner even when he is ill enough to be in the jail infirmary, unless it is distinctly ordered for him by the medical officer.

to know whether the individual who had visited him that day was a paid official like the chaplain, so that any attention shown to the convicts was simply the accomplishment of a routine duty necessarily performed as an equivalent for value received. The warder was somewhat indignant, and responded angrily that it was like his insolence to ask any such question: he might have been sure that the attendance at the prison of a person of that description was entirely voluntary, and that no payment ever could or would be made for it. The prisoner answered that he meant no offence; but he thought the officer might understand that it made all the difference in the world to himself and to every other prisoner if they had to listen to a chaplain who was hired to preach to them, or to a person who came to them out of pure goodwill. Subsequent inquiries proved that this is a universal feeling on the part of criminals, who would scarcely have been expected to indulge in so refined a sentiment; but it certainly affords a strong reason for the employment of voluntary workers in addition to the regular officials.

The information given on the subject to this especial prisoner produced a remarkable change in his demeanour. When he next saw his visitor, though he was still a man of few words, he showed himself decidedly grateful and pleased at the attention paid to him; and towards the close of the interview he suddenly raised himself on his elbow, turned round and faced his visitor with a keen eager look, while he said—

"I want to know this—have you the least idea how bad I have been, and am? I won't have you deceived in me. I tell you I have been just as bad as a man can be,

and I delighted in all my wickedness, and never wished to leave it off. I have done every wrong thing you could think of, excepting murder. I never got let in for that, or I'd have swung for it long ago; but it was a chance I didn't, for I never stopped at any crime that came in my way. You ought to know the truth if you are coming often to see me."

"I do know it," was the answer; "but it makes me only the more anxious to be a true friend to you."

"A friend!" he exclaimed—"a friend!" He remained silent for a few minutes with his piercing eyes staring into the face of his visitor, then he suddenly flung himself back on his pillows, muttering, "Well, when I came into this hateful place, ay, and long before, I thought I had done with friends for ever and ever! It goes very hard with me to believe I've got one now."

Nevertheless he did come to believe, not only in the sympathy of his visitor, but in the existence also of a Friend perfect in love and power, to whom he turned in all sincerity for pardon and peace before the termination of his life on earth.

The end came for him in a very singular manner. Far above all his remorse for the past, and the maddening recollection of certain episodes in his secret history, there was one dominant passion in his conscious being, and that was the burning desire of liberty—the almost frantic craving to be free, to escape from these stone walls which held him captive, from that closely barred window where the light of day was only granted in such niggard fashion to his longing eyes; from the resistless authority of his jailers, and from the very sound of those clanking keys which always pervades the atmosphere of a

prison,—if only the long days and nights would pass more quickly, till that blissful hour should come when by law he must be liberated, when the prison gates would open wide and he would go forth ! He counted the very moments he had yet to pass in durance over and over again. "One day less, one night less, twelve hours less," he would exclaim triumphantly when his visitor came in, and soon only a week or so of the time remained. Nevertheless the doctor had grave doubts whether the man would live to go out. His malady was increasing with alarming rapidity, his strength ebbing away, the symptoms of approaching dissolution plainly visible, yet it never seemed to occur to him that he could fail to obtain his release at the destined hour. He listened eagerly to the arrangements which by his own wish had been made for his removal, on the day when the term of his sentence was to expire. It came at last—a beautiful morning, so bright that even the high narrow window admitted a little ray of sunshine, which fell on the wan face of the prisoner as the visitor came to stand by his bedside. One glance was enough to show that the shades of death had already gathered there. He was silent and almost motionless, exhausted by the convulsive struggle for breath in which he had passed the night. If he still remembered that the day of his release had dawned, he knew also that he was about to obtain a more perfect liberty than ever he had dreamt of in all his longings—and so it was. The ceaseless prayer he had so long unconsciously made in the words of the Psalmist, "Bring my soul out of prison," was granted at last, and before the sun set on that appointed day, he had passed to the free airs and boundless expanse

of regions far beyond the confines of this mortal world.

For the reasons illustrated by the above narrative, and many others, we are disposed, as we have said, to advocate strongly the employment of voluntary workers among the inmates of our prisons ; but at the same time we are perfectly aware of the serious difficulties which stand in the way of such a scheme.

At present the rules against the admission of outsiders within the walls are most stringent, and it might seem as if any infringement of these enactments would be subversive of all proper discipline.

Apart from those few prisons where of late years lady visitors have been allowed to penetrate to the women's side, no unofficial persons are ever allowed to pass the gates, except the relations of the prisoners themselves. These are permitted to have an interview with them once in three months. It is limited to twenty minutes, and takes place in the presence of a warder, outside the cell door, where a grating admits an imperfect view of the captive within, and allows his carefully guarded words to be heard by his friend and the officer in charge. No doubt it would be a great innovation on this disciplinary system to open the doors to unofficial persons, and allow them such free access to the prisoners as would render their ministrations of real use. It must be owned also, that there would be considerable difficulty in obtaining workers properly qualified for so peculiar a position ; in fact, some among the lady visitors recently chosen have had to be summarily withdrawn in consequence of injudicious proceedings. A sound judgment, and a high sense of honour as regards the slightest infraction of rule, with various other less conspicuous

qualities, are imperatively required to form an efficient worker; and unhappily these are not often found in combination. For this reason probably, the governors of prisons, generally speaking, so greatly dislike the idea of an invasion of unofficial visitors, that it is to be doubted if they would even welcome a select band of sensible angels, if such could be sent them, from the celestial hierarchy. Of course the office is one which involves many strange and unexpected perplexities; amongst others, we may mention that the visitor is apt to become the recipient of dangerous secrets. We may give an instance of this kind in a history, which is valuable also as illustrating the fallibility and uncertainty of human justice, to which we have alluded in some former records from the Silent World.

A man and his wife were sent to the prison with which the writer is connected, having been committed to take their trial for the alleged murder of a child. It had been the woman's own offspring, but was only step-son to the male prisoner. The facts brought out in evidence at the inquest were simply these: The man had been alone in an up-stairs room with the child when its death took place. The only other person in the house was his wife, the little one's own mother. She remained in the kitchen below, and did not go near the child till she was told by her husband that it was dead. A doctor was then sent for, although, of course, it was evident that his services could be of no avail. He stated at the inquest that all the indications, from the state of the child's head, pointed to murderous violence having been used against it; but he admitted that it was within the range of possibility that

the fatal injuries it had sustained might have been caused by an accidental fall out of its little chair, which the step-father affirmed to have been the origin of the disaster. The coroner was of opinion that the case was one which ought to be brought under the searching investigation of a court of justice, and he therefore sent both the persons implicated to await their trial in prison. They had a younger infant, the legitimate child of the man, for which it seemed both had always shown a marked preference: it was left in the care of a neighbour.

The woman, who was young, timid, and weak, was in a state of nervous excitement which rendered her unceasingly restless, and she welcomed the visitor's interviews with her eagerly, as a relief from the monotonous solitude of her cell. She maintained at first a cautious reserve on the subject of the supposed crime, and of course her silence was respected. After a time, however, she ascertained that any statement made to the visitor was always received in strict confidence—certain not to be reported to either prison authorities or magistrates—and that the visitor was not there to intervene in any way respecting either the crime or the punishment of prisoners, but only to offer them advice and consolation in the present, and such help as might be possible in the future. Then one day, when she was more than usually depressed, she burst out with the whole truth as to the death of the child, giving every particular with a vehemence which the visitor had no power to check.

The unfortunate little boy had been a source of discord and contention between herself and her husband ever since the birth of the infant, which was legally his

own; and in so many words she stated that it was only too true—he had indeed deliberately murdered him. She knew that he went to the room where the boy was for the purpose, and it seems almost incredible that she should have been so unnatural a mother as not to have even tried to protect him; but it is to be feared that she had no desire to do so. The only trace of feeling she showed while minutely describing the harrowing details we gladly withhold from our readers, was in the admission that she could not, as she expressed it, follow her husband upstairs “to see it done!” By her passive connivance at the crime, she was of course virtually as guilty as the man himself. The full revelation thus made remained of necessity a secret, known to no single person except the writer, who was present a little later at the trial of the accused persons.

It took place at the next assizes, and the first proceeding of the grand jury was to throw out the bill against the woman altogether. She was instantly discharged, and the man alone appeared in the dock.

The witnesses against him were few in number. His wife, of course, could not be examined, and the evidence was limited to that of the medical man who had been called in, and one or two neighbours, who could only testify generally as to unkind treatment towards the child on the part of the prisoner at the bar. The doctor's evidence was decidedly the most damaging, and it was plain that the accused man was painfully conscious of its weight and significance, for his face became ghastly with fear as he listened,—in his guilty consciousness he clearly believed himself doomed, and at least in that mo-

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ment he did by anticipation taste the bitterness of death. It was easy to see what the doctor's private opinion was, but he was bound only to speak as to facts; and under a severe cross-examination from the prisoner's counsel, he was compelled to admit that the circumstances were consistent with a possible accident, such as the man had from the first affirmed to have been the cause of the child's death.

After the evidence had been taken, and the counsel on both sides had made their speeches, the judge proceeded to sum up and deliver his charge to the jury. In the most eloquent and convincing manner possible, he proved to them that the man was, in the eye of the law, perfectly innocent of the crime which had been laid to his charge. There was no reliable evidence against him—no human eye had beheld the events which had resulted in the death of the child—not one person could testify that they had seen the step-father inflict any injury upon him on that occasion; they must dismiss from their minds what had been stated as to his harshness at other times—they were concerned only to inquire into the circumstances which had occurred on the one fatal day. It was a point strongly in the prisoner's favour, that he had himself gone instantly to bring a doctor to the scene (the child being safely dead, be it remembered). The medical gentleman had admitted that the accident described by the prisoner would account for the death, and in short the man must be pronounced innocent. In the words of Bishop Ken—

“His righteousness was as the noon-day clear.”

The jury, without even retiring from their box, brought in a verdict of “Not guilty.” The accused

man was honourably acquitted—discharged forthwith from the custody of the police, and in another moment he had hurried out of the court and disappeared.

One person who listened to the judge's "admirable summing up," as the newspapers termed it, and to the unanimous verdict, knew certainly that the man thus pronounced to be innocent had in truth been guilty of a most brutal premeditated murder; and it was impossible to escape the inference, that if the fallible human justice could thus dismiss an unmitigated villain with an honourable acquittal, it must be equally liable to an error of judgment in the opposite direction,—and an innocent man pronounced guilty of murder passes to a punishment which can never in this life be revoked.

Whatever may have happened in the past, the risk of so painful a mistake occurring in these days certainly lies in the possibility of perjury on the part of hostile witnesses. We believe that the danger of false evidence being tendered on oath in our courts of justice by persons of a certain class, is far from being sufficiently estimated by those in authority. It is part of the experience gained in the Silent World to gauge the depths of that utter disregard of truth in which children of the lowest class are nurtured from infancy upward, till, when they reach maturity, it has become a second nature. Where any vindictive feeling happens to be cherished against a prisoner, there is not the smallest scruple among such persons in swearing to the grossest falsehoods concerning him; and we have known instances where the love of notoriety alone, in the case of female witnesses, has produced the same result. The newspapers have quite lately been expatiating on the release of two innocent men from

penal servitude in consequence of its having become known that the evidence given against them some years ago was false, and there has been commendable speed in sending them a free pardon for the crime they never committed. Fortunately for these poor men, their sentence was not of that irrevocable nature which would have rendered any such restitution impossible.

Prison visitors can often be of great use to criminals awaiting trial by inducing them to deal truthfully with their Counsels, and to act in all respects righteously as regards their offences against the law. It is one of the many channels open to them for the moral improvement of the unlucky denizens of the Silent World. As we desire strongly to advocate an organisation of voluntary workers for these purposes, it is only just that we should give some little insight into the difficult nature of the work in its various branches.

One of the most rigid rules which such visitors have to obey, is that which prohibits them from conveying to the prisoners the smallest fraction of intelligence as to anything which may be taking place in the world outside the walls. They are thereby often landed in very perplexing positions. One of the most romantic histories revealed in our prison is connected with an instance of this kind. A very beautiful woman had, for some unknown reason, been transferred from London to the jail of which we have been writing. The offence which had brought her a year's imprisonment was one of which it was quite possible that she might have been as guiltless as she declared she really was. She affirmed that it was a case of mistaken identity. She was comparatively young, and even the unsightly convict dress could not hide the symmetry of her fea-

tures or the grace of her movements. She had received a superior education, and was possessed of great musical talent. She had, we believe, been the *prima donna* of a London music-hall, and had been in the habit of singing there nightly to a charmed audience, with whom she was a favourite, and who always greeted her on her appearance with showers of bouquets. It was a dangerous position, especially for an attractive young woman, without either father or mother to protect her, and poor No. 19 had not been proof against the allurements that beset her.

For a long time nothing whatever was known of her antecedents within the jail. She maintained, as many prisoners do, an absolute reserve towards the officials, holding as little intercourse with them as was possible. Her conduct was exemplary so far as the regular routine of work and discipline was concerned, but it was believed that when she was shut into her cell for the night in solitude and silence, she often gave way to paroxysms of passionate weeping, beating herself against the stone walls that held her in such rigid bondage.

It happened that the visitor had been absent for a little time after No. 19 came to the prison; but the records of this case, when examined, contained no account whatever of the woman's previous history, so determinedly had she concealed it from all around her, and at first she maintained the same silence with her visitor. When a few interviews had taken place between them, however, she made the discovery that whatever confidence she gave to this person would be held inviolate; and then the pent-up longing to relieve the aching burden of unshared thought, and feel the touch of human sympathy which generally takes pos-

session of prisoners during a lengthened incarceration, drove her to a full revelation of her life-history in the past and her hopes for the future. Hers had been an experience only too sadly common among women of her ardent and undisciplined nature; but there were certain circumstances connected with her position at the time which gave it an unusual interest. She had been educated more or less as a lady, but being left friendless at an age when her beauty and attractions were at their height, she was glad to turn her musical talents to account as a means of living, and became, as we have said, a public singer. The life of excitement, the gay and brilliant scenes in which she figured nightly, the applause with which she was always greeted, were full of fascination to her, and she was very happy in her somewhat dangerous career. Then she attracted the notice of a man whose name she would not at first reveal, even to the visitor whom she trusted, because she knew that it was familiar to every one as that of a person in a very high position both socially and politically. After a time, during which he lavished upon her every proof of real affection he could bestow, loaded her with precious gifts, and gave rise to no suspicion of evil intentions, the usual miserable result followed: he persuaded her to go abroad with him under a promise of marriage, when certain obstacles which stood in the way should have been removed. She knew the error of such a course, and hated the consciousness of wrong-doing in herself, even if it were to be only temporary; but she could not resist the entreaties of the voice she loved, or the specious promises that accompanied them. It was simply another case of that blind unreasoning passion of a woman

for her idol, which fills the prison books with some of the darkest crimes they have to record.

Her life had thus become one of luxury and splendour, spent as much as possible on the Continent, during which time the hope of marriage was ever before her, lending a very false colouring to her position. There were frequent intervals, however, when public affairs required that her companion should leave her; and it was during one of those periods of solitude that she was suddenly charged with the offence which ultimately brought her within the prison walls. According to her own account, not only was it a mere case of mistaken identity, but she was actually abroad at the time when she was supposed to have been committing a fraud in London: and this fact she declared to her visitor she could have proved instantly at her trial had she chosen to call as witness the man who had been travelling with her there; but she knew that to do this would be to bring his well-known name into the papers, coupled with her own, in a disgraceful manner; and she preferred rather to endure the term of imprisonment which the undefended accusation brought upon her, than to injure fatally the reputation of the man she loved.

It is difficult to believe that a woman who had gone so far wrong as she had done, and was of so passionate and impulsive a nature, could have been capable of an act of generosity which was to bring a most galling punishment upon herself; but the writer saw a letter from her to the man in question, which undoubtedly bore out the truth of her statement. Perhaps her generous act may have been rendered more easy for her by the hope it engendered, that her lover would reward her for it by accomplishing the long-desired marriage,

all obstacles to it having been removed. She no longer withheld his name from the visitor, and it was evident that she brooded on the thought of him and of her possible future night and day. At the same time, she appeared to be strongly moved by the efforts of those who sought to influence her for good, and she promised to abide by their earnest advice, and to see this man no more unless he did in truth make her his wife. She gave some evidence of sincerity in her intentions by agreeing to remain under the visitor's care, after her release from jail, until it could be seen what her fate was likely to be, and the course which it would be right for her to adopt in accordance with it. Matters were in this position, and a considerable portion of her term of imprisonment still remained to be undergone, when the visitor one morning found a whole column of a London paper filled with an account of the magnificent wedding of the man in whom poor No. 19 had trusted so devotedly. Troops of aristocratic friends had surrounded him and the lady who held herself to be supremely fortunate in becoming his wife. An ecclesiastical dignitary had tied the knot, and crowds had waited outside the church to greet with acclamations the highly placed bridegroom who was supposed to have the interests of the people especially at heart.

We have told this story mainly to illustrate some of the perplexities which are apt to beset prison visitors in the discharge of their duties, and here was certainly a notable instance. The rule, binding persons appointed to that office never to bring tidings from the outside world to the knowledge of the prisoners under any circumstances whatever, rendered it impossible for the writer to give No.

19 the faintest hint of an event which must inevitably alter the whole course of her future life, and at once dispel the fervent hopes she was cherishing so fondly. Naturally it became thenceforth extremely difficult to know how to counsel and support a woman who had to be kept in ignorance of that which was in fact the key-note of her destiny, and who must be left in her delusion to make plans which could never be realised.

There was no help for it, however. It might have been easy enough for the visitor to evade the rule in that particular instance without its ever becoming known to the authorities, but of course such a proceeding would have been simply dishonourable; and therefore nothing could be done except to speak to poor No. 19 on the vanity of human hopes in general, and more especially of such as were founded on the possibility of righteous dealing by a man who had already cruelly wronged her. As may be supposed, these vague sentiments had little weight with the high-spirited, impassioned woman. She thought only of the long period of dreary imprisonment which she had suffered for this man's sake, and could not, would not doubt that he had a great recompense in store for her. At length the day of her release came—so long looked forward to as the golden dawn of a life that would be like a summer day in brightest happiness. The visitor went to take the poor woman from the prison, and place her in safety in the home provided for her. Once outside the gates of the jail, she was of course entirely exempt from prison rule, and the truth could be told to her without any breach of duty;—a sufficiently painful task! but delay was for every reason undesirable, and it had to be done at once. There was

silence for a moment—at last, with a wild fierceness in her eyes like that of a hunted animal driven to bay, she muttered hoarsely, “He promised to marry me,” and then closed her lips resolutely over the tempest of indignation that raged within her. After that, all went wrong with her. She became embittered and hopeless. She seemed to have lost faith in human nature, and with it went also the first faint stirrings of belief in a Love Divine which had been evoked in her during her prison experience. She was speedily again in communication with the outer world, and temptation came from various quarters to draw her back into the vortex of London life. She was found one day surrounded by a quantity of new music which had been sent to her, and letters followed respecting property said to have been bequeathed to her for which her presence was required. Within a fortnight of her discharge from jail she had drifted back into London, nominally only for a little time, but in fact to disappear altogether from the knowledge of those who had taken so much interest in her. There remained only the hope that in the dark days which were certain to overtake her in her perilous career, the remembrance of noble aims and pure desires which had been aroused within her while a prisoner, might yet return to bless and brighten her later years of life.

The restrictions surrounding a prison visitor which are illustrated by this history are, however, as nothing in comparison to the one great difficulty which in many different shapes presents itself to all who have to work among the inmates of a jail. This simply consists in the complete reversal of all preconceived ideas as to the clearly defined limits of right and wrong, when these are brought into

connection with a certain impracticable class of prisoners.

To such as they are and have been from infancy, it seems impossible to apply any laws, human or divine. They have been a law unto themselves all their days, as their parents were before them, and have never known any other. Absolutely ignorant of so much as the existence of any power which could enforce a moral obligation, the name of God never heard by them except in the form of an oath, the enactments of the Legislature are only recognised as that which must be deftly cheated and defied with all possible cunning. For instance, how could guilt in the ordinary sense of the word be held to attach to a young woman who breaks the commandment "Thou shalt not steal," when not only she never heard of the prohibition, nor of the Being from whom it emanated, but, on the contrary, had been taught from childhood that nothing could be so righteous and so clever as to accomplish a successful theft, and bring the proceeds home to receive a just reward—while the extreme iniquity of failing in a clumsy attempt at the noble art, would be rightly visited by the heaviest punishment? In giving this illustration we are drawing no fancy picture. Persons answering to that description are frequently received in our penal establishments; but we will give the details of one typical case, which certainly sounds strangely enough as the record of a true existence in the midst of our boasted civilisation and enlightenment.

A woman was transferred to our prison from one of the overflowing convict institutions under a long sentence. She was aged thirty-four years, and, as usual, the list of her previous convictions was sent in along with her. From this

official document we learned that she had already been imprisoned sixty-four times. It was a curious coincidence that the number of her terms of incarceration exactly doubled her years of life, but such was undoubtedly the fact. She looked even younger than her actual age. She was a small, dark-eyed woman, whose countenance when she was brought into the jail bore a somewhat evil expression; it was at least characterised by abiding sullenness and ill-temper, and at first her conduct seemed to correspond with it. She was refractory so far as she dared, and gave a good deal of trouble to the officers set over her; but after a time of intercourse with her unofficial visitor, she became a totally changed being—gentle, obedient, and deeply grateful to those whom she found, to her utter amazement, were really anxious to help and comfort her. Never before in all the years of her miserable life had this poor forlorn outcast known what it was to meet with pity or kindness from her fellow-creatures, and the first touch of human sympathy fell on the hard defiance of her despairing darkened spirit like a ray of warm sunshine on ice that binds imprisoned waters. Very soon she yielded to the yearning that, as we have said, arises in hours of solitary confinement, to pour out to some friendly listener the mournful secrets of the past, and the whole black record of a most hopeless existence was revealed in her own simple uncouth language.

"I never had no home," she began, "no, nor yet a friend—never, never. I've been full of trouble and misery all my days, and there was never anyone—man or woman, rich or poor—to hold out a hand to me, and help me struggle out of it. They wouldn't even let me alone, but they used to knock me about and force me to thief and fight

for them, and then they made off and left me to be caught by the police and locked up. The first kind words as any one ever spoke to me have been in this here prison." Then she went on and told all her history, which we retail in fewer words. It was true to the letter that she had never had a home. Her father had been a street musician, and her mother spent all her time wandering from place to place hawking anything she could find to sell. "Hawking" in that class is very well known to be a scarcely concealed pretence for begging or stealing whenever the opportunity presents itself. At night the family retired to any one of the low lodging-houses in the East End of London which had room for them; and when the pence failed for even that uninviting shelter, they slept in a railway arch or under some empty truck in a siding where they escaped notice. Never, in her earlier years, did hapless No. 12 know what it was to lay her head in any more decent sleeping-place than the common room of one of those terrible dens where men and women of the most degraded class are herded together. Even such semblance of care and protection as a father and mother so circumstanced could give her was not long retained by the unfortunate girl. Her father was an inveterate drunkard: he started on his street round one day in his usual health, and before night fell he was found dead from suffocation after a drinking-fit, in which some ill-bestowed shilling had enabled him to indulge. His wife, if such she was, did not protract the period of mourning for him. Very speedily she annexed another protector; and she seems after that to have abandoned all care for her child, so that it made very little difference to No. 12 when the close of her mother's career came as suddenly as that

of her father. After a cold winter's night, when the woman and her so-called husband had not the means of paying even for leave to sit up in the lodging-house kitchen, which is sometimes granted to those who cannot afford a bed, she was discovered lying across his feet stone dead from exposure in the street. Thenceforward there existed no one on earth from whom No. 12 could claim support or protection. Her first imprisonment took place at the age of ten years—the punishment of a theft from a shop, not by any means her earliest. The result of this sentence was, however, to give her the best chance of rescue from evil her sad destiny had ever afforded her. She was sent to a reformatory. It must to some extent have been an advantage to her, as she there learned to read, though imperfectly enough. It does not seem, however, as if any effective moral influence had been brought to bear upon her, for it is certain that she came out from that *quasi* prison after a not very long detention, with her ideas of right and wrong as entirely distorted as they had always been. She was sent by the managers of the institution to a farmhouse to act as "general servant" (*slavey*, she would have termed it) to the farmer's wife. Her tenure of this respectable employment came quickly to an abrupt conclusion. She had been sent out one fine day into the fields, and being struck with surprise and enthusiasm at the sight of wild flowers actually growing, so unlike the faded nosegays she had seen in the London streets, she remained there gathering them long past the time when she had been ordered by her mistress to return. It was probably the first innocent employment on which she had ever voluntarily been engaged, and the farmer's wife punished her for it by instant dismissal. No.

12 was sent back alone into the London streets with the very few shillings in her pocket which constituted the wages she had earned. With these she proudly engaged a room for herself, child as she still was; and having made a passing acquaintance with a woman who lived opposite, she inquired of her whether she knew of any situation vacant for a "slavey." After various tentative experiences she drifted into a house of very bad character. Happily a stand-up fight with one of the inmates caused her to be ignominiously cast out of it, and from thence she went to serve in a public-house.

That was the end of all dim efforts at honest living. She was by that time about sixteen years of age, and she very speedily took the last fatal step in ruin and degradation, not even prompted thereto by any personal affection. No one tried to protect or save her; no one told her that there were sin and misery in a shameless life on the streets, and to that she passed hardly knowing what she did. In that terrible existence she remained. It was varied only by perpetual imprisonments,—sometimes for assault—she had a fierce temper, which she never dreamt of controlling; very often for theft; occasionally for breaking the plate-glass window of a gin-palace. So she went on from one condition of wretchedness to another, tossed like a hapless piece of driftwood on the waves of this troublesome world;—beaten, bruised in body and mind; ill-treated, knocked down by drunken men;—dragged, resisting and half-intoxicated, to prison by the police, feeling that every one with whom she came in contact was her enemy; suffering continual pain and privation, from which she knew no way of escape, save by that which better-instructed persons held to be error and wickedness.

Worn with the struggle against her bitter fate, at length she found herself flung inside the walls of our prison. It certainly seemed as if hers was as desperate a case for the possibility of moral improvement as had ever come under the notice of chaplain or visitor, yet they could not feel that it was by any means hopeless. It was so evident that after she left the reformatory this poor woman never had the ghost of a chance, in all her trampled-down existence, of rising to higher and purer hopes than those involved in the passion of the moment, or of learning any other distinction between right and wrong than that which brought greater or less misery to herself. The extraordinary change which took place in her demeanour and conduct when she realised that she was indeed no longer to be left friendless and unpitied, justified the hopes which were soon entertained that she would do well in the new position of honest and honourable living which was prepared for her acceptance on her discharge from jail. It remains to be seen whether these hopes will be realised in the future.

We cannot close with so sad a history, and must be allowed to relieve the gloom of our preceding pages by a brief account of one of the strangest, as well as the most comical, little personages who ever came under the grave, quiet authority of the prison warders, and whose case was, above all others, difficult to deal with, so far as the moral law was concerned. She was a diminutive elderly woman, with a countenance full of vivacity and cleverness, and the keenest of black eyes, which sparkled with malicious amusement whenever she succeeded in perplexing the officers by some odd proceeding. She had a certain air of refinement piercing through even the coarse convict

garb, and was undoubtedly a person of considerable education. She was always extremely cheerful, and talked volubly and freely with the prison visitor, who alone was allowed to converse privately with her. It was plain that she had known society of a very different grade from most of her fellow-prisoners, and it might even have been inferred from her manner that she had been in some capacity at Court, or at least had managed to become acquainted with the traditions of that exclusive sphere, for she would insist, most inappropriately, on treating her visitor to royal honours. Never did she approach that individual without making three profound curtsies at different stages of the advance, and invariably retired backward from the august presence, with the same elaborate ceremony. Apparently she had travelled much; and on one occasion when she was getting the worst of an ethical argument with her visitor, and she was desirous of changing the subject of conversation, she burst into a torrent of French on a totally different theme, and spoke it faultlessly with an admirable Parisian accent.

Who she was, whence she came, and whither she went, when, refusing all help in the most independent manner, she disappeared outside the prison gates on her discharge, could never be elicited from her by any means whatever. She was, however, open as the day respecting the offence which had brought her within the grasp of the law. She described it minutely—first emphasising the fact that she considered it a most proper and virtuous proceeding. She had broken into a house, she said, when the family were at church, and had taken therefrom some valuable property, with which she was comfortably departing when, unfortunately, a contemp-

tible spy had not only watched her clever proceedings, but was actually base enough to give information to the police. The cool self-satisfaction with which she related this daring theft is quite indescribable.

As it was the duty of the prison visitor to try and bring her to a better mind, some allusion was naturally made to the Eighth Commandment; upon which she said, with a slightly supercilious smile, that she was perfectly cognisant of that injudicious enactment, and entirely disapproved of it. It was, she affirmed, illogical, improper, unjust, and no sensible person would pay the smallest attention to it. She then proceeded to prove the moral obligation she had been under to commit this burglary. Her mode of reasoning showed that she must have been consorting with Socialists and Communists, probably in France as well as in England.

"The matter is perfectly simple," she said; "those people whose house I entered—through the window—and from whom I *took* (stealing is a very vulgar word) some trumpery articles, were extremely wealthy; they had everything they could desire in the world, and more a great deal than they required, while I had nothing—not even on that particular day the means of providing myself with comfortable meals; it was perfectly right and proper, therefore, that I should avail myself of their superfluity. Why should they have more than they needed and I nothing? It would have been more suitable, indeed, if I could have remained long enough to make a just division of the whole property between myself and them; my only blunder was in not being a little more sharp and careful, so as to evade those infamous policemen, who will oc-

cupy themselves pertinaciously with the affairs of other people."

When the old woman arrived at this point in her discourse, an attempt was made by her listener to take a somewhat different view of the transaction, but it was only received by her with a patronising smile and a wave of the hand, with which she dismissed the argument.

"Yes," she said, "I perceive that these are your principles, and no doubt they are shared by a few persons who hold to the old traditions; but I have been assured by those who have the interests of the people really at heart, that they are obsolete, quite obsolete; there is a good time coming when there will be a very different distribution of property,"—then she nodded her head significantly, and hinted that so well-informed a person as the visitor must doubtless be quite aware of the probable unpleasant destination of the rich in a future state.

This provoking old personage was certainly a most peculiar specimen of a prisoner. She took all the pains and penalties of her position, even the uninviting diet which is usually much deplored, in the most airy and cheerful manner imaginable. She effectually baffled any attempt at the improvement of her mind and morals. Some steps were taken at the time of her release to give her facilities for gaining an honest living, but there was not much reason to hope that she would really avail herself of them. It was evident that she intended to continue her system of profiting by other people's superfluities; and as she was far advanced in life, it seemed probable that she would end her days during some long term of penal servitude.

We need scarcely say that the few instances we have now given, do not represent the gravest perplexities with which the appointed visitor to a prison has to contend.

There are others much more serious, as well as more sorrowful, on which we have not yet touched; but whatever may be the difficulties of the work, we must repeat our conviction that the employment of efficient voluntary workers is the only means whereby our prisons could,—in addition to their present use as mere places of punishment,—become also active agencies for the amelioration of the criminal classes. The police-court missions and prisoners' aid societies, which are established in most large towns, deserve all credit for the amount of good work they succeed in accomplishing; but they can only reach the criminal after his release, when the first breath of recovered freedom acts like a sort of intoxication on his senses, and renders him too often impervious to all but the wild desire to rush away into the old lawless life with the boon companions who are generally waiting at the prison gate to welcome him back to their ranks. These agencies meet him at a great disadvantage; but it is very different when he is under the sobering influence of a long imprisonment, when the advice and instruction given to him are matured by reflection in the solitude of his cell, and when definite arrangements can be made beforehand for starting him on a better way of life immediately on his discharge. We have been the more anxious to ventilate this question of prison improvement because there seems reason to hope, as we have said, that the necessity for an organisation of free volunteer workers is making itself felt at headquarters, and that the dread naturally existing in the minds of the jail authorities respecting so great an innovation of established rule, may gradually be overcome by a clearer comprehension of the great interests involved in the question.

LADY BABY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE "BLUE-BELLS."

"I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore."

"I DON'T believe a word of it," said Lord Kippendale, standing with the open telegram in his hand. "Drowned? Eh? What's drowned? Who's drowned? I've heard of men drowning; but as for drowned mines, it altogether beats me. Eh? What's it all about?"

"Papa," said Lady Baby, who, curiously enough, felt more relieved than aghast, "I think it means that the sea has somehow or other got into the mines."

"Which is as much as to say that the mines are swamped," said Nicky, who on the whole was the most practical member of the family.

"Swamped? Nonsense! Why can't they get the water out again by the way it came in?"

"I don't know," said Nicky,—"perhaps they can; but this telegram looks ugly. Captain John wouldn't telegraph without reason."

"No, I suppose he wouldn't,—not that telegraphing at all is much good. Surely Captain John can manage the pumping out, or whatever it is, without me."

"But," said Nicky, "there may be the whole sea to pump out, in which case——"

"In which case," said Lord Kippendale, testily, "I certainly should not be of more use than he."

No one quite grasped what really would be the consequence of the case suggested by Nicky. They were all rather stunned and stupefied, and on the whole more bewildered than panic-stricken.

Gullyscoombe and the Gullyscoombe mines had always been such a distant thing to their minds, that it was impossible in one moment to realise the full weight of what had happened, or even thoroughly to understand it. With the exception of Lord Kippendale, they none of them had so much as seen closely a mine of any sort; and if Agnes or Lady Baby had been asked off-hand for their definition of the article, they probably would have described it in a general sort of way as a hole in the ground which occasionally collapsed and occasionally exploded, and where unfortunate miners sometimes got suffocated and sometimes got their necks broken. Also they understood that mining as an occupation was dirty and untidy work, but exceedingly lucrative to the people on whose estates these untidy holes were situated. To both Agnes and Lady Baby it appeared a comparatively simple matter to get the water out of the hole by the way it had gone in.

"And they seem to expect an answer," said Lord Kippendale, taking up the telegram again; "they ask what they are to do, as if I could tell them! I have never known Captain John to be so helpless before,—holloa!" and he stopped short suddenly, and stared at the paper; "the telegram isn't from Captain John at all, it's from one of the foremen. What's the meaning of this?"

What indeed could be the meaning of it? they all asked themselves, with a distinct increase of

alarm. This was the first question to be settled, and now that it was suggested, Lord Kippendale was on thorns already to have it answered. An inquiry was wired to Gullyscoombe, but it was not till towards the end of dinner that the butler brought in another orange envelope on a salver.

During the whole afternoon Lord Kippendale had shown himself loudly confident and sanguine, but his hand was shaking a little as he cut the envelope. They all watched him intently as he read, but he had scarcely glanced at the paper when he rose to his feet and looked about him with a shocked and perplexed air. The others rose instinctively, and asked, "What is it? Is it from Captain John?"

"No," said the Earl, "it is not from Captain John. Captain John is killed—drowned in the mine." He dropped the telegram and sank back in his chair, and then they all stood for a moment and looked helplessly into each other's faces.

For now the panic had seized them, now only they began to realise what had occurred. Captain John's death was something far more distinct and palpable than the swamping of all the mines in Christendom. This brought the blow home as nothing else could have done, and it was from this moment only that the catastrophe began to be recognised as such. Captain John's death had supplied the standard by which to measure it.

No one seemed inclined to finish dinner, and presently they were all in the drawing-room, a little pale, a little agitated, some of them subdued and others excited, giving out opinions, making suggestions, surmising, commenting, and throwing out questions, as people do in these moments of bewilderment,

without stopping to wait for the answers.

"It is quite evident that they have all lost their heads without Captain John," said Lord Kippendale, desperately pacing the room. "I am not a mining engineer, but I shall have to send one down, I suppose. Something will have to be done, and I shall have to see Reid" (Reid was Lord Kippendale's man of business). "Good heavens! there will be no end of a bother. Oraigtoun, see that a groom is mounted immediately—there will be half-a-dozen telegrams to send off; and look here, some of you girls come and help me," and seizing on a lighted bedroom candle, Lord Kippendale dashed off to his writing-room, and became almost happy in inditing telegraphic messages, for telegraphing was ever to him a congenial occupation.

There was nothing like connected conversation or social intercourse that evening; the butler was discussing matters with the upper-footman in the servants' hall, and had forgotten to have the lamps taken to the writing-room. Lord Kippendale sat scribbling by the light of one candle; and by the light of another candle, Lady Baby, kneeling before an ottoman which she was using as a table, and feeling her brain all in a whirl, was sending peremptory messages to the Gullyscoombe workmen to pump the water from the mines. Maud Epperton was silently and deftly laying ready the telegraph-forms, while her face looked quite as grave as that of any of the family; and in the drawing-room Nicky sat plunged in gloom, and Agnes gazed towards him as if for comfort, but found none.

Next day Mr Reid came. He was a chronically startled-looking

man, owing to the upward and bristly propensities of his reddish hair. He looked a great deal more startled than usual to-day, and his face grew very long as he examined the Gullyscoombe telegrams, of which there had been several more since the previous night.

"It looks bad, very bad," said Reid.

"Then is it your opinion that the mines are lost?" asked the Earl, who would have preferred even an unfavourable verdict to this nerve-trying suspense.

"My opinion on the subject is worth nothing," explained Reid. "These telegrams look bad, but it is quite possible that in the first shock and flurry the case may be taken for worse than it is; besides, the gale is still blowing, and would naturally interfere with all attempts at rescue. It does not seem quite clear, either, how many of the mines are drowned."

"No," said Kippendale; "and it would be too preposterous to suppose that they were all three swamped together."

"But they were all in connection," observed Reid, "were they not?"

"Yes; so I understood."

Mr Reid said nothing, but looked one degree more startled.

"Then what is to be done? Am I really expected to go down there myself and ladle out the water?"

"There will be time enough to think of going down when we have the engineer's report; that is the first step. As I understand it, these cases differ so widely in each individual instance, and depend so entirely upon accidents of the soil, that no one but a mining engineer can pronounce a verdict. But there is no cause for premature despair."

"Despair? Oh, you don't catch me at that. The sea may have

locked up the 'Blue-bells,' but it can't have carried away all the copper at Gullyscoombe, you know, Reid. Though neither you nor I are mining engineers, we may be pretty sure of that, I suppose, eh? The biggest tide there ever was can't have washed Gullyscoombe clean of copper."

Mr Reid relaxed into a smile, and said something that might pass as an agreement; but the smile was wavering and the tone doubtful, and when he got back to his office his hair was standing more than usually on end.

There passed three days of inaction and waiting. Lord Kippendale fretted and fumed, and wished ten times a-day that he had gone to Gullyscoombe himself. The first brunt of the shock was over by this time, and the rest of the family had settled down into comparative calm; for they were now at that treacherously peaceful stage when the edge of a disagreeable surprise is passed, and when ultimate consequences are not yet foreseen. As yet these consequences were mere visions of air; there was nothing that could be taken hold of and felt as a palpable result of the catastrophe. The mines at Gullyscoombe were drowned, perhaps even irretrievably drowned, but dinner was served just as punctually at Kippendale; the cream was just as thick, and the toast as well buttered at breakfast as it had ever been. Of course there were qualms and questionings; but they were put aside as being possibly uselessly self-tormenting.

At last came Mr Grey, the engineer, with his report. It was brief to cruelty; the mines were lost.

"All?" asked Lord Kippendale, standing still and staring hard into the face of Mr Grey. This engineer was a man who had incident-

tally been employed on small jobs at Gullyscombe, and Lord Kippendale had on this occasion walked to the station to meet him. He was a middle-aged, sensible individual, without the shadow of a characteristic about him, except just that he was middle-aged and sensible. "All? Do you mean that all are lost—all three?"

"That is what I mean. Your lordship is aware that the three Blue-bell mines were all connected underground; the drowning of the one necessarily entails the drowning of the others."

Lord Kippendale walked on for a few steps, looking like a man who has received a blow on the head.

"How was it?" he said at last, slowly. "How did they manage to get drowned at all?"

"The old story — incautious blasting."

"But Captain John was the most cautious Christian alive."

"Yes; but he is a Choughshire man, and every Choughshire man with a pick in his hand and a good lode before his eyes is a match for the devil in the matter of reckless daring. It's a fever with them; it lies in the blood. I have known of a hundred cases in point. The men tell me that the face of the roof was stuck thick with the richest copper they had ever cut, and they were a good way from the water yet. Of course the temptation was great. It was hard to leave it untouched; a little more, and then only a little more—that is the way they put it. Captain John had more than once declared that it was the last blast he would allow. Unluckily, he allowed just one too many."

"Is there any life lost besides his?" asked Lord Kippendale, with a shudder.

"No; and he need not have lost his, if it had not been for his mad

attempts to save the mine. This is how it was, Lord Kippendale; "and Mr Grey, standing still, drew two lines on the gravel with his stick. "Your lordship is aware that the passages under the sea had been worked already to a distance of from three to four hundred feet below high-water mark. Let us call this first line high-water mark, and let the next stand for low-water mark. The spot where this fatal blast took place lay a little distance—only some dozen yards—above low-water mark. The tide was out at the time, but was just beginning to rise. When, therefore, it became evident that the blast had been overcharged, and that the roof of the mine was pierced, the water, not having yet risen to this spot, did not burst in immediately in a volume, but began by sending showers from the advancing waves, which ran very high then, for you must remember that this was on Wednesday afternoon, when the gale was pretty nearly at its highest. The rent in the roof was a comparatively small one, and it appears that Captain John entertained some hopes of blocking the aperture before the tide came in. At the moment of the first alarm he was at the shaft-head. The cages came up full of men; they had given up hope at once, and made for the cages in a panic. They tell me he waited quite quietly till the last man had disembarked, and then got into the empty cage and gave the down-signal. They would have refused if they dared, but they had always been mortally afraid of him; so the cage was lowered. At the last moment, after it was in motion, three or four of the most reckless jumped in after him. Twenty minutes later the up-signal was given, and the cage came up with all but the

Captain. They were dripping wet, and they said that the Captain had refused to follow them. The cage was lowered again, but there was no signal, and it came up empty. It was only next day that the body was recovered."

Lord Kippendale was angrily switching off the heads of dandelions, and angrily blinking his eyelids. "I—I never thought the old fellow was such a fool," he angrily observed. "Why, it's just about suicide."

"Foolhardy, unquestionably, but his madness was not without a touch of method. It is even imaginable that under normal circumstances his rash attempt might have succeeded. But it is not more than half-a-dozen times in a century that the wind blows as it did on Wednesday; consequently, the rush and the force of the water were such, that long before anything efficient could be done the sea must have dashed over the aperture and torn it wide. The crust of rock, even where not broken, was naturally weakened; yards and yards of the roof must have come down. It is impossible to say how many, but it is quite certain that the damage extends to far below low-water mark."

"Which means?" asked Lord Kippendale, staring blankly at the two lines on the gravel.

"Which means simply that every shilling spent in attempting to save the 'Blue-bells' would be just as advantageously laid out if made up into paper parcels and dropped into the sea. The miners have recognised this fact, and the consequence is that there are nothing but long faces about. It is really rather appalling to contemplate how many men have been thrown out of work by that blast."

Lord Kippendale looked away with a groan. He had almost

forgotten that, though he was the chief sufferer, he was not the only one. Then, pulling himself together, he began to ask spasmodic questions—questions which had been asked already, and answered too, but which the engineer answered again with professional patience and professional directness. When the engine was mentioned, the professional man smiled a little.

"I stopped the engine. It had been working at high pressure for forty-eight hours, and the water had not fallen by the eighth of an inch."

"And yet the copper is there!" cried Lord Kippendale, frantically; "tons and tons of it. Copper doesn't melt like sugar, I suppose?"

"Yes, it is there," replied the engineer, deferentially but drily; "tons and tons of it, as your lordship says; but you will never bring another ounce of it to grass. I have my detailed report by me, if you wish to have it submitted to you,"—Lord Kippendale made a gesture of agonised deprecation;—"but, in point of fact, the matter resolves itself into the four words that I began with: the mines are lost."

Again Lord Kippendale walked on unsteadily.

"Then," he began, speaking with unworded slowness, "what is the next thing?"

"The next thing, in my opinion, is to survey the rest of the estate for whatever mineral may be beneath its surface. There seems to be a very general belief at Gullyscoombe that a second vein of copper does exist, and that it is workable; but my time was so short, and my investigation so hurried, that I failed to gather any accurate information on the subject."

"Well, there is Swan's copper, of course," said Lord Kippendale,

speaking still like a man half-dazed.

"Christopher Swan?"

"Yes. How do you happen to know his name? He has been dead these thirty and odd years."

"I heard his name at Gullyscoombe. When I explained to them that the 'Blue-bells' were quite as dead as their poor old captain, they said just what your lordship has said—'Well, there's always Swan's copper.' And then I inquired what was meant, and they told me."

"I thought there would be a way out of it somewhere," said Lord Kippendale, beginning to pluck up a little of his spirit.

"We'll transplant the machinery, and open the new vein, and call it Wheal Swan; upon my word, we will. Yes, that's the very name—Wheal Swan. Capital idea that! eh?" and Lord Kippendale, very much tickled at his own inspiration, indulged in a genuine laugh; and there is no saying whether, in that hopeful moment, he did not prophetically see the pickaxes gleam, and prophetically hear the buckets swing in that newly christened Wheal Swan of the future.

Mr Grey did not seem nearly as much tickled by Lord Kippendale's idea as was Lord Kippendale himself.

"Does your lordship not think," he observed respectfully, "that before we make up our minds about cooking our hare, we had better first catch it?"

"Bless me! that can't be very hard surely; every one seems pretty certain that Swan's copper is there."

"Yes; but every one seems equally uncertain as to where it should be looked for. As I told your lordship, I have hitherto failed to ascertain anything beyond——"

"Yes, yes, so you told me; but that's no reason why you should go on failing. If the thing has ever been there, it's there still, unless the pixies have wished it away. It can only be a matter of time and money. I shall go down by to-night's mail. I have had enough of sitting here with my hands tied, and getting information in spoonfuls."

And accordingly, that same evening Lord Kippendale started for Gullyscoombe.

CHAPTER XIX.—MAUD MAKES HERSELF USEFUL.

The whole party came to the doorsteps to see Lord Kippendale off, gazed rather sadly after the departing carriage, and retreated rather silently from the door when it had disappeared. As Maud Eperton was in the act of turning, she perceived that Lord Germaine was hovering about undecidedly, while his eyes, wistful and interrogative, were fixed upon her face.

"Have you any books to arrange in the library?" he diffidently inquired. "Or don't you think

that the flowers in the dining-room want changing?"

"I—I don't think so; I am not quite sure," said Maud, a little incoherently. "I have to see about something in my room first," and without looking into his face she turned and mounted the stairs. She mounted slowly until she was out of sight; but once in the long passage above she broke into a run, and with one panic-stricken look across her shoulder, flew swiftly along till she reached her own door, which having entered, she

hastily closed and locked, almost as though she feared that Germaine would follow even here.

"It must not be—it must not be," she panted, sinking on to a chair. "It cannot be now; I must wait."

This was not the first time that Maud had flown thus to the privacy of her room. For the last few days she had been continually on the strain, and it had taken all her ingenuity to avoid those *tête-à-têtes* with Germaine which formerly she had been equally ingenious in contriving. For, the first excitement of the catastrophe having subsided, it had become patent to Maud that Germaine, in the guilelessness of his twenty-three-year-old heart, fully intended to take up the thread of their last discourse exactly where it had been dropped. The idea that their relations to each other were to be in any way changed by reason of the catastrophe, appeared not to have dawned in his mind. But it had dawned long since in the mind of Maud. Of all the people at present dwelling under the roof of Kippendale, Maud was the one to whom the news of the drowned mines had brought the greatest dismay, and who most accurately and painfully appreciated the calamity and its possible consequences. Germaine, Lady Baby, even the elder members of the family, with their large-minded and light-hearted ignorance of everything in the nature of business matters, were spared much mental torture; but Maud was not light-hearted, she was cool-headed and clear-sighted, and even before the advent of the engineer with his report, the plain word *ruin* had commended itself to her most careful consideration.

Now it does not necessarily imply that a woman is absolutely heartless and entirely worldly, be-

cause she very distinctly sees how foolish it would be for a penniless girl to pledge her faith to a ruined man; it only implies that she is very sensible. And in this way Maud was sensible. Until some light fell on the future of Germaine, she felt that it would be madness to listen to his addresses. This state of uncertainty could not last long, and absolutely her only course now was to adopt the tactics of evasion. But it was a harassing course, and soon, to her horror, she perceived that it was telling upon her complexion. For it brought strained attention and sad broodings and conflicting emotions in its train, generally ending in a bad headache, or in an ever-recurring nightmare in which she saw herself as a pauper peeress, darning the silk stockings of half-a-dozen pauper children with useless titles tacked on to their names. Unless this sort of thing was cut short very soon, Maud knew quite well that the last gloss of her youth would be gone. The only solution of the difficulty appeared to lie in flight; there could be no doubt that a temporary withdrawal from the scene would relieve the worst of the tension. But here two difficulties presented themselves. In the first place, Maud did not know how to effect a flight without appearing to abandon her friends in their trouble; indeed, one faint suggestion as to departure dropped by her had been so vehemently protested against that she was silenced. And in the second place, —ah yes! it was this second place that after all was the rub,—in the second place, where, in the name of all that is homeless and penniless in this wide world, *where* was Maud to fly to?

Sitting in her room to-night, she passed the entire string of her acquaintances in review; but at

each member of the imaginary procession as it marched past she despondently shook her head. It was the worst possible moment for offering visits in any quarter. At this stage of the season country-houses were empty, and town-houses were packed to their last available inch. No; rack her brain as she liked, Maud could think of no roof under which she might propose to lay her head. There was always Brackton, of course, but that meant despair—despair and an unpaid rent next quarter. But problems of this sort are occasionally solved overnight.

Soon after luncheon next day Lady Euphrosyne was announced. She had come over to pay a visit, half of condolence and half of inquiry. Reports of the family misfortune had, of course, reached her, but they were hazy and contradictory, and Lady Euphrosyne could not rest until she had learnt the truth. There was also a second point on which her soul was plunged in perplexing doubt, a doubt composed of hopes and fears, and the combination of this general incertitude turned her normal composure into tremulous agitation.

Lady Baby and Maud were both in the drawing-room. At the sound of the visitor's name, Lady Baby's face grew rather white, but she advanced with resolution to do her duty as hostess.

"I am so sorry to hear that your father is gone," said Lady Euphrosyne, retaining the small limp hand rather longer than was her wont, while her faint eyes gazed almost eagerly into the girl's face. "I suppose he had to go about this wretched mine business; I hope, I really hope that matters may not be so bad as they appear." This was expressed with an approach to fervour so obviously genuine that

both Maud and Lady Baby gazed in surprise. "Of course, I could not keep away when I heard such bad news," went on Lady Euphrosyne, still scrutinising the face before her; "I made a point of driving over, even though half my correspondence has been left unanswered. I felt far too anxious to sit at my writing-table. And then as to Peter; I am devoured by anxiety about Peter—I cannot imagine what has taken him from home so suddenly; but no doubt you can enlighten me?"

"Is Sir Peter not at Nolesworth?" The question was put by Maud. Lady Baby said nothing, but her great blue eyes were devouring Lady Euphrosyne's face.

"No, he is not," said Lady Euphrosyne; "he went off in the most inexplicable way—to London, it appears. It must have been something pressing, but of course Frances knows all about it. Ah!" with an apparent inspiration, "perhaps he has gone on special service? You have given him some commission in London? Has he not perchance been intrusted with the choice of an artistic bonnet?"

Lady Euphrosyne did not often make jokes, and those that she did make were rarely successful.

"I have given him no commission," said Lady Baby; "I——"

"No? But what account does he give of himself in his letters?"

For one minute longer Lady Baby continued to stare rather wildly into her visitor's face, then abruptly tearing herself away, she turned unceremoniously and burst from the room.

Lady Euphrosyne looked after her in such agitation that she dropped her card-case. As she turned to pick it up, Maud Epperton held it towards her.

"Dear Miss Epperton," began

Lady Euphrosyne, in a still unsteady voice, for her nerves were very far from having regained their balance, "can you explain? What is it all about? What does it mean? This conduct is so exceedingly strange, so entirely contrary to all custom."

"I am as ignorant as yourself," said Maud, thoughtfully drawing her black brows together. Immersed as she had been in her own personal dilemma, Maud had never thought of puzzling herself over Sir Peter's prolonged absence, but at Lady Euphrosyne's question her curiosity was stirred.

"What?" cried Lady Euphrosyne—"living in the same house with her? Do you know nothing? Has there been no explanation?"

"Of what?"

"Why, of Peter's departure. Has there been any—any little difference between them, do you think?"

"Not that I know of; and I don't think the rest of the family know any more than I do."

"And yet it is quite clear that something is wrong between them."

"Yes, it is quite clear that something is wrong," acquiesced Maud.

"I wonder that her father has not moved in the matter—it is a week now since Peter's departure; ah, but, to be sure, *what* a week!" cried Lady Euphrosyne, answering herself—"it must indeed have been terrible! You were in the thick of it, of course, Miss Epperton—you must know all about it; tell me—it is only natural that I should be concerned, you know—tell me what is the extent of the misfortune? Will they be—will they be—absolutely ruined?"

"I trust not," said Maud, quickly; "but I fear, I fear very much, that they will be seriously im-

poverished,—at any rate for a time."

"That is bad enough, quite bad enough!" cried Lady Euphrosyne, nervously fingering her parasol. Maud was watching her curiously. "Excuse me, Lady Euphrosyne," she said, after a moment, "but, after all, it cannot affect Sir Peter very much."

"Not affect him?" repeated Lady Euphrosyne, thrown off her guard. "Oh, you don't know Peter. Why, a misfortune of this sort is the very thing to bring him back to her feet,—supposing that they are at this moment estranged, as I have every reason for trust—for believing," she finished.

Maud said nothing, but gazed with an expressionless face at the carpet. Lady Euphrosyne took instant fright, and began to ask herself what she had said, and whether she had better unsay it, or say it a little more distinctly. For a minute she stood quite helpless before Maud. It was wonderful how very small the great woman of society became in face of even this trifling emergency. Her studies of life had been all in one direction; she knew the right way of entering and leaving a drawing-room; she could have sent in a roomful of mixed guests to dinner without giving even the most susceptible among them cause for feeling himself slighted; but as to deciding a question like the present, she was as helpless as the most inexperienced bride whom she had ever assisted through the ordeal of her first dinner-party.

"Don't you see," she tremulously resumed, having come to a sort of wavering conclusion that she had gone too far to retreat, and speaking, therefore, in a tone of ostentatious frankness—"don't you see, I never could bring myself

to approve of this engagement. I am convinced that this marriage would be Peter's undoing. Peter, though he is young in years, has quite the ways and the ideas of an older man; and just look at this child with her sixteen years—or is it seventeen? And her wilfulness and her whims! How could she possibly make him happy? Don't you see what I mean? You are so sensible, dear Miss Epperton. I am quite sure you see what I mean."

And Maud saw what she meant; in fact it was not difficult to see. Lady Euphrosyne's pet scheme of keeping Sir Peter unmarried was an open secret to the world. And by this stage of the conversation Miss Epperton saw through and through the experienced woman of society opposite her, just as though she had been a figure cut in clear glass. For a moment her beautiful upper lip curled, as it were in faint contempt; this new suavity of Lady Euphrosyne's tone had in it something almost sickening; the eager glimmer in the pale-blue eyes seemed to Maud more repulsive than the most steely glance that had ever fallen from them to confuse and confound the most luckless blunderer in the mysteries of etiquette. But why? Wherefore? Maud asked herself rapidly, even as she mentally recoiled, whence was this sugar-sweetness taken? From what was this glimmer struck? Obviously something was to be gained; was it her help? Could it be in the character of an instrument that Lady Euphrosyne was wooing her thus condescendingly? An indignant answer trembled on Maud's lips; it was all but spoken, when suddenly, as in a flash, she saw her chance. In the pale-blue eyes before her she read the answer to the problem of last night. "Keep

friends with Lady Euphrosyne," her common-sense said within her—"keep friends with Lady Euphrosyne; go the length, if necessary, of letting her believe that she has found her instrument. Make yourself, or allow her to fancy that you are making yourself useful—either will do, and here is the roof you want for your head. Keep your wits together. Of what good will it be to any one—of what good even to your friend Lady Baby—if you flare up in a fine flash of virtue, and stamp your foot at Sir Peter's step-mother?" All this passed through Maud's mind very quickly, and instead of the indignant words which had trembled on her lips, she made some answer evasive enough to soothe her own conscience, yet encouraging enough to induce Lady Euphrosyne to proceed. And Lady Euphrosyne did proceed, as Maud had rightly surmised. What the elder lady chiefly yearned for at this critical juncture was a confidante on whom to lean. Though her acquaintance with the girl was but superficial, yet it had existed for years. And, if report spoke true, Miss Epperton's discretion and skill were always to be counted on.

"And don't you see," went on Lady Euphrosyne, as she warmed to this idea—"don't you see that, of course, I am very anxious to ascertain the state of the case? but it looks so rude to ask point-blank—such very bad taste—and there is nothing I abominate so much as anything in bad taste; *cela ne se fait pas*, you know."

"If you are very anxious about it," said Maud, quietly—"and after all, you have a right to know—I daresay I could find out for you, without asking point-blank. I suppose that would be in good taste; *cela se fait*, does it not?"

The question was put with that air of referring to the decision of a final court that Lady Euphrosyne loved so dearly. If there was a slight twitch at the corners of Maud's mouth, Lady Euphrosyne did not see it, and Maud knew perfectly well that she could afford the luxury of that twitch.

"Naturally, of course, there would be no objection to that," answered Lady Euphrosyne, still with that unwonted eagerness. She had quite forgotten to be exhausted to-day. It was delightful to be met thus half-way in her wishes, and she thought she must have been very clever to have manœuvred so quickly to this point. "It is very kind of you, Miss Epperton, to undertake it. I am sure you will use all your tact in—procuring me the information which, as you justly observe, I have, of course, the right to possess. I have always heard that you have a great deal of tact for your age." For a moment the tone of serene patronage reappeared; but Maud, unlike Lady Baby, was used to being patronised, and she could bear it quite well. "And if there is anything decisive to be communicated, you might send me a little note, or come over to see me. I shall always be very glad to see you, Miss Epperton. I don't think I ever saw enough of you in London; I must try and manage to see more of you in future. I shall make an effort,—the spectacle of a young person who has both tact and taste, and who respects *les convenances*, is so very gratifying, but, alas! so rare."

"You do me too much honour," said Maud, with a smile which was perfectly sincere—for was not the refuge she coveted growing more distinct every moment?

Lady Euphrosyne gave an affec-

tionate squeeze to Maud's hand. She was quite fascinated by the girl. That little speech about doing too much honour might have come straight from a printed treatise on the manners of good society.

"*Au revoir*," she said, as she moved to the door; "and if you do let me have a little note, Miss Epperton, please don't forget to mention what news there is about that dreadful place down there with the mines. I pray to Heaven that our friends may not be beggared!" cried Lady Euphrosyne, with a return of the fervent mood; "for the very next thing to happen then would be Peter coming back to offer his fortune as a stop-gap."

"I suppose so," said Maud, thoughtfully; "but I wonder——"

"What do you wonder, dear Miss Epperton?"

"I wonder whether it would be taken."

Lady Euphrosyne stared a little.

"Not taken? What common-sense would there be in refusing it?"

"Not much, I confess; but, great heavens! Lady Euphrosyne," cried Maud, in one of those impulses which sometimes overpowered her, "after all, there are a few other things in the world besides common-sense. There is pride, for instance."

"I suppose there is," said Lady Euphrosyne, doubtfully. "Yes, I suppose there is pride," she repeated in a rather more hopeful tone; and having once more slightly pressed Maud's hand, she departed, meditating deeply upon this new idea, and cheered by the consciousness that she had established a secret communication with the heart of the citadel. Miss

Epperton would be quite as useful as a professional spy, or even as an underground passage.

Lady Baby never could understand why it was that Maud would not kiss her that night when they parted at the head of the staircase. It is possible that Maud herself did not quite understand why she felt so hot at the touch of Lady Baby's lips. If the rôle which she had undertaken was one which in her heart of hearts she knew to be ignoble, yet the treachery which it implied, if it implied any, was of the most indirect sort; for she had pledged herself to nothing but to satisfying Lady Euphrosyne's step-motherly and quite justifiable curiosity. Maud wondered at herself. A few months back she would have undertaken this same task without her conscience stirring so much as its little finger; but then, to be sure, a few months back she had not been haunted by the constant gaze of a blue-eyed young giant, who would insist on looking at her as pious Catholics look at the Madonna.

"Positively, if I had five pounds in my purse," said Maud that night, as she shook out her whole store of silver on to her dressing-table, "I should back out of my promise even now; but with one pound thirteen shillings and sixpence I could not get very far, nor live very long. Nolesworth would undoubtedly be more convenient—and after all, what is the harm? Lady Euphrosyne wishes for some information which I can supply; I wish to get board and lodging, which she is going to supply, though she doesn't know it; it is a perfectly fair exchange of commodities."

It was not till two days later that Maud found the opportunity of taking her first step in Lady

Euphrosyne's service. This was during a late afternoon walk which the two girls were taking together in the park. That morning Lord Kippendale had telegraphed that he would be home by night. There was no other news in the telegram. He did not say how his business at Gullyscoombe had sped.

The gale had blown for more than a week, but now at last the winds had gone back to their caverns, and every leaf hung motionless. Signs of the ravage were visible everywhere. There were bald crowns and bare branches where the trees had stood most exposed; the beeches and lime-trees drooped wearily, as though worn out with the long buffeting; the dog-roses in the hedges had been torn to pieces, and the long grass hung full of their scattered pink petals; brackens and lady-fern were dashed and tangled into mud-soiled clumps; the very daisies and buttercups all lay with their heads in one direction, all blown one way, with as little spirit to rise again as though they still felt the iron yoke upon their necks.

"They have not got over their fright yet," said Maud, as she stooped to gather some of the crouching daisies. "Poor things! don't they look like whipped children that are still in disgrace? Look at all their poor little noses turned to the wall!"

"It is very stupid of them to lie down in that way," said Lady Baby, indifferently; "things that lie down only get trodden on."

"But things that stand up sometimes get knocked down. You can't expect a daisy to rise in armed rebellion like a piece of prickly furze; it would be out of character."

"Then I am glad I am not a daisy. Life would not be worth living if one were expected to lie down and be meek, and if there were no way of letting out one's temper at intervals."

"Take care!" said Maud, laughing; "you really should not let it out so violently. A golden-haired vixen is an anomaly; it does not answer, I assure you. In order to regulate your temper artistically, you require to consult the colour of your hair. The darker your hair is the more temper you can afford to have. If you are very fair-haired, you are bound to be an angel; but if your hair is black, you are welcome to be a demon. There! That's the system in a nutshell," added Maud, gaily. "I make you a present of it for whatever it is worth. It sounds almost like one of Sir Peter's theories about artistic necessities, does it not?" As she introduced the name Maud glanced obliquely at her companion—for she had a little private curiosity of her own to satisfy, quite apart from Lady Euphrosyne's mission. There was no need of deep scrutiny here; the brilliant colour that sprang to Lady Baby's cheek could not have escaped the most cursory observation.

"Sir Peter has got some very ridiculous theories," she observed, pointedly, turning away her head.

"She talks of him as *Sir Peter*," reflected Maud, making her first note.

"Artists generally are a little peculiar," she said aloud, "or, as some people put it, ridiculous; but even the most peculiar artists cannot expect to be always agreed with."

"I don't know about other artists," said Lady Baby, rather hotly; "but I know that Sir Peter does not care one bit as to whether I agree with him or not—he does

not care one bit about anything I do."

"Oh, you don't quite mean that; you can't mean that, surely!"

"Don't I?" said Lady Baby; "I do." She had been fighting her battle within the locked chambers of her heart for a week past; she thought herself quite strong enough to do without advisers, and yet, before she was aware of what she was about, she had, at the very first invitation, put the key in the lock, and was letting the door stand ajar.

"But surely you have not been quarrelling about any of these ridiculous notions—I mean his theories, his peculiarities?"

"Of course not," she said, disdainfully. "We have not quarrelled at all, but only I have sent him away—for the present. I have considered it better that we should not see each other again—for a time." She did not mean to let Maud know that her engagement was broken off; in point of fact she did not consider that it was irretrievably broken,—she did not intend to let that inner door stand further open than just ajar, but neither did she know that Maud Epperton's eyes could look round corners.

"Of course," she went on to explain, "one can't always agree; and he has such a way of taking things quietly. I can't stand that,—I mean he requires to be broken of the habit."

"And in order to break him of the habit you have sent him away. How long is he to be kept in disgrace?"

"Until he asks my pardon, of course!" flashed out Lady Baby, regardless of consequences.

"And are you quite sure that it will not be the other way?" asked Maud, with a flicker of slyness in her smile.

"What other way?"

"Are you quite sure that it will not be you who have to ask his?" A retrospective glance at many incidents of Mr Oarbury's last visit had enabled Maud correctly to construe the phrase about Sir Peter taking things quietly.

"I ask *his* pardon!" said Lady Baby, putting up her head and breathing rather fast; "I should like to know what for? I would rather never see him again than ask his pardon."

"She is as proud as a young Satan and as obstinate as a mule," said Miss Epperton to herself. "I believe that if she wanted to get to the other side of a stone wall, and there was an open doorway before her eyes, she would find it preferable to put down her head and dash her skull to shivers, rather than take her passage at any spot but the one on which she had fixed her mind."

"Well, to be sure," she said, presently, "matters will most likely not come to that extreme; it will not be a question of asking pardon, but a question of hurrying back to give sympathy in this new trouble." But, even as she said it, it struck Maud that Sir Peter could scarcely be described as "hurrying" himself with this object.

"Ah! you think so too? Yes, I am quite sure the news will bring him back, and I shall be so glad." She broke off and bit her lip, as having said too much.

"Yes, I suppose you will be glad, doubly glad, at this crisis."

"Why doubly?"

Maud kept her eyes fixed on the distant hills. She knew quite well that that *doubly* had been faintly emphasised, and she knew quite well the reason why. There could be no doubt that the little germ of curiosity first awakened

by Lady Euphrosyne's surmises had grown very much more lively during the last two days. Questions of this sort always interested Maud. Unable herself to afford the luxury of being proud, she liked studying the quality in others. It would have interested her greatly to ascertain whether her estimate of the Bevans' character was correct, and to measure to what length exactly the folly of pride could be pushed. But Lady Baby's stare disconcerted her, and it was almost with a little confusion that she hastened to point out that, of course at a juncture like the present, the more friends one had the better it must be, and Sir Peter in his position towards them would naturally be more to be counted on than a mere friend, &c., &c.; out of all of which, however, Maud's curiosity got not even the shadow of a satisfaction, for the reason that Lady Baby never once comprehended that she was being sounded. The question which just now was present in Maud's mind lay such miles and miles out of her own range of thoughts, that it would take a much broader allusion to bring it within her notice. Her blue eyes looked almost stupid in their utter want of understanding. All that she felt was that there was something in Maud's words which she somehow failed to grasp—something that might perhaps be turned over and examined at leisure.

She asked for no further explanation at present, for by this time they were traversing the stable-yard on their way to the back entrance. In the middle of the yard stood the dogcart, from which the horse was just being led.

"What? Is it so late?" said Lady Baby; "they have been to the station already. [✓] be back. Adam!"

A younger groom put his head up over the dogcart to explain that Adam was at the house. His lordship had sent for him directly he returned.

"What can he want Adam for?" said Lady Baby—"he is not a mining engineer;" and with aroused curiosity the two girls hurried to the house.

CHAPTER XX.—SUSPENSE.

"One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow."

Lady Baby went straight across the hall to the door of her father's writing-room and opened it. Lord Kippendale sat leaning back in his leather arm-chair, which he had pushed from the table. He looked flushed and heated. The dust of travel was upon his coat, and his white hair tumbled about his forehead showed how hurriedly the hat had been thrown off. Exactly in the middle of the room stood Adam, as upright and as rigid as his rheumatic limbs would allow him, quivering out some sentence which broke off short at the opening of the door.

"It's all right, Maud; come in," said Lady Baby to Miss Epperton, who had followed thus far, but now drew back at sight of what looked like a strictly private conference. "Papa, Maud can come in, can't she?"

"By all means," said the Earl, with a sort of fictitious and querulous briskness; "by all manner of means. Perhaps Miss Epperton's wits can devise an escape from the fix we're in: mine are at the end of their tether, I confess." He laughed, not very joyfully. "Go on, Adam," he said, drumming with his fingers on the leather padding of the chair—"and then, you said——"

"And then, m' lord, I just said what I tell ye. I says, says I: Weel, weel, we canna baith hae her—meaning Molly, m' lord," Adam only interpolated; "and dinna

ye think it's fair play to let the lassie tak' her ain choice? And it may be, m' lord, that I just strauchtened mysel' up a wee bit as I said it, and gied a wee jerk doon to my coat; for Christie was aye a shilpit, shauchlin' bit body, and I was no' jist that ill-lookit i' thae days, m' lord," said Adam, straightening himself unconsciously as though in illustration of his story, and giving the identical "wee jerk doon," with the identical fingers that thirty-two years ago had given it; but, alas, alas! how those poor fingers shook, and how loose the coat hung on the old shrivelled figure!

"And it may be," said Adam, resuming his story, "that summat that I said, or summat that I lookit, just put his bluid a bit up; for oot he skirls (but it was sair mixed up wi' sweerin', m' lord) that I needna tak' siclike airs to mysel' jist for that I was strauchter nor him, and taller nor him, and that I needna be sae dooms sure o' gettin' the lass, seein' that lasses were aye as fond o' siller as they were o' straight backs. 'And whaur's yer siller?' speirs I; 'a' the world kens that ye're a feckless loon, wi' no' sae muckle as ae saxpence to rub again the tither.' At that he skirls the louder, and strikes his heel again' the airth. 'Doon there,' says he—'it's doon there that my siller is the noo; and it's no' siller aither jist the noo, it's

copper; but it'll want no more nor a pickaxe to turn it into saxpences, you jist bet your soul on that,—ay, and a fine lot o' saxpences too!' And more o' the sort he gaed bletherin' on, touchin' this copper that he kenned o', and nae ither mon kenned o' but himsel'. And when I says to him quite cool, 'Dinna ye brag to me, Christie Swan; I ken fu' weel that ye'd think nae mair o' tellin' a lee than of swallowin' ane of yon pilchards to yer supper,' he flies oot wi' mair o' his sweerin'—that he'd wish to be struck deid if he werena speaking the truth, and that the day wudna be lang o' comin' when he'd have money enou' to dress Molly in silk and satin frae heid to fit, ay and in velvet too, if her fancy lay that way; and how many yairds o' velvet did I think I could get oot o' my groom's wages? 'Weel, weel,' says I, 'dinna fash yersel' ony further, Christie, mon—it may be that ye've had a stroke o' luck for aince in a way; I've heerd tell afore this that the deil's aye gude to his ain. But if yer news is true, what for hae ye no' been to m' lord wi't afore this? Or maybe this copper o' yourn's on some ither grund than m' lord's?' At this he bursts out laughin'. 'What ever put that in your heid?' says he. 'Oh, the grund's m' lord's sure enou'.' And then o' a suddent he seems to recollect himsel', and pulls up short and turns gey whitelike. Did I think he was going to hing his secret to the clapper o' the parish-bell? Folks might call him daft, but he was wise enou' onyway to keep his own counsel and to tak' what he knew to the best market, ay, and at the best time; but meanwhile mum was the word,—and he stares roun' aboot in a kin' o' a scare, to see if ony ane was listenin'. It seemed to

me that the cratur was nearhand ready to bite his tongue oot for what he had let slip to me. And there's the heid and the tail o' what I ken, m' lord," finished Adam, abruptly.

"And there was nothing more definite than this! Absolutely nothing! Think again, man—think again!" And springing from his chair, Lord Kippendale excitedly paced the room.

Adam thought again; but despite all questionings, the only other fact elicited from him was, that on the day following the interview last described he had met Christie Swan issuing from the back-yard with a very "mystarious" expression of face, and with a bundle of sticks under his arm; and that, on being questioned as to what he was after, he had very darkly hinted something about being bound on another copper-hunt. "Much copper, indeed, may ye rin to earth," had been Adam's scornful rejoinder, "wi' they daft bits o' stick that in Scotland we wudna think fit to drive a decent hog wi'." To which Christie had answered that they were not "daft bits o' stick," but "dowsing-rods," and had trudged off, grinning more mysteriously than ever, and with a finger laid knowingly to the side of his nose; which sight of him was the last that Adam ever had, as that same day he had started north with my lord, and that same week the safe was robbed.

Lord Kippendale sank once more despondently into his chair. "You see our fix now, Miss Epperton," he said, turning with an impatient laugh to Maud. "Can you suggest any further question to be put to the witness, or shall we dismiss him from the box?"

Maud all this time had been sitting by, perfectly silent, but a great deal more attentive than

Lady Baby, who had more than once attempted to hurry the proceedings. "There is just one thing that has occurred to me," she said now. "May I ask him one question, Lord Kippendale?"

"A hundred, if you please."

"It is—it is this," said Maud, with a little hesitation, as she turned towards the old groom: "Did Molly—I mean, did your wife know anything about this discovery of Christopher Swan's?"

"She may hae known," said Adam, looking surprised at the question. "I wadna sweer she didna."

Maud pushed her questions further. Did Adam think it unlikely that Christopher should have boasted of his discovery to Molly, as he had boasted to him? No, Adam thought it was "gey likely" Christie Swan, for all his slyness, was the man to do anything that was imprudent, seeing that he was, as Adam put it, "some jummelt i' the jeedgment." Had Molly never dropped any remark which indicated her knowledge of its existence? Upon this question Adam reflected for a minute or two, and finally fished out of his memory a tolerably distinct recollection of Molly having on one occasion impertuned him for a velvet gown, and of his having reflected within himself that no one but Christie Swan could have put that notion into her head, seeing how he had bragged that he would dress her in velvet from top to toe.

"Oh," said Maud, "it is as I thought. I had a notion that Molly was more or less in the secret."

"But, bless my soul, Miss Eperton!" broke in Lord Kippendale, who had been listening with a puzzled air to Maud's apparently pointless questions, "what odds is it whether she was or not? She's, you know—she's——"

"She's deid, m' lord," finished

Adam, quite steadily, as the old Earl hesitated. "She's been deid this thirty-one years, miss," he added, turning a perfectly unmoved and rigid face towards Maud, who knew quite well that Adam's wife had only been dead ten years, but who was quick enough to guess that her real death-day, in Adam's opinion, had been the one of her disgrace.

"Yes, yes, I know," said Maud, hurriedly. "Well, it was only an idea that crossed my mind. It isn't of much consequence."

"Upon my soul and honour!" cried Lord Kippendale, bringing the flat of his hand down on the table, "I begin to believe that Swan never found any copper at all, and that the whole thing, from beginning to end, was a simple unadulterated lie of his invention. Adam, you can go."

Adam moved to the door; but he appeared to have something still on his mind, for he hesitated with the handle in his fingers. "There is just ae pint, m' lord," he croaked out at last—"not that I wish to be ower positive either; but I've kenned Christie Swan to tell lees, and I've kenned him whiles to tell truth, and I kenned his look when he was leein', and I kenned it when he was truth-tellin'; and, m' lord, it's my belief that he wasna leein' thon day." And with this Adam turned the handle and hobbled out. Nothing but his loyal desire to soothe the evident anxiety of his master's mind could have induced him to commit himself to a statement so unqualified.

"And this is all we have to count on!" cried Lord Kippendale, as the door closed behind Adam—"the boast of a jealous lover to his rival, made thirty-two years ago, and the rival's impression that the jealous one was not telling fibs on this particular oc-

casion. This, then, is the foundation-stone on which our future fortune is to be built!"

"Not much of a foundation-stone, I confess," said Maud; "but look at it in the light of the first link in a chain, and it cuts a very much better figure."

"But where's the second link? What made you put those questions to Adam about his wife?"

"It struck me that if it were proved that Swan had betrayed the clue to her, it would not be stretching probabilities very far to suppose that she had betrayed it to some one else, and there is no reason why this some one else should not still be alive. From all I have heard of this woman I have a firm conviction that she was morally and physically incapable of holding her tongue. If the secret ever was in her keeping, the chances are ninety-nine to one that it has leaked out."

"But leaked out when, and to whom?"

Maud shrugged her shoulders.

"To one of her victims, possibly. You forget that she was the Destroying Angel. If it is true, as I am told, that she had a new sweetheart every week, just think what temptations she must have had for betraying the old one's confidences."

Lord Kippendale stared hard at his guest.

"Bless my soul, Miss Epperton! I'm heartily glad that we haven't got any undiscovered criminals in the house just now. You're as bad as a detective."

"I have some humble talents in that line, I believe," said Maud, laughing. "It has very often struck me that female detectives must command a high price, and that there is always that between me and starvation. But what do you think of my theory? I don't know that I think much of it myself; it's only a forlorn-hope."

"It won't do," cried Lord Kippendale, relapsing into despondency. "Even granting all your arguments, why should our offer of reward have failed to produce this some one else? I have come back from Gullyscoombe as wise as when I started."

It was but too true. Lord Kippendale's journey had resulted in a blank. The vague, floating tradition concerning the copper-vein appeared on closer investigation to be as hard to substantiate as the generality of vague, floating traditions. "Swan's copper," which in the course of years had come to be talked of quite confidently as a sort of treasure laid by, no one exactly knew where, against a rainy day, now that the rainy day had come appeared not only to be not forthcoming, but its very existence was called in question,—at least by the higher authorities, for amongst the miners and fishermen about the place the implicit faith in "Swan's copper" was not to be shaken. The story of his boasted discovery had grown into a fixed popular belief, but not even the firmest of the believers could throw a single ray of light upon the locality. In vain were the oldest inhabitants—a few bent-backed old miners and fishermen who remembered Christie Swan—questioned and requested, their accounts varied in all particulars, except in point of being utterly valueless. The one thing on which they agreed was that the "dowsing-rod was in it." Christopher had never been so busy with the "dowsing-rod" as just about that time; and, as everybody knew, Captain John himself had commended to his lordship's most special notice a whole bundle of the rods which had been found in Christie's room when they searched it for the diamonds.

Maud's theory concerning Molly's inability to hold her tongue did not

seem to throw any new light on the matter. It was ingenious, but Maud herself confessed that it was far-fetched; and after all, it was only one of a dozen other theories which in these agitated days started up, to be then cast aside as useless.

Dismay was now advancing with rapid strides at Kippendale.

"What is the next thing now?" asked Lord Kippendale during an interview with Reid.

There were constant interviews now, sometimes at Kippendale and sometimes at Mr Reid's office, and there were constant letters and telegrams passing backwards and forwards.

"The next thing is to wait for Mr Grey's report," said Reid.

"Grey's a fool!" burst out Lord Kippendale. "Either there's no copper there or Grey doesn't know his business; the stuff can't be so deucedly hard to find."

"On a surface of four thousand acres?" remarked Reid, turning his reddish eyebrows into two very high arches.

"Well, well, we'll give him a little more time, then. So there's nothing to do but to wait, eh? Hope it won't be for long," he added with a stormy sigh.

"I sincerely trust not," said Mr Reid, quite as fervently, though less stormily; "every hour of this kind of waiting is a matter of so many pounds, shillings, and pence."

"Are we—are we short of cash, Reid? Already?"

"Not quite yet; but your lordship forgets that every day since the mines stopped working has been all outcome and no income. Engineers' bills are not remarkable for their shortness. I see a great many unpleasant possibilities on ahead, and not so very far on ahead either."

Lord Kippendale departed homewards in great perturbation of

mind, leaving Mr Reid in his office not much less perturbed. Mr Reid knew exactly to what extent Kippendale was already mortgaged; and he knew also that for the last thirty years Lord Kippendale had hardly ever succeeded in living within his income. Broadly speaking, the source of this income was now cut off short; for, despite its four thousand acres, the surface of Gullyscombe was of small value. It consisted of low hills, bare, arid, and sterile, let out for the most part in sheep-farms, which brought in the lowest conceivable rent. As for Kippendale, it was, as Maud had called it, nothing more than a big pleasure-ground. Mr Reid had seen very many families ruined in his day, but he had generally watched them sliding, more or less gracefully, down a slope of misfortune that was more or less inclined. In his entire professional experience he had never known another case that was quite so sudden, quite so much like a pantomime transformation-scene, as this collapse of the Kippendale fortunes. It is not very often that people have their eggs so exclusively confined to one basket. That basket had now fallen flat to the ground, so what wonder was it that Mr Reid looked rather rueful as he contemplated its contents? He spent the rest of that day in going conscientiously into the state of the family affairs, which, of course, Lord Kippendale had never gone into himself. By the evening he did not look very cheerful. He foresaw no great difficulty in raising the first sums required; but supposing the search for this fabulous copper-vein should become indefinite? Supposing it should drag on for years, as many another search had done? The thought caused all Mr Reid's hair to stand straight on end. "A name to back us up,"

he murmured pensively over his calculations; "some solid capitalist in the background to give confidence to the public—that is what we want to pull us through. If that plaguy copper is there at all—and, considering this obstinacy of the popular faith, I rather agree with his lordship that there 'must aye be water where the stirkie droons'—then it's only a matter of inspiring enough confidence and raising enough money; but I'll eat my big ruler if I know how to do it."

After a few days Mr Reid cheered up a little, for he thought he had an idea. Next time he saw Lord Kippendale he took an opportunity of sounding his client very cautiously regarding this idea.

"Any news to-day?" Lord Kippendale had asked on this occasion with his usual impatient snort.

There was no especial news, it seemed, except that the distress at Gullyscoombe was daily spreading. From the hundreds of miners thrown suddenly out of work many urgent if illiterate appeals had been forwarded by the foreman, who was temporarily supplying Captain John's place, with humble inquiries as to whether his lordship could not find other employment for the many idle hands now forced to lay aside the pick which for so long had been the support of their families. The foreman himself ventured to call his lordship's most gracious attention to the fact that he had worked in the "Blue-bells" for nine years, and that he was a married man with an invalid wife and fifteen children, and that consequently every day of inaction brought him a little nearer to starvation.

"Bless my soul!" said the old Earl testily, "what is it they expect me to do? I can't have them all down to Scotland, and set them to work raking the Kippendale walks,

can I? or grooming the horses? And even if I did, it wouldn't be much good, since I don't know where I should get the money from to pay their wages. It isn't my fault that the mines are shut up; why do they come bothering me? And yet, hang it all, Reid! we can't let those fifteen children and all those other wretches starve, after all; can't one do something for them?"

Reid looked up with a startled glance, for he knew his client well. Lord Kippendale was quite capable of making his case more hopeless than it was by some absurd act of generosity.

"Do something for them? My lord, I decidedly protest; your lordship must remember that you have children of your own."

"Not fifteen, the heavens be praised!" cried the Earl, striding about the room. "But, look here, Reid, we don't seem to be getting forward. Let's discharge Grey, and try some one younger and brisker. We've only Grey's word for it that the 'Blue-bells' are lost. I've a notion of having heard somewhere that leaks are sometimes stopped by sandbags; why shouldn't we give the sandbags a try?"

"It is quite a different sort of bag that is wanted to stop the leak here," said Mr Reid, with a measured smile.

"And what sort is that?"

"Gold-bags, my lord."

"Ha, ha! upon my word, Reid, that's not so bad! First time I've ever heard you make a joke; only it would tickle me a vast deal more if you could tell me where they're to come from."

"Perhaps I might even answer that question," said Mr Reid, still smiling, "if your lordship would first answer another of mine."

"Well?"

"Where is your prospective son-in-law at this moment?"

"Wyndhurst? Don't see the connection of subjects."

"Well, I should have thought that there was a good deal of connection between Sir Peter Wyndhurst and gold-bags." Mr Reid, being a little exhilarated by the effect of his first joke, as a teetotaler may be exhilarated by the merest nip of wine, had been carried on to make this second somewhat poorer attempt. But he did it tentatively, with his eye on Lord Kippendale, and the words were not well out before he saw that he had overshot the mark.

"Good heavens, Reid! Are you suggesting that I am to ask Wyndhurst for money?"

Mr Reid, quite sober again after his momentary exaltation of spirit, hurriedly changed his tack, and assured Lord Kippendale that all he had meant by the reference to Sir Peter's gold-bags was to call his lordship's attention to the fortunate circumstance that, however great the pecuniary loss might prove, his lordship's mind could not fail to be greatly eased by the reflection that one of his children at least would be magnificently provided for. Having children of his own, he knew the anxieties of a father; and though, as his lordship said, fifteen children were no doubt harder to provide for than four, still even this number presented serious reflections, &c., &c.

After all, Mr Reid had not completely failed in the object he had at heart, for he sent Lord Kippendale away asking himself what on earth had become of Sir Peter all this time, and wondering when he would be back from the business journey on which it was understood that he was gone.

It was not many days after this that Maud and Lady Baby were engaged in a somewhat desultory game of billiards in the hall. Not more than a few languid strokes

had been played, when a note was brought in for Miss Epperton. It was from Nolesworth, as Lady Baby could not help seeing by the envelope.

Maud, having opened it, uttered a sharp exclamation of surprise, and glanced instinctively across at Lady Baby. The glance was troubled: in the sudden pang of terror that came over her it seemed to Lady Baby that it was compassionate. She felt that she must either see that note or die. She did not say "May I see it?" but as her eyes met Maud's she put out her hand, and Maud, after another glance at the note, and a moment's hesitation, passed it silently across the billiard-table.

The note, penned very hurriedly, ran as follows: "I have heard from Peter at last; only a few lines written on board his yacht in Plymouth harbour. He sailed on Tuesday for the North Sea. *Do they know?*"

Lady Baby having read it, said nothing, but tossed it back across the table, and the billiards were resumed. She even made some rather better strokes than she had made that day, perhaps because she was playing absolutely at random.

The billiards were not nearly concluded when the library door opened, and Lord Kippendale appeared on the scene.

"Still at it?" he exclaimed; "who has been beating, eh?" He came up to his daughter, and gave a paternal pat to her head. It was a very affectionate pat, and within the last few days he had indulged in a good many of the sort. Lady Baby had only been vaguely aware of them, as also she had been vaguely aware of an unexplained increase of affection on the part of both Nicky and Agnes. There seemed to have arisen a sort of tacit understanding that she

was to be treated with something like reverence. Ever since it had been noticed that she was looking pale, there had been quite a bustle of little attentions around her—of glasses of port wine being sent up to her room, and of footmen appearing at odd moments with cups of strengthening broth, which, mistress of the house though she was, she was not conscious of having ordered. But Lady Baby had not yet arrived at asking herself what it all meant.

She now withdrew rather stiffly from her father's caress. "Nobody has beaten anybody yet," she said; "we have not nearly done."

"But the conclusion may stand over," said Maud, thinking she perceived a desire on the part of Lord Kippendale to be left alone with his daughter, and being herself only too happy of the chance of escape.

Maud was not far wrong. She had scarcely disappeared above-stairs when Lord Kippendale abruptly asked Frances to follow him to the library.

In the library both Nicky and Agnes were installed. Agnes put out her hand and drew her sister to her side, kissing her cheek in silence. Nicky, with more than brotherly courtesy, wheeled a comfortable chair towards her. "My dear child," began Lord Kippendale, "there is nothing like getting to the point. It is in order to ask you a question that I have called you in here: When do you expect Sir Peter to return?"

The question put thus to Lady Baby was the natural outcome of the one which for two days Lord Kippendale had at intervals been putting to himself. Of course he was not going to accept Mr Reid's suggestion in the sense that Mr Reid had meant it; still Lord Kippendale would have been more than human if at this juncture he had

not felt truly thankful to Providence for having ordained to his daughter such a husband as Sir Peter, and if the comforting conviction had not gradually forced itself on his mind that no man with such a son-in-law could ever be regarded as ruined beyond retrieval. His attention once directed to Sir Peter's prolonged absence, his anxiety could not fail to be aroused. It was not without a certain misgiving that he put the question, "When do you expect Sir Peter to return?"

"I don't know," said Lady Baby. Her head was well up, and from beneath her downcast lashes her eyes gleamed with a perilous brilliancy.

"Does he write often? Have you had news from him lately?"

"I heard of him to-day."

"Does he mention the date of his return?"

"No."

"I must say he takes things mighty easy," said Lord Kippendale with a shrug. "It strikes me that a little human sympathy would not have been out of place in a moment like this."

Lady Baby said nothing. She had not sat down on the comfortable chair; she stood beside it with one of Agnes's softly cushioned hands clutched fiercely in her own. Lord Kippendale looked at his daughter's face. "Nothing wrong?" he inquired, with a sort of anxious jocularity: "he hasn't been refusing his fences lately, has he?" There was no response, and Lord Kippendale altered his tone.

"What is the business that took him away? What is he looking after now?"

"Herrings, I suppose," said Lady Baby, calmly.

"Wha-at?"

"Herrings—a fish that is very common in the North Sea."

"What the deuce has the North

Sea got to do with Sir Peter at this moment?"

"A good deal, since he is sailing on it."

"Sailing on the North Sea? Sir Peter? Are you mad, child?"

Lady Baby shrugged her shoulders with apparent self-possession, but Agnes felt five small sharp nails making deep marks on her hand. Agnes did not wince—she knew that she was acting as safety-valve, but her heart thumped in dull apprehension.

"I suppose," said Lady Baby, coldly, "that Sir Peter has got the right to take his yacht wherever he likes; he is a free British subject."

"Murder!" said Nicky, "he isn't."

"Free?" echoed Lord Kippendale. "Is he not engaged to marry you within a month?"

"No," said Lady Baby, "he is not; nor within a year either."

"Let's have no more of this beating about the bush," retorted the old man, sternly. "Explain what you mean, Frances."

"I mean that our engagement is terminated."

"He has jilted you? The scoundrel has thrown you over?" The veins on Lord Kippendale's temples began to swell.

"No, he has not thrown me over; it was I who—came to the decision."

Nicky emitted a sound which was something like an imperfectly suffocated roar, and sank down on the seat beside him.

"You! The jilting was on your side, was it? It was you who sent him to the North Sea?" cried the Earl, bursting into his broadest accent, a certain sign of an impending storm. "And what in the name of the devil did ye do it for?"

"I don't know what you mean
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by jilting," said Lady Baby loftily, though she was beginning to lose her calmness of manner. "Having come to the conclusion that our temperaments were not likely to agree throughout life, I found it wiser to insist upon an immediate separation."

"*Tamperaments? Feeddlesticks!*" said Lord Kippendale, hotly. "And these are the grounds on which you gave him his final dismissal? And he accepted it?"

"Yes; he saw the sense of it."

"Then that is gone too," said the old man, lifting his hands to his head—"that is gone too."

"But it isn't final! It can't be final!" shouted Nicky, springing to his feet; he looked pale and agitated. "Wyndhurst can't have accepted such an explanation as final; by Jove, he can't! Frances has only got to write to him—somebody ought to write at once—I'll make a shy at a letter if necessary; he must be brought back——"

"Brought back *now*?" said the Earl, stopping straight in front of his son-in-law, and for one minute growing haughty and cool; "beggled to come back *now*, that we are on the highroad to beggary? Entreated to overlook the trifling slight that has been put upon him, in consideration of our being so very much in need of his goodwill and assistance? My daughter has jilted him, and you seem about to suggest that I should ask him for money? You must be raving, Craigtoun!"

"By Jove! I didn't mean to put it that way," stammered the bulky Nicky, instinctively backing before his short father-in-law, the crown of whose head was about on a level with his chin, but the lighting of whose eyes was more than he could bear.

"I don't care in what way you
2 Y

put it, but that's the gist and upshot of the matter; and brought about by what? By a parcel of the daftest whims that ever were invented to make mischief in this world." He turned again upon his daughter, still with those flashing eyes, but Lady Baby held her ground though she was trembling. She did not back like Nicky; she even met her father's gaze, persevering all the time in her ill-treatment of Agnes's long-suffering hand. Lady Baby was the only one of the family who ever dared to brave the old Earl's fits of passion.

"It was no caprice," she said, obstinately; "we agreed to part."

"Silence!" thundered her father, coming a step nearer. "None of this schoolroom nonsense. Silence, I say! I will be obeyed,—have a care——"

"Father!" came from Agnes with a faint cry; for Lord Kippendale, with his clenched hand raised, looked almost ready to strike his daughter.

"Yes," he broke off, "you are right, Aggie—I am too hot;" his hand dropped to his side. He threw a glance around him forlorn and hopeless. "Yes, you are right; it can do no good;—it is too late, the harm is done;—my daughter is a jilt, and I—I am a ruined man." His white head sank on his breast; he moved slowly to the door. They heard his steps along the passage.

For a minute there was silence in the library. Lady Baby had not moved by a hair's-breadth; her face was hard as stone. Then all at once Nicky burst out—

"You've got it now! I suppose you're pleased,—I suppose you like having your own way, my Lady Baby? You've got it now—you've got it, by Jingo and by Jove! Come away, Aggie."

Agnes gave him an appealing

glance, her hand was still held as in a vice.

"You are pleased now, I hope," said Nicky, bending down to glare into his sister-in-law's expressionless face. His own features were absolutely distorted with excitement, and his habitual grin had turned into a caricature of itself. "I hope you are pleased, now that you have been the ruin of us all. Aggie, curse it, I say, come this moment!"

Agnes was on her feet already, having cautiously released her hand. Her heart was full of the most sisterly sympathy, but she followed her husband from the room with scarcely a backward glance. Presently she was bathing her bruised hand in cold water; Nicky hated to see the smallest disfigurement about her person, and her milky-white skin now showed distinct marks of five small, sharp nails.

After the heavy door had closed, Lady Baby stood just as silently and stonily as before, staring in front of her at the book-shelves. She was not quite sure of her own identity. Was it indeed she who had been spoken to thus?—*she*, the petted child of the house and its supreme mistress? And *was* she the ruin of them all? Could Sir Peter have saved them? Was that what they meant? Was that what Maud had hinted at the other day? As her father's fierce words to Nicky rang again in her ears, it seemed to her all at once that a new barrier had sprung up between Sir Peter and herself. It was that which she stared at, while her gaze seemed fixed on vacancy.

In another moment she had thrown herself down with her head in the cushions of the chair, and had burst into passionate tears. They were the first tears she had shed since Sir Peter had parted from her in the conservatory.

THE NEW HYMNOLOGY OF THE SCOTTISH KIRK.¹

THE Scottish Hymnal was first used in public worship on Sunday August 14, 1870; being then a collection of only 200 Hymns. At the end of the year 1888, the Hymnal had grown to a volume containing 442 Hymns; and two millions of copies of it had been sold. Such a sale is a noteworthy fact, as many authors and many publishers would acknowledge.

A word may fitly be said of a volume which, in a small country with a population less than that of London, and claiming to serve hardly more than half that population, has attained so considerable success. It may be permitted to the little brotherly band who prepared the Hymnal to look back upon hard and discouraging work which began twenty-three years ago: and while, with a single exception, they are still spared, one of the number may relate the little history. Henry Wallis Smith of Kirknewton, devout, cultured, sweet-natured, lovable, an expert and an enthusiast in Hymnology, has been too soon taken: but after these years all the others abide; doubtless a good deal changed.

A revengeful spirit is many times the function of a good memory: and there are folk who, looking back upon regrettable behaviour over twenty years, feel just as angry as they did when that behaviour was recent. Time does not run to some offences: and what is morally wrong ought never to be looked at but with reprobation. The writer has a remarkably good memory. He

had very accurate knowledge of many unworthy schemings in departed days. And if he were vindictive, he could tell a very strange story (minutely accurate and fully vouched) of the unscrupulous opposition which the compilers of the Hymnal met for long time. But it shall not be done. There are opponents who are absolutely safe from reprisal. They were few, after all. And as for many truly good men who at the beginning of the work regarded it with jealousy, it is pleasant and cheering for those who prepared the Hymnal to know that they have lived the suspicions of these good men down. The age has wonderfully advanced in these twenty years: as those will conclude who shall peruse a remarkable paper on *Church Worship* read by M. Bersier of Paris at the Fourth General Presbyterian Council held in London in July 1888. For one-tenth part of what the eminent preacher said without rebuke, faithful ministers have been solemnly excommunicated, and informed that they were perjured persons, inspired by the Devil. These things may be smiled at now: but they were very serious in days when it was proposed that "execution should be done," and when the best and ablest men in the Kirk were informed that "surely there was room enough for them without." Norman Macleod and Tulloch were told so. The survivors of that time have grown wiser. In any case, they have discerned which is the winning side. Much worthier

¹ The Scottish Hymnal (with Appendix incorporated). For use in Churches. By authority of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. (1870-1889.)

considerations have swayed men, both learned and conscientious, who long looked unfavourably upon both the Hymn Committee and the Church Service Society. The disfavour of such was a cause of real regret to the active workers in each of these companies: and the removal of misapprehensions and suspicions has brought both cheer and thankfulness. It is pleasant to hard-working men who for a season were occasionally accused of Popery, Episcopacy, Arminianism, Socinianism, and even of Bourignianism (this last accusation, it must be confessed, did touch them to the very quick), to find it acknowledged by all whose estimate they value that they are heartily loyal to the Kirk and devoted to her service: though possibly they think to serve her in a way of their own, which may not please everybody.

Let it be said here, in the most serious earnest, that the charm of the old homely worship of the Church of Scotland has never been more deeply felt, and never more frankly acknowledged, than by some of those who prepared the Scottish Hymnal. They would have kept the dear old way had it been possible: the old way which was hallowed by their earliest and tenderest recollections. They desired nothing better: and they knew that their fathers were far wiser and devouter men than themselves. But change had to come. A new generation had risen, that never had known the pathos of an *Ayrshire Tent Preaching*: whose eyes had never moistened as the voice of a great multitude went up through the calm July evening, stirring the air sweet with clover and thyme and all the fragrance of living and breathing Nature, in homely Martyrdom: in *Such pity as a father*

hath, Unto his children dear. Not on this side of time will the hearts of some of us be so touched, as it seems to us now they were then. We would cast all Hymnals into the ocean, and entreat forgiveness for all our labour upon our own, if you could give us back those departed days, and their pure feeling of devout and peaceful elevation: bringing back, too, from the rest where they have been at home for long years, dear old faces (now no longer old), by far the kindest and sweetest which our aging eyes have ever seen. But the old order had to go. In truth, the old order had gone before we thought of making our Hymnal. And what remained was that we should try to guide the inevitable change in the direction of that which is in the best and the true sense Catholic. Let these words be taken by some dear friends as said from the very heart of those who gave the Kirk its beautiful Hymnal. We confess, not without some disposition to the tears which come in the thought of the days that are no more, that we know moods in which *The Lord's my Shepherd* and *I to the hills will lift mine eyes* seem far more to us than any score of hymns ever written: and in which, if you come to hymns, we should rise up in vehemence against *Rock of Ages* and Mrs Alexander's exquisite *I thirst*, which have been declared the finest in our tongue, the former by Mr Gladstone and the latter by Bishop Maclagan of Lichfield; and declare that better hymn never was writ than that grand resultant of the severest cutting and carving, *O God of Bethel*. Kind friends, lovers of the old ways of the Kirk, believe that our hearts are with you; and that we have known seasons in which we wished that no one had ever heard of the

Scottish Hymnal. It is only honest to say that we were pulled back speedily from sentiment to the discernment of practical exigencies; and that these moods were transient. For they were as though we wished that the children should never grow older; and that nobody should ever die.

Washington Irving, it is well known, writing the History of New York, thought it expedient to begin with the creation of the world. We might, if we were minded to imitate him, begin the story of the Scottish Hymnal by telling of certain preceding attempts to provide the Church of Scotland with a collection of hymns to be used in public worship. We shall not do so. Only one of them, we believe, ever came into practical use. It was used in very few churches: it contained only eighty-five pieces: and it was the keen disapproval with which the compilers of the Scottish Hymnal regarded it, which led to their undertaking the laborious and thankless task of preparing the volume now in general use. Only once, and then for a very few minutes, did the writer ever see one of the preceding collections. But that occasion is vividly remembered. And the glimpse then attained of the fashion in which the compilers set themselves to the work, made it extremely plain to him that they were going on a wrong line. Once upon a time, I entered a steamer which was wont to ply upon a certain noble river, that winds between Highland hills. And, seated on its quarter-deck, I beheld a certain friend, with a little volume in his hand. Never did man look more entirely satisfied with himself than did he: as he turned over the leaves in a supercilious, skipping fashion, and

jauntily scribbled here and there with a pencil. On being asked what he was doing, he stated that he was a member of the Hymn Committee of that day: and that here was a proof of a proposed Hymnal which was sent to each member to receive his emendations. He was beguiling his time, sailing down the river, by improving the hymns. In this easy manner did he scribble whatever alterations might casually suggest themselves, upon the best compositions of the best hymn-writers. Slowly and laboriously had the authors written these hymns, carefully weighing each word. In the pauses of conversation, with no serious thought whatever, did the critic set down his random thoughts. With no small indignation I took the volume from him, and proceeded to examine his improvements. Not merely was every alteration for the worse: but many of the alterations testified my friend's utter ignorance of the first principles of metrical composition, and all of them testified the extreme narrowness of his acquaintance with hymnology. Some of the lines, as altered by him, were astounding specimens of rhythm. And I learned, on that day, that not merely were the worthy members of Committee invited to cut and carve upon hymns to any degree, but that they were invited to compose original hymns of their own. This appeared wholly unnecessary. There are hymns enough already. Mr Herbert Wyatt of Brighton mentions that in preparing his excellent collection, he had carefully examined thirty thousand English hymns. But when the little volume which bears the awkward title, *Hymns collected by the Committee of the General Assembly on Psalmody*, published at Edin-

burgh in 1860, was looked over, it appeared too obvious that some good ministers had attempted original composition in a field to which their peculiar genius did not extend. And their friends in the Committee did not like to refuse to print their verses. Of the first eighteen pieces contained in this little volume, seventeen were unknown to Lord Selborne: whose Book of Praise does not err on the side of exclusiveness. It is right to state that the Church of Scotland never approved this volume: the Committee published it on their own responsibility. And its use in churches was never authorised by the General Assembly. It is of course known to many readers that the Paraphrases, so long in use, are exactly in the same position. The Scottish Hymnal is the first collection of hymns which the Church of Scotland has formally authorised.

The first step towards the preparation of the Scottish Hymnal was an overture from the Presbytery of St Andrews to the General Assembly of 1866. That overture stated that the Book of Hymns prepared by a Committee of the Church had come to be used by several congregations: that this Book was not satisfactory, having been compiled on wrong principles: and it was proposed that the Assembly should so add to the existing Committee as to make it substantially a new one; and instruct this new Committee to prepare a hymn-book. This new volume to be compiled on principles exactly contradictory of those on which its little predecessor had been put together. For, first, No hymns were to be admitted to it, except such as had already found acceptance among Christian people for their acknowledged excellence. And, next, These hymns were to

stand in the volume in the exact words in which their authors left them; unless where change was absolutely needful to bring their doctrinal tone into harmony with the teaching of the Church.

Thus the unjustifiable system of altering hymns, all but invariably for the worse, would be ended finally. Every one, moderately an expert in hymnology, knows the deplorable fashion in which editors of hymn-books have been accustomed to smear and spoil the hymns they published: while still presenting them as the work of authors who would have repudiated these changes with indignation. Even yet, it is a most irritating experience to turn over many hymn-books. There is something intensely provoking in the self-sufficient attitude of an editor who is cutting and carving the composition of another man. For in every case in which change is made, the question comes just to this: Whether the eminent author's judgment, or the fussy editor's, is the better? To which may be added the further question: Whether editor or author has devoted the more time and thought to forming a just opinion? When the respectable Bishop Bickersteth of Exeter added a fourth verse to Cardinal Newman's exquisite *Lead, kindly Light*, he certainly did not see himself as others see him. Newman and Bickersteth: which was the better judge what *Newman's* hymn should be? Nothing need be said as to the advantage of taking only hymns of established character. A brand-new hymn must be very good indeed, to be tolerated at all. Half the charm of many hymns lies in this: that they have been known so long, and so well; they and their history. Doubtless an excellent new hymn is great gain: and every hymn was once new. But the original hymns

offered by members of a Committee are, almost invariably, inexpressibly bad. And a Committee ought to be delivered from pressure. One has found that frankly to say that a piece is rubbish, tends to wound its author's feelings; and even to make him a bitter enemy. And you do not wish to make more enemies than you can help.

It was in a crowded Assembly that this overture came on for discussion. It was of course opposed, by one or two good men who spoke in the interest of the existing little collection, and of those who prepared it. But it was approved by an overwhelming majority. And those who had criticised the little collection (some of them, it is to be confessed, very severely) were told to go and try whether they could produce something better. Here were their innings. And various loud Assembly speakers frankly declared that the new Committee's work would never come to much.

Not a word shall here be said of a regrettable attempt to prevent that work from ever beginning. The old Convener had been allowed to remain at the head of affairs: and, for a year, he simply would not call the Committee together. These things are long past. But a year was wasted. The Assembly's decision was made of no avail. The little collection went on being sung in a very few churches. And great indignation was felt among those who had moved for a worthy Hymnal. But the Assembly of 1867 appointed a new Convener (or Chairman): who has held office ever since. A very little band of men, fairly conversant with Hymnology already, and gradually to become Experts in that field, drew together: and the work was begun.

The year was not wholly wasted. Two of the new members of Com-

mittee, working independently, made each a large collection of Hymns: aiming at a faithful text. After many months, they compared their work. It was, to a startling degree, identical. But indeed in making a selection of the best two hundred English hymns (such was the number aimed at), there is little room for difference if the workers are in any way competent. It appeared, on careful examination, that one collection was so full, and accurate (the various pieces having been cut out of many books and arranged in a volume), that here was the basis of the coming hymn-book of the Kirk. It had been prepared by Dr Rankin, now minister of the beautiful parish of Muthill, in Perthshire. And he had already devised the felicitous title of *The Scottish Hymnal*. We hoped well of our work from the beginning. But, times without number, one looked at that title-page in Dr Rankin's clear handwriting, not thinking that two millions of copies of it would appear in time.

The Committee was a large one. It contained many members, well versed in Hymnology, and anxious that the Church should have a good Hymnal. It is of course no secret that the Committee was not homogeneous. Various excellent men asked to be put upon it, or were continued upon it as survivors of the defunct company which had sent out the former collection; whose object distinctly was to make sure that there never should be any Hymnal at all. No doubt they acted conscientiously. They were absolutely ignorant of Hymnology. But they had a great fear that those who had been active in agitating for a new Hymnal were unduly Anglican in their leanings, and would try to produce a Hymnal of a decidedly Episcopal character.

It was true that the men who had been thus active, were most of them members of the Church Service Society : and were known to be in favour of the organ in Church : likewise of that standing at praise and kneeling at prayer which are now all but universal, but which were then called *Innovations*, and declared to be "in opposition to solemn ordination vows." The devoutest and most dignified of the Edinburgh clergy had recently, by a solemn manifesto in writing, withdrawn himself from religious communion with the new Convener, long a very dear friend. That individual had not (at that period) introduced any innovations whatever. But he had ventured to say that he thought his father and brother had done quite right in having organs in their respective churches. No Pope ever held more strongly the doctrine of *The Personal Infallibility* than did the saintly man who excommunicated him in a Document which is carefully preserved ; and which is now absolutely incredible. It is impossible, in these days when the battle of Innovations is over for years and years, to realise how keenly feeling ran : what bitter language was used : and what terrorism was attempted. *Perjured* was a word familiarly applied to Innovators. And the word *Pickpocket* was of frequent occurrence. It was meant to convey that they drew their stipends under dishonest pretences.

The elements of controversy were plainly waiting. And, but that it would have been unworthy cowardice now, there were some who shrank from strife to that degree that they never would have entered the Hymn Committee. The new Convener was the individual who had got the Presbytery of St Andrews to overture the Assem-

bly for a new Hymnal : and who had supported the overture in the Assembly. It was quite fair, that having keenly condemned the old collection, he should be bidden to try his hand at a better. And though, in those stormy meetings, the obstructive side was always lengthily argued, there was a decided majority on the side of progress when the vote came. It would be pleasant to mention names, now the most outstanding and honoured in the Kirk, the names of those who contended earnestly for a Scottish Hymnal. But, as is common in such cases, a small number bore the burden, and did the hard work.

Dr Smith of Kirknewton has been named. A word must now be said of one to whom the Hymnal owes more than it owes to any other individual. Dr Rankin of Muthill devised the name : strange to say, it was severely condemned by some. And the collection which he had made, was the basis of the new book. The great labour of verifying the text, and of compiling a list of authors, was Dr Rankin's. It is impossible to speak too warmly of his industry, or of his judgment. Neither can too much be said of the brotherly harmony in which he worked, year after year, with the few real co-workers : in a field where there is room for very keen difference. Never was a little company of earnest workers more free from the desire to sound their own trumpet. A great readiness to yield to one another, was a characteristic of that little band. There never was a ruffle, nor a jar : never once, in these three-and-twenty years. They were warm friends when their work began : they were the warmest of all possible friends when it ended. One among them was too much busied in many

public matters to hold quite so tightly at the work as did Rankin, Smith, and the Convener. But the bright intelligence, the large information, the ever-faithful help and cheer of Dr Herbert Story, son and biographer of the Saint of Rosneath, now the Professor of Church History at Glasgow, and as an Assembly speaker (to say the least) second to none; can never be forgot by those whom he stood by so loyally.

The meetings of the Committee commonly lasted for three or four hours. It was easy work for some to attend them who lived in Edinburgh, and who, though incumbents of large churches, appeared to have any amount of spare time. But the most efficient members had to travel many miles to attend: and they were already over-driven men. Fifteen times, in one dismal year, did one member of Committee arise in pitch-dark at 4.30 A.M., and make a cold journey of three hours to fight with saints at Edinburgh. When the fight was over, a journey of four weary hours in a parliamentary train. Some, too, durst not relieve their souls by breaking out upon obstructors: who fought hymns line by line and word by word: and were ever ready with the mention of ordination vows, and with the charge of a settled purpose to "shirk the doctrine of the Atonement." There was no point so minute, but it was made matter of long debate. It was here that one member objected to the name of Hymnal, because it was "a Puseyite word." Another maintained that a *Hymnal* meant a *Hymn-all*: to wit, a collection of *all Hymns*: and as the volume would not contain *all Hymns*, but merely a selection, the title was misleading. Here one was taught that men of good ability and culture, suddenly

called to judge of work which was quite outside their experience and capacity, may express the most extraordinary opinions. It was a man of real learning who wrote out, at length, his objection to Richard Baxter's well-known verse:

Christ leads me through no darker
rooms,
Than He went through before:
He that unto God's Kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.

It seemed strange that looking upon such words, any mortal should have heart to write out that the verse (plainly never seen before) would not do: inasmuch as to make it rhyme, you must read the third line, "He that unto God's Kingdom *cooms*." Yet the present writer read that criticism; and a great many more of which this is a fair specimen. The permitted usage of half-rhymes, as *good* with *blood*, and the like, had never been heard of by that learned theologian. A most amiable country minister wrote to the Convener, that he would as soon insert a *hymn by the Devil*, as one by *Cardinal Newman*. Even *Abide with me* was matter of repeated and keen debate: a little party vehemently protesting against the last verse. As all the world knows, that begins "Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes." A most genial Professor strongly objected to the use of capital letters in the words *Thou* and *Thy* in that line: also in all such cases. When asked, repeatedly, his reason, the only answer (given many times) was that he *did not like it*. Some, who did like it, could have suggested a better reason: To wit, that in volumes where you find the language in the perfection of its serious use, such capitals are not used. They do not occur

either in the authorised version of the Bible, or in the Book of Common Prayer. Let me not name the Missal: save to recall the day when a most conspicuous Assembly speaker picked it up, and said to the writer *I wonder you would have rubbish like that upon your table.* As for *When our heads are bowed with woe*, it is impossible to reckon how often that famous hymn was under discussion. The objection, of course, was to the last line, *Jesus, Son of Mary, hear: originally Gracious Son of Mary, hear.* No objection could have been urged more keenly. Strange to say, in the General Assembly it was hardly raised at all. It was pointed out that as the New Testament says *Mary the mother of Jesus*, these words appeared to justify *Jesus the Son of Mary.* Tulloch, at one of his rare appearances, said in a loud voice, "You may doubt whether He was the Son of God, but surely not whether He was the Son of Mary." And as the appeal in the hymn is to His real Humanity, this is quite lost in the common *Son of David.* Dean Milman's own alternative reading, *Jesus, born of woman, hear*, sings very awkwardly to Redhead's fine music. The last occasion on which the line was debated in the Committee is vividly remembered. The objection was being most tediously urged that the use of the line would tend to Mariolatry. Whereupon the gentle Dr Robertson of Greyfriars was roused to unwonted wrath. Rising with a flushed face, he cried aloud, "That line can only lead to Mariolatry if our congregations consist exclusively of born idiots!" These words, from that good Protestant, ended the long debate.

After their severe condemnation of tampering with the text of

hymns, the few workers were necessarily extreme purists in the matter of giving each author's work as he left it. In the earliest Proofs, the grand lines with which Baxter's famous hymn ends were printed "But it's enough that Christ knows all, And I shall be with Him." Some of us still quote them so. But now that *it's* is only used in conversation, and that *'tis* has become the literary use, the fact had to be accepted. The principle of a faithful text has never been fallen from. But it was found that certain changes (not one of them devised by the Committee) had been made needful by the common consent of Christian folk. They are very few. Some are needful through this: that the homely quaintness of certain old hymns would not now tend to edification. In Baxter's fine hymn, already twice alluded to (which he certainly began "*Now it belongs not to my care*") he wrote,

If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey:
If short, yet why should I be sad,
That shall have the same pay?

No doubt, the logical coherence of the verse is quite lost in the universal reading of the last line, "To soar to endless day." But Baxter's own line was impossible. Lord Selborne escapes the difficulty, by omitting the verse. Then, in *Rock of Ages* (described by a critic as *Til-liboddy's* fine hymn), the last verse was given in the earlier Proofs as Toplady wrote it, beginning,

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-strings break in death.

But here, too, the Committee had to yield. Letters without number

came to the Convener from persons recently bereaved, piteously entreating that these words should not stand: the imagery was too painful for them to bear. And the regulation line was given: "When *my eyelids close* in death." The Christmas hymn always ascribed to Charles Wesley (which one of the most eminent ministers of the Church insisted to me was by Dr Macduff), began "Hark! how all the welkin rings, Glory to the King of kings." Universal use has forced a version which misstates the fact: "Hark! the herald-angels sing, Glory to the new-born King." And there are other changes. But even in a volume which lies before me, *Hymns for the use of the People called Methodists: by the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., some time Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford*, the hymn begins in the familiar way. In the first Proof of the Scottish Hymnal, Charles Wesley was given accurately. But to almost all save curious readers, it was simply a brand-new hymn; and it would not do.

In the few instances where the author is not faithfully given, the Hymnal gives the reading commonly received. The compilers never once devised a reading of their own. Faber wrote, "All journeys end in welcome to the weary." The Kirk has not come to that: it is "Faith's journey ends." It was a different thing when all that had to be done was to omit a verse which would have condemned a hymn, from a hymn which was quite complete without it. Thus, the last verse of Faber's "Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go" (the *sweet* is very Faberian, but it had to yield), would have made short work of the Hymnal when laid before the General Assembly. Yet it is very beautiful:

Sweet Saviour, bless us: Night has come:

Mary and Philip near us be:
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.

And we wonder how many of those who have known an evening service begin brightly (there is no other word) with the pleasant "Brightly gleams our banner"; or even of the crowded thousands who heard it as recessional hymn when the vested choir of fourteen hundred singers defiled out of Lichfield Cathedral on a magnificent July day; could repeat the omitted second verse of that hymn.

Mary, God's dear Mother,
Israel's Lily, hail!
Pattern for Christ's children,
In this sinful vale.
In our times of trouble,
Whither can we flee,
But to our dear Saviour,
Who was born of thee!

That would not do. Yet you had but to take this fly out of the ointment, and you had a sound Protestant hymn. For that matter, the stately old Professor Jackson (St Andrews and Glasgow) often declared with energy that he was prepared to maintain the doctrinal accuracy of every word in these eight lines. Then he quoted Greek largely, and soon passed ordinary comprehension. And, as we are dealing with audacious statements, we may recall the hour in which it was resolved (for old sake's sake) to put in Norman Macleod's "Courage, brothers, do not stumble"; but difficulty was experienced in finding a text for it. In a little a grave voice was heard: "Don't you see, *Perish policy and cunning, Perish all that fears the light!* Of course the text must be, *Ye are come to the General Assembly.*" It is not decorous to jest

on such solemn matters. But as the speaker was the most brilliant Assembly debater, it will be believed there was no malice in the suggestion. The Assembly may possibly have its faults: but it was not for him to indicate them.

The reader who has had some experience of such matters may imagine what it is to get a book approved by an Editorial Committee at which the average attendance in the latter years was twenty-five. Think of 'Maga' with twenty-five editors! And there is no matter in which likes and dislikes are keener than in regard to hymns. The Hymnal is a compromise. Many hymns are in it which the writer would have excluded. A few are excluded which he would have put in. "A living stream, as crystal clear": "The roseate hues of early dawn": "The King of love my Shepherd is": come at once. But it is to be remembered that there is not a poor hymn in the volume, but some devout soul declared had given more help and comfort than any other fifty: and it was helpfulness, not literary elevation, at which we had to aim. It was well, too, to err in the direction of inclusiveness. Highly cultured souls need not use pedestrian hymns, though they are in the book. But it would be hard that good folk should look in vain for what they dearly prize.

The Hymnal was sanctioned by the General Assembly in May 1870. The majority was narrow. But it was eminently a case in which votes should be weighed as well as counted. And hostile criticism may now be forgot. At this point, it would be pleasant for the writer to say a great deal which it is kind, and possibly wise, not to say. After some years of education, the day came for a

larger volume. The same men who had prepared the original Hymnal compiled an appendix, which was soon incorporated. This was approved by the Assembly in 1884. Its preparation was easy and pleasant work. And the opposition to it, though extremely bitter, had little weight. The volume met a most cordial reception from all competent judges, and its compilers were specially cheered by the warm approval of the most eminent in the Anglican hierarchy. The Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of Durham, Rochester, and Lichfield, are specially remembered. But neither compilers nor publishers have once published any puff of their work. And they will not begin now, nor here. Some severe critics of the Hymnal have indicated what, in their judgment, are the finest English hymns. Some have composed original hymns of their own. We were thus enabled to estimate the value of their criticism. And we could not insert their hymns: though we have preserved them, carefully. The provision of suitable hymns has in a measure necessitated some kindly recognition of the main events in the Christian Year. Not indeed in all cases. A genial and prominent Assembly orator informed the writer that he would sing "Jesus Christ is risen to-day," upon any day in the year except Easter-Day. Another good man gave out "Hark, the herald-angels sing," upon a bright day in June. I have heard "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," on a sunshiny August Sunday. But I have likewise been present when "Abide with me! fast falls the eventide," was sung at a quarter past twelve upon a blazing Longest Day. These things are strange. But

they must needs be. The compilers have endured worse. To be called Ritualists, Rationalists, Romanists: wholly ignorant of Holy Scripture: despisers of their ordination vows: high-handed and insolent: to be told their Proofs were read with indignation: to have objectionable lines quoted from their book which never were in it; and to be accused of contemning vital doctrine by excluding hymns which had been present in every Proof ever printed: were all taken with a smile. Though discouraged, many times, they never thought of giving up.

To have done this work for the Church of our fathers, is a great reward. And it is the only one. From the first, the compilers resolved that they never should parade their names on a single copy of their book. Really, they thought this was modest, was self-denying. But the day came on which they were violently told that the reason why they suppressed their names was that they durst not state them. As the words were said, some good men looked sorrowfully upon one another, and sighed. It seemed hard: after all that had been gone through.

The present writer is one of the

little band: and he would fain have told the story of the Scottish Hymnal at ten times the length. For many reasons, it is best told briefly. I do not say we are proud of our success: for we are too wearied, and have been too much beaten about the head to be proud of anything. But we are thankful: very thankful. Never were happier relations than those which have been, from first to last, between us and our publishers. When it is said that you may get the 442 hymns, beautifully printed, on good paper, for a penny, and this at a small profit on a sale of two hundred thousand, you will understand that things are well managed. We gave infinite trouble, by the innumerable Proofs which were asked for. Though the upshot be these 442 hymns, at least 700 were put in print. And arranging and rearranging were carried to a needless degree: for Hymns, like Psalms, come to be known by their numbers. Yet there never was a complaint. It is fit that this should be warmly acknowledged. And it is pleasant to think that a relation, most cheering to the working members of the Hymn Committee, was not wholly unsatisfactory on the other side.

A. K. H. B.

A PICKLE OF SALT.

A TALE OF THE INDIAN MONOPOLY.

IN every country where there has been a tax on salt, cruelty and oppression have followed in its train. In France, under the Government monopoly known as the *gabelles*, the law was most severe. In the fifteenth century, French history shows that hundreds of men were executed for salt-smuggling. In the time of Louis XIV., almost every year saw some three hundred salt-smugglers sent to the galleys for life. In China, where salt is one of the most important sources of imperial revenue, a breach of the salt-laws involves fearful penalties. The offenders are sometimes flayed alive, their smuggling-junks are confiscated and sawn asunder; whilst a crucified or impaled boatman is lashed to the mast, as a warning to others. The Chinese jails are full of men lingering on under trial, or in vain hope of being brought to trial, for offences against the State salt monopoly.

It is very natural for the Indian Government to boast of the ease and smoothness with which its revenue from salt is collected. That is perfectly true; but there is, unfortunately, another side to the case. A very large portion of the salt which is used in Bengal is imported from England. No doubt it is beautifully white and clean, and in this respect is very attractive. But India produces salt in great abundance along the shore of the Bay of Bengal. The soil is often white with the salt efflorescence, so that a man has only to stoop and scrape up sufficient for his daily wants. But he must not do so; it is illegal to use

the indigenous salt of the country. The local salt is strictly boycotted by Government, and this boycotting is enforced by a severe system of pains and penalties, just as much as boycotting in Ireland depends on the terrors and penalties authorised or connived at by the National League.

It is doubtless an old saying, *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* The native excise officers, who were usually appointed to prevent the people from making or using illicit salt, were persons of little probity or social status amongst their own countrymen. They were imperfectly supervised by a few special English officers who could not be ubiquitous. It was hoped that they would be held in some check by the ordinary police force, whose proper duty it was to deal with crime. But this was simply a delusion. The black wolves only combined with the grey wolves. As a fact, when the salt police and the criminal police were acting in unison, they found the greatest opportunities for plundering and oppressing the people. The tale which we are about to tell will show to what a shameful extent these two classes of native officials co-operated with one another for evil. The tale is not a new one; but it is almost certain that what has happened once in India, or in any other country, may under similar conditions happen again at any time, and it may serve as a warning to the present generation.

In the district of Chittagong, about 25 miles south of the town and station of that name, there was a village called Pullas, of which

the chief resident was one Jaffir Ali, an old and respected Moham-medan gentleman. The village was prettily situated near the foot of a low range of hills, about a quarter of a mile from the banks of the river Sunkoo, a tidal stream which falls into the Bay of Bengal, about 15 miles from Pullas. The village contained about 500 inhabitants, and the houses or huts were well built, with dry clay foundations and bamboo-mat walls, covered with sloping thatched roofs, and sheltered in the shade of fine old mango-trees. The people were generally thriving and contented. Unfortunately for them, their village was the site of the local police station, and a police inspector, with some twelve constables dwelt there. The salt-excise inspector, with several peons, also had his headquarters in the village, so that officially Pullas was a place of some importance. Once or twice in the year an English official, either the magistrate or the salt superintendent, would visit Pullas for a day or two; but for the rest of the year the natives were left entirely to their own devices.

Many of the inhabitants of the village derived a considerable part of their income from being employed in the manufacture of salt, which was then carried on by the Indian Government on the low marshy lands along the coast of the Bay of Bengal. The process of making salt was a sort of hereditary business with the men of Pullas, whose ancestors had been engaged in it from time immemorial. The work was popular with them, and they were well paid for it—almost the only drawback being the liability to occasional attacks from tigers and other wild beasts which infested the jungles near the salt-flats. When the salt was made

it was collected in heaps, and weighed in the presence of the salt-makers, with a view to their being paid for making it. It was then carried away in boats to the Government storehouses at Chittagong. Not a pinch of this beautiful salt might be eaten or used by the men who had made it. It all belonged to the Government, who took it away for sale in other parts of India. When the people of Pullas and the rest of Chittagong wanted salt, they could only buy a coarse, dirty, solar-evaporated salt, which was brought over from the Madras coast, where it was manufactured on behalf of the Government.

The object of this extraordinary and barbarous system was to prevent smuggling. If the Chittagong people had been allowed to use the locally made salt, it would have been impossible to distinguish between licit and illicit salt. Whenever a Chittagong man was found in possession of the white local salt, it was evidence that he was guilty of a breach of the salt-law. It seems an exquisite form of injustice and tyranny; but the natives of the country are docile and law-abiding, and they had been brought up in the stern faith that it was wrong and criminal to eat the salt of their own country.

But it would have been contrary to human nature if there had not been some law-breakers, and the Government expected that the law would occasionally be infringed. Therefore, they employed their excise officers to detect and arrest offenders, and a certain number of persons were duly punished for breaches of the salt-laws every month. This led to the introduction of a charming system. The *average* number of offenders was steadily forthcoming every month. They were arrested and

sent before the salt superintendent on charges, to which they usually pleaded guilty. They were fined in small sums, and the fines were regularly paid. As a fact, the whole thing was arranged and provided for by a local subscription, just as trades-unions and other associations now pay the costs of prosecutions and defences in England. The Government was satisfied; the salt department was complacent; the native officials prospered; and the people who subscribed to the fund compensated themselves for their expenditure by doing a little real salt-smuggling, at which the native salt-officers kindly connived.

But it came to pass that events occurred in Pullas which have not even yet ceased to be remembered in that unhappy village. It is the custom in India to transfer the native officials from one post to another, to prevent them from forming local connections. And so it chanced that the inspector of the police station and the salt-excise inspector were removed to other places, and two new men from other parts of the district were sent to relieve them. On the arrival of these new men, old Jaffir Ali, as the chief resident in Pullas, made the usual arrangements to conciliate them, and to provide for the safety of the community, most of whom were his tenants. But both the new officials were bad and discontented men, who did not like their banishment (as they considered it) to Pullas; and they determined to console themselves by making money as fast as possible, through all those unscrupulous devices which an uncontrolled native officer has at his disposal.

It was very soon intimated to Jaffir Ali that the peace-offerings and presents which he had made

were insufficient. It happened that both the new officials were Hindoos, whilst both their predecessors had been Mohammedans. This change was therefore not acceptable to the people of Pullas, of whom nine-tenths were Mohammedans. The Hindoo official had the reputation of being more rapacious and grasping than the Mohammedan. Be this as it may, the people of Pullas soon began to feel the difference between their old and new masters. From time to time respectable men were arrested on frivolous charges, and carried off to the police station or to the salt-office, from which they did not emerge until they had humbly come to terms with their captors. It is perhaps difficult for the English mind to conceive the amount of arbitrary power which a police officer could exercise in those days. The station being twenty-five miles from the magistrate's headquarters, and the letter-post carrying despatches, which arrived only on the third day, the police officer could lord it over the fifty thousand people who were subject to his jurisdiction; and for them there was little chance of redress unless they walked the twenty-five miles' journey into Chittagong and petitioned the magistrate in person.

Eventually a dispute about a woman brought matters to a climax. The salt inspector set his affections on the good-looking daughter of a Mohammedan peasant, named Barker Ali, whose house was near the salt-office; and in spite of the seclusion of the harem, he managed to see her and to open communication with her. But such advances from a Hindoo were unacceptable to the Mohammedan woman; and when the inspector sent some of his emissaries to try and carry off

the girl by force, they were set upon and soundly beaten by the men of her family. This was a very bad business. The Hindoo police inspector would gladly have come to the aid of his brother officer, but there was so much dirt in the case that it could not be stirred with impunity before the magistrate. On the other hand, the assailants of the inspector's men were satisfied with their victory, and were not anxious to take the case into court, and to publish the family scandal. So the officials determined to take their revenge in a more deliberate and cunning manner. The incident of the beating was allowed to drop. The police appeared to draw in their horns for a time, and the Mohammedans of Pullas rather flattered themselves that they had got the best of it.

From what has been already told, it will be understood that the use of local illicit salt was not unknown to some of the inhabitants of Pullas, though it was connived at by the salt inspector so long as it suited him. According to the law, if the salt inspector had reason to suppose that illicit salt was to be found on the premises of any householder, it was his duty to apply in writing to the English superintendent at Chittagong for permission to search the premises. If he wished to have the aid of the police, it was sufficient for him to state that he anticipated forcible resistance; and the superintendent would then obtain an order from the magistrate authorising the police to assist the salt inspector in his proceedings. All that was needed to set this machinery in motion was to find an informer who would make a sworn information to the inspector that he knew that illicit salt was concealed on the premises of certain

persons. The inspector had little difficulty in finding a *soi disant* informer, who deposed that he knew that illicit salt was to be found in the house of Barker Ali, the father of the young woman who had repudiated the inspector's amorous advances. It was added, insinuatingly, that there was similar suspicion against other leading Mohammedans in the village, concluding with the name of the headman, Jaffir Ali.

There was necessarily a little delay in communicating with the superintendent and the magistrate before the search-warrant and subsidiary orders to the police could be received at Pullas. This interval was improved by the two inspectors in organising a sufficient force to overpower the villagers, in case they should make any resistance. The police constables and the salt peons were only about twenty in number. But this body could be strongly reinforced by calling in the services of the *chokedars*, or village watchmen, of all the hamlets within convenient distance. The *chokedars* were supposed to be the servants of the landowners and the villagers, but their official duties brought them under the control of the inspector of police. As a fact, the *chokedars* lived chiefly on the breath of the police inspector's favour; and as their salaries were small and irregularly paid, they were only too glad to give their assistance to the police inspector when he was engaged in any duty that offered an opportunity for any profit or plunder. Thus a force of above a hundred *chokedars*, armed with spears and bludgeons, was organised for the aid of the police whenever it might suit the inspector's convenience to search the houses of Barker Ali and the other villagers suspected of having illicit salt on their premises.

It was a dark and sultry night, a little before midnight, when the inmates of Barker Ali's house were aroused by a loud knocking at the gate of their homestead. Before they could obey the summons to open the door, it was burst open; and whilst the inspector and several of his myrmidons with lanterns approached the main building, where Barker Ali and some of his family were standing, dazed and surprised, two or three of the party stole off in the darkness towards the cowshed, and deposited some bags of salt under the fodder collected for the cattle. The inspectors politely informed Barker Ali of the object of their visit, whilst he stoutly repudiated the charge, and dared them to search for illicit salt. The inspectors expressed their regret that they should be obliged to disgrace him by such a proceeding, but as it was their duty, they must perform it, however disagreeable. So the men at once invaded the house, and turned everything topsy-turvy, whilst the nimble hands of *chokedars* appropriated any articles of value that came in their way. No salt having been found in the outer part of the house, they next broke into the women's apartments, without giving time to the women to be put out of sight, and ransacked every possible hiding-place for salt, amidst the cries and lamentations of the women. They next proceeded to search the outhouses, and as those who hide can find, of course they soon turned up the bags of salt that had been hidden in the cattle-shed. At this discovery Barker Ali and his friends became furious. They had submitted to the search of the house, and to the insults to the women, because they hoped that, being innocent, the time would come when they might

get their revenge or redress. But when they saw the salt that had been "*planted*" on their premises, they felt that nothing short of their ruin was intended; and with furious imprecations, Barker Ali rushed at the salt inspector and felled him to the ground. Of course this mad act was unpleasant for the inspector, but it was very much what the police wanted. With loud shouts they attacked Barker Ali and his little party, and beat them unmercifully, and having overpowered them, tightly bound their hands and feet as they lay prostrate. They next laid hands upon the women, and treated them with every indignity, in spite of their screams and cries. In the course of the *mêlée* some one set fire to the outhouses, which speedily blazed up and added to the terrors of the night. Meanwhile the uproar had awakened the rest of the villagers, and the neighbours, headed by old Jaffir Ali, came in numbers to see what was the matter. The police, professing to fear a rescue, promptly turned their forces against them, and after a short conflict Jaffir Ali was knocked down with a broken head, whilst many of his companions were seized and made prisoners by the police. The others fled away to their own houses, where they were followed by the police and the *chokedars*, who began to plunder whatever they could lay hands upon, and also set fire to several other houses,—so that a large part of the village was consumed in the conflagration. At last when all resistance had ceased, and the rest of the terrified villagers had fled, the police found themselves masters of the field, with some forty prisoners, both men and women, in their custody. So the inspectors drew off their forces,

and retired with their plunder and their captives to the police station, where a large supply of food had been prepared to reward the victorious army of *chokedars*. The unhappy prisoners were all crowded into the guard-room of the police station, bound hand and foot, and left to pass the night with every possible discomfort.

In the early morning the time came for business on the part of the police, and for reflection on the part of their captives. It was the duty of the police to send their prisoners into Chittagong within twenty-four hours of their arrest, and it was also necessary that a careful report should be drawn up and sent in, so as to reach the magistrate before the arrival of the accused, in order that he might be prepared to try them for the offences with which they were charged. The police were great adepts in drawing out these reports, or "*dressing a process*," as the French call it; and the draft of the report, sketched by the police inspector, concisely informed the magistrate of the discovery of the illicit salt in Barker Ali's premises, and of the assault committed on the salt inspector, and the general resistance offered, and the dangerous attempt at rescue on the part of the other villagers, who had set fire to the houses in order to release their friends. This draft was carefully revised, and was being copied, when an entirely new state of affairs arose. It has been said that the prisoners had had time for reflection. Poor old Jaffir Ali, with his broken head, was sick and sorry for himself. His companions had also been beaten and knocked about, and they were weak and miserable from want of food and water. Incredible as it may seem, they proposed to capitulate. They sent a mes-

sage to the inspector, and asked him to make terms, and so save them from the disgrace and trouble, and all the possible penalties of imprisonment and fine, which might be expected if they were taken before the magistrate. They had no friendly hand to advise them, and there was no one to take their part, and testify to the insults and cruelty of the police. There is a native saying that he who bathes in the river must make friends with the crocodiles. Alas! they had fallen into the clutches of the crocodiles, and must now get out of them on any possible terms. It will be understood that the position of these unfortunate men was really very precarious. If they were sent before the magistrate and convicted of the charges against them, they might be sentenced to terms of imprisonment or heavy fines; and pending their trial, they and the women would almost certainly be kept in jail; and whatever this might be for the men, it would undoubtedly mean disgrace and probably ruin to any respectable woman. Even if they should be acquitted by the magistrate, they would have to come back to their village and live there with a hostile police and revengeful salt-officers. The temperament of the natives of Bengal is very submissive, and so they humbled themselves before the tyrant inspectors. They agreed to pay down a large sum of money immediately, and to continue to pay a monthly sum of considerable magnitude for another twelve months; and they bound themselves in further penalties never to complain to any authority of the treatment they had received. So, after a sufficient show of hesitation and deliberation, the inspectors agreed to the compromise, and the captives were released. The police

inspector then prepared the following brief report to the magistrate, in substitution for the elaborate process which has been mentioned above :—

“May it please your honour,—In obedience to the orders received from you, dated 13th instant, I beg humbly to report that on the 20th instant, two hours before sunset, I proceeded with the salt inspector and certain constables to search the house of Barker Ali for illicit salt, in the presence of the headman Jaffir Ali and certain other respectable men of the village; but in spite of the most diligent search, no illicit salt was discovered, and Barker Ali declares that the accusation of the informer (who has now absconded) was due to private enmity. This report, as your honour will observe, is attested by the signatures of Jaffir Ali and the other village elders who attended at the search of Barker Ali's house.”

This report was safely despatched to the magistrate in the usual way, and the police and their victims parted in apparent amity. The next day the villagers were already employed in beginning the rebuilding of their burnt huts, when suddenly two Englishmen rode into the village about ten o'clock in the morning, and made their way straight to the police station. These new arrivals were the magistrate and the salt superintendent. But how was it that they had come so opportunely and unexpectedly? It happened thus. On the night that the outrages were committed, a nephew of Jaffir Ali's had been on a visit to the village. He was an *employé* in the Chittagong magistrate's office, and when he saw the outrages which had been committed, he slipped off quietly without saying a word to any one, and girding up his loins made for Chittagong at full speed. There he went straight to the magistrate, and told him

what he had seen at Pullas. The magistrate consulted with the salt superintendent, and they agreed to ride out at once to Pullas, and thus they had arrived before any intimation of their intended visit could reach either the police or the villagers.

Having arrived at the police station and confronted the terrified inspector, the magistrate took possession of the official papers; and among the first documents which met his eyes were the draft and copy of the elaborate proceeding which the police had drawn up, inculcating the accused, before they had changed their mind and arranged to come to terms with them. The news of the magistrate's arrival soon spread through the village, and old Jaffir Ali and his friends learnt that the avenger of their wrongs had appeared. They quickly thronged to the police station with very different feelings from those with which they had lately left it; and after a while the magistrate went with them to see the havoc which had been made in their houses, and to hear their lamentable tales of their personal sufferings and losses.

There is little need to go further. Never, perhaps, were the tables so completely turned by the despoiled upon the spoilers. As soon as it was clear that the inspectors were doomed and ruined men, their own confederates and constables turned upon them and offered evidence against them, pleading that they themselves had only acted under the pressure of superior authority. There was no lack of witnesses, and much of the property plundered from the villagers was brought back and returned to them. The police inspector and the salt inspector and several of their subordinates were sent off to Chittagong in custody; and after a time

they were committed for trial, and sentenced by the judge to long terms of imprisonment. Jaffir Ali and the villagers returned to their homes—and it may be easily believed that for a long time they were not molested either by the police or by the salt-officers. But they had had a wonderful escape from their troubles; and it was merely a lucky chance that there was an interested stranger in the village, who could get off without being missed, and go straight to headquarters and awake the wrath of the avenging magistrate.

AN AUTUMN LYRIC.

BY LEBRECHT DREVES.¹

TRANSLATION.

HIGH o'er the forest the storm-clouds are flying,
The little birds haste to the south and the sun;
Darling, the red leaves are dropping and dying,—
Darling, how soon is life over and done!

Hardly the hawthorn-tree blossoms and blushes,
Hardly has opened the first rose of May,
Scarce o'er the heart love tumultuous rushes,
Ere the rose-petals fall,—and all passes away.

The love and the weeping—the rapture and sorrow,
Are they but dreams that come never again?
What will be left when the day knows no morrow?
Darling, we sigh, but we question in vain.

Though the perfumes be shed, and the rose-leaves be blighted,
The new year must come, and the new roses blow;
And lovers will kiss, and their vows shall be plighted
On the green of our graves, while we slumber below.

FLORENCE HENNIKER.

¹ Lebrecht Drevés, born at Hamburg 1816, died at Feldkirch 1870. Author of "Schlichte Lieder," "Lebensritter," "Deutsche Nachbildung," &c. &c.

ON THE RIVIERA.

It would be curious to inquire in these days of advancement, with all their increased and ever-increasing ways of pleasure-making, what our fathers did before the Riviera was invented? They went, the well-instructed reader will reply, to German baths, where the Kursaal accomplished as many ruins as cures, and the *tapis vert* was as great and as absorbing a centre of interest in Baden and Homburg as at Monte Carlo. But this is but a partial answer to the question, for German baths exist only in summer and in seasons given up to holiday or the pursuit of health, which is very different from that wonderful line of coast between Marseilles and Genoa, in which the darker side of the year is turned into sunshine and brightness, and the holiday season is still left intact for the enjoyment which once was confined within its limits. We might answer in another manner, and say that the invention of the Riviera is not a matter of to-day,—that the times have been, and that indeed in the memory of living man, when the Riviera was the dream of bliss of many a romantic spirit; when big *vetture* rumbled leisurely along the Cornice road, conveying persons of cultured minds, who really enjoyed the beauty of the landscape, and lingered over every lovely bay and shining village perched high among the rocks. This, too, is true, yet not all the truth. In these days a bridal pair would wander along the glowing hills, finding a reflection of their happiness in the quiet genial sun, that turned winter into an enchanted and perennial spring; or, what was still more interesting if less radiant, a little party of

anxious (and lovely) attendants would convey some gentle invalid to all the advantages of the soft and balmy south. But the privilege was extended to but few, and the vulgar could only gaze and sigh in vain.

Nowadays all these things have changed; and instead of the occasional travellers, the little English colonies scattered here and there, the invalids and the *dilettantes* who once had these realms of Paradise all to themselves, the line of coast is dotted all along by a scarcely broken line of hotels and villas, and a tenth part or so of the civilised world pours along this coast, hurrying from railway station to railway station, changing the language and manners of an entire district: changing the language, for though all the world is represented, there can be no doubt that the great stream of the invaders speak English, whether in its native and original form or in that vigorous if less elegant version which comes from the other side of the Atlantic. It is the Anglo-Saxon race which fills up all the hotels, and settles down, with all its natural accessories, in every villa along the sea-margin, demanding its particular national luxuries everywhere. Whether it was the opening of the railway or of the Casino at Monte Carlo which determined this great wave of motion, this flight of the northern swallows, it would be difficult to say. The stream had begun even before the railway; it was flowing while yet the principality of Monaco starved on its own resources, and was virtuously unaware of the existence of M. Blanc. But all these elements have to be taken

into calculation when we consider the actual result ; for there can be no doubt that life on the Riviera centres on Monte Carlo as on the axle which keeps everything turning, and the railway is the line of connection that keeps all the outlying portions of the dominion *en rapport* with the heart.

We may leave Marseilles and its immediate neighbourhood behind. They belong to a definite country and a practical world. France possesses them, and business, and their own affairs. Liverpool and Woolwich have not less to do with Piccadilly than Marseilles and Toulon with the Riviera, properly so called. That begins, let us say, at St Raphael, where the quiet people go, where there is nothing much to do or to see ; where the sun rises every morning (or at least most mornings), lighting up a dazzling sea, with only a few innocent boats to lend an occasional translucent shadow to the water, and scarcely a pedestrian to contribute a more substantial shadow on the beach. St Raphael is so far off that the thrill of communication is faint. You can scarcely feel the throb of Monte Carlo in its veins. It is respectable and Ritualistic. There is daily service in the little new church, which gathers a little colony round it who are not as other men are. But as we get on to Cannes we feel the electric touch. From thence the stream flows, coming and going as far as Mentone on the other side. This, in the present sense of the word, is the true Riviera. The road runs along the coast, close to the sea, flanked with gardens of lemons and oranges on one side, and the grey olives all gnarled and twisted, in terraced plantations mounting up the hills on the other. The railway runs parallel here and

there, but keeps plunging into tunnel after tunnel, disappearing from view ; but along the road sweeps carriage after carriage, up and down the slopes, and round the sharp corners with jangling bells and flying hoofs. They are all on their way to or from the centre of existence ; they dash, they gallop, they fly ; it is the rule of the road to go always at full speed. In many of them there are pretty creatures with yellow hair—the fashion may have faded a little in other places, but it is still *de rigueur* in Monte Carlo—whose audacious beauty, bold yet pitiful, makes the heart sick ; in many others bands of men, three or four together, who are equally suspect, but rouse feelings quite different from pity. It is difficult, however, to draw the line among them—between the idle and vacant, who go simply to amuse themselves, and the *vauriens* who naturally hang about a place where everything that is illegitimate and *déclassé* elsewhere becomes lawful and commonplace. One of the classes of passers-by to which I most object is the solitary old gentleman, very much wrapped up, who scowls out of his furs and shawls at the sea which has ventured to chill an air which he expects to be made to order for him, to keep cold away and his ailments at arm's-length, and preserve his unprecious life as long as possible. There are a great many of these old men about the Riviera, keeping themselves alive, after a sufficiently long life not well spent, one feels sure : at all events, it is a sort of satisfaction to the mind to conclude that it cannot have been well spent when one sees all the luxuries that surround the old fellows, and the frown with which they generally regard the sun which is not warm enough, and

permitted, respectable. He
 not choose, perhaps, to be
 avenging, because that is sup-
 to inner dulness and
 which he does not find neces-
 or degrading. Yet so well
 as well got up, so *soigné* and
 tu is his toilet, both of body
 soul, that the title, if he would
 cept it, would be entirely suit-
 This gentleman, if he were in
 Piccadilly, might be called a man
 about town, where he would know
 all the best people, and do every-
 thing that the best people do. On
 the Riviera, while retaining that
 character, he is a man about the
 world. He knows not only the
 best people but the worst, yet, as
 has been said, he remains undefiled.
 He may live at Monte Carlo and
 not even play. Life is enough to
 interest him without any miserable
 adjuncts of that kind. The thing
 that particularly strikes the ob-
 server is his care to preserve him-
 self in that perfect condition of
 enjoyment and comfort to which
 he has attained. While he is quite
 aware that a younger man could
 never get as much (perhaps by
 dint of wanting so much more)
 from life as he does, he is also
 conscious that an older man gen-
 erally gets much less. He knows
 that he is on the apex, and that
 the next step from the apex means
 more or less downfall. Therefore
 his health is a matter of the great-
 est importance to him. It is so,
 let us allow, to all sensible per-
 sons, but to him even more, for
 it involves more. It involves
 diminution—a decrease in every
 way—and he is most reluctant to
 diminution and de-
 to remain where

more to bring him, but only less, which is a contingency he has no desire to face. Therefore he takes care of himself, body and mind, with a constant, unremitting, modest attention. He takes care not to tire himself, not to be put out, to undergo no *contretemps*—such as inferior rooms, a bad dinner, or a company that bores him. All these things detract from perfect vitality—and to preserve that perfect, tempered, well-balanced vitality is the main object of his life.

This gentleman is to be found at his highest perfection on the Riviera. He is well off—generally very well off; he has nothing to do but the pursuits above mentioned. He has no pressure of duties at home, being unmarried and without care save for himself. Generally he is very kind and good-hearted, and pleased to please other people, which gives the finest aroma to such a life. If he were not, indeed, good and amiable, he would not have half so much enjoyment in his existence. This gives the last perfection to it. He would not be what he is if he had not a great deal of goodness in him. And yet, to think that a few years may turn this quintessence of humanity into the old gentleman with a *cache-nez* up to his eyes, who will scowl at the Mediterranean because it is not a hot bath! That is the dreadful possibility that is always before him.

There is no feminine counterbalance to this development of man. The nearest thing to him is the old lady who is perennial in liveliness and eagerness to enjoy everything and see everything, and who is amused impartially by the proper and the improper,—the latter of whom would bear the bell with her if it were not for the infinite drollery of the prim people who

are not as other women are, and whose superior virtue puts on airs which delight the clever old critic who has seen everything and everybody, and to whom life is now a spectacle at which she sits, not caring much what passes before her, amused by all the follies, whatever they may be. But women can never attain the impartiality of men. Their toleration is never so genuine, their curiosity not so calm. The middle-aged unmarried woman vainly tries to emulate that perfection of enlightenment which marks her male contemporary. She cannot reach it. Probably she would be a monster if she did. Ladies, on the whole, don't shine, I think, at Monte Carlo. They are too much on the alert, either to avoid encounters with the equivocal or to brave them. They do not take matters with the same majestic calm.

There are to be seen, however, upon the dusty but lively road which leads by all the inexhaustible curves, bays, and headlands of this wonderful coast, towards that curious little metropolis of folly, passers-by of a very different description. Between the ladies with the yellow hair and the men with the cigars will come along at a pace more moderate an English family, father, mother, and children, generally grown-up daughters, with worth and wealth in every feature. "Que diable allaient-ils faire en cette galère?" What can they want at Monte Carlo? They go because, we suppose, they have formed to themselves an idea of something in the shape of gaiety and exhilarating pleasure which is almost beyond a sober man's dreams,—the vortex, the whirl which recluses in the country dream of but never find. They expect to be seized upon by the *tourbillon* of joyous life—to be

the sea which makes too much noise and interferes with their sleep.

It is with a sentiment less bellicose that we survey another class which is very familiar on the Riviera—that of the elderly-young man, who has come to estimate at their full value the gifts of careless youth, and who is determined to keep his hold upon them till the last practicable moment. He is the man, perhaps, who most enjoys all that is beautiful and delightful here. He has too much good taste to care for anything that involves the nausea of vice. He is in his own person virtuous and clean, from his linen to his likings—unimpeachable, but not strait-laced. He ignores the relationships which may not be quite in accord with the law, when he is asked to a sumptuous dinner or to join a party on board a beautiful yacht. He is not a censor of morals. He enjoys everything,—the smile of a pretty woman, and even the little *éclat* of knowing her, and the sensation of passing her without any acknowledgment of acquaintance when he is with ladies of another description. The contact with the unlawful thus brings him a peculiar touch of pleasure: but he is not in any way unlawful himself. He takes the good out of everything, and all the world is open to him. The most innocent person, perhaps, regards him with a certain additional interest, in that he knows all sides of the human problem, and has spoken familiarly with those who are mentioned in polite society only with bated breath. He is free to walk where everything smells of pitch, yet he is not defiled. No unsavoury adventures or relationships are his; indeed there is nothing about him that is not wholesome, clean, and, if the word were

permitted, respectable. He would not choose, perhaps, to be called respectable, because that is supposed to infer dulness and limitations which he does not find necessary or desirable. Yet so well brushed, so well got up, so *soigné* and careful is his toilet, both of body and soul, that the title, if he would accept it, would be entirely suitable.

This gentleman, if he were in Piccadilly, might be called a man about town, where he would know all the best people, and do everything that the best people do. On the Riviera, while retaining that character, he is a man about the world. He knows not only the best people but the worst, yet, as has been said, he remains undefiled. He may live at Monte Carlo and not even play. Life is enough to interest him without any miserable adjuncts of that kind. The thing that particularly strikes the observer is his care to preserve himself in that perfect condition of enjoyment and comfort to which he has attained. While he is quite aware that a younger man could never get as much (perhaps by dint of wanting so much more) from life as he does, he is also conscious that an older man generally gets much less. He knows that he is on the apex, and that the next step from the apex means more or less downfall. Therefore his health is a matter of the greatest importance to him. It is so, let us allow, to all sensible persons, but to him even more, for it involves more. It involves diminution—a decrease in every way—and he is most reluctant to contemplate diminution and decrease. He wants to remain where he is, enjoying everything, exercising what he still feels to be a voluntary moderation. If the years would but stand still, all would be well; they have nothing

more to bring him, but only less, which is a contingency he has no desire to face. Therefore he takes care of himself, body and mind, with a constant, unremitting, modest attention. He takes care not to tire himself, not to be put out, to undergo no *contretemps*—such as inferior rooms, a bad dinner, or a company that bores him. All these things detract from perfect vitality—and to preserve that perfect, tempered, well-balanced vitality is the main object of his life.

This gentleman is to be found at his highest perfection on the Riviera. He is well off—generally very well off; he has nothing to do but the pursuits above mentioned. He has no pressure of duties at home, being unmarried and without care save for himself. Generally he is very kind and good-hearted, and pleased to please other people, which gives the finest aroma to such a life. If he were not, indeed, good and amiable, he would not have half so much enjoyment in his existence. This gives the last perfection to it. He would not be what he is if he had not a great deal of goodness in him. And yet, to think that a few years may turn this quintessence of humanity into the old gentleman with a *cache-nez* up to his eyes, who will scowl at the Mediterranean because it is not a hot bath! That is the dreadful possibility that is always before him.

There is no feminine counterbalance to this development of man. The nearest thing to him is the old lady who is perennial in liveliness and eagerness to enjoy everything and see everything, and who is amused impartially by the proper and the improper,—the latter of whom would bear the bell with her if it were not for the infinite drollery of the prim people who

are not as other women are, and whose superior virtue puts on airs which delight the clever old critic who has seen everything and everybody, and to whom life is now a spectacle at which she sits, not caring much what passes before her, amused by all the follies, whatever they may be. But women can never attain the impartiality of men. Their toleration is never so genuine, their curiosity not so calm. The middle-aged unmarried woman vainly tries to emulate that perfection of enlightenment which marks her male contemporary. She cannot reach it. Probably she would be a monster if she did. Ladies, on the whole, don't shine, I think, at Monte Carlo. They are too much on the alert, either to avoid encounters with the equivocal or to brave them. They do not take matters with the same majestic calm.

There are to be seen, however, upon the dusty but lively road which leads by all the inexhaustible curves, bays, and headlands of this wonderful coast, towards that curious little metropolis of folly, passers-by of a very different description. Between the ladies with the yellow hair and the men with the cigars will come along at a pace more moderate an English family, father, mother, and children, generally grown-up daughters, with worth and wealth in every feature. "*Que diable allaient-ils faire en cette galère?*" What can they want at Monte Carlo? They go because, we suppose, they have formed to themselves an idea of something in the shape of gaiety and exhilarating pleasure which is almost beyond a sober man's dreams,—the vortex, the whirl which recluses in the country dream of but never find. They expect to be seized upon by the *tourbillon* of joyous life—to be

whirled out of themselves in a maelstrom of dissipation in which their own high principles will keep them individually guiltless, but which will have all the fascination of wickedness. Perhaps they are a little shamefaced about going there at all, and murmur excuses as to having heard that it is the best air in the Riviera, the best music, and beautiful gardens, &c. All which is true enough; but it is something more that they expect. Still more extraordinary are the other carriagefuls of English travellers, all ladies—ladies who have no yellow hair, but scanty wisps of grey,—ladies not fair of feature, and of guise altogether unlike that of seekers of pleasure, most of them in black, most of them a little worn by life, all of them propriety incarnate. As a general rule they do not care how fast they go, except when there is something to see. Their coachman is a man whom they think very civil, who tells them what everything is on the way, and points out the castle that belongs to Mr Smith, or the great gardens of the Villa Brown. What records of life might come out of those parties! They are all—or almost all—in black; some of them in crape, just emancipated by death from some lifelong bondage of circumstances—some long monotony of living, in which no relaxation or variety was possible. Perhaps it is the father who has died, after holding his more than grown-up daughters in grim captivity for years. They have found out that they required change—fresh air, new scenes; and once more it is with the delusion in their minds that they will see at least, if they do not share, if they only look on, the wildest gaiety at Monte Carlo—dissipation and amusement beyond their wildest dreams,—that they

are making their way, in a state of excitement and enchantment difficult to describe, to that centre. The painted ladies, the equivocal men, are all part of the play. They gaze at their fellow-travellers when they dash past, raising clouds of dust, with a shock of delightful horror. These, then, are the Monte Carlo people, the wicked, the thoughtless, the gay. Shortly they will all be there, and our friends will stand and look on delighted at the vortex, the whirl, the abyss. Yes, they will be shocked—they expect no less; but it will be something to see it, to watch those abandoned crowds in their diversion, to see how they do it, perhaps to come within reach of some tragic catastrophe such as they are assured happens every day.

Monte Carlo, the centre of all those visions, has indeed the most delightfully holiday aspect when one gets there. The little fortress-town of Monaco, standing out to sea upon its lofty rock, with the loveliest little basin of a bay, gay with boats, a yacht or two, perhaps an errant steamer, quaintly out of place, flanks it on one side. The road mounts steeply from the line of houses on the lip of the bay called the Condamine, to the platform above, on which the two pepper-casters of the Casino, looking not unlike a modern *rococo* cathedral, stand out in the sun. Behind are the grey mountains, sprinkled along all their lower slopes with olives; in front the broad sea, in wonderful tints of blue, clear as the sky towards the margin, deep as the wine-coloured ocean of the classics towards the horizon. Along the coast sparkles Bordighera on the headland, and the white-terraced fortifications of Ventimiglia, the frontier town, with here and there a cluster of

towers and roofs upon the hills behind, Rocca-bruna slipping downward, the immemorial tower of Turbia standing up blanched and everlasting in a fold of the lofty slopes. The gardens are full of palms of every description, great and small, and rare plants which are all put to bed at night, and carefully tucked under coverlets of matting. And, as everywhere else on the Riviera, flowers abound: no need to deny yourself a button-hole or a bouquet. The sunshine streams down upon everything, and January is like June. Nothing can exceed the brightness, the sweetness, the radiance of the air outside. It is happiness of a morning to breathe in that radiant purity of boundless atmosphere, where you can have as much air as you will, enough to fill the mighty lungs of giants, uninterrupted, enclosed in a whole wide hemisphere of far-stretching sky.

But there is but one point to which everybody is bound—the Rooms. Air, sky, outdoor radiance and beauty, are nothing to those more potent fascinations. The inexperienced visitor, whose head is full of the vortex, &c., is brought up, suddenly pulled back to himself and such respectability as he may possess, by the almost religious ceremonial which has to be gone through before he can be admitted. If it is dissipation, it is at least protected by all the punctilio of French formality and red-tape. He has to state his name, his age, what profession he follows when he is at home. ("Que faites vous là-bas?"—question put to a young man entering in the respectable companionship of a group of middle-aged ladies.) Should any member of the party happen to look exceptionally young, there is an immediate inquisition into his (or her) age, minors

being prohibited at Monte Carlo. The Direction watches paternally, also, over any one who may be supposed to be a dependant, dragged thither against his (or her) will by wicked employers. No native of Monaco is allowed on any consideration to enter, and there is even a tempered prohibition addressed to the inhabitants of the province of Alpes Maritimes. Could virtuous precaution go further? Nevertheless, by fatality a number of equivocal people get admission,—greatly to the distress, as is natural, of the company of capitalists which was once M. Blanc.

And now, here we are on the edge of the vortex, having gained admission, in a great hall crowded with people walking to and fro, the men all smoking, the women in every kind of exaggerated toilet, tempered and subdued by the English ladies in tweed and in black. The air is rather stifling; and, strange to think of, coming in out of the radiant sunshine, there is here nothing but artificial light. Opening from one corner of the hall is a great concert-room, where, if it is afternoon, and Thursday, a crowd is pressing, and where you may hear the best music played by probably the most perfect orchestra in the world. At another corner is an equally great reading-room, where all the journals of Europe, and most of those of America, are to be found. But the stream is tending towards the other end, where you enter by guarded doors in a religious quiet into the heart of the place. Here all is evening, no tone of daylight,—everything excluded that could recall the facts of nature; clusters of lights burning, crowds of people stealing about with softened steps, talking with bated breath. The idea of certain mysteries of worship, here-

tofore unheard of, disturbs the simple minds who are on the watch for that whirl of gaiety. Is this a devout preliminary to the after-delights, a sort of invocation to the gods of pleasure? There are a succession of tables, each surrounded by an earnest crowd. Round them are seated, first a line of men and women, with pencils, and pieces of paper, and rolls of money before them; outside of these, another line standing, looking over the heads of the first rank; and outside of them, as many as can get a glimpse of the table, which is all laid out in squares, with numbers inscribed. In the midst is the *roulette*, watched by several persons preternaturally serious—men incapable of a smile, who shovel about the big, white, five-franc pieces with which the multitude *fait son jeu*. Everybody is serious; it is only the strangers, the spectators, the new people, who venture on the levity of smiles. A raised voice is an offence in this temple of decorum; a laugh—one does not know what explosion a laugh might produce. All is hushed and quiet; a grave discretion reigns on every face. It requires a keen and practised eye even to derive that simple excitement which a child enjoys when its teetotum begins to slacken and totter towards the decisive number. To the inexperienced there is but a moment of ignorant wonder between the putting down of a coin and the return—of nothing, or the double, whatever it may be. The novice goes on subdued from a short inspection of these rites, deciding that this is only the vestibule, and that it is at the *trente et quarante* tables that the real interest reigns.

At *trente et quarante* there is the same stillness, the same decorum, the same solemn officials,

graver than any judges that ever sat upon the bench; the same line of inner worshippers with pins or pencil pricking their paper, following some sombre calculation, or pretending to do so, acting on some system; the same line of votaries over their heads; the same rear ranks stretching hands and stakes over the others' shoulders. *Trente et quarante* is, if possible, less exciting, save for the terrible question of the stake, than the *roulette*. The grave croupier deals out a few rows of cards, rakes in or flings out with remarkable skill a quantity of shining pieces of gold, and all is over—to begin again without a moment's pause. It is all so quick, so silent, so monotonous, that there is no time for interest. Nothing but the instinct of play, the desire of gain, that passion of acquisition which is in humanity, could confer upon the operation the least possibility of excitement. People say, however, assuming a fine faculty of observation, that the interest lies in the faces of the players, where all the vicissitudes of delight and despair are to be read. I doubt whether there are many critics of humanity so highly endowed as really to derive pleasure from this; and, as a matter of fact, these exhibitions of highly strained feeling are few. The great proportion of people at Monte Carlo who play persistently are but little the better or the worse for their devotions. They gain one day and lose another—probably at the end of all things each individual has paid his tribute just enough to make him an item of profit to the bank, and in the enormous numbers that come and go this will naturally produce a large revenue. But tragical losses, like everything that is tragical, occur but seldom, and perhaps the people who sustain them are able

to keep their feelings to themselves. Every visitor to Monte Carlo hears of dreadful accidents that have happened,—of suicides so frequent that they become a commonplace; but nobody sees these dreadful occurrences. I have heard a story of a man who shot himself at the table, and was paid no attention to, infatuated gamblers jostling his body as it drooped over the fatal board in order to lay down their stakes. Nothing could surpass the ghostly sensation of this tale—one seemed to see it,—the *affaissement* of the lifeless victim, the dead head dropped upon the arms, the heartless, horrible players pushing forward their gold across him or drawing back their gains. But does anybody suppose that there would not have been a dozen letters in the 'Times' as quick as the post could carry them, narrating every detail of the incident? At no time of the day can there be less than a dozen persons round these tables whose natural instinct it would be to write at once to the 'Times'—a dozen! fifty would be more like. There would probably be a dozen clergymen, ready, each and all, to point the moral in the 'Guardian' or the 'Church Times,' not to speak of the grand medium of British reclamation. For which reason, if for no other, I put very little faith in the suicides.

But all the same, the profits of the Company who carry on the Casino at Monte Carlo must be immense. They support, as has been said, one of the most perfect orchestras in the world, and give concerts almost daily which cost the audience nothing. The classical concerts on Thursdays are crowded by listeners from all parts of the Riviera. There is nothing to pay; and nowhere in the world is a more finished programme to be had. Crowds of people, who in

no way conduce to the prosperity of Monte Carlo, who never enter the gambling-rooms, take advantage of these entertainments—from Mentone on one side, and Nice or even Cannes on the other, the railway fares there and back being insignificant in comparison with the price anywhere else of tickets for such a performance. On most of the other days there are also concerts performed by the same inimitable band, which are not classical, but perhaps not the less enjoyable from that circumstance. The expense of maintaining this huge number of most skilled performers must be enormous. The reading-rooms, the gardens, even the immense vestibules, where there are crowds of liveried attendants, prove the extent of the profits of the bank. Nowhere is there so much gratuitous pleasure to be had: and even those people who condemn Monte Carlo the most, take advantage without hesitation of the good things it provides. But these are not wild gaieties or dissipations. A Methodist prayer-meeting is lively and exciting in comparison with "the Rooms," at least to those who do not play.

It seems only right to say this for the warning of those who come from all kinds of quiet places for amusement at Monte Carlo. The air of the rooms is stifling, hot, and unwholesome. The artificial light adds to the artificial heat which is kept up through the building, and which the closed-up windows blocked against the daylight can do nothing to mitigate. In the concert-room, crowded with a mass of people, so that there is scarcely standing-room, there is never breathing-room, nor any movement at all in the dead air, so strangely different from the delightful radiancy and breadth of

the air outside. When the visitor comes forth dazzled from all that gaslight, and opens his chest to the sweetness of the atmosphere, what a contrast! The bay sparkles in all its tints and shades of varying blue. Monaco on its rock rises seaward, in picturesque perfection, crowned with trees and palaces. The boats rock, as it seems, upon the sunshine, which is reflected under them, and shines above, penetrating all the wide vault of heavenly atmosphere between sky and sea. Up among the hills the flowers grow unregarded, the soft olives flutter in grey and glistening foliage over the green terraces, and here and there upon the spur of a hill rises a small mediæval town, little changed since it was founded, with houses faintly yellow or pink in the intense light, its little campanile, its tower, ruined or otherwise. But for the most part the denizens below ignore these delights. The hotels are full of men who meet each other everywhere—in London, in English country-houses, in all the monotonous resorts of fashion. The ladies, I think, are a little out of it; they are hustled on every side by equivocal personages—sometimes the most correct will find that she has been hobnobbing, without knowing it, with something not to be named to ears polite. The family parties, who live in their hotel as in a wing of their paternal mansion, with their own servants, their own “ways,” all English and individual, have perhaps the best of it. It does not much matter where they go, seeing they carry their little *Britannic milieu* with them everywhere; but in another sense also it does not much matter where they go, for everywhere is very much the same.

The people, however, who can-

not engage the first floor of an expensive hotel, nor have couriers and maids to shut them out from contact with the lower world—the people who have to take their dinner at *tables-d'hôte*, and in such apartments as are to be had, especially the ladies, and the innocent new-married people in all the bloom of youthful virtue—had better seek a nest in other places along the coast, from which they can make the flight of a day to see the more piquant company in these haunts of wickedness. Almost every bay has its settlement—its little villas nestling among the olives on the edge of the sea; its little ports, with each its detachment of lazy boats. Here is one small town, for instance, which is perfect, though its perfection is all the greater for an absolute absence of hotels or accommodation for the tourist,—the little French-Italian townlet of Villefranche. It was Villafranca in the old days, before this coast became French, and it is little less Italian now than then. The bay is famed over all the world,—a natural harbour, sheltered from every wind between two far-stretching arms of land; the water so deep that great ships can anchor at a stone's-throw from the olives. The other day the bay was full of leviathans—great lions of the sea, the iron-clads of the French Mediterranean squadron, dark, ominous, and ugly, with a white *torpilleur* or two in attendance; a Russian ship of war, not so ugly nor so scientific; an American ship of war, old-fashioned, and almost graceful; and a humble barque of English origin, old, harmonious, and charming in every line, with no pretensions at all. The English ship was full of ruddy boys, English from stem to stern, but not too

trim or tidy—the lads, perhaps, being scarcely trained as yet to the perfection of sea order—and the whole a charity, instituted and supported by one man, a member of the great banking firm of Hoare, who has taken a hundred and fifty boys from the London streets to train them into good seamen for their country's service: a noble work—much luck to him who thought of it! The American is on another mission, that favourite one of impressing the world with a sense of American gentlemanliness and courtesy and general superiority to all comers, which is at present so constant an enterprise with the great Republic, and, it must be said, a very successful one.

The little town rising upon the slope of the shore towards the olive woods above is as picturesque a mass of building as could be conceived. What seems its principal street (but is not, for there is a certain *Rue Droite* running parallel to the sea half-way up which holds that place) is a long steep stairway, with projecting angles of picturesque houses at every step, and the tower of the old church at the apex—a line of street to enchant any artist. There is also a *Rue Obscure* running under the deep arches on which the upper town is built—a sombre colonnade, in which are the doors of the houses which front to the sea, and which afford, whenever one stands open, a dazzling glimpse of sunshine and brilliant blue water to the passer-by as he gropes his way along. The indescribable colour of this small town—a grey-white lighted up by tones of rose, faint washes of yellow, gleams of red tiles, and upon the church tower a shining pointed roof of green and bronze—is delightful to see. Behind

the enchanting promontory which forms one of the protecting arms of the harbour lie half-a-dozen little bays, each with its cluster of houses, its fringes of villas among the trees, and the village of Saint Hospice, on a further fantastic little promontory, cutting the blue into successive baylets and nooks of verdure, each with its circle of rocks and sea-foam. St Jean-Beaulieu—why should we call attention to their pleasant names? There are enough and to spare of visitors already; making everything—save flowers and lemons—dear and scarce. Here almost every house has its grove of lemon and orange. The hedges are roses; and the violets—those light-blue, double, fragrant Parma violets which scent the air—lie in acres of blueness, wherever it is thought worth while to cultivate them. It is worth while, for every post carries boxes of flowers northward, and the English girls spend all their pocket-money in this sweet way for the pleasure of their friends at home.

These seeming gentle coasts, however, are grim with means of defence, and show dark, open mouths, ready to burst forth into fire and flame whenever one approaches near enough to the heights to see them. The other night our village was bombarded and taken by the fleet, to the great entertainment of the instructed but terror of the ignorant. In the dead of night great guns began to thunder over our heads, the forts replying to the broadsides from the sea. In the darkness and stillness these tremendous discharges were amazingly effective, conveying an impression of real war which curdled the blood. If it had been an Italian fleet! we said to ourselves, not altogether assured that the suggestion might

not turn out to be true. Then came rolling volleys of musketry, with flashes in the darkness all along the curve of the bay: and there appeared faintly in the first pallor of the dawn a ship—a small one, but bitter—engaging the defenders along the coast with continual flash and echo of its guns. The *Tête de Chien* thundered from the east, from which it commanded the bay: but the wicked little gunboat had got too close inshore to suffer, and effected a landing, as we heard afterwards, to the confusion of all precautions. Just as the sun began to rise there glided into sight—huge, black, and terrible—an ironclad, the parent doubtless of the gunboat, arrived upon the scene to see that all the forts were silenced and the landing secure. Our fort upon the nearest point blazed with ineffectual gallantry, but in vain. To a lively imagination, however, all these sights and sounds were wonderfully suggestive. They were only pantomime, manœuvres—a sort of object-lesson to the soldiers and sailors: a lesson, too, to peaceful folk. Supposing it to have been true! Suppose that into the very room from which we looked out, half frightened, half delighted, on this sport of war got up for our behalf, a stray shell might have plunged in! Suppose these big guns were really carrying slaughter, and our safety and our property depended upon whether the troops on the beach could repel the attack! The sensation was too startling to be quite agreeable; and the sight of that puissant monster, all black and noiseless, stealing out against the earliest rose of dawn, gave the lookers-on a thrill. If there ever should be a struggle along those mild Mediterranean coasts between the two nations

who are nearest of kin,—whose discord would be as the discord of brothers! Suppose, more dreadful still, it had been our own cliffs from which those guns were roaring, and along our own sea-margin that the line of soldiers, only a sort of picturesque accessory here, had crowded to resist the invader! Let down the curtain—the mock struggle is over: go back to bed, and don't think of such horrors. Let us hope they will never come, and that there will be peace in our time. It is a fine sight, but the suggestion is not agreeable. It all ended, I hear, in some strengthening of the batteries on the *Tête de Chien*. Is it understood in such mock attacks that the assailant is always to win, in order to keep the defenders on their guard? Certainly it was always the attacking party which had the best of it in the manœuvres at home.

It is to a more peaceful invasion that the Riviera in the meantime, and for many years past, has succumbed. One asks one's self, while wandering about those coasts, whether by some strange chance the language of the south of France has been swept away? whether this portion of it which once was Italian, in changing one kindred tongue for another has slipped from its moorings altogether, and slid somehow between two stools into English plain and unadorned? There is almost as little French to be heard on the great route between Cannes and Monte Carlo as there might be on the way to Hampton Court or Windsor, or any great English centre of sightseeing. A French party here and there occurs accidentally, as they do on these routes; but the majority speak nothing but English. If you get into a railway carriage, the chances

are that all your fellow-travellers will be your country-folk—at least, that half of them will be exchanging experiences in your natural tongue. More curious still is the fact that this invasion has brought with it the most remarkable polyglot train of servants. Out of the four servants in a certain villa with which we are familiarly acquainted, one is German, one Italian, one Swiss, and one Alsatian—the last, no doubt, French, but of a French very different from that of the countrymen of Gambetta. In the hotels, of course, the preponderance is German, as everywhere; but even in private houses the native race is rare. In such a house as we have described, the communications of the household are most easily carried on in a language which is not of the country, sometimes one and sometimes another. It used to be the unfailing excuse for living abroad in former days, that it was so good for education; the children learned French so easily. Alas! there is now no French to learn: the unfortunate children who had to practise the language under the influence of Teutonic pronunciation on one side, and Italian and English on the other, would call for our profoundest sympathy. They might grow up in the belief that *pon chour* was the recognised form of saying good-day, or that it was right to count *oon* as the first of the numerals. These pretences, however, which used to hold good in Normandy and other places where the French language is spoken with the same purity which would distinguish the English in Glasgow or in Yorkshire, are now happily exploded, and people do not bring their children for the benefits of education to Nice or Cannes: but it is strange to find the language of a country

so curiously superseded, and its natural society so oddly pushed aside.

The native Frenchman, however, in these regions, if he is compelled to come more or less in contact with the invader, does not grow much in acquaintance with him; and notwithstanding the proverbial French politeness, he does not think it necessary, as the English visitor does, to consider the susceptibilities of the stranger. A rural official of the most hospitable instincts, exceedingly kind, and ready to be serviceable to the English colony, explained to the present writer one day that he had but lately come to know much of the English, but had been much pleased, agreeably surprised, on nearer acquaintance, to find, on the whole, how tolerable they were. There was a good deal against them on the outside, but it wore off on further acquaintance. The Englishman did not show well at first. "*Le Français*," said our friend, "*est séduisant*,"—and he laid his hand instinctively upon his breast,—but not his neighbour on the other side of the Channel. The speaker was a small elderly personage, with a little of the Jew in his nose, and something of the Gascon in his talk. "*Le Français est séduisant!*" He believed it with all his heart.

Less excusable was the other, who, in the excess of his patriotism, declared to us that even the grass in England was not green. "What!" we cried; "the grass! Why, the grass is our specialty. We grant you more sunshine, more flowers; but our grass! why, the very *brouillard* about which you are so eloquent—our clouds, our rains—secure us that one advantage." "Pardon," replied our friend; "I have been in England, and I have seen it. It is

different. There is nothing green as in France." It was here suggested that perhaps this impartial observer had seen the London parks in August, when they were burned brown with the summer's wear and tear. He replied with dignity—"It was indeed August, but it was not London. I was in Norwood, which is in the bosom of the country. I am quite correct in what I say. Ah, par exemple!" he exclaimed, with the impatience of conviction, as the obstinate Englishman continued his defence.

It may be noted that the one defect of the Riviera is, that it is not green. A few of our forest-trees would make the landscape perhaps too perfect. The olives which clothe the hills are grey. The grass is scanty and ill-grown. When a millionaire would indulge in the luxury of a lawn, he has to resow it every year; from which the reader accustomed to immemorial turf, which has lived through as many generations as would suffice to confirm the nobility of a family, will understand what grass is in these regions. But our Frenchman was none the less sure. "Sir," said an American, afterwards, "there is no grass in the world like English grass, except at Newport: there is beautiful grass at Newport." And we be-thought us, to soothe our feelings, of Mr John Burroughs, the American naturalist, who declares that if we would but refrain from wash-

ing for a little while, such is the soft and dewy character of our climate, a greenness would grow all over us,—a turfy deposit upon our hands, a gentle veil of mosses upon our uncovered brows. Such are the differing opinions of other nations.

We should like to tell, did time and space serve, about our village: how M. le Curé is by no means at one with M. le Maire: how the commune squabbles with-in itself; how the keen peasants put a fabulous price on every scrap of land while all the foreigners are about, but come to their senses in the solitary summer, when the sunshine blazes unnoted, and all the English are gone; how many a *noce*, and parties who are by no means of that kind, come to eat *bouillabaisse* at the Reserve, which they ought not to do, but go farther to the humble but more genuine fare of St Jean; how everything is fabulously dear since the leading journal of Christendom wrote an article about the little place, which the officials declare to be nothing but a *hameau*, although it attained the honour of a mention in the 'Times.' We wish this latter honour might have been dispensed with, for it has added a good many francs to the price of every metre of land, and even a centime or two to every egg, and made the wood dearer, and the oil. Such are the drawbacks of fame.

THE WEMYSSES OF WEMYSS.

WHEN a reader takes up the history of a Scottish baronial family, he knows very well what he has to expect—a pedigree stretching back to the Picts; a tale of private feud and public warfare, of plundering lands and burning castles; of castles burned and lands plundered in return; treason at one time and active loyalty at the next,—parts often chosen with a fine disregard for fitness of time and circumstances, and concluding too often with the record of forfeiture and ruin. The annals of the Scottish nobility are generally a gloomy study; for the qualities which led to high rank and power down to the time of the union of the crowns, and the policy by which dignity and influence were maintained, were such as do not wholly commend themselves to a more civilised age. Yet the Scottish nobles, if they were no better, were certainly not worse than their contemporaries in other countries, when we consider how unable the Stuarts were to enforce the superiority of the Crown, and the disorders to which the civil broils of the seventeenth century laid the country open. We do indeed meet with families who, even in the darker medieval times, knew how to temper the prevailing spirit of feudalism by what we nowadays call their duty to the land and the people, but which probably presented itself at the time as a species of enlightened self-interest. The history of the Wemyss family is a case in point. The Wemysses of Wemyss stand apart from the

great majority of Scottish baronial families by their general avoidance of private and partisan feuds, while loyally rendering service to the Crown in the field, and by a judicious management of their estates and interests, in which they appear always to have been considerably ahead of their times. And they have had their reward. The close of the nineteenth century sees a Mr Erskine Wemyss at Wemyss, where the close of the twelfth found his ancestor Michael of Methil; and during the lapse of seven hundred years the line can scarcely be said to have been interrupted, or the lands to have changed hands—a continuity for which it is not easy to find many parallels in any country.

No doubt the five-and-twenty generations of Wemysses who bring down the line from Michael of Methil, the first Wemyss on authentic record, were prudent and stout men, and tenacious of the lands which had been the cradle of their race. But their lines had fallen in a locality which gave them immunities enjoyed in few other regions of Scotland. The “kingdom” of Fife has frequently escaped civil disturbance, when other parts of the kingdom of Scotland were involved in the turmoil, and no place was generally more secure than its eastern nooks. The Forth cut it off from the capital and from Stirling, and all the rivalries and bickerings that attended the Court. The Tay, on the other side, sheltered it from the Douglasses, Lindsays, and Ogilvies, and the anarchy of Angus.

The Highland line was well removed, and the most daring raiders would seldom venture to penetrate so far in search of plunder. The congenial soil, and the mineral wealth of the county, had given an early stimulus to the people themselves; and trading enterprise among the little ports dotting the north, soon led to peace and security being duly valued. In the more martial parts of Scotland, the epithet "Fife folk" carried with it a degree of scorn; but the spirit of the people naturally affected the lairds and barons, and among these the Wemysses, at an early part of their history, seem to have been among the first who aroused themselves to a perception of the capabilities of their lands, and the propriety of encouraging new industries among their vassals.

The fact has always been accepted that the Wemysses were a branch of the house of Macduff, being descended from the last Thane of Fife. Sir William Fraser, however, in his usual iconoclastic way—it is to the last of his magnificent series of family histories that we are indebted for this sketch—entirely repels the theory as unsupported by evidence. Sir William even impiously denounces Macduff himself as "a fabulous personage"; but the genuine historical character whom Shakespeare took the trouble to create will continue to exist in spite of the anathemas of heralds, genealogists, and antiquarians. The coincidences of names and arms which probably led Sir Robert Douglas to favour the theory, are explained away by Sir William Fraser on grounds that leave little doubt of his accuracy; and indeed the Wemyss family themselves do not seem to have laid much stress upon the idea. Sir William is so sceptical in accepting names as genealogic evi-

dence, that we have some scruples in suggesting that even a more ancient descent might be found than Gilliemichael of the Macduff line, and that we might seek for the first Wemyss among that race dear to the Anthropological Society—the cave-men—for Wemyss means a "cave"; and Wemyss-shire, the ancient name of the family possessions, is taken from the numerous *uamhs* or "caves" which open out to the sea in this part of the coast—a favourite retreat of religious recluses in earlier days of Scottish Christianity.

At all events there can be no controversy about Michael of Methil as a genuine Wemyss, and he figures during the years from 1165 to 1214. He was a man of position in possession of the estate of Wemyss, apparently, and holding the adjoining property of Methil under the see of St Andrews. His son, John of Methil and Wemyss, was, in addition to these lands, possessed of Penshiel in East Lothian. His charters, and rank of those who appended their names as witnesses to them, attest his consequence as a Scottish baron. There is a very picturesque incident in his life, of which we cannot refrain from quoting Sir William Fraser's version, although it rests upon the not immaculate testimony of Bower. It was on the eve of the battle of Largs, and Sir John of Wemyss, stricken in years and prostrated by fever and ague, had been unable to accompany King Alexander to the field.

"While under the effects of this malady, Sir John fell into a grateful slumber, and had a vivid dream. He thought he stood in the north porch of the church of Dunfermline, when a lady of great beauty, in royal robes, suddenly entered the building. She

led by the hand a noble-looking knight, clothed in shining armour, a sword at his girdle, and a crowned helmet on his head. The pair were followed by three other knights, gay and active, dressed in similar brilliant armour. Sir John, transported at the sight of so much beauty and valour, begged of the lady to reveal who she was, and who were her companions. The lady replied, 'I am Margaret, formerly Queen of Scotland; this is Malcolm my husband, and these are our three sons, kings of this realm while in the flesh, with whom I hasten to Largs to defend the country, and gain a victory over the tyrant who strives unjustly to subdue our realm.' The unearthly visitants then disappeared; and Sir John, despite his ailment and the advice of those around him, determined to go to Dunfermline. He was carried thither, related his dream to the prior, and showed his devotion by kissing the relics of the sainted queen. While thus engaged his malady left him, and ere he left the spot a messenger came with the joyful news of the victory gained over the Norwegians."

The course pursued by the Wemysses during the War of Independence was patriotic, except when coerced by *force majeure* to take the side of the English. Sir Michael, who succeeded the last-mentioned John, and whose son was one of the ambassadors sent to bring home the Maid of Norway, was an adherent of Baliol, and when Edward invaded Scotland, took the oath of allegiance to him at Stirling. In March 1304, the English king spent a day and night at Wemyss during his progress through Fife; but a year or two later we find Sir Michael threatened with Edward's vengeance for aiding Bruce's pretensions. "We command you," writes the English king to Sir Aymer de Valence, "that ye cause his manor where we lay, and all his other manors, to be burned, his lands and goods to be destroyed,

and his gardens to be stripped bare that nothing remain." It is open to doubt whether the order was executed. Sir David, Sir Michael's successor, had signed the Ragman Roll as well as his father, but he seems afterwards to have steadily attached himself to the national party. It was while the guest of his successor, Sir Michael, at Wemyss that the Regent Randolph received the poison which shortly afterwards carried him off at Musselburgh,—administered, whether by design or accident, as a remedy for the stone, from which the Regent was suffering. Sir Michael was taken prisoner at Halidon, compelled to swear fealty to Edward III., and to join the English in the siege of Lochleven. At his death there was a division of his lands among co-heiresses, but the lands of the Wemyss came back to the family by the marriage of Sir John of the Reres, the great-grandson of Sir David the ambassador, with Isabel Erskine the co-heiress. The re-acquisition of the various portions of the Wemyss, and their consolidation under new titles, entailed a work to which he seems to have devoted himself with great vigour and persistence. In the sketch of Sir John's acquisitions, we find several instances to show that as early as the latter part of the fourteenth century the barons in the more settled parts of Scotland were having recourse to law instead of to the strong hand for the settlement of their disputes. The Duke of Albany, the brother of Robert II., had accused Sir John Wemyss of receiving the rents of the estate of Wemyss, to his, the Duke's, detriment; and the parties appeared before the Council at Perth. Sir John's answer to the charge was, that "he was legally entered in the lands of Wemyss, by the usual pre-

cepts from Chancery in name and behalf of his own wife and the Lady of Glen"—the two heiresses of the elder line of Wemyss,—“he therefore denied any wrong-doing, as he had the right to the rents. The governor then inquired if he would abide by the decision of the Council, to which Sir John replied, ‘Yaa.’ He then left the Council, and the Duke asked their opinion on the case; when they decided that Sir John had been legally entered as he stated, and no detriment had been done to the governor in regard to the rents.”

We have another instance of the legal procedure of the period, in which Sir John's sister-in-law, the Lady of Glen, endeavoured to recover possession of the manor-place of Wemyss, in which her relatives the Livingstones had established themselves:—

“One of her squires with attendant notary presented himself on her behalf at the hall door of the manor, with intent to break the sasine in legal form. He was greeted by Livingstone with the words that he should have no entrance to that hall. The squire replied that he would not quit on account of words, and so went to the door, whereupon Livingstone turned him round and forced him back with the strong hand. The squire then appealed to the sheriff of Fife and others present to witness his expulsion, and meanwhile he went through the ceremony of breaking the sasine at the door of the hall, and his notary wrote the usual narrative of the proceedings.”

We may remark that only in Fife or the Lothians would such controversies have been conducted at the time in so peaceable and law-abiding a spirit. Yet in another case we find Sir John himself covenanting with a less powerful proprietor to recover his lands for him, and protect him in them for the sake of the reversion of the property. In the time of his son David we find the first men-

tion of the coal-mines and salt-pans, which must, however, have been wrought from a much earlier date, as carrying with them important manorial rights. The record of both David and his son Sir John is one of settlements of the lands, and of the conflicting claims which had arisen through the failure of the elder line and partition among heiresses, as well as from Sir John of Reres's arrangements, and of the litigation which the various pretensions occasioned. It would be of no general interest to refer to these; but there is one notable transaction in which Sir John Wemyss took part in 1470 which we may briefly summarise. Sir John had been obliged to mortgage his lands of Methil, half to the prior and convent of St Andrews, and half to the convent of Lindores; and although no time of redemption appears to have been fixed, an attempt was made in the year mentioned to foreclose by the St Andrews monks. The prior took a notarial protest that he had attended “at the altar of St Katherine the Virgin, on the summons of Sir John,” but that he “neither saw nor perceived any money either in gold or silver counted down on the said altar,”—that whatever Sir John might do or say, the rights of the convents were unprejudiced. Sir John fought the battle in the Church courts, and sought to nonsuit his opponents with a charge of usurious dealing—“The quhilk wadset (mortgage) be law of our modir haly kirk is werre crime of okire (usury) as is oppinly knawin till al the membris of haly kirk.” We do not know how the case went on this occasion, but the lands in question were fully redeemed in 1484. For three or four generations succeeding, Sir John of

Reres's taste for litigation seems to have been a dominant passion with his successors, and they apparently succeeded in gratifying it with less disastrous results than the majority of suitors experience. When Sir David Wemyss resigned his lands into the hands of King James IV., and had them erected into a barony by Crown charter in 1511, it might have been expected that many sources of controversy would have been extinguished; but his successor, the next Sir David, had his own share of disputes. Among the deeds of this Sir David, it is recorded that he entered into a bond of manrent with Archbishop Betoun of Glasgow, "which did not, as was usual, reserve the allegiance to the Crown," and that his name appears first in an engagement of the Fife barons for the mutual defence of themselves and their properties. It was Sir David who erected the port of Wemyss into a barony, giving it bailies and the right of holding fairs. The townsmen were to pay £20 Scots annually to the laird, and pass his coals and salt free of duty." For every "bloodwit" the laird exacted fifteen shillings, and for each fire, eight shillings Scots. The teinds off the coal, salt, and fish were very valuable, and consequently a frequent source of conflict between local ecclesiastical interests and the laird.

Sir John Wemyss, who flourished in the time of Queen Mary, could not avoid taking part in the civil struggles into which the Court and the Reforming party plunged the country. Sir John was a supporter of Cardinal Betoun, who, as Archbishop of St Andrews, was feudal superior of various of the Wemyss properties. A document connected with a somewhat curious transaction of Sir John's

is to be found in Sir William Fraser's second volume. Sir John, it appears, had intended to marry his son to the daughter of the Laird of Grange, and had sold to the latter "the right of his son's marriage" for a thousand merks. When Kirkaldy was forfeited for his complicity in the murder of the Cardinal, the match became much less desirable. When the Queen-Regent visited Wemyss during the siege of the Castle at St Andrews, the laird used his influence to get this matrimonial right restored to himself—it having been, as we may presume, forfeited to the Crown, with all Kirkaldy's other rights and privileges. It was now restored to Sir John, along with five hundred merks which Kirkaldy had paid down upon the bargain. Sir John Wemyss fought at Pinkie, and was taken prisoner, but liberated upon the Earl of Huntly becoming security for his ransom. But his most remarkable exploit consisted in beating off the attempt of Lord Olinton, the English admiral, to land a force at St Monance. The laird, who had been keeping an alert watch upon the English fleet, saw by the lights and movements of the vessel that a night-landing was being effected, and gathered the people of St Monance, barely six score in number. The English attacked them at daybreak. After the first encounter—

"By pre-arrangement, Wemyss and his men retired behind some trenches, in which they kindled a collection of ferns, straw, and other materials, making a great smoke, under cover of which they fired upon the invaders with three small pieces of artillery which they had with them. The men in the trenches then re-formed, and with shouts and yells bore furiously down upon the English, who at the same time were assailed by the shouts and cries of another company. The

smoke prevented them from seeing that this second body was but a heterogeneous mass of non-combatants, men, women, and children appointed by the laird to play this little *ruse de guerre*. But it answered the purpose effectually. The Englishmen, thus taken, as they supposed, in front and in flank, turned and fled to their ships pursued by the Scots, who slew them even as they struggled in the water, so that of a thousand who landed, not three hundred returned to the fleet, and Lord Clinton himself escaped with difficulty."

This is Bishop Lesley's account, and it is no doubt the correct one, although differing from that of Buchanan, who gives the Lord James Stewart credit for the action. In the troubles of the times the laird did not escape the penalties of treason, and what was under the circumstances a heavier condemnation, the anathema of the Church. George Clephane of Carlogie, a creditor of Sir John's to the extent of £100 Scots, registered the debt in the diocesan books of St Andrews; and when the obligation was not met, excommunication followed, and was not relaxed until the debt had been lodged in the hands of the Archbishop. On another occasion we find Sir John as one of the spokesmen of the lesser barons—the nobles stood aloof from the movement—remonstrating with the Queen-Regent against her intention to introduce a standing army of foreign mercenaries. Their remonstrances, as reported by Lesley, were of great constitutional weight, and induced the Regent to abandon her project. The defence of the country had been maintained by their forefathers, urged Sir John Wemyss and Sir James Sandilands of Calder, and for this cause principally they had received their lands and held them. The King, who was the King of Scots,

"rather in reference to men than to money and the substance of the country," could not discharge them of their service. The land could not support the idle men that would be required to defend the country; and the lords, barons, and gentlemen of the country would be enervated by idleness and become an easy prey to the invader. When the Reformation broke out, the Wemyss family was placed in a rather difficult dilemma. A considerable portion of their lands was held under the see of St Andrews, Sir John was a staunch Queen's man, but the growing power of the Reformers and the Lords of the Congregation could not be overlooked. Under these circumstances a course was adopted which continued to be pursued by the nobles and landowners of Scotland, amid political vicissitudes, down to the last Jacobite rebellion. Sir John held by the Queen and the old faith; his son joined the Lords, with the permission of the Regent, "that be his lawbors [he] may saiff the said John, his friendis and possessions, fra the violence of the said conspiratours." This son, David Wemyss, who married a daughter of the luckless house of Ruthven, had discharged the warlike duties of the house of Wemyss many years before his father's death, being "abell to sustene the pyne and travill of the weirs, raidis, and armies." David Wemyss appears to have had his full share in the litigious fortunes of his family, and his disputes with Boswell of Balmuto seem to have afforded amusement to the boyish King James and his Court.

"Amusing himself among his courtiers one Tuesday evening in May of the same year (1583) upon the Peel of Linlithgow, mimicking the feuds and disputes then existing in the country, on the laird of Dunipace

bringing up the quarrel between the lairds of Wemyss and Balmuto, the King exclaimed, 'Gae seik me ane guid kemp, for I will fecht in that quarell.' 'And quhilk pairt will your Majestie tak?' inquired Dunipace. 'Be Sanct Marie!' replied the King, 'the laird of Weymes' pairt.' 'Heir am I, then,' says Dunipace, 'the laird of Balmuto fornentis yow.'

Melville, who told the story to Lord Doune, says, "The King and Dunipace then fell to, and having vanquished Dunipace, the King cried out, 'Now I have worrit yow, and sa will I ay.'" The incident is the more notable, that it is probably the only solitary instance on record of the "gentle King Jamie" voluntarily engaging in personal combat. The King's attachment to the Wemyss family was not without its inconveniences. We find several letters to the laird from his Majesty, "amaist about barrowit siller," to quote Bailie Nicol Jarvie's phrase. As we know from other sources, the King's straits were often so pressing that time was a matter of the highest consequence. Thus, on the 7th May 1583, James sends Alexander Young from Holyrood to Wemyss on "ane speciall errand," which he is to unfold to the laird, who, in his turn, is to give "a pruf of your gudewill at this time, the occasioun sa craving it." The laird professed his wish to oblige his Majesty, but had not the ready money by him; and a week after, Archibald Primrose, the comptroller clerk, is sent to the laird, "sen our present furnishing cannot suffer sic delay." Whether Primrose went back altogether empty handed or not does not appear; but on the 21st May another royal messenger is despatched to Wemyss

for "the siluer quhilk ye promist vnto us," and requiring "maist effectuouslie that ye will not fail to deliver the said siluer to this beirar, or vtherways that ye will not fail to be at ws in Linlyth-gw, betuix and Friday at nycht, and bring the said siluer with yow." Of Sir John, the successor of laird David, the King "effectuously requiests and desirs" the loan of "ane of your finest hacquenays, with the finest saddle and furnitour yee haue," for the French ambassador on his visit to Perth. The horse does not appear to have been forthcoming, although the King had touchingly appealed to the laird's assistance, "as ye respect our honnour;" and we meet with the following curious epistle, written apparently "more in sorrow than in anger," four days afterwards:—

"Richt traist freind, we greit you hertlie well. In our former letter we desyrit you, as ye respected our honnour, to send us ane of your fynest hackuenays with the fynest sadle and furnitour ye haue for the monting of the French ambassadour, or sum gentilman of his tryne, in his progres toward our burgh of Perth quhilk ye haue vilipendit; and thairfor, as of befor we haue thoct guid to will and desyr you that ye failt nocht (all excuissis set apairt) to send ws the same hackuenay the morne or vther morne at the fardest, with a seruand of your awne, quha sall return him agane to you, as ye will report our hertlie thankis, and will eschew our farder wraith, we commit you to God."

After such signs of the shifty life King James had to lead, we may even give credit to such stories as that of the robbing of the Lady of Loganhouse's "doo-cot"¹ to supply the table at Holy-

¹ "For, faith," says King James, "they had pillaged my mither's auld house sse, that beechen bickers, and treen trenchers, and latten platters were whiles the best at our board, and glad we were of something to put on them, without

rood; and we can easily believe that the Fifeshire barons did not welcome the Court to Falkland with any superabundant excess of loyalty.

A collateral member of the Wemyss family, John, younger of Logie, a descendant of Sir John of Reres, was the hero about this time of a romantic incident which furnishes the theme of a fine old ballad. Young Logie, who was one of the king's gentlemen-in-waiting, had become implicated in Bothwell's (Stewart's) mad conspiracy, and was lying in Dalkeith under sentence of death. He had been in love with one of Queen Anne's Danish ladies, named Margaret Vinstar, who plotted his escape. Inventing a message that the prisoner was summoned to the royal presence, she had him conducted to the King's chamber, and having by some means outwitted the guards, let her lover down by a rope from the window. The Queen seems to have abetted the plot, and refused to dismiss her lady. Margaret Vinstar, however, appears to have found a refuge at Wemyss Castle; for there is a letter from Queen Anne to the laird, acknowledging in very grateful terms "the guid entertenement and faorable courtesie" shown to the lady; and it is satisfactory to record that the lovers were happily married.

Amid the shower of dignities which fell from the united crown of Great Britain, the house of Wemyss was naturally marked out. A Nova Scotia baronetcy was accepted by Sir John Wemyss, who succeeded as head of the family in 1622, and in 1628 he

was created a lord of Parliament by the title of Lord Wemyss of Elcho, and in 1633 advanced to an earldom. Elcho, we may explain, was an old conventual property which had come into the Wemyss family through the assistance which they had rendered to the later generations of nuns, and was in no way a spoil of the proscribed Church. Lord Wemyss now figures as a sound Presbyterian, and took an active part in resisting Charles's attempts for establishing Episcopacy; but it was in his house that Bishop Lindsay found refuge on the memorable day of the Service-book riot in St Giles's. His son, Lord Elcho, who seems to have zealously shared his father's principles, gives an interesting account of the riot, from a MS. diary at Wemyss Castle. Speaking of the Service-book, Lord Elcho says:—

"Which buek was so filthly polluttet with the trewe rittes and radges of Rome, that sum religious men and women of all sortes did so heate itt that they would not permitt itt to be read in Edinburgh, and first att the ridding of the sead service buok, the good religious wimen did rise vp to the ridder, and flange their bouks ther stoules att him, and did riue all the service buok a peisses. And the bishop of Edinburgh called Mr David Lindesay quho was sitting in the kirk that caused reide itt, was so stoned with the wifes and knocked that he was forsed to flie to ane steare benorth the crosse, and did wine vp otherways they head killed him."

Both the Earl and his son were zealous Covenanters under Charles I., and the Earl represented his Majesty as Lord High Commissioner at the General Assembly

quarrelling with the metal of the dishes. D'ye mind, for thou wert in maist of our complots, how we were fain to harry the Lady of Loganhouse's dowcot and poultry-yard; and what an awfu' plaint the poor dame made against Jock of Milch and the thieves of Annandale, wha were as sackless of the deed as I am of the sin of murder?"—*Fortunes of Nigel*, vol. i.

of 1649. At this time we get some interesting glimpses of the working of the coal and salt industries, in which the Wemyss barons had long been extensively engaged. As far back as 1572, David Wemyss of Wemyss carried on the manufacture and export of salt on so large a scale, that the Privy Council felt called upon to step in to regulate the traffic. The political economy of the day taught that only the surplus might be exported after the wants of the country had been satisfied, and David Wemyss was bound down to bring home for every chaldre of salt exported six ounces of silver, which was delivered to the mint at the rate of thirty shillings the ounce. A similar interest was shown by the Government in regulating the coal traffic. In 1620, the wet season had deprived the people of peat, their ordinary fuel; and although on similar occasions they had been able to make up the deficiency by coal, the export trade from the Forth had put this alternative beyond their reach. According to the Act of Council reciting the deplorable extremities to which the country had been reduced, baking and even brewing was brought to a standstill for want of fire, and the people "wer in end reduced to that pitche of necessitie and want of fire that numbers of them, both to burgh and land, hes beene constrained not onelie to cutt doun and destroy their policie and planting, but their moveable tymber work to make fire of it, and some ar resolved to abandon the places of their birth and duelling, and to retire themselves to other parts quher they may haue the better commoditie of fire." A *laissez-faire* policy under such circumstances would not enter into the minds of the Scotch Privy Council, and after

animadverting upon "the vnjust and vncharitable doing of the owners of the said coale heuches vpon the river and water of Forth, who preferring their immediate gayne to the Christiane bonds of charitie and love, wherewith they ought to be vnite with their neighbours, they preferre strangers vnto them," imposed a penalty of £100 upon every act of preference in serving a foreign ship with coals before a native vessel. The Council, too, had a summary way of dealing with combinations to raise prices. At a meeting held at Fawside Castle about this time, a bond was entered into by a number of proprietors of the coal-fields on both sides of the Esk to raise the price of coals, which were not to be subsequently lowered without the consent of all parties. The parties to this agreement were summoned before the Privy Council "on the charge of convening and resolving on matters injurious to the commonwealth;" their bond was cancelled, and their persons and goods held liable to condign punishment. They were enjoined also to revert to the old price, and refrain from selling goods to strangers. In 1639 the first Lord Wemyss appears with other petitioners praying for a relaxation of the laws and burdens on coal and salt, the trade in which had both declined through taxation, piracy, the troubles of the country, and sickness among the people. The first Earl greatly extended the mining operations on his estate, and brought an English engineer to Wemyss to make new borings.

In 1657, David the second Earl made a journey to London to petition the Protector for a relaxation of the tonnage and poundage on coals and salt. Coals, he stated, paid four shillings a ton when sold to natives, their intrinsic

value, and double that when sold to strangers; and the imposition, it was urged, would ruin 20,000 poor people and the shipping of the country; and the Earl succeeded in effecting an agreement with the farmers of the taxes for reduced rates, which were ratified by the Protector and his council. Among all his political avocations and his duties as High Sheriff of the county, the second Earl found time to develop largely his coal interests. He built a harbour at Methil, and thus records in quaint language in his Diary his gratification at its opening:—

"I was one 6 September 1664, 54 years of eaydge. One 15 September 1664 Andrew Thomson in Leuen did leade his botte in the new herbure of Methill, with colles from the colle of Methill being 60 leades of colles, and he did tak them to Leith one 17th September 1664, which was the first botte that did leade uith colles att that herbure. The colles was well burnd at Leith, and since thorrow all sea ports in Scotland. I sould them then all 5 li the 12 lodes and 2 sh to the griue. I giue 22d for uining them to the collier and 1 sh. 2d to the caller (driver) of them from the colle pitte to the herbure."

The Earl's chief deathbed counsils to his family related to the purchase of neighbouring properties under which he supposed the coal-seams to run, and what properties they should not purchase to raise suspicions of the existence of coal. "My hiddine thoughts and humbil aduice in a particular uich does concerne them and ther posteritie euery much (as I conceaue it)."

We had hoped that the Wemyss papers would have thrown some fresh light on the condition of the colliers and salters under the old Scottish system, but the notices of them are few, and serve to illustrate rather than to extend our

information about their state of servitude. Both the colliers and salters were in reality in a state of serfdom upon the properties to which they belonged; *adscripti glebæ* they dared not remove to another estate, or engage in other work, without the permission of their master, who might have recourse to law in case they proved disobedient. Thus we read without surprise of a loan of six colliers made by David, third Earl of Wemyss, about 1704, to the Earl of Winton's brother for as long as the Earl himself did not require them,—Mr Christopher Seton, on his part, engaging "to deliver them upon demand, they being in life or at the work or within the kingdom; and further, that though the colliers and bearers should remain at the works for a year and a day, he would deliver them without legal requisition, or pretending any right to them by prescription." By 1720, the time of James the fourth Earl, the colliers were getting less submissive, and were combining among themselves for better wages; and several of the Earl's letters throw an amusing light on the primitive elements of a contest between capital and labour. On one occasion the Earl threatens to throw all colliers who might chance to be indebted to him into prison. Sometimes they ran away, and the Earl has to write to his factor:—

"Don't forgett to write the name of the coalier and his wife which ran away from the Methill a few days before I left home, and desire William Forbes to search for them at Pinckie, and for Lindsay, and gett them over. . . . The moment a coalier leaves his work he ought to be sent after immediately, otherwise it gives him time to gett into England, where he can never be recover'd. . . . Besides the coalliers, their children should be all look't after,

and sett to work below ground when capable, and not allowed to herr'd cattle, as many of them have done, and, I wish, may not be the case as yet."

A young Methil sailor calls upon the Earl with a present of chocolate, and asking "the favour of credit for ten dozen coalls." In instructing the factor to comply with this request, the Earl adds—"He is Archibald Cairns Methill coallier's son, and I suppose he has elopt from the works. However, as the lad has been long absent, I could not discourage him by refusing his demand." It was not, however, until the reign of George III. that the colliers and salters were emancipated, and declared to be on the same footing as other servants. It speaks much for the justice and humanity of their masters, that so little store was set upon their newly acquired liberty. Sir Walter Scott tells us, "They were so far from desiring and prizing the blessing conferred upon them, that they esteemed the interest taken in their freedom to be a mere desire on the part of the proprietors to get rid of what they called head or harigald money, payable to them when a female of their number, by bearing a child, made an addition to the live stock of their master's property."

The distinguished alliances which the Earls of Wemyss made brought them several wardships, among others those of three ladies, who made more than a usual figure in their generations. The notoriety which attached to the marriage of one of them—the Countess Mary of Buccleuch—raised commotion in both Church and State. David, second Earl, having no surviving children by his first two wives, married Lady Margaret Leslie, daughter of the Earl of Rothes, who had been married first

to Lord Balgonie, and afterwards to Francis, second Earl of Buccleuch. Her two children by the latter, Lady Mary, and Lady Anne, afterwards the wife of the ill-fated Monmouth, were prizes that could scarcely fail to invite intrigues, which, in the unsettled condition of the country, could only be too easily carried out. The Earl of Tweeddale, whose wife came next in succession to the two children, was accused by Lady Wemyss of seeking to get the heiresses under his control from sinister motives, and a successful appeal was made to Cromwell to secure Lady Wemyss in the custody of her daughters. But as if this guarantee was not enough, the Countess determined to have Lady Mary at once married, though she was not more than eleven years of age; and the Scotch, though liberal enough in this respect, had fixed twelve as the earliest marriageable age for females. Walter Scott of Highchesters, a cadet of the Harden branch, then a boy of fourteen, was chosen as the bridegroom; and the marriage, which the Presbytery allowed to take place without proclamations on account of "necessary exigence," was privately celebrated at Wemyss Castle. As soon as the transaction became known, a commotion was excited, the judiciary interfered, and the young bride was removed from Wemyss, and placed at Dalkeith under the charge of General Monk and his wife. The action of the Presbytery was next impugned. The Synod supported the lower court. When the matter came before the General Assembly, an altercation took place between Sir John Scott of Scotstarvet and the Earl of Wemyss, "who, in the face of the Assembly, said as much as appealed the said Scots-tarvit to a combate;" but the

Moderator succeeded in silencing the belligerent elders. The Commissary Court then nullified the marriage, and an appeal was made to Parliament; but Countess Mary having in the meantime reached the age of twelve, the marriage was duly ratified. But the young Countess was a sickly girl. Immediately after the Restoration she was taken to London to be touched for scrofula by the King, but she only lived a year afterwards. Her sister Lady Anna's lot was scarcely more happy. Lady Wemyss offered her second daughter—now the sole heiress of Buccleuch—to the King for his son, the Duke of Monmouth, and her eventful history is well known. The Earl gives the following account of the marriage in his Diary:—

"One the 20 day of April 1663, this James Scotte D. Monmouth was married att Whithalle one Anna, Countes of Buccluche, who was earies to the housse of Buccluche, worth 10,000 *li* starling yeirly. The king and the Duke of York was present att the mariadge, when the Bishope of Lunden, then called Sheldounne, married them. I David, Earle of Wemyss, head the honour to deliuer hir to hir husband D. Monmouth that day, the king commanded me to deliuer hir to him, for I married hir mother, the Duager of Buccluche. L. M. Leslie who was also present, and my Lord E. Rothes, and diuers others lords (I was as hir father then). They did beade for formes cause that night, but did not stay together, being young, he of 13 yeirs, and shoe of 12 yeirs then in Nouember. Thirefter hir mother left hir by the king's directione. Shoe was deliuered to the caire of the Countes of Marshall, doughtir to Ro. Earl of Mortoune, 1663 this was. One the 9th of Februar 1664 Scotts account, thir two nobill persones did beade together att Whithalle, and so doeth they continew since, but not befor."

The other great lady who fell

partly under the guardianship of the Wemyss family was the young Countess of Sutherland, afterwards the Countess-Duchess. After the peerage and the Wemyss lands had parted company, the Honourable James Wemyss was married to an aunt of the Countess, and as he himself was closely related to the Sutherland family, the chief charge of the Sutherland estates and of the interests of the heiress devolved upon him. The hotly contested litigation was a source of much anxiety to Mr Wemyss; and we can sympathise with his jubilation, which rises to a height of poetic rhapsody, when the news of the decision of the House of Lords was "brought over by James Junkieson."

"Lofty pyramids of fire and smoack proclaimed it to the skys at night; and when Night herself had waxen old, past away and ushered her eldest son the Morn into our hemisphere. That gladness might not cry she was murdered for want of time to be merry. The indulgent youth continued with the stoutest and best-hearted of the chosen bands till his father *Sol* sprung from Thetis' arms with brilliant rays to conduct safe home all who had been rejoyceing for the justice done to the straight line of Sutherland's noble and antient race."

We must go back for a little to explain the Wemyss descent, and how the peerage came to be separated from the ancestral estates. Out of a large family, David, the second Earl, was survived by only two daughters, the elder of whom, Lady Jean Wemyss, was married to George, fourteenth Earl of Sutherland; and Lady Margaret, upon whom the Earl succeeded in settling his title and estates, though Lady Sutherland impugned, but unsuccessfully, the arrangement. Lady Margaret married her kinsman Sir James

Wemyss, created Lord Burntisland for life. Lord Burntisland was more of a Cavalier than his chiefs had been, and with him the Covenanting predilections of the family disappear. His son David became third Earl after his mother's death; and his marriage to the daughter of the first Duke of Queensberry led to the succession of the Wemyss family to the Earldom of March and other titles on the death of "old Q." The marriage of James, the fourth Earl, resulted in momentous circumstances to the family. He had for his tutor the Chevalier Ramsay, the author of the 'Travels of Cyrus,' and he ran away with the heiress of Amisfield, the daughter of Colonel Charteris of dubious memory. Earl James had "powerfull rivalls" for the young lady's hand, Lord Strathmore among others; but Lord Wemyss was favoured by the mother, a daughter of Swinton, Lord Mersington; and one evening Miss Charteris, instead of retiring to her bedroom, made her escape, and was married privately to the Earl. Colonel Charteris, who, with all his vices, must have had some amiable traits in his character, since he could count such men as Duncan Forbes of Culloden and Lord Milton among his friends, in due time extended his forgiveness to the runaway couple, and settled his fortune upon the second son of the marriage, who was to assume the name of Charteris. There is a touch of irony in the Colonel's stipulation that the education of his grandchildren should not be intrusted to their father, but committed to curators appointed by Colonel Charteris himself. This led to a difference between the Earl and Countess, and ultimately to their separation. The latter went to France, but made a prominent figure in Edin-

burgh Jacobite society during Prince Charlie's brief sojourn at Holyrood, where she is said to have danced "in a celebrated strathspey" with his Royal Highness. The Earl did not actively share his Countess's political sympathies, although he had receded so far from the traditions of his ancestors as to become an Episcopalian. There is an amusing remonstrance from the Rev. John Wylie, minister of Clackmannan, to the Earl on his prelatric proclivities, preserved among the Wemyss papers. "Did ever any of your family," asks the aggrieved divine, "make such a step towards Popery as you have done by setting up Popish ceremonial worship, except your father when disobliged?" and "Why should you live like a speckled bird alon besid your nighbor Earles?" He condemns the Earl's Episcopacy and Jacobitism as violence to his "worthy ladie's inclinations,"—rather a mistaken conclusion we may suppose, if we consider the political conduct of the two in after-years; and after demolishing the pretensions of Episcopacy by quotations from Scripture, he goes on to declare himself "heartily sorry for the sin and irregularities of your marriage against the law of God and man." Lord Wemyss had doubtless been married by a Non-juring clergyman, for the proscribed Episcopal clergy of the day seem to have driven a considerable contraband traffic in runaway matches—a practice which did not increase towards them the kindly feeling of those who claimed the legal monopoly. The Earl must have attempted a vindication of his religious principles, but the minister of Clackmannan was determined to have the last word.

"I beseech you, believe that tho' ye could worship God even as He

hath appointed both as to the matter and the manner of His worship in private, ye can not be accepted by Him as long as ye brake the command Heb. x. 25, and the fourth command to keep holy the Sabbath, the greatest sanctification of which that we can show is by frequenting His public worship pure."

David, Lord Elcho, the eldest son of Earl James, joined Prince Charles's army, and his property was confiscated and himself attainted. This led to a new settlement of the Wemyss estates. Francis, who came next, had inherited the estates of Colonel Charteris and taken his name, and the succession was settled in favour of the third son James. It was also arranged that in the event of Lord Elcho dying before the Earl, both the estates and the honours of Wemyss should go to the second son, Francis Wemyss Charteris. The Earl died in 1756, and Lord Elcho died in exile in 1787, the Wemyss earldom devolving on Francis Charteris, and the Wemyss estates on the Hon. James Wemyss. The settlement was pronounced by the lawyers to be a most irrational one, and it brought Mr Wemyss much financial trouble and litigation. Lord Elcho compromised his claims, and confirmed, so far as his legal disabilities permitted, his father's settlement in favour of James Wemyss. But the Countess Janet was by no means of so placable a nature, and her claims went before the Court of Session, which decided in the son's favour. Mr Wemyss represented both Fife and Sutherland in Parliament as a supporter of Lord Bute and a friend of Government.

A few more names bring us down to our own times. William Wemyss of Wemyss, when his cousin, the Countess of Sutherland's clan regiment of Fencibles

was raised, as the nearest relative of the chief, became its first colonel; but the regiment was disbanded within four years, without leaving the country. When it was again embodied on the outbreak of the war with France in 1793, Colonel Wemyss resumed the command, and took part in the suppression of the Irish rebellion. Afterwards, when it was resolved to convert the Sutherland Fencibles into a line regiment—the old 93d—General Wemyss was its first colonel, and held the post until his death. His successor, Admiral Wemyss, whose memory is still green in his country, was a brave naval officer and stout politician. He forsook his early principles, and became a Whig and a reformer.

"Generations will pass," says Sir William Fraser, quoting an obituary notice, "before the many droll stories extant in Fife, and in London too, about the electioneering feats of the captain will be forgotten. His rough and ready, but especially rough addresses from the hustings in Cupar, and the inn windows of Kirkcaldy; his annihilating retorts upon Tories who taunted him with having in the days of his youth and ignorance been one of themselves; and the style in which he overwhelmed pertinacious Radicals desiring an extension of the suffrage—a project towards which the captain avowedly, for personal reasons, made no secret of having a special aversion."

Another anecdote of the Admiral is worth recording:—

"One other peculiarity of the Admiral, and his brother William the General, may be noted. Both of them had remarkably stentorian voices. When dining together in the Admiral's London house, they fought their battles by sea and land over and over. This was done with such energy of voice, that on more than one occasion the passing policeman on duty, believing that a breach of the peace was

going on, called at the house to apprehend, as he expected, some unruly rioters."

The Admiral's son, the late Mr J. H. Erskine Wemyss, only lived to enjoy the estates for about ten years after his succession, and a long minority ensued, during which the property was most energetically administered by his widow. Not only did Mrs Wemyss clear the estates, which had become encumbered under the previous lairds, but she restored and enlarged Wemyss Castle, built a dock at West Wemyss, inaugurated a water-supply, and did much to improve the condition of the people. The great enterprises upon which the present laird has so successfully entered are matters of more than mere local interest. While still a minor, he projected the railway from Thornton to Buckhaven, and he has since purchased the port and harbour of Leven. The construction of a large wet-dock and harbour at Methil—which in consequence promises to become one of the most important ports on the Firth of Forth—was a project quite in keeping with the traditions of his family,—his ancestor David, the second Earl, having built a harbour

on the same spot at an outlay of as many thousand pounds Scots as the magnificent new harbour cost pounds sterling. Mr Erskine Wemyss is still a young man, and from the brilliant commencement he has made, we may augur that the reputation of the house which Michael of Methil founded in the days of King William the Lion has fallen into the hands of a representative by whom it will be well conserved and augmented.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of Sir William Fraser's work, nor is it necessary. The Wemyss Book, like the rest of his family monographs, testifies to his painstaking research, and to his wonderful grasp of genealogy and of local details, and the historical value is not inferior to the family interest. Through each of these family histories we read page upon page of Scottish history in entirely new lights. Sir William Fraser contrasts the spirit of Mr Erskine Wemyss in promoting the publication of the Wemyss volume with that of his ancestor, Sir John of the Reres, who encouraged Wintoun to write his 'Cronykil of Scotland,' and we think the compliment gracefully and justly recoils on its author.

ELIZABETH OF VALOIS AND THE TRAGEDY OF DON CARLOS.

ALL Spanish historians must be grateful to the Cardinal Ximenes, who was the first person to appreciate the value of the Spanish archives, and who removed them to Simancas, where they occupy countless rooms and corridors, and have interested every student of Spanish history for the last half-century, since which period they have ceased to be jealously guarded, as they were until that date.

But next to the study of these ancient records, whoever desires to obtain a full appreciation of the stirring events of Spanish history would do well to make himself acquainted with Spanish art, more especially in the Gallery of Madrid, for there is no collection in any capital which so vividly tells the whole story of the nation's life. Here the grandeur of the Court of Spain is vividly depicted,—the solemn and dignified bearing of each important actor on the historic stage, where no levity ever disturbed the stately mien of the Spanish grandee.

It has been well said that "beauty is the lover's gift," and it must be admitted that much of the majesty and grace which charms us in the Madrid Gallery was the painter's gift. Even Charles V. was not a subject Titian would have preferred, had he not brought to the work a mind full of reverence and awe. The Emperor's countenance was no index of his great nature: there was light enough within, but it found no expression in his lack-lustre eye. Philip II., with his heavy upper lip, his grey cold eye, and yellow hair, was no better a study for the painter than his imperial father: but the Span-

ish painter pictured a merit unperceived by the ordinary dwellers in the presence of the sovereign; the glow of the painter's mind animated his touch, and the portraits, even if repulsive in their features, lived and breathed in dignity under the master's hand.

One of the most striking of the pictures in the Gallery is that of the subject of the present memoir, Elizabeth of Valois—Isabella della Pace, as she was lovingly called, for her marriage to Philip II. was one of the principal conditions of the Treaty of Chateau Cambresis. The portrait is by Juan Pantoja della Cruz, and enables us to appreciate that beauty which was the object of universal admiration, and won every heart. The eyes are black and brilliant, the complexion dazzling, the head finely shaped, the whole countenance full of life. Her dress is black velvet, which sets off her height. The painter has given her that air of majesty, innocence, and grace which commanded reverence, love, and admiration. She seemed at once the child of Spain and France—to combine the gravity befitting the Spanish Court with the winning sweetness of a daughter of France.

There are other two pictures of the young Queen, less remarkable for their execution, and yet full of interest—one by Sofonisba Anguisciola, taken when the Queen was in the zenith of her youthful beauty; and near it is one of scarcely less interest, that of the unhappy boy Don Carlos, by Sanchez Coello. In the picture of the Queen, the artist has paid less attention to her general charms than to those details of dress and

ornaments which were deemed of such importance by Philip: the richness of the dress, the brilliancy of the jewellery, convey a just notion of the stately luxury and grandeur of the Spanish Court. Truly, Elizabeth de Valois was a fitting subject for courtly painters! Brantôme speaks of that charm which was the admiration of all who saw her, and which won the eulogies of every biographer: "*La Princesse la meilleure qui ait été de son temps et autant aimée de tout. Il faut l'appeller la belle Elizabeth du monde pour ses rares vertus et perfections.*" St Real vies with Brantôme in his enthusiasm: "Whenever she appeared in public, it was a fresh triumph of beauty. No one could see her without loving her—so much so, that it was said at Court that no wise man would fix his gaze on her for any long time who cared for his heart. If," he adds, "beauty is a natural royalty, one may say that no queen was ever more queen than she was."

Elizabeth of Valois, daughter of Henri II. and Catharine de Medici, was born on the 13th April 1545 at Fontainebleau. Her birth cast a bright gleam of happiness on the last years of her grandfather, Francis I. His life was ebbing away under the weight, not of years, but of infirmities,—the consequence of a continuous existence of wild passion and ambition, sustained with all the gallantry and bravery of youthful ardour long after the maturity of manhood. He was fifty-three at the time of his death, but forty of these years had been passed in the excitement of war, or amid the dissipations of a gay and profligate Court. The result was, that at the King's death the finances were in anything but a flourishing con-

dition, and Henri II. had difficulties to contend with which were in no degree diminished by his weaknesses and his ill-placed affections.

And yet Henri's brief reign of twelve years was not undistinguished by qualities worthy of his race: his magnificence, his courage and courtly grace, were qualities which might have been expected to shine conspicuously in a son of François I. In Catharine de Medici he found not only a queen but a guide, counsellor, and friend, who was resolved that the royal authority should not be weakened during her husband's reign: in maintaining that authority she allowed no obstacle to stand in her way. In those days of powerful, of almost independent princes, who possessed feudal privileges, sovereignty was a science which frequently required arts of cunning and practices repugnant to our moral sense, but which at that time were not considered inconsistent with the laws of chivalry and honour. Catharine possessed the great qualification for a successful ruler—the art of dissimulation. No one was more keenly alive to the truth of the precept, "*qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare.*" Catharine has been selected as the very personification of this vice. In those days the state of moral feeling was very unlike what it is at present, and in Italy it was unlike the rest of Europe. Lord Macaulay, in his article on Machiavelli, says that "among the polished Italians, enriched by commerce, everything was achieved by superiority of intelligence: the qualities then demanded for statecraft in Italy were invention, cunning, hollow friendship, violated faith, recklessness of all principle, systematic fraud. These, in the brightest days of Italian history, were not repudiated as unworthy of princes and rulers." Catharine could dis-

simulate where dissimulation in a woman is most difficult: she could assume an indifference towards, or even pretend affection for, those who supplanted her in her husband's affections, so long as such relations did not weaken the prerogative of the Crown.

However licentious the Court, no youth was ever more tenderly cherished, or generous qualities more sedulously and ably cultivated, than in Elizabeth of Valois. She was first not only in rank, but in grace and charm, at a Court where there was so much grace and so much charm. She united with the sweetest and most pleasant manner peculiar gifts which art can never attain to. She was called the flower of France at a period when the Court of France was famous for its beauty,—for Catharine and Henri II. agreed that “a Court without beauty is like a garden without flowers.” Moreover, in these early years Elizabeth de Valois gave proofs of all that kindness of heart which shone forth in her eyes, and the possession of all those qualities which led to her great fortune and her great sorrows.

If we estimate the duration of life by the variety of its scenes and emotions, and the intenseness of its interests, Elizabeth of Valois' life was a long one. Few lives ever had such important events concentrated into so short a space of time: it was truly a crowded life, and crowded with the most important political events. But many historians, not satisfied with these, have added the wildest romance to heighten the interest: they have chosen to connect the tragic fate of the Infant Don Carlos with her own. The sad destinies of these all but children has afforded an admirable theme for dramatists and poets, of which they have not

been slow to avail themselves. These stories had their origin in Elizabeth's betrothal to Don Carlos, and in the love with which his promised bride inspired the ill-fated boy.

Soon after Elizabeth de Valois' engagement to Don Carlos, his father Philip II. became a widower by the death of Mary Tudor. Certainly no pleasant memories were associated with his married life, nor did he affect any regrets at her loss; but although he had lost England's queen, he hoped to retrieve this loss from the same source, and to share the throne with the sister—for very soon after the death of Mary, the Count de Fena was sent as special ambassador to Queen Elizabeth with an offer of marriage. In all the subsequent prolonged negotiations, Elizabeth showed her remarkable sagacity and prudence. She was most careful not to wound the susceptibilities of so arrogant and powerful a sovereign as Philip II. She found a ready excuse in her ties of relationship with the late Queen Mary. It is true that the Pope was willing to grant a dispensation for the marriage; but when this was suggested, she replied that such a submission to, and indirect recognition of, the Papal authority, would be interpreted into a declaration of the Roman faith, and the strength of her position in England depended on the Reformers, who were still horror-struck at the cruelties practised in her sister's reign. Meanwhile Henri II. used all his influence to prevent this new alliance between England and Spain, which would have been very dangerous to France. The ambassadors of the French King at the Papal Court opposed in the strongest manner the grant of the dispensation.

While Philip was occupied with these matrimonial schemes, his ambassadors were busily employed in concluding the negotiations for a marriage between Elizabeth of Valois and the Infant Don Carlos. The portrait of the Princess had been sent to the Prince, and it at once awakened his imagination. A gleam of joy was cast over that sad, reserved, and gloomy nature at the hope of being united to one whose portrait confirmed the common report of her beauty, as he gazed on her gentle and graceful countenance. It may well be imagined what must have been the feelings of a young man of unrestrained passions and violent will, when he learnt that his father, after he had been finally refused by Elizabeth, intended to supplant him as the suitor for the Princess. As Brantôme expresses it, Philip II. "*coupa l'herbe sous le pied de son fils.*" Here certainly was a fine subject for the romance of history, and full advantage has been taken of it. The supposed loves of Don Carlos with Isabella of the Peace have furnished admirable material for the drama and the poem. The imagination can picture all the characters of the grand tragedy which terminated only with the life, or, as many affirm, the murder, of the Prince.

That the Prince cherished the warmest attachment for the young Queen cannot be questioned, and that this attachment was well known to Philip may in part explain the evil construction which his father put on all his actions; but there is not the slightest evidence that the King's jealousy ever extended to the Queen. Indeed all accounts agree that hers was a nature which no one could doubt, even those who from perversity of mind loved her the least—for among the Spanish grandees were

found more jealousies, rivalries, and suspicions than in most Courts; but all were compelled to approve of her conduct in the most difficult of positions for a young Princess to occupy, away from all her old friends and associations. There was little in Don Carlos except the gift of youth to awaken enthusiasm or affection in any one, especially in a Princess who at the time of her betrothal was only fourteen years of age. Philip II. was thirty-two, and certainly, in spite of his cold, hard, unsympathetic nature, was in all respects, except in age, far superior to his son. M. de Fourquevaulx, with courtly phrase, says that at this date "*le Roi a sembla plus beau, plus frais, et plus jeune qu'il n'était devant;*" whereas the Prince was a martyr to every kind of suffering and weakness. He had in no way improved since his visit to his grandfather at Yuste, when the great emperor, warrior, and statesman saw with poignant regret into what feeble hands his magnificent inheritance was destined to fall. It is difficult to imagine any position more distressing than that of the Queen. She could not be ignorant of the extravagant affection of Don Carlos. The King never cared for his son, and it is not likely that in that most obsequious of Courts, in which the personal favour of the sovereign was the only avenue to preferment, the courtiers who marked the signs of hate would allow the father to remain ignorant of Don Carlos' feelings. The King's clouded, suspicious nature might well have been aroused by this painful revelation, and the highest testimony to Isabella's infinite merit is the never-failing kindness with which she was treated by Philip. It is surprising, indeed, that not a breath of slander was ever blown on the name of the Queen, when

the composition of the Spanish Court is considered. It was a Court never in any sense frivolous, and intrigues were carried on with solemn decorum; but she was separated from all the friends of her childhood through the jealous customs of a stiff and pompous nobility, surrounded by spies, and by those parasites of kings who make the ruins of reputations the stepping-stones of their own ambition. Yet, in spite of all disadvantages, Isabella was universally beloved by her adopted country, and her relentless bigoted husband was even won at moments to compassionate sentiments through her intercession. The correspondence with her sister-in-law, Mary of Scotland, is a testimony to the high standard of moral education of the Princess. In this correspondence we find the highest subjects treated in the most elevated manner. We read—"Car tout aussi qu'un Prince surmonte ses sujets en richesses et en puissance, aussi il doit être entre tous le plus grand en prudence, en conseil, en bonté, en grâce, et toutes sortes de vertu." And again—"Il faut, ma sœur, que nous mettions peine d'être très sages, et que ne laissions aller un seul jour sans apprendre quelque chose, à l'exemple d'Apelles le peintre, qui en son art a été de si grande diligence pour ne pas laisser passer un seul jour auquel de son pinceau ne tirât quelque ligne." Certainly the Princess showed marvellous precocity when at fourteen she wrote—"Vous ébahissez, ma sœur, pourquoi je sortis près de la chambre de la Reine. Vu, qu'il était Dimanche pour aller à mon étude. Avis que depuis deux jours je lis un colloque de d'Érasme tant beau, tant joyeux, et tant utile que rien plus; et Dieu comme il tance ceux qui dorment si tard,

et font si peu de cas de perdre le temps, qui entre toutes choses est le plus précieux."

It was in 1559 that the Duc d'Alva received his commission to marry as proxy for Philip the beautiful Princess. Philip's cold, unsympathetic nature had been warmed into something like affection at the accounts he had received of the remarkable charms of his future queen. The reports of the Duke confirmed the common rumours: they were, indeed, so favourable that, wonderful to relate, the cautious, sententious monarch permitted himself gravely to express his satisfaction. The Bishop of Limoges wrote to the Cardinal of Lorraine and to the Duc de Guise—"Onques Prince n'eut plus de contentement qu'il y a de la Reine Catholique, la femme ce que par lettre je ne saurai avez représenter." And the Queen was truly the dove of peace—"Isabella della Pace." The long wars and rivalries between France and Spain were forgotten, or remembered only to render the reconciliation of the two nations more gratifying and seemingly sincere. Compliments, presents, and honours were largely interchanged; the Order of the Toison d'Or was sent to Francis; Catharine de Medici was the theme of Spanish verse and courtly praise, the chief merit ascribed to her being that she had borne so beautiful a daughter. But all this lavish approbation did not satisfy Catharine for the little influence she was permitted to exercise on great and momentous questions. An ardent Catholic,—so ardent that all virtues seemed to her comprehended in what less zealous Catholics considered as cruel bigotry—later events too painfully confirmed their views,—she wished to

have the direction of her daughter's conscience. This was precisely what Philip did not desire. He at once expressed his determination to select her spiritual director, and this the King did by the advice of his own confessor,—for “the Queen's director,” the King said, “should be possessed of the highest qualities of prudence and knowledge, and be able to inform the Queen in all matters which were agreeable to the King.” His Majesty added: “If his own confessor and her Majesty's director perfectly understood each other, the royal household would afford an example of faith and conjugal happiness to the whole Catholic world.” And thus it was arranged, to the satisfaction of the King and the intense annoyance of Catharine, who lost what she most desired to retain—the powerful means of influence over her daughter, and through her daughter the foreign policy of Spain. But apart from the spiritual direction, there were some at the King's Court who exercised an undue influence over the King. With all his seeming indifference, he was not proof against subtle flattery and the wiles of insinuating plotters. Louis XI. himself was not surrounded by a greater number of bold and unscrupulous advisers. There was a great resemblance in the characters of Louis XI. and Philip. They were alike gloomy, suspicious natures, almost incapable of generous impulses,—equally ignorant of the real interests and requirements of their subjects. Of the two, perhaps Louis had a greater knowledge of statecraft; but they were equally cruel, selfish, and tyrannical. That Elizabeth should have been able to retain the affections, such as they were, of this heart of adamant, is a

sufficient testimony to her rare excellence.

Ruy Gomez de Silva was at an early period attached to the household of Philip II. He accompanied the King to England on the occasion of his marriage to Queen Mary, and after her death proceeded with the King to Flanders. Discreet, agreeable, and admirably endowed by nature, his qualities and abilities had been carefully cultivated and improved by education. He was precisely one of those men who are instinctively courtiers, and can perform excellent service in such a Court as that of Philip II. “The master of all passions and his own,” he possessed the admirable power of being able to receive and appropriate the ideas of others, and to reproduce them again to their authors in the most plausible and graceful form. Only second to Ruy Gomez in the royal estimation was the Duc d'Alva, the great captain of Spain, a man who recommended himself to the King by his stern and ruthless nature. There was a great rivalry between the Duc d'Alva and Ruy Gomez, and this rivalry and jealousy between the two ministers was most agreeable to the suspicious monarch, who put each as a spy on the other; and he was the most favoured who was the shrewdest to discover, and the least scrupulous to betray, all that passed in the most diplomatic and intriguing Court in Europe. The influence of Ruy Gomez, Catharine de Medici might have regarded with comparative indifference; but that of his wife, Anne de Mendoza, Princesse d'Eboli, the daughter of the Viceroy of Peru, was much more to be dreaded. She is described as “spirituelle, altière, résolue.” She was possessed of qualities which exercised a great charm over all who came within her in-

fluence. Antonio Perez, no mean judge of female excellence, spoke of her as a "pearl of a woman, surrounded by the rarest flowers of beauty and of grace." Such a personage at a Court like the Catholic King's, possessed as she was of unbounded ambition, was not likely to add to the domestic happiness of a young Queen of fifteen years of age.

The marriage was pressed on; so, in December 1559, the King and the Queen-mother accompanied Isabella to Orléans and Poitiers, where they parted with great manifestations of grief on both sides. Elizabeth expressed her feelings in graceful verse:—

"Mes yeux craignant trop de larmes
répandre,
Ont bien oyé sur ma bouche entre-
prendre

Lui défendant le parler et l'adieu.
Se départant de tant regretté lieu
Pour déclairer la douleur trop amère
Que sent la fille à l'adieu de la mère,
Perdant de tout du parler la puissance,
Tout empêché par trop grande abondance
De pleurs tous prestes, dehors des yeux
sortir,

A quoi, hélas ! j'y n'osay consentir,
Craignant de vous la désolation
Disant l'adieu de séparation."

The grief at leaving France was expressed in equally plaintive melody by Mary Stuart and Elizabeth de Valois. After this tender farewell, the royal progress was continued. It has been said that the Princess seemed to have a presentiment of the shortness of her career,—that she was seized with a profound melancholy which deeply affected all her retinue. This is the romance of history, which has rarely been so largely employed as in the life of Queen Isabella. It is recorded, on the contrary, that the journey was a joyous one. Travel, says Alfieri,

"In giovin mente
Grande potenza ha il variar il pensiero,"

everything was fresh and new to her, and each town or castle she passed excited her interest. As far as Bordeaux she was escorted by the Cardinal de Bourbon, Archbishop of Rouen, uncle of Henri IV. At Bordeaux the King of Navarre, brother of the Cardinal, received the Princess, and offered her respectful homage by her twofold title of Daughter of France and Queen of Spain. On the 18th December the King of Navarre was able to give the Bishop of Limoges, ambassador of Philip II., the most favourable account of the Queen: "I am very happy to be able to assure his Majesty that the Queen has been intrusted to me in excellent health, and I hope to be able to place her Majesty in the hands of the deputies with her health improved rather than weakened by such a long journey." And the journey in mid-winter through the mountain-passes was very difficult, and at times not unattended with danger: it happened that this winter was the most severe that had been experienced for many years. At Pignon, situated in the Pyrenees on the frontier of France and Spain, the Spanish authorities were assembled to take charge of the Queen; but the snow was so deep that she was compelled to stop at Roncevaux, there to await the arrival of the Spanish plenipotentiaries, and these moved so slowly that the Queen was detained five days in this most inconvenient locality, which was crowded to excess, and when the Spaniards arrived there was but one expression of dissatisfaction. And the two suites were rivals in discontent, as well as in courtly feuds and jealousies. The Spanish ambassadors had been selected for their great rank and eminent qualities—the Cardinal Archbishop of Burgos, and the Duc d'Infantado, chief of

the great house of Mendoza. It was said of this illustrious family, that the nobility and antiquity of their house was superior to all their other eminent qualities, by as much as heaven-sent blessings are superior to those derived from men. It is unnecessary to recite the long list of nobles and notables that rendered this embassy the most remarkable that had ever been seen on the Spanish frontier. Nothing could exceed the grandeur by which the ambassadors were surrounded. We are told that the body-guard consisted of four thousand cavalry, and that the expense of the table kept by the Duc d'Infantado amounted to two thousand crowns a-day. After many tedious discussions as to the exact place where the Queen was to be delivered over to the Spanish ambassadors, it was decided that the grand ceremonial should take place at Roncevaux, where her journey had been delayed by the weather—a place associated with many great events. It was here that Charlemagne lost his army and all his paladins, and the Black Prince led his soldiers to the victory of Navarrete; and here a Princess, the daughter of France, was to find a new home among those who had so long contended with her countrymen on the battle-field.

The weather was so severe that the intended grand ceremonial out-of-doors had to be abandoned: this was a great disappointment to the Spaniards, who wished to appear before the assembled multitude in all their bravery and magnificence, in striking contrast with the deep mourning of the French, which prevented any display on their part. The Queen received the ambassadors seated on a throne in the large hall of the monastery. There the Duc d'Infantado, after a long discourse, kissed her hand;

but when the Cardinal of Burgos approached with the same intention, she rose to the prince of the Church, embraced him, and desired him to be covered. Then after a prolonged exchange of courtesies and ceremonies, the Queen dismissed the ambassadors in so graceful a manner that they agreed "qu'ils n'avaient jamais eu si grand aise et contentement qu'ils ont eu en la recevant comme Reine, Dame, et Maitresse." The Cardinal of Burgos took her right hand and the Duc d'Infantado her left, and conducted her Majesty to her litter, and the procession started. But the progress was very slow, and anything but glorious: the splendid dresses and trappings of the Spaniards were covered with snow; many a noble cavalier slipped on the icy roads; the luggage of the ladies went astray in the mountains, and they refused to be comforted by the abundance of fruits and preserves with which they were supplied. The goodly company of princesses and noble ladies who composed the Queen's personal escort from Paris, lamented in angry terms the manifold inconveniences to which they were exposed. They pined for their dear Paris, the centre of all their interests and affections,—the only one spot on earth where for them life was worth living. These great ladies were little accustomed to rough journeys in life: there were Elizabeth de Bretagne, Countess of Clermont; Susanne de Bourbon, wife of Claude de Rieux; Anne de Bourbon Montpensier, and others worthy of the greatness of the occasion. The procession was an illustrious one; and it certainly required much grandeur and magnificence to overcome the surrounding gloom. They passed the steep defiles of the wild sierras, over mountain crags, and through dark,

lonely forests. The stately, solemn bearing of the Spanish grandees and their retainers was in harmony with the severe surroundings. The French Court wore deep mourning; but notwithstanding the entire absence of bright colours, the courtiers were gay and joyous in comparison with the formal, reserved, melancholy, gloomy Spaniards, who were never heard to laugh, and whose features rarely relaxed into even a wintry smile.

The magnificent *cortège*, although delayed by storms and floods, arrived at last at Pampeluna. Everywhere the young Queen was received with that overflow of joy, springs of which populations appear ever to possess, ready to be poured forth on any festive occasion. And this was certainly a remarkable one: youth, rare charm and grace, enhancing beauty, and queenly rank, concentrated in one person, could not fail to awaken the deepest sympathy and interest; they might even arouse emotions in the phlegmatic Spanish grandee. It was not until the Queen arrived at Pampeluna—that city that has been styled “*Muy nobili, muy leal, muy heroica*”—and after the religious ceremony in the grand cathedral built by Charles III. of Navarre, on her return to the palace, that a person appeared on the scene who cast a gloom over the bright prospects of the Queen and the French Court.

At the foot of the grand staircase of the palace the Countess d’Ureigna, who had been appointed Camerera Mayor, was in attendance. This post gave her entire supervision over the ladies of the Court, and from the first she was determined to claim the full exercise of her authority. It was with the object of having a person entirely in his own confidence, and who, it

was hoped, would ingratiate herself into the confidence of the young Queen, that had induced the King to make this appointment: for the Countess was well known to have passed through a troubled youth; but Philip in his astuteness rightly judged that the strength of youthful passions would, when they were calmed by time, be exchanged for ambition, and that ambition could be best gratified by an entire submission to his will. The King’s attachment to his beautiful bride did not alter, or it may be it strengthened, his natural disposition. He was well aware that his cold, repulsive features were not calculated to win the heart of youth; but if he could not command the affections by love and sympathy, he could exercise authority over them. And the Countess d’Ureigna was admirably adapted for the place to which she was appointed: no one could more easily analyse emotions and penetrate into the recesses of the heart than she, who was versed in courtly intrigues. It may well be imagined that the ladies of the French Court would be in no way agreeable to her; and they, on the other hand, were predisposed to regard the Countess with suspicion and mistrust.

The Queen was prepared for the kind of person who was to exercise so great an influence on her future life. Even at her early age she had learnt from her astute mother the proud art of concealing her thoughts; so the future guide, companion, and counsellor was welcomed with every expression of regard. The Countess, with ill-concealed annoyance, had to pay her respects to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who was so nearly related to her Catholic Majesty, and a princess of the blood. The Countess then presented to the

Queen the King's letter, which she was surprised to find contained less of a declaration of affection than a homily on the personal merits of the Countess, and injunctions as to the great respect which was to be shown her.

If all Courts tend to awaken in courtiers jealousies and rivalries, it may well be imagined what it must have been in a Court composed of two nations who had been so long at war with each other. When the right of carrying her Majesty's train was transferred from the Countess of Clermont to the Countess d'Ureigna, the former lady was very indignant; nor was the ill-feeling and wounded vanity allayed when, in fulfilment of the spirit of the King's instructions, the Queen expressed to the Spanish lady her gratification at being attended by so honourable and virtuous a personage, adding that she was prepared to love and esteem her, and to receive all her advice as if it were given her by the Queen her mother. But while all this kindly courtesy awakened the most bitter sentiments amongst her old, attached friends, it failed to win the arrogant Spaniard: the grace and charm of the young Queen were entirely thrown away upon her; she could brook no rival, and nothing would have satisfied her but the immediate dismissal of the whole French Court. This, however, could not be,—even the King could not interfere with the French princesses. This irritable feeling was expressed by both parties on every occasion, but it culminated in a most serious disturbance when the Court left Pampeluna. The French princesses naturally took the lead in the procession, but this was at once disputed by the bearers of the Countess: the rivalries of the mistresses had been taken up even in

a more hostile spirit by the servants, so a regular struggle ensued, and the French were worsted in the fight—the royal bearers were jostled out of their places. When we read of the dignity and grandeur of Spanish life, it is difficult to realise the picture of the litters of princesses and great ladies being set down while the servants were waging a regular fight for the rights of their respective mistresses.

When her Majesty heard of this unseemly quarrel, she told the Countess that it would give her great satisfaction if she would take her seat by her side in her own litter, but that it was not possible to assign to the blood royal of France an inferior position to that which the princesses enjoyed in their own country, for she felt that any indignity offered to them was an offence to her.

The Countess d'Ureigna expressed herself satisfied by this act of condescension on the part of the Queen; but nevertheless bitter enmity fermented in her heart, and so little concealment was there, that all the respective suites of retainers met as enemies, not as friends. National hatreds are more powerful than the most admirably drawn articles of peace. The very qualities and even merits of each nation were entirely different. How could the haughty, stern Castilian find any companionship with the brilliant, sparkling, gay French courtier? The solemn movement of the grandee and the elastic step of the French courtier could never keep time to the same measure. In the midst of all the carousals and festivities, it had been difficult to prevent the latent bad feeling manifesting itself by acts of hostility, and during the journeying the danger of travel was greatly increased by the recent misunderstanding. Strict rules

were alike given to the members of each household to avoid in the future all misunderstandings; but this was to demand from national and natural tempers more self-command than the circumstances permitted. Unseemly manifestations of ill-will were, however, suppressed: but the bitterness was only smothered; the jealousies and rivalries, instead of being in some degree diminished by their repression, found vent in intrigues and calumnies; ill words and suspicions were whispered instead of being spoken aloud. The young Queen became deeply depressed, the more so as the King manifested no impatience to join her. He was to have met her at Valladolid, but he stopped short at Guadalaxara. Might it not have been that even his bigotry was not able to stifle conscience, and that he had a dread of visiting the city where the shrieks of the victims of a pitiless priesthood had been borne recently into the defiles of the wild sierras? Was it seemly that at the first joyous entry the festive song and notes of mirth should almost mingle with the groans of the tortured and the yells of fanaticism? When the Queen entered the city she was struck by its melancholy aspect: the horrible cruelties which it had witnessed were not yet forgotten; the streets through which the processions of death had passed had not resumed a festive appearance; the efforts of obsequious courtiers, the interest which the populace could not fail to take in youth and loveliness, failed to overcome the sense of depression. The pomp and pageant only rendered more remarkable the sadness and the gloom which hung like a funeral pall over the City of the Inquisition.

Guadalaxara, where Philip awaited the arrival of his bride,

was the residence of the great family of Mendoza. In this princely abode Isabella was to meet for the first time her husband and master, — he whose presence, except in the case of a very few, chilled all hearts, and cast a dark shadow on the sunshine of youth and enjoyment. The young Queen's feelings may be imagined when she first fixed her gaze on that stern, resolute face, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." She had endeavoured to tutor her heart to sentiments of love and devotion; but the heart could not be so taught. It is its fate to be dependent on sympathy, and sympathy was a word unknown to Philip II. We read that his features never relaxed into a gracious smile at the sight of his beautiful bride, while she regarded him with an awe she vainly endeavoured to conceal. Philip noticed the fixed and terrified gaze. She seemed to be fascinated, and that in no pleasant manner, as she looked into those cold loveless eyes. "What are you examining me for?" at last he demanded—"to see if I have any white hairs!" These words, says Brantôme, sank into her heart, and dismayed all who heard them, for they augured ill for the Queen's happiness. It was truly a trying moment for one who from her earliest childhood had lived in the radiance of love. How the thought of all she had left behind must have mingled with the uncertainties of the future! The savage sierra was not more opposed to the peaceful charm of the purple-flowered Vega, than the cold Castilian nature to that of the gentle, lovely child of France.

There was present at the meeting of the King and his young Queen the ill-fated Prince whose sad life was destined to afford a

subject for many a romance and controversy : it was the first interview of the son with his betrothed, as well as of the husband with his wife. If the portrait of Isabella had at once won the love of Don Carlos, it may well be imagined what he felt when he stood in her presence, her beauty so far exceeding all that the flattering reports of the courtiers and his excited imagination had led him to expect. As the agitation of the Prince was manifest to the Court, it is not surprising if dark and gloomy thoughts filled the suspicious mind of Philip. Explain and palliate it as he might, there was the simple fact that he had supplanted his son,—he had deprived him of his destined bride ; but was it impossible that there lurked in Elizabeth's mind any regret that rigorous reasons of State had caused the father to be preferred to the son ? It is true Philip was far superior to his son in natural gifts. If he could not boast of beauty, he possessed features which painters were powerful to record ; and there was that in his mien which, in any condition of life, would have distinguished him from the crowd of ordinary men. Vast, gigantic thoughts were stamped on his brow ; the marble, stern features conveyed the impression of perfect self-command,—a countenance which was not brightened at the news of the victory of Lepanto, nor overshadowed at the loss of the Armada. His complexion was yellow, but the features were keenly delineated, and but for his father's heavy under-jaw, his face was not unhandsome ; albeit the cold grey eye betrayed the cold and callous heart. It was a face calculated to awaken awe rather than love ; yet he was far superior to his son in manner and bearing. But for the unfor-

tunate circumstance that she had been betrothed to the son—and the affinities of youth are great—the young Queen would have been the first to have noticed the deficiencies of the Prince ; but Elizabeth's gentle nature felt that pity and tender compassion for the ill-favoured youth which, we are told, is akin to love. Don Carlos did not attempt to conceal the mingled feelings of admiration and irritation with which he saw his step-mother : painful indeed was it to know that under more auspicious circumstances he might have won the affections of one who was so passing fair. Her picture and public report had aroused a deep interest in his heart, when such interest was most desirable, for it caused him to withdraw his affections from very unworthy objects. On this first occasion of meeting, his painful emotion cannot but have added to his general unfavourable appearance, forming such a striking difference with his uncle, Don John of Austria, the future hero of Lepanto. There was little difference in the ages of the uncle and nephew, but a remarkable difference in their appearance and characters, which must have been painfully apparent to the sovereign and the Court. Even in those early days Don John of Austria gave assurance of the possession of the qualities which hereafter bore testimony to his high descent, and justified the opinion Charles V. had formed of him. Very different was the esteem in which the great Emperor held his grandson. When Don Carlos visited his grandfather at Yuste, the Emperor was deeply distressed at his ungainly aspect and uncultivated manners. Whatever intelligence he might have developed under happier circumstances, and with a liberal education, had been entirely crushed by

the dull routine and stern etiquette of his father's Court. The one thing impressed upon him was the greatness to which he was born. And this knowledge, unaccompanied by those wise counsels which should have inculcated a deep sense of responsibility as one of large account to be rendered here and hereafter, awakened all the selfishness of his nature: he became tyrannical, brutal, the dread and scourge of the Court. He had all his father's vices, his craft and cunning, without the courtly quality of dissimulation. Philip's dagger followed frequently after his smile; the ill-fated son's dagger was ever ready to strike even his boon companion. In his hours of revelry he was never seen to smile. He added physical to his mental infirmities; from his earliest youth he was feeble and delicate; as one leg was shorter than the other, there could be no majesty in his walk or presence; always suffering from some complaint, his features wore an expression of pain. This at a Court where dignity and distinguished bearing were of greater importance than intellectual qualifications! Don Carlos was well aware of his weakness and deficiencies, so he hoped to extort from the fear of those around him the awe and reverence which his presence failed to command. No dignitary of the Court but was subject to the Prince's anger; even the proud Duke of Alva, because on some occasion he omitted a slight act of deference, was insulted by the Prince. Nor were his explosions of passion confined to his immediate circle; the tradesmen whom he employed entered the palace in fear and trembling. An unhappy bootmaker who made a pair of shoes too tight was compelled to eat them, after the Prince had them cut in pieces and boiled

into a stew. His eccentricities were not unaccompanied by shrewdness and cleverness. On one occasion he wished to borrow fifteen hundred ducats. A merchant of great wealth readily promised to lend this sum. Unfortunately the promise was accompanied by the usual Spanish formal expression which prevailed in the sixteenth as it does now in the nineteenth century, "*Todos a la disposicion de Usted*"—"All I have is at your service." The Prince took him at his word—sent to occupy the poor man's house, and actually kept him in durance until he had paid sixty thousand ducats. Still there were not wanting many redeeming qualities in the Prince's nature, and under happier circumstances his life might have been a prolonged and worthier one. He was brave, and proud of his race. When, at Yuste, his grandfather was recounting the moving accidents of his glorious career, and explaining why, in one of his campaigns, he retreated from Innsbruck, Carlos interrupted him by the exclamation, "I never would have retreated!" The Emperor's delight was great, and that chivalrous expression atoned for many other deficiencies of manner and conduct. May it be considered as another redeeming feature the tender interest which he felt in his father's beautiful bride, from the first moment the Queen had power to soothe the Prince in his saddest hours and lighten his darkest moods? But the influence she possessed was only the ascendancy of a sweet and gentle nature,—the deep pity for one whose whole condition was so unfortunate, and ill-suited to his station.

These were comparatively happy days for the young Queen at Guadalupe. If light clouds of jealousies and rivalries of the courtiers

cast their shadows from time to time across the festive scene, they were soon dispersed. On the 21st February 1560 the marriage was ratified, and the nuptial blessing was bestowed by the Archbishop of Burgos. Truly was it said that Elizabeth had come as the olive branch of peace. Happy were the men, we are told by Brantôme, "who could approach so near as to get a glimpse of her beautiful countenance." And he adds: "No Queen of Castile, with due deference to Isabella the Castilian, ever won so much love." Alas! that the ornament, the life, the delight of a court, was so soon to exchange all the pomp, purple, and pride of her youthful greatness for the gloom and silence and tomb of the Escorial.

In the very midst of these *fêtes* and rejoicings, in the day-dawn of her happiness, a midnight of anxiety and sorrow was at hand. The Queen was suddenly seized with sickness and faintings. The physicians uttered the then almost fatal word "small-pox,"—the disease so fatal to life, and to that beauty which makes life so dear to the young and fair. All festivities, pageants, and ceremonies were at once stopped. And they were no formal prayers which were offered up for the young Queen. The tender anxiety and affection of the King was the marvel of the whole Court. It seemed inexplicable how one so pitiless, so hard, so self-constrained, could in a short time have been softened and subdued by the contrast of so much excellence. His gloomy nature was lightened by the sun of her presence. Anxiety for another for the first time entered into his heart, and it was with unfeigned joy, after a few days' suspense, that he heard that the Queen's life was safe.

During all this anxiety Cath-

arine de Medici kept up constant communication with her daughter: courier succeeded courier, and the time of M. de Fourquevaulx, the French Ambassador, was fully occupied. When the news of her daughter's safety reached the Queen-mother, her fears were only partially allayed: she thought, not without reason, that the Queen's influence would be seriously diminished if her beauty was marred. During her convalescence the reports of the effects of the malady on her personal appearance were as full, and, at the same time, as anxiously awaited, as those of her malady itself. Catharine was fully sensible how much her daughter's influence over the King depended on the preservation of her beauty. The Queen was not less anxious than her mother on this subject, and applied to her for the wonderful recipes for the preservation of her youthful charms which were so much sought after in the Italian and French courts. Lotions and pastes of all descriptions were sent from Paris, nor were potions of subtle composition wanting. Through the efficacy of these mysterious remedies, or in spite of them, the happy result was obtained, and the Queen was restored to health in all the wealth of her charms.

Assiduous were the King's attentions to Elizabeth during her long illness. This cold, phlegmatic nature seemed to have been roused into a new life. Even at the time when the disease was at its height, and the risk of contagion was greatest, the King never ceased to attend upon her. Madame de Clermont writes to Catharine: "*Le Roi voit la Reine tous les jours; je vous assure, Madame, que quand elle est mieux, son visage le montre, aussi que quand elle est mal il montre bien*

l'amitié qu'il lui porte, par le déplaisir qu'il en ressent." And again: "Le Roi a si grand soin d'elle, qu'à toute heure il vient savoir comme elle se porte; il vient tous les jours. Une vieille lui a dit qu'il était le plus heureux du monde, d'avoir cette femme de France qu'il aimait bien, et ne doit se fâcher de rien, car s'il faisait Dieu lui donnerait une grande punition."

Thus it was that the impression of fear and anxiety, which had been awakened by the first sight of Philip, passed away from this child Queen; and as her confidence was restored, she won his love. Her simple, guileless nature had achieved a triumph where the ablest diplomatists had failed; she was permitted to advise on matters which until then had been shrouded in mystery. And on the most important State affairs the Queen was consulted; even in the numerous Court intrigues, in all the jealousies and differences which abounded in that circle of favourites, whose views were controlled by passions rather than by principles—even in these delicate matters the King lent an attentive ear to the Queen's views. The Countess d'Ureigna found she was no longer listened to with the same confidence as formerly; for the danger of fostering so ambitious a nature, in a Court which was the very centre of ambition, was urgently impressed on the King. And by the Queen's influence, the private reports which used to be given to the King by the Countess, detailing all the gossip which was not considered unworthy of that stately, formal society, were ordered to be discontinued. The Queen rapidly became, if not the guide, at least the companion, counsellor, and friend, not only of the King, but of the most influen-

tial of the courtiers. By her tact she allayed many animosities, and was beloved by all.

How, then, can it be explained that not only historians and statesmen, but even profound students, have not hesitated to associate the name of the Queen with that of the unhappy boy Don Carlos, when there is nothing to justify the suspicion that her interest in him exceeded that which any kind and gentle nature might take in the sorrows and sufferings of another, especially when the sufferer was united with her in bonds of relationship? That the Prince, who was deprived of sympathetic ties, and whose melancholy, isolated nature was stamped on his features, where the suspicious, dissatisfied expression told its own tale of sorrow and mistrust—that he should feel warmly towards that gentle being who was at one time to have been united to him, is in no way surprising. Unfortunately, he was very demonstrative in his attachment, during the Queen's illness: his interest was evident to the least observant of a Court, where all, even the smallest and most trivial incidents, were observed and recorded. His anxiety brought on a low fever, and the utmost quiet was recommended for him; but in opposition to the orders of the doctors, he insisted on being carried daily to the palace, that he might look at the apartments where she dwelt,—for no one was permitted to approach the Queen for fear of contagion. The King was absent at this time, or it is probable the young Prince's ardour would have been under more control. He indulged his feelings with the same passionate excess he manifested in all his pursuits. His wild, fantastic nature, had never in his early boyhood been kept under restraint; he resisted all the argu-

ments of the few true friends he possessed, who urged on him the danger of his arousing his father's suspicious, implacable character, and that such reckless conduct might injure her he professed to love so well.

Like many passionate natures of all times, and under all conditions, Don Carlos could not be persuaded that there was anything in his conduct to call forth blame, and that he showed no greater interest in the Queen than a step-son should for a young and beautiful stepmother. But the loftier the summit, the light that illumines it is the earliest and the brightest. It may, therefore, be well imagined that this unhappy passion was not unknown to all those who were interested in the Queen's welfare. Even her nurse wrote of it with no malicious intention to the Queen-mother. "Madame," she said, "the Queen and one of her ladies frequently sings in a garden which is contiguous to the residence of the Prince, who loves the Queen profoundly—so much so, that he is never tired of speaking of her."

The question here arises—Were the King's suspicions aroused? was all his assiduous attention on the Queen, his never-failing devotion, mere hypocrisy, the result of his self-control, the mask he wore the better to conceal the terrible tragedy which he was contemplating? Did the hatred of his son date from this period? Many, indeed most, of his biographers assert this. No doubt that Philip was a consummate dissembler: he could make all the dangerous passes with a smile,—witness his conduct to Egmont, and Horn, and Antonio Perez. Had his own interest been promoted by the destruction of Don Carlos, it cannot be doubted that he would have hesitated for

a moment in any course of policy which would promote his own views, by any means however foul and false. But, on the contrary, he was most anxious about the succession to the throne; it was with great, wild demonstrations of public joy that he presented Don Carlos to the nation as the heir of this glorious inheritance. A nature so proud and ambitious as the King's was bound up with the character and dignity of his successor, and it is not possible to believe that unreasonable jealousies would lead him to entertain feelings repugnant to every principle of social life. If he was able to act the hypocrite with respect to his son, he certainly could scarcely do so in his intimate life with the Queen; yet Madame Claude writes to Queen Catharine: "*La Reine est aujourd'hui, Madame, en tel état près du Roy son mary que les Majestés très chrétiennes et tous ceux qui aiment son bien et sont affectionnés à son service en devront remercier Dieu.*"

The confidence of Philip in the Queen was so great—he placed so much reliance on her judgment and discretion—that he planned a journey in Aragon, Biscay, and Navarre. She was to remain in supreme authority at Madrid; while the courts of the three kingdoms of Catalonia, Valencia, and Aragon were to meet to take the oath of fidelity to the Prince as their future king. In announcing this interesting circumstance to the Queen-mother, the Ambassador writes: "The Queen, your daughter, gains in beauty and perfection every day. She will also gain supreme excellence in all the virtues, and become the patron princess of the world. It is evident that she wins daily the confidence of the King, which is such an infinite advantage we can desire none greater."

Sad that this glowing picture of domestic happiness had its reverse, for the poor little Queen's constitution was sorely tried. Illness succeeded illness; she was worried by all the miserable petty intrigues of the Court, and the strictness of the never-ending ceremonial,—for the King was merciless in matters of courtly etiquette. And when the hopes of a son were bitterly disappointed, the King became so nervous and agitated, he was advised to leave Madrid on a hunting expedition, from which he returned after an absence of only eight days, "*pour n'être trop longtemps absent de la dite dame, laquelle s'amende beaucoup plus de le voir, et de la bonne compagnie que ordinairement matin et soir il lui tient, que de nul remède qu'on lui puisse donner.*"

An important event now occurred to break the ordinary routine of the Spanish Court, and to afford the courtiers an opportunity of gratifying their love of magnificence and display. It was announced to the King that the Queen-mother, Catharine de Medici, intended to pay her daughter a visit, and that it was probable she would be accompanied by Elizabeth's brother, Charles IX. The real object of the Queen-mother was to traverse, in her progress to the frontier, those provinces which had lately been in rebellion, and which were the centres of heresy. This journey of Catharine's was by no means agreeable to Philip, who made a short uncourteous reply. Charles IX. and the Queen-mother resolved that nothing should be wanting to add to the dignity and pomp of their progress. When Philip heard of the magnificent preparations made in France, this visit became still more distasteful to him. In addition to Catharine and the King, to enhance the

glory of the French Court there was the gentle presence of the Princess Marguerite de Valois. The King's brother the Dauphin, and the Ducs de Guise and de Longueville, were also present. Never before had there been witnessed such an array of the gay and brilliant chivalry of France, or of courtly beauties, who were worthy of the homage which they received. The French Court was waiting some days at Bayonne. While the plenipotentiaries were toiling through the weary procedure—the procedure and etiquette—to be observed on all occasions—the regulation of the pomp and circumstance, and the pride of office,—the Court at Bayonne were enjoying a delightful holiday.

It was not without regret at the termination of a merry time that, all the preliminaries having been at last arranged, the Court left Bayonne for St Jean de Luz. It was in the month of May, and unusually hot for the season—so much so, that many of the soldiers sank under the weight of their armour. But this was a trifling detail in these days. Humanity was not considered in State affairs. A few deaths mattered little amid the general rejoicings, so the columns marched on until the Bidas was reached, where from a height their Majesties could witness with the glow of pride the march of the chivalry of France.

The next morning Queen Isabella descended from the Chateau of Irun, where she had arrived on the preceding evening. When her procession was seen to be starting, the Queen-mother embarked and crossed the river. Queen Isabella, whose health compelled her being carried in a litter, stepped down and knelt before her mother, who lifted her up, and the mother and daughter wept with joy at the meeting.

How strangely history repeats

itself. Three centuries roll by, and again two Queens meet on the Spanish frontier,—and meet, be it said, with very different feelings. On the former occasion, rivalries, jealousies, and national antipathies were never absent. At the recent meeting the hearts of two widowed Queens, each loved by their respective nations, were moved with deepest sympathies; and hereafter, as between England and Spain, Louis XIV. may have truly foretold, "There is now an end of the Pyrenees."

But the hour of parting came: the mother and daughter bade a sad farewell on the bank of the rushing river, and Isabella returned to the Spanish shore. The whole neighbouring population flocked down to greet her return: not without uneasiness had they seen her leave it, for between these two nations there was a deep current of mistrust. Strange that in the history of nations, as in that of individuals, proximity does not lead to natural confidence. The

frontiers of countries and of hearts have frequently to be jealously guarded. Close vicinity or relationship does not always lead to confidence or friendship; but at any rate, to the last the appearance of mutual regard was maintained, and the young Queen sustained the happy name of Isabella della Pace. She herself was radiant with happiness, for the King had expressed the most anxious desire for her return: their meeting after an absence of nineteen days fully justified her confidence in his affection. M. de Saint Sulpice wrote to the Queen-mother: "I have just returned from kissing the Queen's hand. I found her full of joy and happiness at meeting her husband, who has so much affection and love for her." Thus far the marriage of Philip II. and Elizabeth of Valois had been fraught with good. Alas! as will be seen in the sequel, the brightness of the morn will sink into the deep shadows of the night.

LAMINGTON.

SPRING AT OXFORD.¹

“χοῶς χίεσθαι στίχους πρὸς πρῶτην ἔω.”

I.

IN Spring God shakes hands, and we know Him:
 We only need open our eyes
 And gaze on the sun-lighted poem
 Which in music weds earth to the skies.
 Shut your books, close your “Mill” and your “Butler,”
 Laugh logic and dogma to scorn,
 And hark to a reasoning subtler
 Which proves why the blossoms are born.

II.

I will back a sweet-pea against Pusey
 To teach you the right way to pray;
 God will show you—through cowslips—the use He
 Will make of the tribute you pay.
 Hush! that rose is a perfumed hymn singing
 To the quivering butterfly there;
 Perchance, in his gay golden winging,
 He'll bring you a solace for care.

III.

Sport your oak on the flesh: your soul-leaven
 Put in tune with the poorest field-flower;
 Trust the hearts-ease to lead you to heaven
 With its pity-full, quaint, pansy-power.
 Oh! the secret the Spring-time discloses
 Teaches more than the chastening rod:
 Only try and be friends with the roses,
 And the roses will guide you to God!

¹ The advent of Spring is, as we all well know, welcomed with peculiar grace and prettiness at Oxford; for there, by Cherwell stream, early in the morning, at the very dawning of the first day of the month of May, the choristers of Magdalen ascend the tall tower and make sweet May-music. Music has been composed for the above verses.

IV.

Don't hearken to preachers, but listen
To what the green grasses will tell;
When the dew on the daffodils glisten,
Soothe your soul in their mystical spell.
If you'll but light your heart with Spring fancies,
As visible whispers God sends,
Your mother shall kiss you through pansies,
The primroses cheer you as friends!

X. L.

WORK OF THE SESSION BEFORE EASTER.

HOWEVER desirable or necessary it may have been to reconstruct the British constitution, and by a lavish extension of the electoral franchise to place our parliamentary institutions upon a broader basis, it cannot be claimed as a result that the performance of legislative work has been either facilitated or improved. There may indeed be some persons who will be of opinion that such a result was not to be desired, and that it is quite as well for the country that much of the legislation undertaken by Parliament should be delayed, or even indefinitely postponed. Assuming it, however, to be of undoubted advantage to the public interest that the work of legislation should be expedited, it is a curious fact, and one worthy of notice, that precisely the contrary result should have followed from the constitutional changes which have given to the public a more direct influence over the Legislature. It is a result, moreover, which cannot be attributed to any action on the part of the hereditary branch of that Legislature. However great the need of reform in the House of Lords, obstruction or delay in the transaction of public business cannot be charged against that august assembly, or made the lever by which the country may be aroused either to "mend" or "end" it, in the interests of democratic progress. Provoking as it must be to the hungry Radical, longing to devour the House of Lords, even he will be forced to admit that, so far as this particular charge is concerned, it is one which can only be urged against the "popular branch of

the Legislature," and against that branch it may and must be urged by those who believe in representative institutions and parliamentary government. For these things will undoubtedly be brought into great and deserved contempt if it should turn out that their existence, in their present extended and developed form, as part and parcel of our constitution, is incompatible with the efficient administration of public affairs. Such efficient administration is impossible if the House of Commons disregards the necessary economy of the public time, and allows such loquacious nobodies as Messrs Labouchere, Conybeare, Tanner, and Co., to inflict themselves constantly upon an assembly which they, and the like of them, are fast bringing into disrepute with the sensible and practical portion of the community. If, indeed, there be left in the country such a being as an old-fashioned Tory, it must be with a savage and morbid joy that he sees our would-be modern democrats daily indulging in words and acts which not only render themselves something more than ludicrous, but go to prove that with the advance of democracy comes the difficulty of free constitutional government. As it would be impossible to refer the details of government to the whole body of a nation assembled together, so will it soon appear to be equally impossible to refer the same to the representative body of the nation, if that body proves to be, to any appreciable extent, composed of persons whose ignorance, egotism, and vanity prevent the exercise of that self-restraint which is an absolute necessity in a popular assembly.

Free discussion is in itself an admirable thing, but it ceases to be admirable when it is carried on by bores, popularity-hunters, and shallow-brained egotists, to the exclusion of abler and better men. Moreover, discussion ceases to be free when it is monopolised or largely shared by persons of this description. Then it becomes a tyrannous infliction of foolish or objectionable tirades upon a majority which cannot be expected to submit to it for ever. Hence has arisen the necessity for the closure, a necessity deeply regretted by the true friends of parliamentary government, but distinctly attributable to these Radicals and democrats, who, with the name of liberty ever in their mouths, have so small a knowledge and appreciation of the real meaning of the word. Hence also will probably ere long arise the necessity of further restrictions; and if these should take the shape of suspension applied to our more notorious bores and obstructionists, it is to be hoped that no mistaken feeling of mercy towards the individual, or consideration for his constituency, will induce the House to shorten the period during which such salutary punishment shall endure.

These reflections are forced upon us by the retrospect of the first three months of the session, and the state of public business as it is, compared with what it might have been if patriotism instead of party spirit had guided the course of the Gladstonian-Parnellite Opposition. It is quite true that fair words have been once and again uttered from the front Opposition bench, and some of the wiser of the Separatist leaders have entered an occasional disclaimer against the charge of having delayed public business. Deeds, however, rather than

words, are the standard by which the Opposition and its leaders must be tried; and no one can carefully read the proceedings of the House of Commons before Easter, without coming to the conclusion, that either the Opposition is to be deemed an undisciplined horde of unruly persons who own no authority, and acknowledge no chief, or, if it be otherwise, those who exercise the functions of leaders of the heterogeneous body which occupies the seats upon the left of the chair, have singularly evaded the responsibilities, and neglected the duties, of their position. There is, indeed, no escape from the dilemma, which is very similar to that into which the so-called Nationalist Irish leaders are placed with regard to the improved condition of that country. Either that improvement has been, as they claim it to have been, caused by their influence, or it has not. If the latter be the truth, their claim is impudent and unfounded; if the former, it is to the want of the exercise of the same influence that we must attribute the evil condition of Ireland, which these leaders did nothing to ameliorate until Mr Gladstone had swallowed the Nationalist programme. So in the House of Commons, either the obstruction and lamentable waste of time are due to the Gladstonian-Parnellite leaders or not. If they are so due, then those leaders stand condemned before the country as guilty of treason to our parliamentary constitution; and if the contrary is the case, they are convicted as incapable leaders, unable to direct or restrain their followers in opposition, and consequently unworthy to be intrusted with the more responsible duties of government.

That these are not the crude

ideas of a partisan, or the wild hallucinations of a theorist, may be gathered from a perusal of the speeches made upon the subject by responsible statesmen and politicians. At the banquet given to Mr W. H. Smith, in Merchant Taylors' Hall, on the 10th April, that gentleman received the warm and cordial thanks of a large and thoroughly representative body of merchants, bankers, and other persons engaged in commercial pursuits, for the able, patient, and effective manner in which, under every circumstance which could render his position trying and difficult, he had discharged the duties of the leader of the House of Commons. In his reply, Mr Smith complained that the Government were "not allowed to apply the public time for public objects for the public good." He continued, in words, forcible because true, which should be read and taken to heart by all patriotic men: "I maintain that no party, be it small or large, is justified in placing itself in the way of the transaction of the public business of the country. *There have been evidences of a desire and an intention to impede the public business, in order that we may all go back to the country and ask the verdict of the country upon the course which we have pursued.*" Mr Smith went on to say, very justly, that any Ministry, with a majority in the House of Commons of from 80 to 90 votes, who, in order to get rid of obstruction and annoyance, should expose the country to the disorganisation of business and general disturbance consequent upon a general election, "would be guilty of the greatest neglect of duty, and would almost deserve to be impeached." These words were spoken in view of the scarcely concealed intention of the Glad-

stonian-Parnellite Opposition to force the Government to the dissolution of a Parliament which is only in the third year of its existence. This is the end and object of the obstructionists, so far as some of them have any end and object save a natural love of mischief, and a desire to bring their own names before the public in greater prominence than their lack of ability would otherwise allow them to do. Of course it is easy for the culprits to deny the charge, and to indulge in high-flown language about the "privileges of debate" and the "rights" of members of Parliament. But debates must be sharply regulated, and even stopped, when the "privilege" of one man becomes the persecution of the assembly to which he belongs; and the "rights" of an individual member cannot be allowed to inflict a wrong upon the whole body of members, by preventing their efficient discharge of the duties of their position. The whole nation is interested in the suppression of the members who have thus constituted themselves a public nuisance; and it is to be hoped that, if the nuisance continues, the suppression will shortly follow.

The public will do well to observe the extraordinary difficulties which any Government or any majority of the House of Commons have to encounter in efficiently dealing with this matter. The enemies of legislation and of orderly parliamentary progress do not always proceed by open obstruction or overt acts directed against the regular transaction of business. Their method of procedure is often, nay, generally, directed to the systematic abuse of privileges, the existence of which no one denies or disputes, and the curtailment of which can-

not be proposed without reluctance and regret.

For instance, there is an inherent right in every member of the House of Commons to ask questions of the Government, and it is the custom and will of the House that those questions should precede the commencement of public business. A very few years ago, the number of questions set down upon the paper rarely exceeded a dozen or twenty at the outside, and were frequently much fewer in number. But our modern obstructionists have discovered that public business may be delayed for one, two, or three hours by the indefinite multiplication of questions; and, by some singular fatality, it is on the nights devoted to Government business that the list of questions always appears to be the longest. It is no disrespect to honourable members to say that the vast majority of these questions relate to matters of comparatively little interest to the general public, and as such are either altogether superfluous and unnecessary, or questions which might be perfectly well asked and answered by letter to the Governmental department which they concern, instead of being paraded upon the notice-paper of the House of Commons, and made to occupy public time, as is at present the case. The number of questions thus set down constantly exceeds fifty or sixty in number, and upon one night, when important business was awaiting discussion, no less than eighty-four questions stood upon the paper, a large number of which had only been placed there upon the previous day. Moreover, in all these cases there is a chance, and more than a chance, of "supplemental" questions, arising out of those of which due notice has

been given, so that the "plague of questions" is by this means considerably aggravated, and the public time wasted to a still greater degree. Of course the result can only be that the privilege of asking questions must be in some way or other restricted; and thus, as we have already pointed out, the pretended champions of liberty will be directly responsible for the curtailment of liberty, which will have been rendered necessary by its abuse.

The debates in Committee of Supply furnish another instance of the mischievous tactics of the Opposition. When the House is "in Committee," the restriction is removed which only allows a member to speak once in a debate. In times gone by, this was a desirable relaxation, because it allowed of a conversational tone being adopted in Committee; short speeches were the rule, information was asked and given, and the work of Supply conducted in a quiet manner and with reasonable despatch. Now, however, every item of expenditure is questioned and debated, long speeches are made, the same arguments employed again and again, and no consideration shown for the public time or the public service. Votes on account are debated and their items discussed, though it is perfectly well known that the same votes must again be before the Committee at a period of the session when they can be discussed without the same detriment to the public interest. No consideration of the public interest or the public convenience seems to be present to the minds of the clique of obstructionists who thus abuse their privileges; and here again the ultimate remedy will inevitably be the curtailment, in some form or other, of privileges which from time immemorial have been the boast and

glory of Parliament, but with which the nation will roughly interfere, should they ever become alive to the fact that they are no longer used for the public advantage, but strained, misused, and abused for the purposes of factious opposition to the Government which the country has placed in office.

Too much praise can hardly be awarded to Mr W. H. Smith for the patience and endurance which he has evinced under the most trying circumstances, and he may be certain that public opinion out of doors will both sympathise with his past action and support him in any future efforts which he may find it his duty to make in order to sustain the character, support the dignity, and secure the efficiency of the British House of Commons. Unfortunately, it cannot be denied that the conduct of the Opposition has tended to diminish that efficiency, lower that dignity, and degrade that character; but this is assuredly not the will of the people, nor will such conduct be sustained by the verdict of the country whenever that verdict may have to be given. The electorate will, moreover, recognise the fact that our best and ablest statesmen are tried, both in mind and body, beyond that which men can endure, by the discreditable tactics of those who care for nothing but their own immediate political objects. A British Minister has no sinecure, even as regards his work outside the walls of Parliament; and it is intolerable that, inside the House of Commons, his strength should be continually tried by sittings protracted to an unnecessary length by the factious proceedings of unscrupulous and mischievous opponents. The country will ere long have to choose between the loss

of the services of some of its best and ablest statesmen and the repression of men upon whose selfish and callous natures no appeal to nobler and better feelings would have the smallest effect. Democracy in England is indeed upon its trial to-day, and its votaries in the House of Commons are apparently bent upon doing their best to show its incompatibility with that free discussion and general parliamentary liberty which have for so many generations been the characteristics of the representative Legislature of Great Britain.

Despite the difficulties with which they have had to contend, the Unionist Government have not lost sight of the legislative promises with which the session was commenced. It is true that these difficulties have delayed the introduction of some of the measures contemplated in the gracious Speech from the Throne; but upon two questions the proposals of the Government are before the country, and there is good hope that the greater part of their programme will be successfully completed.

It was not to be expected that any scheme of naval defence would escape the criticisms of the class of persons who, like Mr Cremer, wisely hold that our harbours and commerce should be protected when they are actually "in danger," and not before; or who, like the candid Mr Labouchere, openly avow their opposition to any measure proposed by a Government to whose general political principles they object. There are also professional jealousies to be taken into consideration, besides those political doubts and misgivings which an Opposition is bound to entertain with regard to Government proposals. The latter found their vent in Mr Childers's amendment to the motion for going into Supply, which, how-

ever, dealt with the time and manner of introduction, rather than the matter, of those proposals. Indeed, Mr Gladstone, speaking in support of the amendment, urged emphatically upon the House that the debate was strictly of a financial character, and that the objections of Mr Childers were "entirely financial objections." A "snap division," unexpectedly taken during the dinner-hour, reduced the usual Government majority to 33 upon this particular amendment; but when, later in the evening, a division was taken upon Lord George Hamilton's first resolution, the majority was increased to 87, in spite of the intervening protests against all "defence" expenditure, from a few of our "impracticable" legislators, to whose oratory the Committee listened until it became sufficiently intolerable to justify the closure.

It would seem therefore, that, beyond these "impracticables," there is likely to be little of organised opposition to the scheme of the Government; and it is satisfactory to know that the general expectations of the country have not been disappointed, but that those who are charged with the administration of affairs are fully alive to the necessities of the moment, and recognise the determination of their countrymen to adequately defend our trade and commerce, and effectually maintain the supremacy of Great Britain as a naval power.

Whilst this great question has been thus boldly and efficiently dealt with by her Majesty's Government, they have not been inattentive to other matters upon which legislation has been demanded and promised. Foremost among these stands the question of Local Government for Scotland.

It is difficult to speak too highly of the speech in which, upon the 8th April, the Lord Advocate introduced the four bills in which the Government propose to deal with this important subject. Both in manner and in matter that speech was admirable; and although the numerous friends of the Lord Advocate expected nothing less from one whose great capabilities are recognised by all who know him, it is evident that upon the occasion in question he achieved a remarkable parliamentary and personal success. Indeed, it is not too much to say that if any one should read the speech of the Lord Advocate without any previous knowledge of the question of Scottish Local Government, he would be able to understand, in all material particulars, the wants of Scotland, and the manner in which it is proposed to meet and satisfy those wants.

Before the introduction of the bills in question, there had been various prophecies as to the views and intentions of the Government. There were prophets of evil as well as of good; nor were those wanting who foretold the certainty of failure in any attempt of a Conservative Government to deal with this great subject. Scottish Toryism was said to be narrow-minded and exclusive; from such a quarter could be expected no *bonâ fide* extension of popular rights or concession to popular feeling: the best that could be hoped for was that no great harm would be done, and a future Liberal Administration would have the pleasure of passing a full and complete measure upon a subject with which such an Administration alone would be competent to deal. All such ideas and illusions were rudely dispelled by the introductory speech of the Lord Advo-

cate. With a firm and masterly hand he grasped the material before him, and, combining an accurate knowledge of details with a comprehensive view of the question as a whole, showed that the Government were fully aware of the necessity of legislation upon lines sufficiently broad to justify and conciliate the support of all those who really desired such a sensible and well-considered measure of reform as would place the Local Government of Scotland upon a firm and satisfactory basis.

Scotsmen will be gratified to observe that from first to last the Lord Advocate, speaking on behalf of the Government, treated the question in a thoroughly national spirit—that is to say, in the spirit of those wise and patriotic Scotsmen who fully understand and recognise the fact, that whilst upon matters of general and imperial interest local feelings and aspirations must be subordinated to considerations which affect the welfare of the whole united empire, such subordination by no means checks or prevents the fullest recognition, development, and encouragement of local wishes and sentiments, when the question is one which specially and locally affects a particular part of the empire. No one can deny that the sentiments and traditions of Scotland have been tenderly and fully considered by the Lord Advocate; and it may even be doubted whether there has not been an excess of tenderness in the preservation of those royal and parliamentary burghs which have little but their antiquity to recommend them, and which mar the symmetry and prevent the completeness of a wide and useful reform.

It is perhaps from the same ten-

derness towards existing authorities that the School Boards are still to remain independent of the County Councils; but should the latter once be firmly and satisfactorily established, there can be little doubt that in Scotland, as in England, they will gradually sweep into their net all those institutions which, more or less dependent upon public rates, must eventually come under the jurisdiction of that authority which will directly represent the ratepayers. Minor objections will doubtless be taken to various parts of the Government proposals—such, for instance, as the frequency of election to which the Councils are to be subject, and the complication of rates and rating authorities, which will require a thorough threshing out in Committee before the bills become Acts of Parliament.

But, above and beyond all else which is comprised within the four corners of the bills, two points stand clearly out, the landmarks and leading principles of the measures, which will ensure their acceptance by the public of Scotland. The first of these is the establishment of a representative body, by means of which taxation and representation will be brought into closer relationship than heretofore; and the second is the institution, for the first time, of a tribunal which will deal with Scottish "Private Bills" in Scotland, and from which it may be hoped that an enormous amount of inconvenience and expenditure will be avoided, which has hitherto been incurred alike by the promoters and the opponents of private legislation. This is a species of Home Rule at once of a sensible and practical character, and will certainly be regarded in Scotland as a proof that a truly Unionist policy is perfectly compatible

with as much self-government as reasonable men can require.

These reforms are entirely in accordance with the recommendations and suggestions which have repeatedly appeared in our own columns; and it is with immense satisfaction that we recognise the indorsement of our views by the Government, and the proof which such indorsement affords that we have been right in insisting that the true principles of Tory legislation are to be found in progressive reforms within the limits of our free constitution, and the continued development of that constitution upon the safe and sound basis of well-regulated popular institutions. The spirit in which Ministers propose to deal with Scottish Local Government is thoroughly appreciated and welcomed by political opponents as well as by supporters of the Administration; and seldom has the introducer of any considerable measure been hailed with such universal approval as that which greeted the Lord Advocate at the conclusion of his speech, and in the debate which followed. It is not to be expected that measures of such importance can pass through Parliament without full discussion and many proposals to alter and amend. These, however, will be jealously watched by the country, and especially by the public of Scotland; and any attempt to wrest them into a means of depriving the Government of the credit of their proposed legislation, by unnecessary delay or factious opposition, will undoubtedly be visited upon the heads of those who may be parties to such a proceeding.

Where there is general approval of the principle and scope of measures of the magnitude of the Scottish Local Government Bills,

their passing must not be allowed to be prevented or indefinitely delayed by undue prolixity of debate or unnecessary protraction of the discussion upon points of detail. This is the principal promise of the session which has to be fulfilled, and we do not doubt that the Government will see to its fulfilment. There will be ample time for the consideration of all substantial proposals of amendment; and the wise and conciliatory tone of the Lord Advocate, as well as his great ability to discern whether suggested alterations are or are not in the direction of improvement, and his thorough knowledge of the whole subject, afford the best possible guarantees that the measure will leave his hands in the form best adapted to ensure its success, and to obtain for it cordial and emphatic acceptance at the hands of the people of Scotland.

Some surprise has been expressed in certain circles at the rebuff experienced by the Prime Minister upon the occasion of the election of a successor to the Duke of Buckingham as Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords. The rebuff, however, if such it may be called, appears to have been almost invited. Four years ago, upon the death of Lord Redesdale, a meeting of Conservative peers was held at Lord Salisbury's house; the Duke of Buckingham was selected as the candidate, and was elected by 122 votes against 103 given to Lord Morley. By seniority and by experience, as well as from the fact of his having held Cabinet rank, the Duke of Buckingham had great claims; and the manner in which he discharged the duties of the office amply justified the choice which placed him in the chair. Upon his unexpected and lamented death during the present

session, it could not be forgotten that, even against so good a candidate, Lord Morley had received very large support, and that the same qualifications of seniority and experience were possessed by him. Moreover, so far as political feeling was concerned, Lord Morley had taken up a firm attitude as a Liberal Unionist; and, apart from his personal popularity, this circumstance increased the favour with which his candidature was regarded by many Conservative peers. It was felt that it would be a graceful act towards the Liberal Unionists, whose conduct has been so loyal with regard to an alliance which maintains in office their *quondam* political opponents, to place in the chair of the Committees of that House, in which the Ministerial majority is so large, a Liberal Unionist, who happened, moreover, to be specially qualified for the position. The office is not in the gift of the Prime Minister, but of the House of Lords; and it was, under the circumstances, unfortunate that, without any consultation with his party, Lord Salisbury should have been induced to nominate another candidate. Especially was it hard upon that candidate himself. Lord Balfour of Burleigh is a man of unquestioned ability, and an excellent chairman; but the party had not been asked to adopt him as a "party candidate," and it was scarcely fair to pit him, under such circumstances, against a man whose claims, apart from party considerations, were admittedly greater than his own. The result, however, will not affect the success of the political career which may be safely prophesied for a man of Lord Balfour of Burleigh's ability, which was most creditably evinced in his management of the Local Government Bill in the House of

Lords last year, and which will doubtless secure him a high political position in the future. Meanwhile, it is good for Prime Ministers to feel that they are not omnipotent; and that the hereditary branch of the Legislature should occasionally show its independence is a healthy sign, and one which may encourage those who desire its continuance as an integral part of our constitution.

Outside the walls of Parliament there are no great events to register in the political chronicle. The Parnell Commission still drags its slow length along, and Sir Charles Russell has concluded that "great speech," in which, according to the veracious press of the Home Rule party, he has annihilated the Unionist cause, and vindicated the Irish Nationalists from every charge that has ever been preferred against them. It would, of course, be premature to discuss matters which are still *sub judice*, and for the judicial decision upon which we may yet have some months to wait; but there are one or two outside points to which it seems right to invite attention.

The Separatist and Parnellite press, and the orators of the same party in their provincial harangues, have devoted all their efforts to prove, first, that the incident of the "forged letters" practically destroyed the case against Mr Parnell and his colleagues; and, secondly, that in some inscrutable manner the Government were responsible for the incident, with which they had absolutely nothing whatever to do, save in so far that their granting the Special Commission caused the exposure of Pigott and the consequent withdrawal of the letters. We can only repeat what the common-sense of the country already knows perfectly

well—namely, that the incident of the letters had practically nothing to do with the main issues before the Special Commission; and that whilst we patiently await the conclusion of the Commission and its report, we shall do well to remember that it is not by eloquent forensic efforts that this report will be decided, but by a careful and thorough consideration and analysis of the evidence which has been adduced, and by the application of impartial judicial minds to the deductions which are to be drawn from that evidence. The attempt to introduce party considerations, by representing the Government as interested in the finding of the Special Commission, is an attempt unworthy in itself, and far from creditable to its authors. The Government have no object in view save the elucidation of truth, and neither their position nor their policy will be affected by the result of the Commission, in spite of all the ranting and raving of Separatist orators, and their repeated endeavours to confuse the issues before the country for the purpose of snatching a political success.

Nothing has occurred to shake the Unionist strength or to alter the Unionist line of action. With regard to the policy of their opponents, the latest novelty has been Lord Rosebery's escapade at Norwich. Lord Rosebery is an excellent type of "the uneasy politician." He is evidently not quite happy in his present position. He was not intended by nature for a Home-Ruler, and his adoption of the Home Rule platform has been manifestly in despite of his political education and personal proclivities. Therefore, not content with the serene atmosphere of the House of Lords, or even the more turbulent sphere of the London County

Council, Lord Rosebery runs here and there about the country, abusing her Majesty's Government, and with voluble cynicism decrying everybody and everything which has not bowed the knee to the Baal of Lord Rosebery's worship, the statesman in whom he still professes an implicit confidence, which in the very same breath he practically denies and refuses. Witness the Norwich speech, to which we are about to call attention. Therein is the usual abuse of Government, and, still more bitter, of those Liberal Unionists, of whose number we shrewdly suspect Lord Rosebery sometimes wishes he could avow himself to be one. There is the usual misrepresentation of the Irish question; the misstatement that in the Special Commission "behind the 'Times' is the Government;" and the old, foolish, mischievous prattle about "Ireland having already reason enough to hate us"—prattle which utterly ignores the reasons why Ireland has "reason enough" for a very different feeling, which puts out of sight all the earnest endeavours of Great Britain, for many years past, to satisfy the legitimate wants of Ireland, and which, in the unpatriotic spirit that has disgraced so many of Mr Gladstone's own utterances, strives to throw upon our own country the burden of misfortunes for which the responsibility must at least be shared by Ireland herself, and to excite and perpetuate feelings of national animosity which every true patriot and honest man should desire to appease and extinguish.

But Lord Rosebery was not content with the usual mischievous platitudes which characterise the address of the Separatist orator to-day. He strove to be original, and the credit of originality may

be freely conceded. His first effort at originality was in an admission and an explanation. In the first he was magnanimous ; in the second ridiculous. He "freely admitted that in 1886 the Liberal party attempted too much." We agree with Lord Rosebery. It was "too much" to expect the country to accept a creed which had been, almost up to the very moment of its adoption by the Gladstonian leaders, condemned and abused in unmeasured terms by the very men who now sought their own political salvation by swallowing their condemnation, and converting their abuse into equally unmeasured praise.

But hear Lord Rosebery's explanation of this remarkable change of front:—

"Mr Gladstone believed that from his own victories in the past he was capable of almost anything in the way of work in the present—and so, *partly for that reason, and partly because they were constantly goaded by the Unionist press and the Unionist party*, Mr Gladstone, by an effort which was almost sublime, produced two measures as regarded Home Rule and the land, which would always stand out to posterity as two of the most marvellous achievements of modern times—and two of the most heroic attempts to solve a great question."

Was there ever put forward before a public meeting a statement so extraordinary as the above? Lord Rosebery tells us that Mr Gladstone introduced Home Rule, first, because of his confidence in his own powers, and, secondly, because he was "goaded by the Unionist press." The first statement is a reflection upon Mr Gladstone which we ourselves should have been slow to make. The second cannot be in accordance with the facts of the case,

because, so far from Mr Gladstone having been "goaded by the Unionist press," everybody (save perhaps a few suspicious and prejudiced Tories) believed Mr Gladstone to be a Unionist, until he suddenly astonished the world by turning his back upon his old opinions.

Lord Rosebery's statement is therefore absolutely unintelligible, unless indeed we are prepared to credit him with sacrificing historical accuracy to his resolute attempt at originality. But, be it observed, that of these two "heroic attempts," one has been entirely and absolutely withdrawn; and with regard to the latter, we only know that it has been altered in at least one leading feature, and is not to be considered as binding upon Mr Gladstone should he ever have another opportunity of proposing legislation upon the subject. This seems to be well understood by Lord Rosebery, who, after declaring with perfect truth that the country had not time "even to realise the vastness and honesty of the change," and that the measures came on them "too soon and unexpected," proceeded to be original after a new and improved fashion. He suggested, doubtless in view of the enormous difficulty which any future Minister would experience in the introduction of a measure which should alike satisfy the Irish Home-Rulers and the Scotch and English Gladstonians who have adopted the cry without an adequate idea of the principles which underlie it, that such Minister should be assisted and relieved of responsibility by a novel expedient.

"It might be well to call together a commission composed of the greatest constitutional lawyers we have, of great jurists, of those permanent civil servants of the Crown, who had so

long been in the midst of our political machinery that they knew the adjustment of it better than any of their accidental heads. The Ministry might tell them the broad outlines of the scheme, and tell them to report how the details could be best adjusted to the present parliamentary system of Great Britain, and if any of these men said it was impossible, he would say good-bye to him, for he believed that with individuals, as with nations, nothing should be impossible; and when the commissioners had reported, and their report had been considered by the Ministry and their friends, then he would submit the whole scheme to Parliament.

The extreme simplicity of this proposal is only to be matched by the slur which it throws upon the system of representative legislation which true Liberalism recognises and upholds as an effectual agent in a free country. Lord Rosebery, like other superficial politicians who have swallowed Home Rule at Mr Gladstone's bidding, without full consideration or comprehension of its meaning, does not appear to understand that the difficulty in his way is not one of "details," but of large and vital principles, which have hitherto been held and supported by the great majority of our countrymen. If he could persuade the latter to abandon these principles—or, in other words, if he could make the "broad outlines" of a Home Rule scheme acceptable to the constituencies—there would be no necessity for a commission to consider details, which according to our Tory view (always more "liberal" than that of politicians of Lord Rosebery's school) could be perfectly well dealt with by Parliament. This is not a question of detail at all, and Lord Rosebery's proposal, considered as a solution of the problem, is so idle as not to de-

serve a moment's consideration. The full responsibility of any large measure submitted to Parliament must be accepted and borne by the Minister who submits it; and to propose to refer the details of such a measure to a "commission of jurists" is simply to imply that the representatives of the people, aided by the after-supervision of the hereditary branch of the Legislature, are unfit to discharge the duties imposed upon them by the constitution.

Lord Rosebery's crude proposition, however, has been of some service in a way which was probably unexpected by its author. It has shown the truth of that which has often been urged by Unionist writers and speakers—namely, that any definite proposal with regard to Home Rule legislation would at once produce discord and dissension in the Separatist ranks. The 'Daily News,' writing the day after the Norwich meeting, calls Lord Rosebery's speech "excellent," and his suggestion "important." It is constrained, indeed, to admit that "the Cabinet must be solely responsible for the bill ultimately submitted to Parliament;" but it advances, in favour of the Norwich solution, the argument that the changes admitted to be essential in the bill of 1886 "necessitate a new bill altogether"; and, inclining rather to a convention than to a commission, declares such a convention to be "by no means inconsistent with Lord Rosebery's proposition," and thinks that there is nothing to prevent such a convention from "assembling or from framing the lines on which the two Houses at Westminster would be asked to proceed." There is, to be sure, a little difference between the 'Daily News' and Lord Rosebery, as it

must be conceded to the latter that he would leave the "main outlines" to be determined by the Government, whilst the former would apparently go outside both Parliament and Government, and allow another body to "frame the lines" on which Parliament would afterwards proceed.

But whilst these rival Liberal authorities thus differ only as to the extent to which they would take legislation—or at least the initiative of legislation—out of the hands of the representatives of the people, another voice on the same side speaks on the very same day in a widely different tone. That outspoken organ of Gladstonian-Parnellite Radicalism which rejoices in the name of 'The Star,' declares that "Lord Rosebery's latest idea *won't do at any price.*" 'The Star' avows its regret at not being "always able to agree with Lord Rosebery;" but, with natural politeness, excuses itself on the ground that "no man with a coronet on his head and a handle to his name can fail to be in error very frequently." This reason and excuse for error is doubtless entirely satisfactory to the readers of 'The Star,' but at all events the error is in this instance perfectly plain to the writer of the article. He concludes by saying: "The sort of commission we see Lord Rosebery forming would be composed of Sir Henry James, Mr Dicey, Sir James Stephen, and Mr Munro, with possibly Lord Selborne or Lord Bramwell for president. No; personally we would rather see the Home Rule bill settled in private by Mr Balfour and 'Jimmy' Lowther."

Thus we see that upon the very first definite legislative suggestion to which the too sanguine Lord Rosebery ventures to commit himself, irreconcilable differences at

once spring up within the Home Rule ranks. Faint praise greets him in one quarter, and from another he only escapes unqualified denunciation by means of an excuse furnished by that accident of birth which, according to the editor of the 'Star,' has placed "a coronet on his head." If Lord Rosebery would only take the trouble to sit down and think the matter out, with an honest desire to arrive at the truth upon this matter, he could come but to one conclusion. He would recognise the fact that under the Home Rule banner at this moment are ranged men of the most diverse and discordant political views: men who desire little more than extended local self-government stand side by side with men who really desire an Irish Legislature; men who would consent to an Irish Legislature with important restrictions are cheek by jowl with men who would remove every restriction from the "National Parliament"; men who believe that the existence of such a Parliament would strengthen the bond between Great Britain and Ireland find themselves in the same lobby with those who honestly believe in and desire an Irish republic,—and all these have to be kept in line and united upon any definite legislative measure upon Home Rule which may be submitted to Parliament. Fair and calm consideration would convince Lord Rosebery that the thing is an impossibility.

Home Rule is a cry which may serve to unite an Opposition; but the moment that definite legislation is proposed, history will repeat itself, and the Home Rule party will be broken up and dispersed. If English and Scottish Home-Rulers would recognise that

this is true, they might do much for the tranquillisation of Ireland and the prosperity of the empire. Agitation in Ireland is only kept alive by the belief that the demand for a National Parliament is countenanced by a large party in Great Britain. If that party would have the magnanimity and wisdom to confess that such a Parliament cannot and will not be given, they might forfeit a certain spurious popularity for the moment, but they would ultimately gain by their frank and patriotic recognition of the public sentiment. They would do something more. They would not only aid enormously in the pacification of Ireland, and the re-establishment of that respect for law and order which has been so much shaken of late years; but with that re-establishment would come the possibility of the extension of local government in Ireland, which Great Britain is willing and anxious to give, so soon as the indispensable conditions of obedience and respect to the law have been fulfilled. The vague talk about Home Rule—the confusion as to the meaning of the words—the obscurity in which Mr Gladstone's policy upon this question has been deliberately shrouded,—nay, the very attempt of Lord Rosebery to enlighten men's minds by a definite suggestion, and its prompt rejection by the Parnellite organ in London,—all these things tend to show that the party which follows Mr Gladstone have at this moment really no knowledge either of what they want or of what will satisfy their Irish allies. Therefore, it is more than probable that, should another Home Rule bill be ever introduced, it will again come upon the country "too soon and unexpected."

It should be borne in mind

that all the talk about coercion—the alleged ill-treatment of Parnellite prisoners in jail—and even the evictions, out of which such frantic attempts have been made to create political capital, have nothing whatever to do with the question of Home Rule, save in so far as some of them bear upon the point whether the men who have been engaged in resisting the law would be likely to become peaceful and loyal administrators of the law under any altered system of government which the ingenuity of man could devise. Moreover, as regards the probable conduct of an Irish Parliament in Dublin, and the effect which it would produce upon the union between Great Britain and Ireland, the public will do well to study the proceedings of the House of Commons during the present and the last session, and especially the part which the Irish members have taken in those proceedings. If it can be said that their conduct has been such as to raise the credit of their nationality, and to show their own capacity for legislation and the orderly transaction of business, by all means let such proof be taken in favour of any well-defined measure of Home Rule which can be shown to be in other respects likely to conduce to the welfare of Ireland and the safety of the empire. If, on the other hand, the time of the House of Commons has been unduly occupied by Irish representatives; if the frequency of their questions upon comparatively unimportant matters, and their loquacious interference upon many matters unconnected with Irish affairs, have stamped them as obstacles to the due performance by Parliament of its legislative functions and the satisfactory transaction of public business, then let

these things serve as a warning to us, in some small degree, of what might occur in a Parliament in which business would have to be transacted mainly by those who have so borne themselves in the British House of Commons. For ourselves we are bound to say just so much as this; that neither in the conduct of the Irish members at Westminster, nor in the provincial campaigns of Separatist orators throughout the country, have we discovered anything which should induce us to believe that the adoption of Home Rule upon the lines of the measure of 1886 would have any other result than to aggravate the misfortunes of Ireland and imperil the empire.

It is at this period of the session that the minds of statesmen and politicians are generally turned to the finance of the year, a subject which has not unfrequently proved perilous to the existence of a Government. It is probable that the hope of some such result may have lurked in Gladstonian bosoms, as the occupants of the front Opposition bench recognised the necessary augmentation of our naval expenditure, and the difficulty of meeting the same by any increase of taxation which would be popular out of doors. If, however, such hope was entertained, it must have been disappointed and extinguished by the Budget speech of Mr Goschen upon the 15th of April. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, taking a sensible and statesmanlike view of the financial position, declined to adopt the easy and tempting method of an addition to the income-tax, which, in the first place, is a tax that, already sufficiently high, should be kept in reserve for any sudden national emergency, and, in the second

place, one which falls with severity upon the middle and lower-middle classes, and cannot be increased without an addition to that severity, which will not be patiently borne unless its necessity is recognised by the taxpayers.

Mr Goschen pathetically deplored the fact that, for the second time since his accession to office, he had seen a considerable surplus within his grasp, and by inevitable necessity had been obliged to forego the popularity which would have accrued to him through its application to a large reduction of national taxation. That necessity, however, he was compelled to recognise, and it is fortunate for the country that, with the expenditure consequent upon the launching of the Local Government Act, added to that upon naval defence, we have a Minister of Finance who has been able to deal with both without material increase of taxation. Appropriating to naval defence a million of the profit earned from his Stock Conversion scheme, Mr Goschen proposes to obtain the remainder of the sum necessary to balance income and expenditure, by a slight addition to the death duties, an alteration of the conditions of their imposition, and a readjustment of the duties on beer. To the first and last of these propositions objections will be undoubtedly raised, because in each case an objection is possible, founded alike upon sentiment and convenience. But a calm and dispassionate glance at the financial situation of the moment will satisfy most men that these objections, however valid, should not be allowed to weigh against the fact that, taken as a whole, the Budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes an infinitely less amount of taxation than might have been justified by the

present demands upon the public purse, and that the proposed alterations will to no appreciable degree constitute a burden upon the general body of taxpayers. It is easy enough, no doubt, to raise an outcry against any taxation which mortal or financial ingenuity can devise; but in the case with which we are dealing, we are confident that no such outcry can be successfully raised against the Budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; whilst at the same time, the clearness of his statement in its introduction, and the comprehensive manner in which he placed before the House of Commons and the country our present financial position, will inspire the taxpayers with confidence in the statesman-like sagacity with which the control of the public expenditure is exercised and supervised in the hands of Mr Goschen. It is true, indeed, that there is but a small margin left between the estimated income and expenditure of the coming financial year; but, on the other hand, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was able to point to undoubted proof of the rally of trade, and the general advance of prosperity, and we may confidently hope that the continuance of this advance may, before the year closes, materially alter the estimated balance in favour of the public Exchequer.

It is possible that "the lessons of by-elections" may at this moment appear to Gladstonian eyes of somewhat less value and importance than was the case but a few weeks ago, when Barnsley, Gorton, and Kennington were described as affording a conclusive proof of a Home Rule reaction throughout the country. Now, as then, we protest against the issue of isolated elections, held during the existence of a Parliament, being

accepted as an unmistakable indication of anything except the state of feeling in the particular constituency at the moment, often swayed by local and personal rather than by broad political considerations. Nevertheless, the Unionist victory at Birmingham must be regarded with some satisfaction, if only from the fact that it serves as a contradiction to the boastful self-congratulations of the Gladstonian prophets. In Birmingham, the name of Bright was no doubt "a name to conjure with," and from an outside and generous point of view it would have been creditable to the constituency and satisfactory to the general public if the unopposed election of the son could have been allowed to afford to the world a proof of the general esteem which had followed the father to the grave. But when the split between the Liberal Unionists and local Conservatives had tempted Gladstonian opposition, the intensity of feeling which had originated that split threatened a Home Rule triumph, which could only be prevented by a magnanimity and sacrifice of personal feeling which required more than ordinary courage and resolution. We do not think it necessary to pass any opinion upon the merits of the case on either side, because the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists of Birmingham have shown themselves able to arrange their own differences, and require no extraneous advice to induce them to follow the path indicated by patriotism.

But the more ready we are to admit and allow the justification which may be alleged by either section of the Unionist party for the grave difference of opinion by which that party was recently agitated at Birmingham, the more

we must recognise and direct attention to the inherent strength of the great principle which holds us together, and which was sufficient, even in the face of such serious complications, to induce men of both sections to forget everything else but the cause for which they were bound to fight, and to close their ranks in the presence of the enemy to such good purpose as to convert a possible defeat into a splendid victory. A majority of 3060—considerably more than two to one—well deserves to be so entitled. It is evident that in Birmingham the Unionist cause has lost no ground; and we are confident that long before a general election shall occur, any differences which may exist between Conservatives and Liberal Unionists will have been amicably arranged, the claims of each section to a share in the representation of Birmingham will have been satisfactorily adjusted, and the capital of central England will continue to hold forth a conspicuous example to the rest of the country of faithful and unswerving attachment to the cause of law and order.

There is nothing to dishearten Unionists in the result of the Rochester election. Long before the Conservative champion had been selected, the Gladstonians had the advantage of having an unexceptionable candidate hard at work upon his canvass. Rochester may be taken as a fair type of an

independent southern constituency; for if the clergy and military element gives strength to the Conservative cause, the small shopkeepers and the operative classes are sufficiently numerous to outweigh any such influence, and to return the representative of their choice. This indeed was proved by the candidature of Mr Philip Wykeham Martin, some thirty-three years ago, when the city was supposed to be in the hands of the Conservatives, and their champion, the late Mr Bodkin, was confident of success. But Mr Wykeham Martin, as a local man and energetic canvasser, set to work with such good effect, that he not only carried the seat triumphantly, but held it until the day of his death. No doubt the personal qualifications of Mr Wykeham Martin were great; but apart from these, his success was mainly attributable to the proverbial attachment of Kentishmen to local candidates, and to the independence of the constituency with which he had to deal. The same conditions existed at the present contest, and Mr Knatchbull-Hugessen, strong in local connections and in personal popularity, was a difficult candidate to defeat. The victory, however, is of no political importance, and may be regarded with complacency when we consider the far greater value and importance of the Birmingham decision in favour of the Union.



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THE INVESTED FUNDS NOW EXCEED £4,250,000.

EXTRAORDINARY RESULTS.

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JUNE 1889.

VOL. CXLV.

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THE IMPRESSIONS OF AN IMPRESSIONIST.

I.

I NEVER could tell why she threw me over. I don't know yet. The Chief said it was because I wore the shabby old hat of an Italian brigand (shabby it might be, but entirely artistic); Mrs Mac thought it was because I swore by Sandys and Swinburne (I never did swear in my life); on the other hand, my brother Sylvester declared it was quite clear that a girl with any self-respect could not marry a man who had failed, as I had failed, to live up to the Japanese flower-pots she had given me. (He called them Siamese twins; but Sylvester, who is in a public office, and as ignorant as an Eton schoolboy, does not know Oloisonné from Satsuma.) The matter was a good deal discussed in our circle, and I think most of the critics ultimately came to agree that the misunder-

standing was somehow connected with the "whitey-brown paper" which I had used for my study. It was as little "whitey-brown," indeed, as I am myself,—being, in fact, one of William Morris's most choice compositions; but there is no accounting for tastes: and our friends are so constitutionally inaccurate that when I proved conclusively that it was not, and could not be, "whitey-brown," they shamelessly retorted that I would not venture to deny that it was at least "dirty green." These sophistries are as transparent as Mr Gladstone's, and do not require to be refuted. The paper, I may mention, has been much admired by Mr Pater, who was good enough to suggest that it had much of the modest reserve and chaste insipidity of his own style. With the blinds down and a pair of wax

lilies in the jar (it is only the wax ones that are good all the year round, and you could not indeed tell them from Rossetti's), its studious gravity inclines the mind to serious reflection ; and the silence which so often falls upon the select society which meets there of a Sunday afternoon has been attributed to its delicate but incisive condemnation of "startling effects." At all events, the boisterous spirits of the barbarians are unknown in that vestal chamber,—that temple of more than virginal reserve.

It was perhaps as well that we parted. Evadne (Polly was her own name, but she became Evadne—out of the old English play—after we were engaged) never could conquer her inclination to yawn. A girl who turned her back on Madox Brown, and fell asleep when we were reading Mr Pater's articles in 'Macmillan,' was obviously out of place in a community like ours. Her language, it is true, was unconventional ; but the unconventionality of rude health and spirits has nothing in common with the unconventionality that has been studiously prepared and anxiously rehearsed. The natural gaiety of the untutored savage cannot compare—for moral value—with the serenity that is attained by constant, and it may be painful, experiments on the emotions, and which indeed is closely akin to tears. The truth is, I could make nothing of the girl. Her hair was brown, abundant, and curly ; and she threw it out of her eyes as a Shetland pony does its mane. She was never pensive, never languid. I could not detect, in sparkling

eye or ruddy lip, the slightest trace of ill-health. I looked in vain day after day for any symptom of constitutional delicacy. Where was the lean neck and pallid cheek which I had learned to love in the works of the later Masters ? She could have no acquaintance, it was clear, with the deep-seated dyspepsia which communicates a chronic if somewhat angular charm to the Iphigenia of Burne-Jones and the Mary Magdalene of Holman Hunt. I tried hard to persuade her to put her curly hair in long plaits, and let it hang down her back like the Japanese tea-girls, or Rebecca at the Well ; but she declined with a laugh that was barren of sympathy : she said it would ruin her in pomatum. It was of course impossible for me, with my subdued and sensitive tastes, to marry a *robust* girl ; but I hoped against hope. It was possible, I argued, that sorrow, if not sickness, might refine her. Something or other might prey upon her damask cheek. But her good-humour was invincible. She defied the green-eyed monster in either form,—she was as superior to jaundice as to jealousy. We took her to see Mr Irving in "Faust." We gave her a dose of 'John Inglesant' ; we put her through a course of 'Robert Elsmere.' I got a ticket for her to the Ladies' Gallery on an Irish night. She attended a penny-reading by Professor Bl—kie, and a lecture on "Shelley and Water," when Mr Furnivall was in the chair.¹ But the one had as little effect on her as the other. She was none the worse. She rose next morning as blithe as a lark, and as busy as a bee ; and

¹ This must be a mistake, for Mr Rossetti's lecture on "Shelley and the Element of Water, Part I.," was not delivered to the Shelley Society till the winter of 1888.

we could hear her humming the Huntsman's chorus to herself while she was putting on her habit. I have been able by long practice to curb the native irritability of genius; it is bad form, of course, to show any trace of the Old Adam who turned upon Eve when the apple disagreed with him; but I confess I was vexed. Here was a girl who was capable, I had fondly believed, of better things. She had been fortunate enough to interest *me*, and on certain conditions I was willing to take her in hand. But she must have known that unless these conditions were strictly observed, I would no more think of marrying her than I would think of marrying a milk-maid. The conditions were not observed. No tragic shadow dulled her eye or paled her cheek. Her flush was not hectic, nor eloquent with the pathos of rapid decline. She sang like a bird, and there was as little of Wagner in her songs (which were even comic occasionally) as in the songs of a thrush. She did not smile dreamily like *Oleopatra* in her barge, nor drearily like *Mariana* in the Moated Grange,—she positively laughed; and, with the profane vulgar, her laugh was as infectious as fever. I have no wish to exaggerate,—poor thing, it is all over with her now; but I believe that I am within the mark when I say—can I write the words?—that she actually became *stouter* during the period of our intimacy.

I felt it a good deal, I admit. When I had thrown her over (or was it the other way?) I began to ask myself, as I sometimes do in moments of uncritical despondency, whether the game was worth the candle? (I put it to myself in French, but translate it for the benefit of the Foreign

Office clerks.) Was renunciation for a noble end a virtue, or was it not? Was I to give up Polly or the Japanese Jar? Was I to allow myself to be dragged down from the serene seat above the thunder to which I had clambered with labour and difficulty, for the sake of a woman who (unlike Mr Campbell Bannerman) had not found, and did not apparently wish to find, salvation? The temptation was only momentary; the higher nature asserted itself. "Get thee behind me, Polly!" I said, not with the calmness of despair, but with the gentle superiority of the criticism in the 'Academy,' and forthwith sat down to write an essay On the Artistic Repression of the Domestic Affections for the 'Hobby-Horse.' (The 'Century Guild Hobby-Horse,' published quarterly, price 2s. 6d.) I ceased to call her *Evadne*,—the *Evadne* I had created was dead and buried; and I relieved my feelings by calling her "Polly." But as the sonnets that I addressed to *Evadne* may one day see the light—the sonnet is my favourite form, and though the Being to whom they were addressed has proved unfaithful, they are too good to be lost—I shall burn her photograph instead, and the altar shall be heaped with *pot-pourri* and lighted with a *billet-doux*.

The Chief, to do him justice, was kindness itself. "Come down with us to Cairnbana, Professor, and we shall find medicine for the mind diseased. The Highland moon and the Highland moor are hardly up to the mark of the New Gallery, I grant you; but we have a sweet oblivious antidote in these parts, which has been found efficacious in many difficult cases."

I learned afterwards that this was a sample of what is known as Scotch "wut,"—a very inferior

brand to the English ; but, poor fellow, he meant well. "Don't you believe anything they tell you about Scotland," he continued, in the same vein, when I asked him afterwards at Cairnbana if it was true that his countrymen, as was alleged, could only joke "with deeficulty." "They say it takes a surgical operation," he replied, "to get a joke into a Scotsman's head ; and when it is an English joke," he added grimly, "I am not surprised. Now, in England, they would call this mild morning mist *rain*, and it might probably wet *them*. That's how they explain Bannockburn, my lad,—they couldn't stand the Scotch weather. But we,—we never fash our heads about a bit drizzle."

It was coming down bucketfuls while he stood beside me,—bare-headed and bare-legged, a mature Apollo. He was certainly a splendid specimen of the primeval savage,—as much a product of the soil as the deer-hound at his feet ; and while he shook his blond curls at the black thunder-cloud overhead, he might have been taken by an itinerant photographer for Ajax defying the lightning. I looked at him (from under my umbrella—the symbol of civilisation) with a mingled feeling of admiration and pity,—the feeling Columbus may have experienced when he landed on the New World, and beheld a Red Indian in his war-paint for the first time.

But even while we stood there the cloud moved past and the fog lifted. We were on the terrace above Cairnbana (for the house, to shelter it from winter storm, lies in the hollow), and it fairly took away my breath. There were the sandhills below us, through which the rabbits were scudding. The

snowy sand, as it advanced, had been partly overgrown by grey-green bent ; and both—the white sand and the grey bent—were drawn with almost startling emphasis across a sea blue as indigo. Then along the horizon, phantom islands rose out of the Atlantic,—the farthest Hebrides ! While right before us—close at hand, as it seemed—stretched the mighty range of the Coolins—with Skye, and Rum, and Eigg, and Canna—round to the Point of Ardnamurchan on the south, and on the north to the great mountains of Ross. The mist was trailing along their flanks, surging out of their corries ; but the sun had already gained the day, and the air everywhere was full of light.

"That beats Stubbs !" the Chief exclaimed victoriously, slapping me on the back with his open palm, while he gave the war-whoop of his clan. The cordiality—let me say in passing—if well-meant, was ill-timed. The hug of a bear—a blow from the battle-axe of the Bruce—would have been borne with greater composure by our unclothed and unlettered ancestors than this alarming demonstration of regard from a Highland Hercules by the not altogether unknown representative of the later culture. These Celtic lairds, indeed, do not understand the amenities of modern life any better than their black cattle do. I speak from sorrowful experience,—I, too, have been in Arcadia. There is a neighbouring proprietor with whom I shook hands on landing from the Clansman (I need hardly add that I have avoided him ever since). He took my hand in his hairy paw, and squeezed it till I could have roared.¹ "You do not look ferry well," the brute said, as tears of

¹ One of these American girls—Marie or Amelie something—used to remark (but she was given to flatter, I fear) that my hand reminded her,—“sort o’

rage and pain came into my eyes. "You will take a glass of Talisker, —it is not pad, though Long Shon is petter."¹

"That beats Stubbs!" What did he know of Stubbs? Had he read one even of the mighty Master's 5555 quarto pages on the subject? I do not bet,—it is a vulgar appeal to Fortune, which correct taste cannot approve,—but I will cheerfully apologise to him if I am wrong when I say that he had probably never heard of the Pathetic Fallacy in his life. But what can a man know of Stubbs who has not heard of the Pathetic Fallacy? It is the key to the mystery,—the magic "sesame", that opens the door of the incomprehensible. Nature, indeed (nature in a state of nature, so to speak), abhors the Pathetic Fallacy as she abhors a vacuum; why, it would be difficult to say, except that it is the exclusive copyright of the rival artist—man. For the Pathetic Fallacy is the cloak, the drapery, the spiritual environment, which the emotion of man supplies. A rock is only a rock,—neither more nor less. But the rock from which Hero and Sappho and the late Lord Byron leapt into the *Ægean*—what is it? It is a rock no longer—it is a—it is a—a stepping-stone to Immortality.² So when Stubbs reproduces the simplest objects—Muck, say, or Eigg, or Rum—they have passed

through the crucible of the imagination, and have ceased, in the highest and truest sense, to be Rum, or Eigg, or Muck. They have been dipped in colours which "owe no homage to the sun"; they have become the vehicles of emotions from which the earthly and perishable elements have been withdrawn. There, you observe, is Muck: regarded prosaically, it is a bare lump of sandstone³—nothing more. But the Muck of Stubbs, the Muck of the inspired painter's Apocalyptic Vision (and I am proud to say that that infinitely precious and quite priceless gem is in my own collection), is far different. It has ceased to be Muck,—it has become Horror Incarnate. The eye and the ear of the sympathetic Imagination have been opened. We see the lone shieling, already crumbling to ruin, from which the mother watched for her son, the wife for her lover—we hear the cries of the hardy mariners who have been dashed against its rocks—the Spirit of the Storm, sitting aloft, flaps his wings and snorts in derision. The strength of man, the tenderness of woman,—what do they avail? There is no reply—even Echo is dumb. (I was breathless by this time, and had only strength to add)—"No, sir; Stubbs is safe: not in our time, not in any time, can he be beaten in the race against Nature."

reminded her," to use her own words—of the long slim fingers of the Destroying Angel in the Flight out of Egypt—Botticelli, you know.

¹ I never heard a Highland gentleman speak his tongue as Mr What's-his-name writes it: but he knows best, no doubt; so I bow to his authority.

² For further information about the Pathetic Fallacy the reader is referred to the magnificent new edition of 'Modern Painters' which has just appeared.

³ I say sandstone for brevity; but it may be limestone, or granite, or hornblende, or plaster-of-Paris, for anything I know to the contrary. This is not a geological treatise; and from the æsthetic point of view, what does it matter? That tiresome and frivolous accuracy of which Sir Arthur Wardour complained is entirely destructive of what Mr Matthew Arnold has called the "free play" of the intellect—of the intellect unembarrassed by the trumpery details which are so dear to persons of mechanical descent, like Monkbarra.

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* These Bonuses averaged 49.5 per cent on Assurances which participated.

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A 'NOTE' in proof of this Statement may be had on application.

REPORTS containing TABLES of RATES, &c., may also be had.

April 1889.

JAMES WATSON, Manager.

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JUNE¹⁸⁸⁹ MDCCLXXXIX.

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Edinburgh
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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS,

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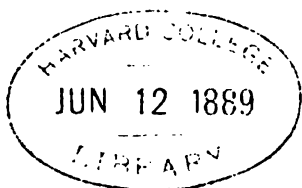
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we could hear her humming the Huntsman's chorus to herself while she was putting on her habit. I have been able by long practice to curb the native irritability of genius; it is bad form, of course, to show any trace of the Old Adam who turned upon Eve when the apple disagreed with him; but I confess I was vexed. Here was a girl who was capable, I had fondly believed, of better things. She had been fortunate enough to interest *me*, and on certain conditions I was willing to take her in hand. But she must have known that unless these conditions were strictly observed, I would no more think of marrying her than I would think of marrying a milk-maid. The conditions were not observed. No tragic shadow dulled her eye or paled her cheek. Her flush was not hectic, nor eloquent with the pathos of rapid decline. She sang like a bird, and there was as little of Wagner in her songs (which were even comic occasionally) as in the songs of a thrush. She did not smile dreamily like Cleopatra in her barge, nor drearily like Mariana in the Moated Grange,—she positively laughed; and, with the profane vulgar, her laugh was as infectious as fever. I have no wish to exaggerate,—poor thing, it is all over with her now; but I believe that I am within the mark when I say—can I write the words?—that she actually became *stouter* during the period of our intimacy.

I felt it a good deal, I admit. When I had thrown her over (or was it the other way?) I began to ask myself, as I sometimes do in moments of uncritical despondency, whether the game was worth the candle? (I put it to myself in French, but translate it for the benefit of the Foreign

Office clerks.) Was renunciation for a noble end a virtue, or was it not? Was I to give up Polly or the Japanese Jar? Was I to allow myself to be dragged down from the serene seat above the thunder to which I had clambered with labour and difficulty, for the sake of a woman who (unlike Mr Campbell Bannerman) had not found, and did not apparently wish to find, salvation? The temptation was only momentary; the higher nature asserted itself. "Get thee behind me, Polly!" I said, not with the calmness of despair, but with the gentle superiority of the criticism in the 'Academy,' and forthwith sat down to write an essay On the Artistic Repression of the Domestic Affections for the 'Hobby-Horse.' (The 'Century Guild Hobby-Horse,' published quarterly, price 2s. 6d.) I ceased to call her Evadne,—the Evadne I had created was dead and buried; and I relieved my feelings by calling her "Polly." But as the sonnets that I addressed to Evadne may one day see the light—the sonnet is my favourite form, and though the Being to whom they were addressed has proved unfaithful, they are too good to be lost—I shall burn her photograph instead, and the altar shall be heaped with *pot-pourri* and lighted with a *billet-doux*.

The Chief, to do him justice, was kindness itself. "Come down with us to Cairnbana, Professor, and we shall find medicine for the mind diseased. The Highland moon and the Highland moor are hardly up to the mark of the New Gallery, I grant you; but we have a sweet oblivious antidote in these parts, which has been found efficacious in many difficult cases."

I learned afterwards that this was a sample of what is known as Scotch "wut,"—a very inferior

brand to the English; but, poor fellow, he meant well. "Don't you believe anything they tell you about Scotland," he continued, in the same vein, when I asked him afterwards at Cairnbana if it was true that his countrymen, as was alleged, could only joke "with deeficulty." "They say it takes a surgical operation," he replied, "to get a joke into a Scotsman's head; and when it is an English joke," he added grimly, "I am not surprised. Now, in England, they would call this mild morning mist *rain*, and it might probably wet *them*. That's how they explain Bannockburn, my lad,—they couldn't stand the Scotch weather. But we,—we never fash our heads about a bit drizzle."

It was coming down bucketfuls while he stood beside me,—bare-headed and bare-legged, a mature Apollo. He was certainly a splendid specimen of the primeval savage,—as much a product of the soil as the deer-hound at his feet; and while he shook his blond curls at the black thunder-cloud overhead, he might have been taken by an itinerant photographer for Ajax defying the lightning. I looked at him (from under my umbrella—the symbol of civilisation) with a mingled feeling of admiration and pity,—the feeling Columbus may have experienced when he landed on the New World, and beheld a Red Indian in his war-paint for the first time.

But even while we stood there the cloud moved past and the fog lifted. We were on the terrace above Cairnbana (for the house, to shelter it from winter storm, lies in the hollow), and it fairly took away my breath. There were the sandhills below us, through which the rabbits were scudding. The

snowy sand, as it advanced, had been partly overgrown by grey-green bent; and both—the white sand and the grey bent—were drawn with almost startling emphasis across a sea blue as indigo. Then along the horizon, phantom islands rose out of the Atlantic,—the farthest Hebrides! While right before us—close at hand, as it seemed—stretched the mighty range of the Coolins—with Skye, and Rum, and Eigg, and Canna—round to the Point of Ardnamurchan on the south, and on the north to the great mountains of Ross. The mist was trailing along their flanks, surging out of their corries; but the sun had already gained the day, and the air everywhere was full of light.

"That beats Stubbs!" the Chief exclaimed victoriously, slapping me on the back with his open palm, while he gave the war-whoop of his clan. The cordiality—let me say in passing—if well-meant, was ill-timed. The hug of a bear—a blow from the battle-axe of the Bruce—would have been borne with greater composure by our unclothed and unlettered ancestors than this alarming demonstration of regard from a Highland Hercules by the not altogether unknown representative of the later culture. These Celtic lairds, indeed, do not understand the amenities of modern life any better than their black cattle do. I speak from sorrowful experience,—I, too, have been in Arcadia. There is a neighbouring proprietor with whom I shook hands on landing from the Clansman (I need hardly add that I have avoided him ever since). He took my hand in his hairy paw, and squeezed it till I could have roared.¹ "You do not look ferry well," the brute said, as tears of

¹ One of these American girls—Marie or Amelie something—used to remark (but she was given to flatter, I fear) that my hand reminded her,—“sort o’

rage and pain came into my eyes. "You will take a glass of Talisker, —it is not bad, though Long Shon is petter."¹

"That beats Stubbs!" What did he know of Stubbs? Had he read *one* even of the mighty Master's 5555 quarto pages on the subject? I do not bet,—it is a vulgar appeal to Fortune, which correct taste cannot approve,—but I will cheerfully apologise to him if I am wrong when I say that he had probably never heard of the Pathetic Fallacy in his life. But what can a man know of Stubbs who has not heard of the Pathetic Fallacy? It is the key to the mystery,—the magic "sesame", that opens the door of the incomprehensible. Nature, indeed (nature in a state of nature, so to speak), abhors the Pathetic Fallacy as she abhors a vacuum; why, it would be difficult to say, except that it is the exclusive copyright of the rival artist—man. For the Pathetic Fallacy is the cloak, the drapery, the spiritual environment, which the emotion of man supplies. A rock is only a rock,—neither more nor less. But the rock from which Hero and Sappho and the late Lord Byron leapt into the *Ægean*—what is it? It is a rock no longer—it is a—it is a—a stepping-stone to Immortality.² So when Stubbs reproduces the simplest objects—Muck, say, or Eigg, or Rum—they have passed

through the crucible of the imagination, and have ceased, in the highest and truest sense, to be Rum, or Eigg, or Muck. They have been dipped in colours which "owe no homage to the sun"; they have become the vehicles of emotions from which the earthly and perishable elements have been withdrawn. There, you observe, is Muck: regarded prosaically, it is a bare lump of sandstone³—nothing more. But the Muck of Stubbs, the Muck of the inspired painter's Apocalyptic Vision (and I am proud to say that that infinitely precious and quite priceless gem is in my own collection), is far different. It has ceased to be Muck,—it has become Horror Incarnate. The eye and the ear of the sympathetic Imagination have been opened. We see the lone shieling, already crumbling to ruin, from which the mother watched for her son, the wife for her lover—we hear the cries of the hardy mariners who have been dashed against its rocks—the Spirit of the Storm, sitting aloft, flaps his wings and snorts in derision. The strength of man, the tenderness of woman,—what do they avail? There is no reply—even Echo is dumb. (I was breathless by this time, and had only strength to add)—"No, sir; Stubbs is safe: not in our time, not in any time, can he be beaten in the race against Nature."

reminded her," to use her own words—of the long slim fingers of the Destroying Angel in the Flight out of Egypt—Botticelli, you know.

¹ I never heard a Highland gentleman speak his tongue as Mr What's-his-name writes it: but he knows best, no doubt; so I bow to his authority.

² For further information about the Pathetic Fallacy the reader is referred to the magnificent new edition of 'Modern Painters' which has just appeared.

³ I say sandstone for brevity; but it may be limestone, or granite, or hornblende, or plaster-of-Paris, for anything I know to the contrary. This is not a geological treatise; and from the æsthetic point of view, what does it matter? That tiresome and frivolous accuracy of which Sir Arthur Wardour complained is entirely destructive of what Mr Matthew Arnold has called the "free play" of the intellect—of the intellect unembarrassed by the trumpery details which are so dear to persons of mechanical descent, like Monkbarrow.

I had to go and lie down. But there could be no doubt that I had carried off the honours of the day. The Chief was speechless—dumb as Echo. It was not a drawn

battle; it was disastrous rout. And in so far as Cairnbana was concerned, the supremacy of Stubbs was thenceforth unchallengeable and unchallenged.

II.

Sometimes after a pouring wet day we have a dance in the servants' hall: we get on very well with the pretty milkmaids and demure daughters of water-bailiff or gamekeeper, when the pipes are sent outside. The native music, of which more hereafter, is all that could be desired—at a distance. The piper of Glengarry, strutting up and down the terrace below the open window, with tartan kilt and flying ribbons, excites the emulation of the bubbly-jock to such a degree that their united efforts nearly blow our heads off; whereas a cheerful coronach or a pensive pibroch—with the *loch between us*—affects me deeply, and on more than one occasion, indeed, has moved me to tears. These innocent festivities are presided over by the cook, a buxom dame, who acts as master of the ceremonies, and introduces us to our partners. It is like a leaf out of the *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*; and had there been a Philip among us, he might have searched the whole country-side—

“Knoydart, Moidart, Morar, Ardgour, and Ardnamurchan”—

for a prettier Katie than we can boast. Unfortunately there is a gigantic Angus or Alister of native breed to whom she is said to be engaged. He is red-bearded and wild-eyed,—an altogether objectionable sweetheart, I should have supposed; yet, curiously enough, she seems to prefer his coarse homespun to the velvetene knickerbockers of the south. I

tried a little mild flirting at first (a few distant endearments); but I did not prosecute it far: there was a threatening “Wha daur meddle wi’ me?” air about the fellow which I did not relish; and after he had presented her with a parcel of (highly perfumed) peppermints from the “merchant’s” at Balmawhapple, I felt that further pursuit was hopeless. Had Alister of the Red Beard been one of the fair Katie’s suitors, I am doubtful if Philip would have been permitted to carry her off; for he was in every sense an ugly customer.

After the dance we go with the Chief to his den, where, as the night advances, he bitterly denounces the Saxon. English gold—this is the burden of his complaint—had demoralised the incorruptible Celt. The stout clansmen of Clan Ranald had been shipped across the water. The house of Glengarry, which we had seen yesterday from the road, was a roofless ruin. Where were the brave gentlemen who had stood by their Prince upon Loch Ailort? Where were their sons and their grandsons? Not one remained except himself—save himself not one. His only neighbours were an Irish peer and an Irish whisky-dealer. The peer was a penurious Radical who had married a dairy-maid; and the whisky-dealer—why, the whisky-dealer brought his own whisky with him. “Irish whisky!” exclaimed the Chief, in a tone of deep disgust, as if the discontent of the crofters was fully accounted for. “Hear to them now!” he

added, pushing back the door which led into the kitchen passage.

The dancing had ceased, and a low monotonous wail sounded through the hall. It was a song in Gaelic set to a Gaelic air. The drone of the bagpipe was heard outside, but—as if subdued by the hopeless sadness of the song—all its harshness was banished. The Chief gave me the words afterwards; and I venture to translate them for the sake of the illiterate Lowlander,—two or three of the best lines, however, being by another—an unknown—hand:—

THE CANADIAN CROFTER'S BOAT-SONG.

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father

Sing long ago of other distant shores;
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices, as ye dip your oars:—

“Where Scur-na-Gilleaen braves the
wind and rain,
And round Ben More the mad Atlantic raves;

Where grey Iona's immemorial fane
Keeps solemn ward by unremembered graves;—

“No more our voices echo through the valley,
The deer unchallenged roams across the glen;

No more around Clan Ranald's banner rally
The fairest women and the bravest men.

“No more the lovers on the leas are meeting,
No more the children paddle in the stream;

We hear no more the pibroch's kindly greeting,

Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

“From the lone shieling on the misty island

Mountains divide us and a world of seas;

But still the heart is true, the heart is Highland,

And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

“Green are the woods that gird the mighty river,

And green the meadows sloping to the strand;

But we have left our native hills for ever,—

But we are exiles from our fathers' land.”

This is pretty;¹ but, to tell the truth, Highland singing is not much to my taste. It is mainly produced through the nose, and may be held to represent the drone of the bagpipe in a minor key. Ossian was all very well for the bare-legged barbarians to whom his archaic minstrelsy was addressed; but much as I admire the author of ‘Humphry Olinker’ (for a more than Swiftian sincerity and candour, which I find nowhere else now, except perhaps in my friend Mr Symmonds’ ‘Benvenuto Cellini’), I cannot truthfully aver that “*when I enter our landlord's hall, I look for the suspended harp of the divine bard, and listen in hopes of hearing the aerial sound of his respected spirit.*”²

III.

I have often wished that I was a Greek, and I have sometimes thought of buying a Greek island.

I might possibly have entered into negotiations for Cyprus had I not been anticipated by Lord Beacons-

¹ And should be sung, let me say, to the air of “My faithful fond one.”—“Mo run geal dileas.” At least, that was the air they sung it to at Cairnbana—if I am not mistaken.

² Smollett's contemporaries did not, so far as we know, find this sentence funny: can anything mark more distinctly the progress we have made since the great Romantic Revival?

field. But even in the Greek Islands "Pan is dead," whereas among the islands of the Western Sea, "the fair humanities of old religion," the benignant or malignant beings of the popular mythology, have not been disturbed. The melancholy ocean is favourable to the growth of fable, and miracle dies hard among the hills. Had Mr David Macbrayne, the good genius of the Hebrides, lived a few centuries earlier, he would long ago have had a place in Walhalla beside Odin and Balder; and the exploits of this Lord of Many Waters, this potent Neptune whose sceptre swept the Northern seas, would still have been the theme of song and story. I was lying on the margin of the bent, like Lady of the Mere, "Sole sitting by the shores of old Romance," waiting for the boat. There was a slight haze on the water (which was smooth as glass), though the highest peak of Rum penetrated into an unclouded heaven, and reflected the Atlantic sunset beyond. The boys had gone to shoot flappers at the mouth of the Lora, where the fresh water twice a-day mingles with the salt. There was a great drowsiness upon sea and land,—the clamour of the gulls had ceased, and even the oystercatchers were mute. Then a cry, or rather a wail—a strange, uncanny, and unearthly wail—rose from the middle of the bay. It died away. Then it was repeated—nearer at hand each time—until it seemed to come from below my very feet. What happened next I do not precisely know: the drowsiness of the day was infectious; in that soft air Oblivion scattereth her poppies. I was barely awake, it might be, and yet I did not dream. I saw through the mist a gleam of golden hair, and then, in a ravish-

ing whisper that thrilled me to the marrow, I heard my own name,—*"Gabriel—Dante—Dobbs."* The short and the long of it was, that in an incredibly brief space of time I found myself in confidential conversation with—a mermaid! She did not enter into particulars; but from an incidental allusion to Sir John M'N—ll, I understood that she was the Colonsay siren. She knew Leyden's ballad by heart, and warbled a few of the lines:—

"On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee!"

Her voice was still clear and flute-like, though some of the upper notes were rather worn,—at which, indeed, I was not surprised, for she must have been a good deal older than Patti. But—old or young—her adorable beauty had not suffered; for seductive charm and stealthy grace she was still peerless,—peerless as the "sea-maid" of Shakespeare, or the Mary Stuart of Froude. She wore a loose jacket of some gauzy material, which did not conceal the native grace of a figure that had not been injured by tight-lacing; and through her golden hair a chain of pearls was strung. Although she assured me more than once during our brief interview that her intentions were strictly honourable, I had an uneasy suspicion from the outset that something was wrong; and her invitation to accompany her home—I think she mentioned afternoon tea—was politely, if reluctantly, declined. I say "reluctantly," for the truth is I was on the point of yielding when, happening to glance behind me, I beheld an enormous sea-horse or walrus—in fact, there was more than one—a dozen at least—getting between me and the land.

The truth flashed upon me. I was the victim of a base conspiracy. These monsters were in her pay. She had retained them at so much a tusk; and their tusks were bigger than the biggest in Mr Rider Haggard's collection. I tried to shout for aid, but my lips were glued. I tried to rise, but my limbs refused to move. The malign enchantment had done its work; and like Thomas the Rhymer and the Young Tamlane and Bonny Kilmeny, I was about to bid farewell to the sweet upper air and the wholesome sunshine during the rest of Lord Salisbury's administration. If I returned at all (which was doubtful), it would be seven years hence—for they have a Septennial Act as we have—to find Mr Gladstone in office and a changed world. Acutely conscious of what was in store for me, I braced myself up for one supreme effort, and with a despairing shriek threw my stick at her head. She ducked like a diver before the shot reached her, and with one flap of her tail (which now showed itself for the first time—I had begun, indeed, to fancy that, to oblige Mr Darwin, the tail had been discontinued), was out of sight. And I——, where was I? The mist had lifted, the boys had landed,

and Black John was bending over me with a grin.

[*Interjection by the Transcriber.*—"Gabriel—Dante—Dobbs." Mr Dobbs' Christian names may be taken to represent a process of Evolution not unfamiliar to the contemporaries of Erasmus,—Desiderius Erasmus. Dobbs was originally "Samuel Ebenezer" (after his "auld licht" uncle in Dundee); but Samuel was by-and-by contracted to a modest "S," the "E" was dropped,—first "G" and then "D" being substituted; but it was not until my impressionable friend had left his native country for good that the unlimited "Gabriel Dante Dobbs" was publicly assumed. I need not say that the process was quite legitimate: the royal licence is not required to enable you to change your Christian name; nor need I add that the pretty compliment to the great poet, who had been very good-natured about Dobbs' first adventure in verse, was keenly appreciated. Dobbs had at one time thought of "Reginald Augustus," but I persuaded him against it. Reginald, somehow, conveys an impression of weakness, and I have never known an Augustus who was not an ass. He saw at once that I was right.]

IV.

Time passed placidly away. The barbarians were hospitable and friendly. They listened to my criticism of life with respect and appreciation; the close attention and sustained interest of one old man (I had been contrasting Swinburne's Ode to the Cockatoo with Wordsworth's Address to our Billy-Goat) particularly pleased me. Though it afterwards appeared that he was stone-deaf, and understood no English, the

expression of his nose as he fumbled with his snuff-box is still pleasant in the retrospect. There was a *juiciness*, indeed, about the old fellow which reminded me of Romney and Raeburn at their best, though in his case it was possibly to be attributed to an unlimited supply of peat-smoke and whisky. To the educated eye of the artist, however, the hovels of the peasantry were even more precious than their inhabitants,—the dirt

and squalor and dismal darkness of most of these "cottage interiors" being positively Rembrandtesque. Altogether we got on very well. Respect rapidly ripened into affection. I was always ready to aid them with—my advice; and the impression that I was a missionary who had been despatched by Providence to assist them in resisting the Saxon, and recovering their tribal rights, was confirmed by more than one incident. I am one of the artists in whom the mimetic faculty is strong, and I had no difficulty in assuming the character that had been assigned to me. I had always been drawn to St Columba; and when, at a meeting of the local Land League, I was publicly identified with "the luminary of the Caledonian regions from whence roving clans and savage barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion," I thanked them (on the top of a barrel) from the bottom of my heart. The speaker who succeeded me proposed that I should stand for the county, and the proposal was cordially adopted, —the members present resolving themselves into a committee to secure my return. I thanked them again from the bottom of my heart, but not from the top of the barrel,—the unpretentious platform (an old whisky-cask) having given way with the previous speaker, who, during a vigorous peroration on Sheriff Ivory, had disappeared into its interior, and whose absence, in the enthusiasm of the moment, had not been noticed.¹ The pipes, which had been peram-

bulating outside, were now brought in; and we had long speeches in Gaelic, and after each resolution a fresh jug of whisky-toddy,—though most of them preferred to take it "neat"; and we heard a good deal about the original St Columba, and how he had blessed the land and the loch, and how he had assured them that land and loch would belong to them and to their children for ever, and that they would get bread from the one and *salmo ferox* from the other. It was long past midnight before we parted, and we shook hands all round, and the Chief declared that it had been a great day for Ardnamurchan—"a great day whatever"—and advised them to go home quietly.

I suppose they did so; though I had been an hour in bed before the bray of the bagpipes and the clamour of angry voices had died away up the glen. Cunning as foxes, simple as children, credulous as savages, idle as monkeys, obstinate as mules—one might exhaust the whole adjectives of the language—what can be made of these charming and provoking people? How can they be saved from themselves, and from the charlatans who profess to be their friends? It is a problem which political economy has failed to solve,—will the gospel of sweetness and light prove equally helpless? We shall see—at the next election.

It was a lovely moonlit night; and Cairnbana, which, like the strait where Arthur fought his last battle, lies between two seas, has the benefit of the moonlight upon both:—

¹ He had informed us, in the course of his speech (when explaining why at a recent trial he had sworn that black was white, and so risked his immortal soul), that he would "rather fa' into the hauns of a covenant-keeping God than into the hauns o' the Shirra." It was soon after this that he disappeared. Sandy came originally from the low-country,—having been an Ayrshire weaver in his youth. The "Shirra" is reported in these remote parts to be a man of gigantic stature and incredible ferocity.

"On one side lay the ocean; and on one
Lay a great water; and the moon was
full."

It travels from one to the other: when high in heaven it touched with a wan brightness the lonely bays of Loch Lora; now in the last watch of night it follows the long heave of the Atlantic, and moves with the moving waters. I am just closing my eyes when a phantom bark (my window commands all the western horizon)

passes across the band of light. What bark is this which, as the night wanes, steals out of the darkness? On what errand is it bound? Is it the spectre-bark of Death and Life-in-Death? Is it the Flying Dutchman? I am still contemplating the problem, which becomes momentarily more intricate and insoluble, when through the murmur of Wagner's ghostly music a clear soprano voice defines itself with growing insistence,—"Please, sir, breakfast is on the table!"

v.

We stroll up before dinner to meet the postman, who passes three days a-week; and after he is gone we sit on the parapet of the bridge over the Lora to read our letters. The Chief has a host of correspondents, from Skye crofters to Cabinet Ministers, from Indian proconsuls to the county police. Whether a State secret is more entertaining than the gossip of the village it is hard to say; in great things and in small, men are wonderfully alike. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is staying with the M'Leods, has set his heart upon a skye-terrier; Lord John up at Meuble wants to know if we have any spare cartridges; would the Chief be good enough to oblige Miss Skinflint, who has twisted her ankle and keeps a birthday-book, with his autograph and a sheet of sticking-plaster? Of these and similar inquiries the name is legion. Yesterday, however, there was only a single letter,—a long one, it proved, such as they used to write before Rowland Hill discovered that a letter could go for a penny. "He's a man worth knowing," the Chief explained, as he opened the envelope,—“not your style at all, Dobbs; on the contrary, life's fu

o' sarioussness to him—he just never can get eneuch o' fechtin'. He thinks we have been going to the dogs ever since Mary was beheaded, and that the last statesman of repute was Maitland of Lethington. But he writes well—at least he used to do so before he took to the dismal science. Let's hear what he says." And we all gathered round while he read:—

"It seems to me, Mac, that we are getting very tired of each other. Our friends bore us more than they used to do. Society as such has become *blasé*. We are wearied to death by what our grandfathers would have considered the keenest enjoyment. They used to begin to dine about two o'clock in the afternoon, and they kept it up till midnight. Those who were able to leave the table went to bed for a few hours, and were hard at work by daybreak, as fresh as larks or daisies. Now we dine at eight, hurry through a few French dishes, and then rush away as if we had suddenly discovered that our hosts were in quarantine, and their house infected by the plague. We have no leisure to be agreeable, and in the hubbub the capacity for enjoyment appears to be leaving us.

There are some wits among us still; but no one cares to listen to their *bons-mots*; and the gay wisdom of Sydney Smith himself would fall quite flat in circles where a rude practical joke is greeted with imbecile laughter. People have been brought close together by railways and steamers, and telegraphs, and morning and evening newspapers; and yet each man seems to get more isolated. The old classic friendships have died out. There is little real intimacy, for we cannot cultivate confidential relations with a mob. Then our scholars—our hard laborious workers—are as scarce as our wits; and they have no audience who care to listen to them. The writers of books have become the pensioners of Mr Mudie; and Mr Mudie cannot afford to invest in a class of books which, though of permanent value, are neither light nor flashy nor sensational. So, as the Laureate says, 'Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers;' and thus it happens that the smart young men and women, who read as much in each day's paper as their solid grandfathers and grandmothers read in a month, are yet essentially uninformed. The mind is frittered away on trifles which leave no abiding impression. Moralists abuse our morals; but our intellectual frivolity is worse than our moral. What we hear and read is not assimilated,—running off our minds as water off a duck's back. A nation educated in this fashion—a frothy, flighty, unsocial democracy, demoralised by light literature and greedy for change—becomes dangerous to itself and to its neighbours. It loses the steadfastness which belongs to old-fashioned habit, to immemorial tradition, as well as to real knowledge. Unless it can pull itself up in time, it is on the road to ruin, and will one day topple over into the abyss.

"Social reform, however, is a grave matter; and you know, Mac, that I do not care to pose as a social reformer. It is not in my line. I have no vocation for fighting with beasts at Ephesus. If I get furious at times at the crass folly of official mankind, I keep my feelings as far as possible to myself. When I hear eminent men argue that children are better in a workhouse school than running about the fields, I simply grind my teeth (such of them as are left). When I hear eminent men maintain that, as malignant smallpox is a 'home-disease' (a kind of domestic pet, let us say), no precautions should be taken against its importation from foreign parts, I appeal mutely to the indignant gods. When I am told that So-and-so and So-and-so and So-and-so are the greatest statesmen and poets and actors that the world has ever seen, I 'jouk and let the jaw gae by.' Why should I interpose? It will be all the same a hundred years hence. The popular idols of 1888 will be mere scarecrows before the century is out; but in the meantime, who can close the flood-gates of folly? What is Mrs Partington against the Atlantic? But do not misunderstand me, Mac. Though a fatalist, and possibly an Epicurean (in the philosophical sense, of course), I am bound to own that I admire that admirable woman. I could not become a Mrs Partington myself; yet—from a high, abstract, ideal standpoint—I incline to hold that she has been scurvily treated. The magnanimous qualities of a really heroic nature have not been sufficiently recognised. The woman who could address herself with invincible industry to sweep out the Atlantic must have been a fine specimen of her sex. Like the British army, she did not know

when she was beaten. It is because they do not know when they are beaten that British soldiers win in the end,—and why not Mrs Partington? She is the typical Englishman—Shakespeare's Englishman—the Englishman before he had been enfeebled by cheap newspapers and sweet reasonableness. Thus I should be inclined to include Mrs Partington in that catalogue of the ten most eminent women of the world, from Eve to Mrs Josephine Butler, which an evening journal is so anxious to obtain. With the exception of Semiramis and Joan of Arc, all the most eminent women of the world, I observe, appear to be our contemporaries; but Mrs Partington, whose obstinate heroism has seldom been matched, is not included in any of the lists that have been returned. It may be said that she failed; but the merit of an action does not depend on its success. Her methods may have been faulty,—the Dutch dykes possibly may be better adapted for the purpose than her mop; but how often did Watt try his hand at the steam-engine before he got it to go? Nor with the information at present available can it be positively asserted that she *did* fail. It has been assumed somewhat hastily that the Atlantic was victorious; but full details have not been forwarded; and we know, in point of fact, that the Atlantic ultimately *retired*,—whether intimidated by the undaunted woman's broom, or for other reasons, does not appear. The more we consider the matter, indeed, the more will we be inclined to conclude that in this instance Sydney Smith was not true to his own admirable common-sense. He might have disapproved of Mrs Partington's attitude; but he need not have held her up to popular ridicule; and

when he did so, he was guilty of an offence against the clear and nervous logic of which he was a master. He used her, in short, as a sophist or a rhetorician might have used her. When he observes, however, later on, *Every man knows that he must keep down his feelings, and witness the spectacle of triumphant folly and tyranny* (qualified as the observation is by the proviso, *A few scraps of victory are thrown to the wise and just in the long battle of life*), we feel that Sydney is himself again,—a man of admirable temper and candour, whose practical philosophy was as modest as it was genuine.

“‘Every man knows that he must keep down his feelings, and witness the spectacle of triumphant folly and tyranny.’ It is fortunate or unfortunate (as the case may be) that we cannot always practise what we preach. I had for some time been finding the effort to keep down my feelings (as well as to hold my tongue) attended with growing difficulty. Why are people so exasperating? You would fancy that a fool would be anxious to conceal his folly; but it is not so. It would really appear as if he were careful to parade it; and the diseased craving for publicity is possibly a symptom of the complaint. I was a member of divers select societies, literary and scientific, and I used to attend pretty regularly at first; but I quickly discovered that folly was not confined to the masses. The twaddle that was talked by Colonel MacBlethers at the Harmonic, and by Professor Stodger at the Helvetic, was fully as tedious as the twaddle outside. So I sent in my resignation, which—there being shoals of candidates—was at once accepted. Then I ceased to dine out. I had met the same people night after night for months, and made myself ill

with the same dishes. My digestion, it may be, is not so good as it once was ; but I connect my indisposition for society with moral rather than physical causes. I am a bachelor, and the young women of the house were generally intrusted to my charge. They used to be bright and lively, and inclined to flirt ; but now, unless you know something about conic sections, or the multiplication table, or the professor's lectures on pre-Adamite literature, you have no chance with them. Not that they know much more than you do ; and, spite of conic sections and pre-Adamite literature, some of them are quite nice,—sweet girl-graduates who will never take a degree, and who are neither prudes nor proctors. But—I must make the confession whatever it costs, whatever the consequences may be—if there is one girl I detest more than another, it is Matilda Black. The fate, the evil fortune, that has dogged our family for generations (see 'The House of the Seven Gables') is personified in Matilda Black. Whenever I meet her on the stairs, I know instinctively what is in store for me. A tragic attraction draws us together ; and I could lay any odds that the hostess will remark, with an idiotic simper, before I have got to the rug—'Mr Green, you will take in Matilda !' Heavens !—take *her* in !—you might as well attempt to take Sir Henry Hawkins in. 'A low voice is an excellent thing in woman.' But Matilda's voice !—it goes through you like a knife, it rasps you like a saw. You hear it across the street. Her softest whisper is trumpet-tongued ; and when she informs you (for instance) in the closest confidence that Mrs A. (at the other end of the table) is

rather carrying on with Major B., or that Mrs C. is taking more champagne than is prudent, every word is distinctly audible to the maids who are tittering in the lobby.

"So, as I have said, I gave up dining out ; and as I was always in danger of coming in contact with one or other of Professor Bl—kie's West-End friends, I have moved my household gods to the Old Town. You will be interested to know that I occupy the house occupied by Francis Horner when he was visited by Sydney Smith. 'He lives very high up in Gordon's Court, and thinks a good deal about mankind.' I live very high up too ; and if I think a good deal about mankind, I cannot say that my reflections are particularly agreeable. Though it is the middle of July, the wind is from the east ; and when the wind is from the east I hear, or fancy that I hear, Matilda's voice across the Nor' Loch ; and old MacBlethers, who proposed me for the Harmonic, has marked me down again, as a keeper marks a wounded bird. After the venerable colonel has toiled up six pairs of stairs on his gouty old legs (and I can identify him by his wheeze long before he comes in sight), I have not courage to tell the girl to say that I am particularly engaged. Consequently he is admitted, and sits with me (and on me) most of the afternoon. *So few people are in town, he remarks cordially, that those who are left should draw together.* There shall be one fewer to-morrow, I inwardly protest, as, seized by a sort of St Vitus' dance, I listen with growing irritation to his wheezy platitudes ; and, whenever he leaves, I begin, like Silvio Pellico, to plan how I am to escape. There are havens of rest which Mac-

Blethers does not trouble,—valleys of Avilion to which even Matilda's voice cannot penetrate. Am I chained like a galley-slave to the oar? Why not take a holiday as the others are doing? That sweet girl with the blue eyes and a liking for Longfellow is ducking her little sisters at Largs; the Keeper writes that there are lots of flappers in the river, and that the trout are rising freely on the loch; we have been advised by the 'Oban Times' that the dismal weather of the east coast is strictly local, and that the sun has been shining without stint since early in May on western moor and glen. So the volume at which I am working is pitched aside. Maitland of Lethington has waited so long for justice, that he can afford to wait a little longer. The tackle is seen to, the portmanteaus packed, the rods strapped, and I leave by the night mail. As I drive along Princes Street, I observe Mac-Blethers in amicable conversation with the porter who speaks Gaelic at the corner of Castle Street; and it is not until the train has crawled slowly up the pass above Ardvoirlich, and the dawn has flushed the sky over Etive—not until I have ceased to confuse Matilda's voice, in a disturbed and feverish dream, with the scream of the steam-whistle—that I feel safe. By the time the Fusilier has rounded the Ardnamurchan Point, my town-bred troubles have vanished with the mist. I begin to contemplate the feasibility of founding a school of political economy from which

the 'dismal' element shall be entirely excluded. And I mean to look you up, Mac, in the course of a day or two, to discuss the "preleminaries."¹ For, as it happens, we are near neighbours,—Malloch, where I have built a wooden shanty, which is only accessible, I find, during an exceptionally dry summer, being within easy reach of you,—when you have once mounted an inaccessible precipice and crossed an unfathomable bog. By the way, Mac, has anything been heard in these parts of a ridiculous creature called Dobbs——?"

The Chief drew himself up with a jerk that nearly sent him over the bridge into the whirlpool where the salmon lie before they leap the fall. There was a general titter, and a rush to the house; the dinner-bell was rung vindictively by a frantic domestic; and (as diplomats write) "the incident terminated." I may say truly that, apart from any personal feeling, I regretted the interruption; for I know there was something on the last page about the girl with the blue eyes and the liking for Longfellow; and I should have been pleased to ascertain whether she was still ducking her little sisters at Largs. Polly is the eldest of a large family; I have reason to fear that she cares a deal more for Longfellow than for Swinburne or Rossetti; and her eyes are blue, sea-blue, except when I have had to make them brown or black to suit the rhyme. Polly? O, my prophetic soul!

¹ The "preleminaries" of a Scotch service, according to Dr Lee's story, are prayer and praise.

RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG.

BY FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

At Aachen, throned in imperial state,
On the day that had seen him crowned,
Holding high festal King Rudolph sate,
In the hall from old times renowned.
Rhine's Palgrave with viands crowned the board,
The wine by Bohemia's king was poured,
And, like stars around the Sun,
Stood the seven Electors intent to share
In paying *dévoir* to the monarch there,
Who the world for his fief had won.

The high-piled galleries round were filled
With the people, a joyous crowd,
And through their cheers and their shoutings shrilled
The trumpets clear and loud ;
For the time, it was over, the woful time
Of war and disaster and havoc and crime,
And law ruled again in the land :
No longer the spear lords it blindly, no more
Crouch the feeble and peacefully minded before
Brute force and its ruthless hand.

The Kaiser takes hold of the goblet of gold,
And thus, well content, spoke he :
"The feast is bright, and my heart is light,
This noble banquet to see ;
But I miss the bard, who brings joys the best,
Who with song and sweet melody thrills my breast,
And with thoughts that are all divine :
From my youth I have loved his art, and here
What I evermore held, when a knight, most dear,
Shall it not, when I'm Kaiser, be mine ?"

Then lo ! Forth steps with a lordly mien
The bard from these princely peers,
His locks were white, of a silver sheen,
Bleached so by the teeming years.
"Sweet music sleeps in the golden strings,
Of love's dear guerdon the minstrel sings,
Lauds the highest, the best, the most sweet
Of all the heart yearns for, the sense desires ;
But say, what my liege of the bard requires,
As for his great festival meet ?"

"I will lay no command on a minstrel true,"
Said the king with a smile. "To a power
Far higher is his allegiance due,
He obeys the behest of the hour;
As the roar of the blast when the wild winds blow,—
Whence it cometh and how may no mortal know,—
As the spring from some far-hidden deep,
So the bard's song wells from his inmost soul,
And feelings awake 'neath its mystic control,
In our hearts that so strangely sleep!"

The minstrel caught up his harp straightway,
And with power its chords he smote:
"A high-born hero rode forth one day
To hunt the swift mountain goat.
His squire, with the weapons to serve his need,
Rode after, and when on his stately steed
He was pricking the meadows o'er,
Far off he hears a bell tinkling low,—
'Twas a priest, that with the Lord's Body did go,
His sacristan striding before.

"And the Count leapt down, and he bared his head,
And bowed with a Christian mind
In reverence lowly to what had bred
Salvation for all mankind.
But a brook that brawled through the meadow, by
The mountain torrents swollen wild and high,
The priest's going on delayed;
So he lays the Host near him upon the ground,
And the sandals straight from his feet unwound,
In purpose across to wade.

"'What wouldest thou?' marvelling much to scan
His doings, the good Count said.
'On my way, sir, am I to a dying man,
Who pines for the heavenly bread.
I had come to the bridge that spans the brook,
When the torrent came eddying down,—it shook,
Then was whirled away; and so,
To bring that poor soul its heavenly cheer,
As fast as I may through the water here
Barefooted I mean to go.'

"The Count sets the priest on his knightly steed,
And hands him the glittering reins,
So speeds him to solace the sick man's need
With the balm of his heavenly pains;
Himself strode the beast that had borne his squire,
And hunted that day to his heart's desire:
The priest to the sick man sped,
And by the next morning's dawning light
He brought the brave barb back to the knight,
By the bridle modestly led.

"'Nay, Heaven forfend!' then devoutly cried
The Count, 'that in chase or strife
I should ever again the steed bestride,
That has borne the Lord of Life!
If it may not be for thine own allowed,
To the service of God let it still be vowed!
'Tis a tribute to Him I'd give,
Of whom I take as in trust my whole
World's wealth, my honour, my body, my soul,
And the breath whereby I live!'

"'So may God, who from heaven to the plaint and prayer
Of the helpless his ear doth bow,
To honour bring you here—ay, and there—
As Him you are honouring now!
Your name and fame men's praise command
For prowess done in the Switzers' land:
Six daughters fair have you;
May each of them bring to your House a crown,
And hand to the latest ages down
Its glories ever new!'"

There sat the Kaiser, with head down bent,
As he thought of the days gone by;
But now he divines what the minstrel meant,
As he looks at his flashing eye.
In him the priest he again beholds,
And he hides in his mantle's purple folds
The rush of the tell-tale tears.
All looked at the Kaiser, and every one
Knew *he* was the Count, who that deed had done,
And it hallowed his name for years.

LADY BABY.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE PLEDGE.

"But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And life is thorny and youth is vain."

THE discovery that Sir Peter was rich and that she was poor had come upon Lady Baby like a revelation. When she had spoken of the news of the trouble being certain to bring him back, she had not in her own mind defined the trouble as being simply pecuniary. Money was a very formless conception to her, for she had never been in want of it. She had merely argued that because something disagreeable had happened to them, Sir Peter was sure to return.

But this new view of the case was startling; it filled her with a vague uneasiness. She brooded over it in private, without being able to come to any definite conclusion on the subject. Then there came a day when she found herself unexpectedly led to a conclusion, judiciously helped, as it were, to put into distinct form the uneasy thoughts that had been puzzling her.

The manner in which this came about was as follows.

For some time past Lady Euphrosyne, on her side, had been puzzling herself with questions. Something which Maud had said during that first conversation between them had been fermenting ever since in Lady Euphrosyne's mind. This was the exclamation which had escaped Miss Epperton about there being other things in the world besides common-sense—for instance, pride—and the inference drawn therefrom as to the possibility of Sir Peter not being re-accepted when he returned to re-offer himself. If that exclamation had been the means of stirring

Maud's own curiosity, how much more was it likely to stir that of Lady Euphrosyne, who had a distinct interest very much at stake, and very much involved in this question! This curiosity had, with the lapse of days, gradually become devouring, and it was in the vague expectation of having it satisfied that her ladyship drove over one day to Kippendale. Fixed plan she had none in her mind; she never had on occasions of this sort. Her one idea was to find out as much as she could about the state of mind of Lady Baby and the rest of the family, and through Miss Epperton of course. Her hopes were exclusively fixed on Miss Epperton, so much so that when, having waited for ten minutes alone in the drawing-room, she found herself confronted by Lady Baby instead of Miss Epperton, her calculations were thrown all of a dismal heap, and every scrap of her presence of mind was required to cover her disappointment.

"I am afraid I have interrupted your stroll in the garden," she said with a bitter-sweet smile, glancing the while over Lady Baby's shoulder to see if her ally was not in sight. Lady Baby had come in through the conservatory door. Her garden-hat was in her hand, and her hair was pushed back from her forehead, for the day was very warm.

"I was coming in at any rate," she said, advancing rather stiffly to meet Lady Euphrosyne.

"Thanks; I shall not keep you long. I only looked in for a few

minutes to inquire how you are all keeping up, and to——"

"Say that you had heard the news?"

"The news?"

"Yes, the news of my engagement being broken off. It is the news of the day," and she gave a hard little laugh.

"Yes," said Lady Euphrosyne, on whom this came rather suddenly; "yes, certainly, I am aware of that. Well, to speak the honest truth, I think you have taken the wisest course."

"Why?" asked Lady Baby, bridling on the instant.

"Why? Well, do you know, it struck me from the very first that you were eminently unsuited to each other."

"I am glad that *somebody* at least agrees with me there," said Lady Baby, with a scornful smile. "I think you are the first person, Lady Euphrosyne, who has acknowledged that I am wise."

"The first person?" echoed her ladyship; "are your relations, then, not of your way of thinking in this matter? The *first* person—oh yes, to be sure, I see. It was scarcely to be expected that they should be much pleased, and at this moment, too, of all others."

It had suddenly occurred to Lady Euphrosyne, that despite the non-appearance of her ally, she need not necessarily go back to Nolesworth with her curiosity unsatisfied. There was a much more direct way of gaining the assurance for which her spirit hungered, though delicacy, to be sure, demanded that the point be led up to in the most indirect manner possible. She did not at all know how this was to be done, though she immediately resolved to do it; and when Lady Baby asked sullenly, "Why at *this* moment of

all others?" Lady Euphrosyne, abandoning herself to the tide of chance, could only respond rather at random—

"Oh, it was not that I meant; and besides, so far as I understand, it really did not occur at the same moment at all. That is to say, I believe I am right in saying that the discovery of your two characters not suiting each other was made previous to the melancholy news of the Gullyscoombe disaster, was it not?"

"Yes, it was," and the colour began very slowly to mount in Lady Baby's face. "What of that?"

"Nothing, nothing at all; except perhaps a rather unlucky, a rather unfortunate coincidence."

"But I thought you just said that I had been so wise——"

"In some senses, my dear; yes, certainly in *some* senses," said Lady Euphrosyne, leaning back in her chair. Her composure was returning in exact proportion as Lady Baby's was vanishing: she was now self-possessed enough to look thoroughly exhausted. Quite apart from her real *bond fide* curiosity, she was beginning to enjoy what she was about. For weeks past the intercourse between these two had been a continual case of mutual exasperation, in which Lady Baby had invariably held the advantage. To-day the cases were going to be reversed, and Lady Baby had only herself to thank if she could hope for no mercy. She stood now bolt-upright in the middle of the room, twisting the long ribbon of her hat round each of her fingers in turn, while a shifting rose-coloured light, streaming through the closed curtains, daintily tinged her white dress into the semblance of a pink one, and playfully kindled her fair hair into the glow of a fiery auburn.

The curtains had all been lowered to keep out the unusual heat of the sunshine; and, in this pink gloom, the big drawing-room had something of a religious mystery. There was a faint smell of sandal-wood in the air, and the faint outlines of costly screens and couches in the background.

"I want to know," said Lady Baby, coming a step nearer, "I want to understand what that means, being wiser in *some* senses, — in *what* senses, Lady Euphrosyne?"

"Dear me, child," and Lady Euphrosyne toyed delicately with her lace parasol, for she was now quite herself again, "you need not pounce upon one's words so! In worldly senses, I meant. One can't help there being worldly people in the world, and one can't help their looking at things from a worldly point of view."

"Why need they look from any point of view at all at an affair which isn't any business of theirs?"

"One can't help that either, my dear; they will not only look, but they will think and they will speak."

"Really!" with an increase of scorn, "and what will they say?"

"For one thing, I shouldn't be surprised if they said it was a pity you did not put off your discovery for a week longer."

"Which discovery?"

"The discovery about you and Peter not suiting each other."

"What good would the putting it off have done?"

"It might have done this good, that possibly — mind I only say *possibly* — you might not have thought it worth while to make the discovery at all."

"Do you know what made me make that discovery, Lady Euphrosyne?"

"The incompatibility of your dispositions, was it not?"

"Yes; and do you, or do the worldly people you speak of, suppose that our dispositions would have become more compatible in a single week?"

"Not in *any* single week, perhaps, but——"

"But in this particular week?"

Lady Euphrosyne looked aside, smiling undecidedly. This impetuous taking up of her words was hurrying her into a far broader statement of the case than she had originally contemplated.

"Because in this particular week we lost all our money!" finished Lady Baby, beginning to pant a little.

Lady Euphrosyne raised her hands with her favourite gesture of deprecation. She was protesting against the coarseness of the assertion. "*Par pitié!* People don't lose all their money in a week, — at least not the right sort of people, not people that one *knows*. You talk as if your father was an economical navy who kept his earnings in a stocking or a flower-pot, and who is reduced to starvation by a fellow-navvy walking off with the flower-pot. Of course, he may have had serious losses, he may even be——"

"Ruined? I suppose the right sort of people can be ruined, can't they? Well, what earthly connection can there be between our being ruined and the resolution that I came to?" In her innermost heart Lady Baby contemplated that "resolution" rather differently now; but Lady Euphrosyne's attitude had driven her back to the defence of her half-abandoned guns. "Don't you see that the two facts are quite

distinct and separate? Don't you see that, Lady Euphrosyne?"

"I see that they are so in your mind, my dear child, just now,—but that is no reason why they should remain so very distinct. We would need to see this great resolution put to the test first, you know," and she laughed uneasily.

"To the test! What test? When is it to be put to the test?"

"When Peter comes back."

"When he comes back!" said Lady Baby, catching her breath. "Will he come back?"

"Of course he will come back," said Lady Euphrosyne, watching the girl very keenly through her narrowed eyelids. "Even if he agreed with you ever so much in finding your two characters unsuited to each other, he will consider it his duty to come back, as affairs now stand. No man of honour would be willing to risk the imputation of having acted in a mercenary spirit,—for, of course, the world will never clearly disentangle the chronological order of two events that happened in such close succession."

"No, I suppose they will not," said Lady Baby, very slowly; "I am beginning to understand. Go on, please, Lady Euphrosyne—I want to hear a little more. You have told me what you believe Peter is going to do, and now I should like to hear what you believe I am going to do."

"How can I tell you that, child," and Lady Euphrosyne languidly rose to leave, "when it is more than likely that you could not tell it yourself? But when I get the news—if I get the news—of your having made it up with him, I shall not pretend to be overwhelmed with surprise, and I am not sure,

either, whether I shall not think that you have done the wisest thing after all."

"Even though we are so extremely ill suited to each other, as you said a minute ago!"

"You are young enough to learn how to conform your temper to that of your husband," said Lady Euphrosyne, in her tone of serenest patronage, and speaking at that moment with no deeper object than that of increasing the irritation which she was pleased to see she had produced. "There is no reason, after all, why this marriage should not turn out as well as many others. But, mind, I do not dabble in prophecy; all I venture to predict is that you will not be quite as inexorable as you would have me suppose. And now, really I cannot keep the horses standing any longer."

Lady Euphrosyne's curiosity was indeed *bonâ fide*, but so was her terror of doing anything that might be in doubtful taste. By the look of alarmed perplexity on her victim's face she recognised that the torture had been pushed to the utmost limit that the canons of polite society could be expected to tolerate; that she had dealt the straightest blow and given the deepest stab that etiquette could by any possibility be persuaded to sanction. One line straighter, one shade deeper, would infallibly have vulgarised the whole transaction; and it was just because she caught a glimpse of this horrible danger impending, that Lady Euphrosyne thought it safer to cut her visit short. Something too there may have been about Lady Baby's expression which made her ladyship wish rather fervently that she was well out of that rose-coloured drawing-room, even

with her curiosity in this half-satisfied state. After all, it would have been a great deal pleasanter if she could have got the information she wanted in a quiet way from Miss Epperton. Lady Baby was not an agreeable victim to experiment upon. With her gleaming blue eyes widely dilated, she looked just now somewhat like an animal at bay. Her chest was heaving and her fingers trembled as they twirled the ribbon. To Lady Euphrosyne's farewell words she made no answer; to the hand put out towards hers she did not respond. She neither rang for the servant nor went to the door to see her visitor off,—in point of fact, she did not seem distinctly aware that Lady Euphrosyne was going until she heard the wheels grinding on the gravel. She raised her head then, as though waking from a dream. "Not as inexorable as you would have me believe," she repeated aloud; "that means—let me see, what does it mean exactly?" and she put her hands to her head. After a minute she burst into an almost triumphant laugh. She had got at the sense of it, she knew what it all meant now: it lay before her, clear as a map. Peter was going to come back; not because he cared for her, but because he would consider himself bound to sacrifice his own inclination, or disinclination, to what the world might say of his conduct: he would then offer her his pity, his compassion, his — yes — his *charity*, thinly disguised under the name of his love. And this gift it was which Lady Euphrosyne believed that she, Lady Baby, was thankfully going to accept! O heavens! why had she been so stupid as not to have understood it all long ago? Why had she stood in that dazed bewil-

derment instead of promptly flinging back the ignominious charge in the most vigorous and unmistakable words afforded by the English language—if indeed the English language possessed any words vigorous enough for the occasion: at this moment she doubted it. Why had she not made a protestation? Why had she not sworn an oath? Was it too late to do so yet? She ran to the window to see if the carriage were yet within reach; alas! no—scarcely even within sight, a mere speck in the distance. And in that speck sat Lady Euphrosyne, rolling towards Nolesworth, and firmly convinced all the time that she had just parted from the future recipient of her step-son's generously bestowed—alms; the poor beggar-maid who, for the sake of those alms, was to conform her character to that of the almsgiver. *Conform*, indeed! But this must not continue; Lady Euphrosyne must be cured of her misapprehension with the least possible delay. The only question was, how? And Lady Baby glanced wildly around her, as though in search of some instant remedy for her wounded pride. Unless some step were taken to clear her character of this hideous imputation, she felt that she could not sleep that night. Sleep! Why, she could scarcely breathe. The recollection of Lady Euphrosyne's words and of her looks, now seen in their right light, produced an exasperation so acute as to be almost like physical pain: it stung like a lash, it choked her as though it had been a real tangible weight.

A note to be despatched immediately to Nolesworth was the only course that suggested itself, and scarcely had it suggested itself

when Lady Baby flew at the writing-table like a tigress at her prey. The pen was dipped in the ink with an expression that would have befitted the loading of a pistol, and the Nolesworth carriage was not well off Kippendale ground before four pages of note-paper had been covered, partly with blots, and partly with vehement denials and assurances as vehement. "I understand you now," it began point-blank. "I don't know why I did not understand you at once; but you are *quite* wrong." Then there followed a good deal, more or less grammatically expressed, about finding it infinitely preferable to live on bread-crusts and ditch-water for never mind how many years to come, than marrying a man who would only come back to her out of a sense of duty. The conduct of any woman who could be capable of so basely accepting his sacrifice was characterised as contemptible, ignominious, grovelling, and by a few other adjectives, the most powerful which she could collect upon so short a notice. "I solemnly assure you," she concluded, "that as long as Peter is rich and I am poor, nothing, nothing, *nothing* will ever induce me to be his wife. You *must* believe me now; I am ready to swear it if you wish."

It was with fingers still shaking with excitement, with quivering nerves and throbbing temples, that Lady Baby scrawled the lines.

As she sat at the writing-table, all alone in the big room, with its far-off corners drowned in rose-coloured gloom, and the faint smell of sandal-wood in the air, the atmosphere about her seemed to thrill with a strange solemnity. The red light played over the table, and poured down on the page of note-paper on which she was penning her impetuous declaration. If she had renounced her claim to Peter on a blood-stained parchment and signed it with her heart's own gore, the document could scarcely have looked redder or more threatening or more mystic than it looked to her eyes at this moment, and to her memory ever after.

When the curious note reached Lady Euphrosyne she was almost a little frightened. This stupendous result to her chance experiment rather took her breath away. It is not the first time that a shot fired off at random has brought down the right bird, or that a bait dropped anyhow into a pool has hooked the right fish. But Lady Euphrosyne did not reflect in this fashion; she thought she must have been manœuvring very deeply in order to have brought about this end, and she felt a distinct increase of awe towards herself.

This feeling, however, did not interfere with the scrupulous care with which she locked away the wild little note in the innermost recess of her desk.

CHAPTER XXII.—AMBER SILK.

"Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Love, forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust."

One summer evening, about this time, Maud Epperton took an amber-silk dinner-dress out of the press, contemplated it thoughtfully, shook her head, put the dress back

again, hesitated a little, and ended by taking it out again and laying it on the bed. It was a very handsome dress, one which she never would have possessed had not the

young Marchioness of Carringsford, who had taken a fancy to her for a few weeks last season, discovered that amber did not suit her own complexion, and, with a sort of friendly impertinence, offered the cast-off garment to Maud. "It isn't much soiled," she explained; "the bottom flounce is rather shabby, but I daresay you are not so particular as I am." Maud would have been as particular as anybody had she had any fortune but her face; but amber *did* suit her complexion, and she could not afford to take offence. She knew that by sitting up for two hours any night she could easily contrive to make the dress look as good as new.

It was just because amber suited her complexion so well that Maud had hesitated about appearing in that colour to-night. She knew that she was in want of very careful dressing-up if she was to look anything like her best; but she also knew that there were certain prudential considerations which might make it advisable to avoid looking her best.

"But, after all, one can't be prudent for ever," said Maud, as she took up the little pot marked "*fleur de rose*," and began laying a delicate coat of pink on her cheeks. "There is no reason why he should think me a fright." In the midst of the operation she suddenly sprang up and threw the cotton-dab to the other end of the room.

"Sham! all sham!" she muttered. Something that Germaine had said in the course of their last conversation had flashed into her mind; "Then there are the people who don't tell lies at all. I know you are one of them."

She stood for a moment with her hands tightly clenched, then threw a glance into the glass, then

quietly crossed the room, and picking up the dab, continued the operation just as before. What could it matter what Germaine said, since, after the events of the last few days, she had told herself at last that she must give him up!

The conclusion had not been reached without struggles; ay, and fierce ones. Why, oh why, was fate so perverse? Why need she have fixed her hopes on a man whose prosperity could receive so great a shock from a blunder about a few inches of rock? That is what it came to. "And I thought mines were such safe things!" said Maud, despondently shaking her head. "If I had not thought that, I never would have troubled myself about those library-shelves or that catalogue. As far as that goes," and she smiled cynically, "the original business that brought me north was a considerably less risky affair. A gale of wind might make the park at Nolesworth look rather bare, but it would scarcely throw Sir Peter's prosperity into the balance."

Maud heaved a sigh. There may have been in that sigh a little passing and surely pardonable regret at the thought of that enterprise abandoned under rather mortifying circumstances and against her will; but it is certain that that same sigh expressed a much more poignant regret for another enterprise, which, under very different circumstances, and of her entire free will, she was now about to abandon. What she felt for her boyish lover did not precisely answer to the description of love; it was more a keen gratitude for his affection, a shamed emotion at being held so far above her value, a stirring-up of all the remains of the really good qualities which had once been in her nature. To be esteemed and adored by him would

have been very precious to her—might, in fact, have been her saving; but the price which she was asked to pay for this esteem was greater than her nature could afford.

It was some weeks now since the catastrophe; and Maud, thanks to being present at gloomy conversations and consulting works upon engineering, knew almost as much about the matter as Mr Reid himself. She had learned a great deal about the species of search now proceeding at Gullyscombe, on the result of which the welfare or ill-fare of the house of Kippendale depended. She had found out that the expenses were enormous, the difficulties innumerable, and the results to be looked for absolutely problematical. Maud's mental powers, as well as her business capacities, were as vigorous as those of a man, and quicker than those of most men. By this time she knew all about "traps" and "dykes" and "elvans," was quite familiar with such mysteries as "shodging-shafts" and "stamps," could talk glibly about "kindly" rocks and "keenly lodes"; and having carefully sifted all the conflicting rules, opinions, theories, and advice set forth for the benefit of searchers for the hidden treasures of the earth, had come to the conclusion that nobody really knew very much about it. The only thing that seemed quite certain was, that everything was uncertain.

A very disagreeable word had been mentioned, the word *economy*; a word so very suggestive of warmed-up meat and last year's bonnets and hackney-carriages. Maud shuddered at the sound, as at the voice of a too familiar acquaintance. It was then that she began seriously to count the cost of Germaine's love; it was then also that she measured her

capabilities of sacrifice, and found that they fell short of the standard required. Was Maud more despicable than honest, or more honest than despicable, because she unreservedly weighed herself in the balance and frankly found herself wanting? It is true that she said, "I must give him up," but she said it with tears in her eyes, and the tears were genuine; and though the lips that said it might possibly have been touched one shade redder than was their nature, yet they really trembled at the words. Despise her, you who have lived in comfort all your days! Throw at her the biggest stones that you have strength to pick up and agility to fling, all you easy-going, unvexed, well-lodged, well-fed ones of the earth, who have never had to take thought of where the next meal is to come from! Very many people think themselves poor because they feel that they could enjoy a stall at the play a great deal oftener than they can afford it, or because they are forced to buy their books second-hand, or to patronise a second-rate dress-maker. Many others think they know all about poverty because they have been inside the houses of the poor,—and this, by the by, would be about as true as saying that you know exactly what it is to be drowned because you have stood by and seen some one else drowning.

But the poverty which Maud knew was not an imitation article: it was the real thing, with no nonsense about it, and her acquaintance with it was of the most personal and intimate. One wolf may be very like another; but it is one thing to see a wolf scratching at your neighbour's door, and it is quite another thing to see him walking in at your

own and making himself quite comfortable on the hearthstone, and grinning at you from beside the empty grate. Maud knew both cold and hunger, and this is not meant as a figure of speech. She had really been faint from the simple want of sufficient food, or of means to buy it,—she had really been cold from the simple want of adequate clothing; not once, but several times in her life, she had been forced to go to bed because there were no coals in the house, and to put her two shawls over her—yes, and the hearth-rug on the top of them, because her blankets were so thin and so few. It was a poverty which, by courtesy, might perhaps be described as genteel, but which, nevertheless, could sting and could bite and could pinch with the best of sharp-toothed, long-clawed monsters; and those that have been so stung and bitten and pinched do not easily recover from their fright. Maud still bore the scars of those bites upon her, and she feared another encounter with the monster as a burnt child fears the fire.

Considering that she had made up her mind to give up Germaine, it certainly was a weakness on Maud's part to put on that amber silk. She began to repent of her folly before she had done eating her soup; and when dessert was reached and she felt his admiring gaze still upon her, she told herself that the hour of the final explanation could now not be long delayed.

It came that very evening. Of course it had to happen some time or other; the game at hide-and-seek could not go on for ever. Maud could not always be having headaches and asking for her tea to be sent to her room, nor could she always be watching round

corners and behind doors in order to escape Germaine. It may be that to-night she had desperately resigned herself to her fate, or it may be that the amber silk had made Germaine a shade more determined than usual; whatever it was, he managed to surprise her alone in one of the drawing-rooms after dinner.

He plunged at once into his declaration; he had been too long on the watch to be slow at taking this chance. He told her that he adored her, and he laid his heart and his life at her feet.

Maud was more taken aback than she could have supposed it possible. For a minute or two she lost her head and they stood staring at each other—he looking so resolute, and she looking so disconcerted, that any one would have supposed all the cleverness to have been on his side and all the simplicity on hers. Then she began to recover.

"It can't be, Lord Germaine," she said quickly, "it cannot be now,—it would not do at present,—your father would never allow it."

"I am of age," said Germaine; "and, besides, why should my father not allow it?"

"Under the circumstances I am sure that he would protest; and, of course, you would owe deference to his wishes."

"Under which circumstances?" asked Germaine.

"Dear Lord Germaine, these unfortunate circumstances connected with Gullyscoombe, of course." ("Nothing but plain speaking will do it," she said to herself.)

"But Gullyscoombe may come right any day."

"But also it may not."

"Well, then, let us agree to wait. I could wait a century if I

had your promise," and he tried to take her hand.

She put it behind her back, smiling a little nervously. To pledge herself to this uncertain waiting was the very thing she wished to avoid. Had she been five years younger, she might have yielded, but she knew that her time was too short for any tricks of this sort.

"I can't do it, Lord Germaine; it would be unfair to you. You will have other duties now; don't you know what will be expected of you?"

"What?"

"To retrieve the family fortunes by a brilliant marriage, of course."

"Nothing could be more brilliant than a marriage with you," said Germaine, simply.

Maud sighed in despair; this simplicity was terrible.

"But don't you see," she said, trying hard to lose her temper, "that is not what I mean. You will be expected to marry somebody with a much better position than I have, and with a great deal more money."

Germaine flushed violently. "You have no right," he exclaimed in sudden anger, and with a stamp that was something like one of Lady Baby's petulant stamps, magnified fourfold,— "no one has any right to dispose of me in that way against my will, or to take for granted that I would marry anybody for the sake of money! It is you whom I want to marry—only you alone, Miss Epperton," and he clasped his hands; "will you not give me your answer?"

"Give him your answer," a small voice cried within Maud's heart—"give him your answer, and his *congé* along with it, and say good-bye to him for evermore."

This was just what she wished

to do; but face to face with him, she discovered that she could not. So Maud gave an answer, but it was evasive and temporising; it meant nothing, and it committed her to nothing. Germaine listened with an air of extreme perplexity, and at the end he shook his head, and looked very big and very obstinate.

"No, I don't see it," he said.

"One of us two must try and be wise," said Maud; "and since you will not have the wisdom on your side, it must be on mine. To consent to an engagement would be like hampering you with a burden."

"No, it wouldn't," said Germaine, brightening. "I have thought of all that. Oh, I am not quite so foolish as you think me. Even if the copper is never found, we won't have to starve exactly, though, of course, Reid says that we will have to give up a lot of things—horses and so on,"—he heaved a tremendous sigh,— "and, of course, I shall have to look out for something to do; but there will be no difficulty about that. I know lots of people; there's a friend of mine in the wine trade, and another in a big City house. I daresay they could get me in, though, of course, I should like the army best. I don't mind working; and oh, Miss Epperton, dearest, most beautiful Maud! I should be so proud to work for you! I am game for anything, and I am very strong; I would break stones on the road if it would make you more comfortable. Only," he added, with a momentary touch of despondency, "I suppose I should always break them the wrong sizes."

Maud turned away; she was at her wits' end. How was she to tell him that, though he might be ready to become a stone-breaker

for her sake, she was not at all ready to become a stone-breaker's wife; no, nor the wife of a wine merchant's clerk, or of a poor lieutenant? How was she to make him understand that, though these boasts were very brave, they were also very foolish? This boy knew not even the A B C of that dismal tale of pauperism which Maud had conned and conned until she knew it too well. Had not the lesson been learnt with pinched lips and chattering teeth, and by the light of the most inferior quality of tallow-candles?

"It cannot be," she murmured; "it cannot be now."

"Why not now, Maud?" he pleaded.

It thrilled her strangely to hear her name thus spoken by him, and yet she gladly seized on the pretext for anger. "It seems to me that you assume a great deal," she said, steadying herself to look straight into his blazing eyes, "it seems to me that you are very confident, Lord Germaine. What right have you to address me thus? What right have you to suppose that I return your sentiments?"

"No right at all," answered Germaine, without any hesitation, "except what you have given me."

"And what is that?" Maud felt an uneasy surprise; she had expected him to plunge headlong into an ocean of humble protestations. His next words surprised her still more.

"I know quite well that I am not near good enough for you," he began, with almost as much confidence as humility; "but then, you see, I don't think any man in the world is that; and since some man must win you, why should not I as well as any other? It took me a very long time, I assure you, before I could trust myself to believe that, in spite of my being

so clumsy and so ignorant, you really were good enough to care for me a little."

"Lord Germaine!" cried Maud, turning rather pale as she faced him.

"Are you angry? I suppose I am putting it awkwardly."

"How do you know?—what has made you think that I—care for you?"

"What has made me think it?" repeated Germaine slowly, though he did not look a bit disconcerted. "Why, dozens and dozens of things. All the times that you have allowed me to help you, and all the walks you have allowed me to take with you, and all the things you have allowed me to say; and—and the way in which you have sometimes looked at me," added Germaine, with one of his deepest schoolgirl blushes and his most resolute giant-manner. "You would never have allowed me to be with you so much if you had not cared for me a little; because, don't you see, that would have been giving me false hopes," he said earnestly, "and to give me false hopes would have been cruel."

"But how could I guess that you had any hopes?" cried Maud, in despair.

He shook his head with a broad smile of confidence. "You are a great deal too clever not to have guessed that."

"And supposing I tell you now that your hopes were groundless all along."

"You will not tell me that, because it would be the same as telling me that you have made a fool of me all along."

"And supposing I have made a fool of you?" she said, recklessly.

"You are a great deal too good to have done that."

Maud wrung her hands till they ached. "This faith, this terrible faith!" she muttered to herself.

"Have you never heard of men being made fools of by women, Lord Germaine?"

"Oh yes, I have," said Germaine, promptly; "but it is the wicked women that do that, not the good ones. There was Adam's wife, for instance, the fisher-girl: we talked about her the other day."

"Lord Germaine," said Maud, suddenly, "I am as bad as that fisher-girl. I am not to be trusted, believe me." And then she laughed aloud. "Of course you can't believe me if I am not to be trusted; but what I want you to understand is, that it was a mistake, I mean when you think that I—when you took my friendship for anything warmer——"

Germaine looked startled, but he stood his ground. "No, no, no, I am not mistaken. It can't be—it was all too clear; you cannot have been playing with me. Swear it!" he cried suddenly; "swear that it was all a comedy, and that I am nothing to you!"

Maud tried to meet his eyes and failed; tried to open her lips and failed again. All her will was bent upon saying the words, and yet they would not be spoken.

"Swear it!" said Germaine again. "Swear it!" and he took her hands.

Then her white eyelids were slowly raised, with that exquisite languor, that slowly dawning brilliancy of the eye beneath, that had driven so many ineligible suitors half out of their senses. Maud was not thinking of the eyelash trick then, but she had never accomplished it more effectually. For a few seconds' space they looked at each other full, and there was hunger and yearning, not only on his face but also on hers, and the difference only was that to her yearning there was a measure and to his there was not. She had not

gazed for half a minute when she saw the danger, saw the abyss at her feet, into which his breathless ardour had all but carried her, sweeping her off the firm ground of worldly wisdom. Let her hands rest but one minute longer in his, and she knew that their lips also would have met; let this dangerous pause endure for one second more, and the only words then fit to end it would be words of tenderest import, oaths which it would be so hard to break, yet so expedient.

It was for fear of being the first to speak those words that, with a faint cry, Maud wrenched away her hands—and hiding her face, flew from the room. She paused only when she was in the harbour of her own apartment, to which she had flown so often lately. So the dreaded end had come at last! Ah, that unlucky amber silk!

"I shall have to go away," she said; and she began feverishly to collect the trifles on the table, as though for instant departure. She felt that after to-day her tactics of evasion were played out. After to-day she could not fail to mistrust herself very gravely. If she stayed here longer, one of two things would happen; either she would tell Germaine that she loved him, or she would tell him that she did not love him. To do the first would be to abandon herself voluntarily, and with her eyes wide open, to the claws of that familiar wolf which she had with such varying success been artfully dodging all her life; to do the second would be to brand herself in his eyes as the heartless coquette of whom he had so slightly spoken. She dreaded this with a dread that was to herself almost incredible. He should be thrown over, yes—but thrown over so gently as not to disarrange one

petal of that beautiful flower of love which grew in his heart.

A man of more experience would have simplified the matter by retiring voluntarily for the present, with some graceful phrase upon his lips about renouncing the woman he loved rather than asking her to share his ruined fortunes. That is what a man of common-sense and common honour would have done; but Germaine was not a man of common-sense, and his honour was of so uncommon and quixotical a type, that if any one had suggested to him the possibility of Miss Epperton finding him more acceptable with his money than without it, he would certainly have called the remark sacrilegious, and the person who made it a blasphemer. She was to him too much of a goddess to be judged of by the ordinary standards of humanity. His attitude to-day had altogether rather surprised Maud, and it had infinitely complicated the position. There was nothing for it but flight, and this time she could not afford to be very nice in her choice of a refuge; there was only Brackton.

Nolesworth, indeed, might have been open to her, for the general invitation which Maud had already manœuvred out of Lady Euphrosyne might easily have been shaped into a particular one, but Nolesworth was not far enough off. Aunt Sophy, besides, would be a better card to play at this moment than Lady Euphrosyne. An aunt, particularly at so safe a distance, might very easily be supposed to require her niece's presence, and there were surely pretexts enough for making the summons sudden and peremptory, and thus saving the abruptly departing niece from all danger of being confounded with those pro-

verbial rats that are so prone to scuttle out of sinking ships.

Maud packed her boxes that night, quite determined to leave next day, yet only half determined, or rather continually altering her determination, as to what her pretext of departure should be. It was just possible that she might not have to go beyond ingenious evasion and some vague statements about a letter received; but of course so much depended on the circumstances of the moment, and to that she finally decided to trust.

When next morning came, her hopes as to vague statements being sufficient were very speedily baffled. The interest and sympathy of her hosts was a great deal too earnest to be satisfied with anything so indefinite. Her aunt wanted her? She really must go that very day! What did her aunt want her for? They hoped she had had no bad news? Was it possible that her aunt was ill?

"Yes, she is ill—that is to say, she is not very well," said Maud, gulping down a mouthful of tea. She was in a corner, and there was no help for it. Germaine's distressed gaze was upon her; oh, how she wished at that moment that it could have been done without a fib! But it couldn't. In order that he should think her quite sincere, it was necessary to tell just one more lie. The lie once spoken, Maud still clung to the hope that at least her invention would not be taxed in elaborating her first general statement; but here she had reckoned without Germaine, who always liked a literal account of things, and whose deep concern with her suffering relative became, as breakfast advanced, almost oppressive. He wanted to know

what she was suffering from ; and when Maud said something evasive about attacks to which her aunt was occasionally subject, he was not satisfied yet. "There are so many different sorts of attacks," he persisted.

"These are nervous attacks," said Maud, hurriedly. It happened to be true that on the occasion of some furniture being seized for debt, Aunt Sophy had had an attack of the nerves. "He will drive me to detail all the symptoms presently, at the thorough-going rate he does things," added Maud to herself. It was in vain that she attempted to turn the conversation. Germaine pressed for more information ; he wanted to know whether the best advice had been procured for her aunt ! Whether Miss Epperton would have to sit up at night ! How long the last attack had lasted ! Whether she would not find it advisable to take her aunt somewhere for change of air ? He remembered that when his sister Catherine had had a

nervous attack after poor George's death, she had not rallied until she had been moved to Brighton ; and he also remembered that she had lived on nothing but champagne and hothouse grapes for weeks. He hoped Miss Epperton would give her aunt plenty of champagne and hothouse grapes.

"I think that will have to be dispensed with," said Maud, gravely. "My poor old aunt's income would not go far towards champagne or baskets of grapes." It was not without motive that Maud put in this side-shot. The impression she wanted to leave behind her was to be one of as great unselfishness as possible, and this could best be done by placing her poor old aunt in the light of an unattractive pauper.

But even the cleverest of all clever combinations sometimes fails ; and how could Maud, with all her ingenuity, know that one single little remark dropped about hothouse grapes was going to lead to such serious ultimate results ?

CHAPTER XXIII.—A BASKET OF GRAPES.

"How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing !"

From the Lady FRANCES BEVAN to Miss EPPERTON, care of the Lady Euphrosyne Wyndhurst, Grosvenor Crescent, London, W.

"DEAREST MAUD,—We have at last made up our minds. It is rather terrible to be sure, but I think that even a terrible thing is more bearable than dangling on as we have been doing for the last two months. Maud, we are going to leave Kippendale, and we are going to emigrate to—no, you will never guess if you try till to-morrow, so I had better plump it out at once—we are going to emigrate to Gullyscoombe ! It was

Mr Reid who first started the idea, not about going to Gullyscoombe, but about leaving Kippendale. I think he has been working up to it for a long time past. First he insisted upon one footman being discharged, and then the other ; then he pounced upon the stables, and very nearly cleared them out,—oh, Maud, and the kennels are empty too !—those were terrible days ! And after that he began to talk about gardeners being so expensive, and about its being an extravagance to have hothouses ; and at last papa lost patience, and asked him

whether he did not think it an extravagance to have a roof over one's head at all? and Mr Reid looked very grave, and answered that such a roof as Kippendale was undoubtedly more than we should be able to afford for very long, more especially if papa would insist on forgetting that charity begins at home. Of course he meant that last £50 which papa had sent to the poor foreman with the fifteen children. I wish you could have seen Mr Reid when he found this out. I didn't think anybody ever could be so red in the face without exploding; and as for his hair, I thought it would fly straight off his head like dandelion fluff. Well, on the day I am telling you of, papa came home looking quite perplexed, and he called us all together, and we had a discussion. We very soon came to the conclusion that we had better go away somewhere, just for a time, you know, until the copper is found,—for, of course, we all *firmlly* believe in Swan's copper, and I hope you do too. The worst is that the looking for it costs such a lot of money. I never knew that engineers were such expensive things until Mr Reid told me so. Mr Reid is a very provoking person to talk to. That same day, when he was telling me about the engineers, he laughed in the most unpleasant manner, and only because I suggested to him that surely it would be much cheaper, instead of paying engineers' bills, to look for the copper with the divining-rod. 'Hazel and thorn-bushes grow everywhere,' I said, 'and all one would require would be a pen-knife'—'And the *virtue*,' he finished, with a horribly sarcastic smile. I am afraid he doesn't think much of the divining-rod; but I have read up all

about it, and I believe in it almost as firmly as I do in Swan's copper. But I am getting off the history of that evening. After we had settled that we must go, the next question was where to go to; and we all had different ideas. I suggested Normandy or Brittany, for that is where people in novels always go to when they are ruined; but papa said he had forgotten all his French, and was not going to begin over again. Nicky suggested London lodgings, but at that we all struck. Germaine suggested nothing at all,—I don't know what has happened to Germaine, he doesn't seem to care what is going on,—but we others went on arguing and discussing. We were quite agreed that wherever we went to, it must be to a smaller house, and to live on a smaller scale, so that we should be able to spend every spare penny on the copper-hunt; but somehow we didn't seem to be getting much beyond this point, when suddenly I had an idea. This time, I dare-say, you will guess what the idea was—it was the divining-rod. You know that I had been thinking of the divining-rod a good deal lately, and wondering how we could hit upon somebody who had the power; and now it all at once occurred to me that there really was no reason at all why that person should not be one of ourselves; nobody can tell until they have tried, and fancy what an ideal end to all our troubles it would be if Agnes or Kate or I were to *strike* the hidden vein! It would be almost as good as the third volume of a novel.

"My proposal was at first received with consternation, then with jeers; but when they had done jeering they began to argue. One by one they came over to my side. Kate was the first who

knocked under, I think she rather enjoys the idea of the melancholy rocks and the waves and the sea-gulls; then Nicky got the length of acknowledging that Gullyscoombe was the only place for which we should not have to pay rent; then it suddenly occurred to papa that if he were down there he would have a much better chance of bullying the engineers. The argument lasted till deep into the night, but the long and the short of it is that we are going to Gullyscoombe. It seems that the house there is in quite a decent state of repair, and big enough to hold us, even without turning out Captain John's widow and family. In fact, so many advantages have been discovered about the plan, that I am afraid they all have lost sight of the original idea of the thing; but I have not. In my eyes it is still the divining-rod which is acting finger of Providence; and having once pointed out Gullyscoombe, surely it will not be so shabby as to stop short there!

"Good-bye, dearest Maud. It is not likely that we shall be here much longer, for we want to get settled before winter."

This letter bore a date early in September, and by it it will be seen that though Lord Kippendale and his family had struggled hard against the acknowledgment of their actual ruin, yet when they gave in they gave in thoroughly, and had begun, in a rather head-long fashion, to fit themselves to their new position. Economy has a great many different forms, and can be practised on a great many different scales. A sultan economises by reducing his four hundred wives to two hundred; a London lady economises by giving up her carriage; and a curate's wife

does so by scrimping the lard in the frying or the flounces on her gown.

Lady Baby, like others, had her own way, but it was of doubtful efficacy. The first thing she did, in the days when Mr Reid began to talk of economy, was to give away all the silk dresses which hung in her wardrobe. It was to the housemaids and kitchen-maids that she gave them, most of whom were on the point of departure, and who accepted the gifts with amazed gratitude. What use a pale pink satin dinner-dress would be to Jemima, the scullery-maid, might be an open question; but Lady Baby only sat down to reflect when her wardrobe was empty, and though it then occurred to her that she had parted with the last silk dresses that she was likely to possess for a good long time, yet she consoled herself with a conviction that she was in a general sort of a way adapting herself to her new circumstances. The next step was to make up her mind that the household accounts must in future be strictly kept. Consequently she wrote to Howell & James, giving them *carte-blanche* to send her a "good, stout, serviceable, leather-bound account-book." Leather, of course, was more durable than linen; and Russia leather, she had always heard, was the best sort of leather, therefore the book was ordered of Russia. Being in a great hurry to commence her new economies, the order was sent telegraphically; and as it was impossible to give the details in a single message, the telegram had to be doubled. Howell & James telegraphed back (at her expense) that a book of that description was not in stock, but had been instantly ordered and intrusted to the most exquisite workmen. The exquisite

volume arrived in time, very exquisite and tremendously expensive; but then it was the first step towards economy. Lady Baby spent several hours every day over it, at least she did so at first; but it must be confessed that after a week the entries ran something as follows:—

Lucifer matches	. £0	4	6½
Washing soda	. 0	0	9½
Lost account of	. 11	0	0

All the same, the Russia leather book was a great help in those days; for Lady Baby had accepted her position with a sort of grim fervour that was almost enthusiasm. If she was to be penniless, she would be so ostentatiously; she did not mean to hang her head about that or about anything else. She was going to be very brave.

And courage was needed in those days, and was needed every day more as the slow time crept on and no good news came from Gullyscombe. It was Mr Reid on whom this strain of incertitude seemed to tell the most heavily. He had long ago come to the conclusion that Lord Kippendale was by far the most maddening client that ever an unhappy man of business was inflicted with. It was not only his attitude towards the Gullyscombe miners which Mr Reid objected to, it was his attitude towards the engineers as well. Three or four of them had been turned off in succession; for Lord Kippendale, convinced that nothing but blundering and ignorance were at the bottom of this long delay, was a great deal too impatient to get on to the next thing, which in this case happened to be the next engineer, to pay any heed to Mr Reid's most strenuous protestations. The baffled engineers retired chafing, and presently sent in bills, the length

of which might have led one to suppose that they were intended as healing plasters for wounded feelings. In this way, therefore, it was contrived that a search, which in itself was very expensive, was rendered about four times as expensive as was strictly necessary; and it was after this had gone on for a little time that Mr Reid spoke out plainly and told Lord Kippendale that he would not be able to afford to dig very many more holes in the ground to stuff his money into. He also said various other things, which resulted in the resolution announced to Miss Epperton in Lady Baby's letter.

What Lady Baby said about Germaine having shown no interest in this discussion was true enough. A good deal had happened to Germaine within the last six weeks, brief though the narrative of the following events may appear.

It was a couple of days after Miss Epperton's departure that Germaine, turning away from the door of Mr Reid's office, whither he had accompanied his father, happened to find himself straight opposite a fruiterer's shop. He stood still on the instant, fascinated by the sight of a pile of hot-house grapes, the first he had seen that year, for the Kippendale grapes were not quite ripe. Hot-house grapes had been in his thoughts more than once during the last days. The pictures which had haunted him of his goddess smoothing pillows and stirring medicines had occasionally been mixed up with visions of the hot-house grapes and the champagne which Miss Epperton's aunt was not able to afford, but which he was quite sure she would require after her nervous attack. He did not quite see his way to presenting Miss Epperton's aunt with a dozen

of Cliquot; but no one would scruple to accept a basket of hot-house fruit.

Evidently it was Providence which had thrown these grapes on his path, and that very same evening the basket went off, accompanied by a short note, and addressed to Miss Epperton, 93 Smithy Street, Brackton.

A few days later he received the following reply:—

“93 SMITHY STREET,
“BRACKTON.

“Miss Sophia Epperton presents her compliments to Lord Germaine. The grapes are being returned to him to-night by rail. It is all a mistake; she has not been ill, and if she had, grapes would probably have made her worse, as fresh fruit of any sort disagrees with her. Miss Sophia Epperton begs to state that it is not her fault if she read the letter; people who address themselves to her niece should be careful to distinguish between the junior and the senior Miss Epperton, otherwise it is their own lookout. Miss Sophia Epperton has put Lord Germaine's letter into the fire, as the importance of its contents did not seem to warrant the expenditure of a penny stamp. The younger Miss Epperton, having unexpectedly favoured this poor roof for two nights, has now gone to London to rejoin her new patroness, Lady Euphrosyne—Something; but Miss Epperton senior has to confess that her memory is quite unequal to grasping the handles attached to the names of Miss Epperton junior's friends.”

Fortunately for Germaine he was alone in the library when the above curious composition came to his hands. After he had read it once, standing by one of the windows, he took it to the next

window and read it again; and he read it after that by each of the windows in turn—as if with a sort of conviction that the right light had not yet fallen on its contents. Then he sat down in his father's big arm-chair, and remained there for half an hour, staring hard at the letter and pulling bits of fringe off the table-cloth near him. At the end of that half-hour he did the only thing which, being Germaine, he could do; he went to the writing-table and wrote direct to Maud, asking her point-blank for an explanation of the mystery. He went straight into the letter, without any “Dear Miss Epperton” to start with.

“I have just heard from your aunt,” he wrote. “I had sent her a basket of grapes, and she writes to acknowledge them. She has not been ill, and has had no attack. You were not sent for to nurse her. Did you invent it all? I don't understand; please explain.”
GERMAINE.”

This note came to Maud's hands next day in London. It was the day after the long-deferred ball, for the sake of which Lady Euphrosyne, finding no more work to be done in the North, had hastened back to London just as the season was drawing its last gasp. For Maud the ball had been rather a success, something like a solitary summer-day coming in late autumn. Many of the new London beauties had already left town, and Miss Epperton, appearing again after so long a retirement, naturally found herself prized in proportion to having made herself precious. She was not at all disposed to over-value her triumph, but for the moment it had put her into a hopeful humour, and made it seem easier to forget Germaine. Ah,

it was so much easier to renounce him when the gaze of those big, blue, childish eyes was not upon her!

His note startled her; it was so short and straightforward. It irritated her as well; she always felt provoked with him when he got into what she called his "literal frame of mind." After all, she could not have her eyes everywhere. It was mortifying, it was ridiculous; her neat little plan was exposed now beyond remedy. "So be it, then," she thought, with a sudden reckless defiance; "let him have the truth, and let him have it bare, since bare truth is all he cares for. Better, perhaps, and simpler certainly, that the whole thing be cut short at one stroke." And on the instant she sat down and wrote as follows, unconsciously imitating the style of his note:—

"You have guessed right; I did invent it all. My aunt has not been ill. I was not sent for. It was you who drove me to it; it was to save you from 'scenes' that I did it. It was a lie, if you will; but the colour of the lie, I think you will agree, was white.

"MAUD EPPERTON."

The moment the letter was gone Maud felt that she had made a mistake. Once more she had acted on one of those impulses which she was always flattering herself were dead for ever, and which yet had such an awkward habit of reviving at odd moments. After the long strain of incertitude, she had felt as though to decide the question out of all power of reversal would be a relief. But having decided it, she wished the incertitude back again. "Bah!" she said, after a short reflection, "I should have had to break with him sooner or later, only that I would rather have waited until Mr Christopher Swan's copper was proved to be a myth; but after all, there is no great harm done. Even if they find the copper to-morrow, and my blue-eyed slave becomes once more eligible, it can only be a question of smiling long enough and sweetly enough in order to bring him back to my feet. All the same, I wish I had not sent the letter. I suppose he will answer me with bitter reproaches—eight pages of them, most likely—in a copy-book hand. Heavens! *quel ennui!*"

But the days passed, and no other letter came from Germaine.

ELIZABETH OF VALOIS AND THE TRAGEDY OF DON CARLOS.

OUR last number contained the record of a night of brilliant festivities, but here commences the dark tragedy—the gloomiest episode in the history of Spain, the land of romance, dark legend, and mournful song. Now a shadow was to be cast over the Queen's young life from which it never was to be lifted, and which in the minds of a few has dimmed the brightness of her fame. For some time past negotiations had been carried on with a view to the marriage of Don Carlos with Anne, the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian. This was purely a political question, and where there is no affection on either side, and the interest is simply dynastic, marriage arrangements are not quickly concluded, much more so when all the feelings of one party are centred on another object. Don Carlos did all in his power to thwart the negotiations; and while doing so, he did not care to conceal the twofold passions which were raging in his bosom,—the love which he bore to the Queen, and the hatred he bore to his father, who, he felt, had robbed him of so much love and loveliness.

Don Carlos was not the insufferable being he has been painted by his enemies, nor had he the princely chivalrous nature of his glorious grandsire; while the virtues and merits with which he was endowed by the pity and sympathy of Isabella were entirely wanting. He was violent, ambitious, unruly, without any filial affection, but he was the victim of misdirected education. Charles V., after his grandson passed some time with the Emperor at Valladolid and Yuste, had no mean opinion of his merits. He was generous and charitable,

asking always "Who would give if princes did not?" and he was much loved by all those who were attached to his service; but his persistency of nature—the obstinacy with which he held to his own opinions, however satisfactory on occasion, when the views he held were noble and honourable—was fraught with danger in the ordinary relations of life, for he would listen to no reason and brooked no control. He might have become under happier circumstances a worthy representative of his illustrious grandsire. "The free-will of the parent is the destiny of the child;" and the free-will of the parent in his case had been fraught with evil to the son. Nor had he a mother to cherish, guide, and plead for him. She who had now replaced the mother carefully concealed any mark of interest in him. His qualities of frankness and generosity gained him many "summer friends," but these were of little avail in the winter of his sorrows. His very frankness of nature was against him; he had no concealments, or power of self-restraint. Thus it was that he publicly avowed his hatred of his father, and he extended his aversion to the large circle of the King's courtiers—in fact, to the majority of the Court. Thus, when the crisis of his fate arrived, he had not one friend on whom he could rely; and when "The Sovereign frowned, the train of State
Watched the keen glance, and marked the signs to hate,"—

there were then none to plead for him. There was no attempt to palliate his conduct, repugnant as it was not only to his duty to his

father, but to the Government and to the country.

It should be remembered that, notwithstanding the despotic power of the sovereign, there was in Spain a strong love of independence and privilege, and great awe of religious obligation, with a strict observance of form only second to religion. All the etiquettes were violated by the Prince, to the infinite disgust of the Court. Yet, notwithstanding his defects, the poets and dramatists have freely used the licence they consider themselves entitled to, and have endowed him with the noblest qualities. Alfieri has indeed overstrained the poetic imagination, when he makes the Queen, in the opening scene of his "Filippo," speak of the Prince as

"Ardito umano cor, nobile fierezza,
Sublime ingegno e in avvenenti spoglie,
Bellissim' alma, ah ! perche tal ti fero
Natura e il cielo. . . .
. . . Ma chi e vede e non l'ama."

At once and without any scruples the affection of the Queen for this ill-conditioned boy (for Don Carlos was little more than a boy) is assumed by all the sensational writers—for nearly every European language owes a play or romance to the subject of the loves of Don Carlos and Isabella. And in the construction of this romance, history and the highest authorities have been ignored.

However disliked and feared by the Court, no one presumed to interfere with or control the heir-apparent. Even the King, keenly sensitive at the outrages committed by the Prince, would have considered his royal dignity violated by any want of respect shown to his son, as the result of his wild eccentricities and reckless violence. Unhappily, as time advanced, the instances of his brutal-

ity became more frequent. The Cardinal Spinosa, one of the *préfets* of the city, found it necessary to expel an actress, a favourite of the Prince's, who, when he met the Cardinal, nearly tore his episcopal vestments from his shoulder, exclaiming, "You wretched priest ! do you presume to interfere between my favourites and myself ! by the life of my father, I will kill you !" The bystanders had to forget the rules of etiquette, and drag the Prince's victim from him, or the threat would certainly have been carried out. Nor was his violence limited to his subordinates : he even raised his hand against his aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, because she ordered a member of his suite to be punished, without having referred the offence to him. One of his own gentlemen, Alonzo de Cordova, he ordered to be thrown out of the window, when on an important occasion he was not to be found on his services being required. If any one offended him, he commanded the house in which the offender dwelt to be razed to the ground. Many of these stories may be exaggerations, having only some slight foundation in fact ; but after every allowance is made for Court gossip and scandal, it is quite impossible to imagine that even had a high sense of duty been wanting, any sweet and gentle nature such as Elizabeth's could feel for his repulsive character any more than a humane pity for his manifold imperfections. Apart from the sacred tie which bound her to the King, she, like others, must have preferred the cold, phlegmatic, stern, and gloomy father to the vicious, violent, cruel-natured son.

It was in 1565 that the growing ill-feeling between the King and the Prince became matter of noto-

riety. At that time the King intended to visit Flanders, and instead of being accompanied by Don Carlos, which was the Prince's anxious wish, he was to be left in Madrid. This became the cause of deep irritation, and his anger found vent in excesses which kept the Court in a state of alarm, and produced the worst possible effect on the King. M. Fourquevault writes to Catharine de Medici: "Vous pouvez croire, Madame, qu'il y a une merveilleuse indignation et mauvaise sentiment entre le roi Catholique et le roi son fils, et si le père hait le fils, le fils ne fait pas moins de sort que si ne remède se trouve en pourra s'en venir un grand douleur, mais de tant que le dict fils hait le père de tant augmente son affection pour la reine, car s'est en elle qu'il a tout son secours, et sa Majesté est si sage qu'elle si gouverne discrètement auprès du mari et du beau-fils."

And now the most dark and evil passage in Philip's dark and evil life occurred. Ever mysterious in his gloomy counsels, he was thus far consistent that he worked for the basest objects by basest means. His own observation, and the knowledge of the Prince's proceedings through the espionage of the obsequious courtiers, did not suffice for him. Treachery and deceit were now used to furnish evidence against the Prince. It was not difficult to find ready instruments for carrying out these evil designs. There were at Philip's Court many in high places who, under the most dignified and stately demeanour, were well fitted for crafty purposes. But it is surprising that mean and unworthy qualities could exist in the breast of those who were regarded as the very type of chivalry. There were two illustrious personages whose conduct towards Don Carlos was mean and

unworthy. Fernando Duke of Alva, the great captain of the age, the munificent patron of literature and art, who, terrible in war, still loved all that was beautiful in nature, and embellished his noble palace at Termes,

"En la ribere verde y deleytosa
Del sacro Termes dulce y claro rio,"

with every grace and refinement which taste could devise and fortune command—it is hard to believe that such a gifted nature could from lower motives embitter the feelings of the father towards the son. The Duke of Alva, however, was never in the confidence of the Prince. But it is incredible that one most illustrious, where so many were illustrious—the bravest, where so many were brave—could be guilty of the basest treachery. Don John of Austria (for Philip's instrument was no less a personage than his gallant brother) was at this time the observed of all observers. He represented, in appearance and character, the highest type of a Spanish gentleman, and a Spanish gentleman represented the highest type of chivalry.

Great must have been the influence of courtly favour, and deep the homage paid the sovereign, when it could betray a nature so noble as Don John's, and lead him into a course of meanness and subserviency to the King, who acted on the principle that the end justifies the means, and that kings are superior not only to the laws of the land, but to the laws of honour. That Philip was capable of any conduct, however unworthy, was only to be expected; but that he should have found a ready instrument of his treachery in Don John is surprising. It is sad to say that it was not in vain that Don John was instructed to invite the

fullest confidence from his nephew, and to contract the warmest friendship with him; to pretend to enter into any schemes he might have formed against the royal authority, and to inform the King daily of any secret intrusted to him; in fact, to apply all his noblest and best qualities to the basest object.

Don John's was not a difficult part to play. The weak, passionate, despised, rejected Prince yearned for sympathy, and attached himself to any one who showed an interest in him. This sympathy and interest, when felt by the Queen, little availed him, and the Prince turned to Don John as the friend on whom he could rely—the one true, loyal heart among the crowd of faithless and fickle courtiers. Although Don John stood in the relation of uncle to Don Carlos, there was not a great difference in their ages, and from the first, when the uncle was received as one of the family, they lived together as brothers. Thus Don John's claim on Don Carlos's confidence was at once admitted. It is fair to assume that in the first instance the affection shown by Don John was genuine; but his ambition was great, and he felt that its gratification was dependent on the royal power and will. Hence he lent a favourable ear to the King's persuasions, and assented to carry out the King's degrading instructions by pretending to sympathise with the Prince in all his expressions of resentment at his treatment by his father, and he even joined the small body of malcontents who adhered to Don Carlos, and entered into all their projects. Don Carlos confided to his willing ears that he regarded his father as his greatest enemy, who treated him as a slave; that he was not allowed any part in the Government; that he had no occu-

pation—no interest was given him in life. Like the Dauphin in Louis XI., he might have said of his father,—

“Depuis l'enfance
Il me laisse loin de lui languir dans
l'ignorance.
Je ne suis plus libre; et dès que je
m'éveille,
D'un regard inquiet je vois qu'on me
surveille.”

But he added that he was resolved to be released from this state of bondage, and was fully prepared to join the Huguenot party in Flanders, who were at that time in open insurrection. He, moreover, confided to Don John that he was actually in correspondence with the insurgents; that he had long been a friend of their chiefs, and was made acquainted with all their plans. It was about this time that the Comte d'Egmont, the Marquis de Bergues, and the Baron de Montigny, arrived at Madrid, as a deputation from the revolted provinces. Don Carlos, with his uncle's knowledge, if not by his advice, put himself in communication with them, and gave them assurances of his sympathy and support. The Prince had previously written to Comte d'Egmont:—

“If my father's sentiments were not as alien to mine as my affections are towards him, it is certain that the nobility of the Netherlands would enjoy a repose which they can never hope to attain during the life of a King to whom they are objects of hatred, nor under a Government that is based on the most odious tyranny. I only wish that my desires could be accomplished, but insurmountable obstacles are opposed to their realisation. My views, if carried out, would confer blessings on the Netherlands. All I can do for the present is to advise them to place no confidence in the Duc d'Albe, for his only desire is to see the whole country given up to him, and to ruin all the great nobility.”

This letter was found amongst the papers of the Comte d'Egmont after his arrest, and it was immediately sent to Philip. There was another accidental but very unfortunate circumstance connected with Count d'Egmont. After the Count's return to Flanders, he sent the Prince a present of a horse of great value and beauty, but very high-spirited. The Prince, despite of all entreaties, determined to mount him at once. The horse took fright, ran away, his rider was thrown and lay insensible. When the Prince revived, thinking he was dying, he sent the Marquis de Rosa with his final adieux to the Queen. She wrote him a most touching letter full of affection and sorrow, which letter, Don Carlos said, "restored him to life"; and the words were reported to the King.

The expression of Don Carlos's feelings against the Duc d'Albe's conduct in Flanders, where his great authority and influence with the King were so well known, was very rash; but still more imprudent was it for him to show his mistrust and dislike of Ruy Gomez, Philip's most confidential friend and adviser. He was even overheard to say that, next to the King's, Ruy Gomez' was the head that should be brought low.

When all this came to the King's knowledge his resentment knew no bounds, nor did he attempt to conceal it. The Court was in a state of consternation, for they well understood it, and had too frequently witnessed the results of Philip's cruel, vindictive, callous nature.

Every act of Don Carlos, every communication that passed between him and the Flemish insurgents, was known. The Prince confided to Don John a plan that he had formed for leav-

ing Madrid, with the full intention of placing himself at the head of the great popular movement; and there is little question that had the heir to the throne publicly espoused the national party, even the authority and master-spirit of Alba would have been overcome. Don Carlos indulged the hope that his friend Don John would unite with him in this treasonable enterprise. Thus was the net spread for the reckless Prince, who was the only person in the Court who did not perceive the signs of danger that menaced him. It is wonderful that he failed to observe the visible indications of his father's daily increasing aversion to him, for the King publicly displayed his regard for Don John and indifference for the Prince. At last one of the courtiers of a more generous temper disclosed to the Prince the treachery of his friend and companion. The Ambassador writes: "*Le Prince croit que Don Juan a descellée au Roy tous les secrets du dict Prince lequel Roy dict qu'il montera, quarante causes et raisons qui le contraignent d'en agir sévèrement.*"

But the Prince had a worse enemy even than Don John in the Princess Eboli, the astute and intriguing wife of Ruy Gomez. Her duplicity and treachery took a wider range than the ruin of the Prince. She hoped to involve in the same catastrophe, not only Don Carlos but the young Queen. The Princess was a woman "*qui ne se connaissait qu'en amour.*" She could not realise such nobility of nature as Isabella's. The too evident sentiment of Don Carlos for his step-mother she fully believed was reciprocated. Kind and good natures can imagine no ill: mean and perverse natures cannot realise the excellence of others. The

Princess Eboli was of that ambitious nature that could brook no rival in that influence which she had exercised over the King until his marriage with Isabella; and she had another powerful reason for desiring the Prince's destruction. The Prince so openly expressed his dislike of Ruy Gomez, that it was certain the succession of the Prince would have been followed by the Minister's fall. The influence of this remarkable woman over the King was very great. Anna de Mendoza, the only daughter of the Count de Melito, born in 1540, was married as early as 1553 to Ruy Gomez Silva. She is reported to have been of exceptional beauty in spite of a squint, and she had the gift of gaining the sympathy of those whom she cared to attach. The King's affections were soon won by her. On the occasion of the proposed visit of the King to the Netherlands, which aroused so much indignation in the mind of Don Carlos, the Princess Eboli was one of the few persons selected to accompany the King. This attachment of the King's was fatal, not only to Don Carlos but to Antonio Perez, who was one of her admirers, and who spoke of her as "*une perle de femme enchassée de rares fleurs de beauté et de fortune.*" It may be mentioned that she was later involved in the ruin of Antonio Perez, as indeed she was one of the causes of his disgrace.

The Princess lost no opportunity of awakening a jealous feeling in the mind of the King. St Real talks of the incessant insinuations and denunciations which were calculated to weaken the confidence even of a confiding nature. The best thing that can be said of Philip was, that his

affection for Isabella was proof against these insinuations; but he was not the less irritated at the too manifest affection of the son for his step-mother, nor would this be excused by the consciousness of the injustice done the son when the father robbed him of his bride.

"It likes me not to bear reproaches, Because I know I merit them so greatly,"

may have been the King's sentiment. There can be little doubt that the treaty of Chateau Cambresis had its influence even unknown to the King—for who can tell his secret motives, or admit them to himself? But without any private reasons on public grounds, the King had quite enough cause for just anger, and the Prince was soon to feel the gravity of his position.

It was on the 27th December 1568 that Don Carlos went to the Monastery of Saint Jérôme, situated outside Madrid, near the Buen-Retiro, to confess and receive the Sacrament. When he told his confessor that he had a mortal hatred to "some one," the priest refused him absolution. Don Carlos insisted, "I will have absolution. My father, you must decide immediately," he said. "Your Highness should consult the Church authorities," was the confessor's reply. Don Carlos sent for the priests of the Monastery of Atocha. These were fourteen in number, and were all opposed to granting any absolution while he possessed this mortal hatred. As he failed to convince them, he asked them to give him next day in public an unconsecrated wafer, that he might seem to the people to have communicated. They unanimously declared that this would

knocked under, I think she rather enjoys the idea of the melancholy rocks and the waves and the sea-gulls; then Nicky got the length of acknowledging that Gullyscoombe was the only place for which we should not have to pay rent; then it suddenly occurred to papa that if he were down there he would have a much better chance of bullying the engineers. The argument lasted till deep into the night, but the long and the short of it is that we are going to Gullyscoombe. It seems that the house there is in quite a decent state of repair, and big enough to hold us, even without turning out Captain John's widow and family. In fact, so many advantages have been discovered about the plan, that I am afraid they all have lost sight of the original idea of the thing; but I have not. In my eyes it is still the divining-rod which is acting finger of Providence; and having once pointed out Gullyscoombe, surely it will not be so shabby as to stop short there!

"Good-bye, dearest Maud. It is not likely that we shall be here much longer, for we want to get settled before winter."

This letter bore a date early in September, and by it it will be seen that though Lord Kippendale and his family had struggled hard against the acknowledgment of their actual ruin, yet when they gave in they gave in thoroughly, and had begun, in a rather head-long fashion, to fit themselves to their new position. Economy has a great many different forms, and can be practised on a great many different scales. A sultan economises by reducing his four hundred wives to two hundred; a London lady economises by giving up her carriage; and a curate's wife

does so by scrimping the lard in the frying or the flosses on her gown.

Lady Baby, like others, had her own way, but it was of doubtful efficacy. The first thing she did in the days when Mr Reid began to talk of economy, was to give away all the silk dresses which hung in her wardrobe. It was to the housemaids and kitchen-maids that she gave them, most of whom were on the point of departure, and who accepted the gifts with amazed gratitude. What use a pale pink satin dinner-dress would be to Jemima, the scullery-maid, might be an open question; but Lady Baby only sat down to reflect when her wardrobe was empty, and though it then occurred to her that she had parted with the last silk dresses that she was likely to possess for a good long time, yet she consoled herself with a conviction that she was in a general sort of a way adapting herself to her new circumstances. The next step was to make up her mind that the household accounts must in future be strictly kept. Consequently she wrote to Howell & James, giving them *carte-blanc* to send her a "good, stout, serviceable, leather-bound account-book." Leather, of course, was more durable than linen; and Russia leather, she had always heard, was the best sort of leather, therefore the book was ordered of Russia. Being in a great hurry to commence her new economies, the order was sent telegraphically; and as it was impossible to give the details in a single message, the telegram had to be doubled. Howell & James telegraphed back (at her expense) that a book of that description was not in stock, but had been instantly ordered and intrusted to the most exquisite workmen. The exquisite

volume arrived in time, very exquisite and tremendously expensive; but then it was the first step towards economy. Lady Baby spent several hours every day over it, at least she did so at first; but it must be confessed that after a week the entries ran something as follows:—

Lucifer matches	. £0	4	6½
Washing soda	. 0	0	9½
Lost account of	. 11	0	0

All the same, the Russia leather book was a great help in those days; for Lady Baby had accepted her position with a sort of grim fervour that was almost enthusiasm. If she was to be penniless, she would be so ostentatiously; she did not mean to hang her head about that or about anything else. She was going to be very brave.

And courage was needed in those days, and was needed every day more as the slow time crept on and no good news came from Gullyscoombe. It was Mr Reid on whom this strain of incertitude seemed to tell the most heavily. He had long ago come to the conclusion that Lord Kippendale was by far the most maddening client that ever an unhappy man of business was inflicted with. It was not only his attitude towards the Gullyscoombe miners which Mr Reid objected to, it was his attitude towards the engineers as well. Three or four of them had been turned off in succession; for Lord Kippendale, convinced that nothing but blundering and ignorance were at the bottom of this long delay, was a great deal too impatient to get on to the next thing, which in this case happened to be the next engineer, to pay any heed to Mr Reid's most strenuous protestations. The baffled engineers retired chafing, and presently sent in bills, the length

of which might have led one to suppose that they were intended as healing plasters for wounded feelings. In this way, therefore, it was contrived that a search, which in itself was very expensive, was rendered about four times as expensive as was strictly necessary; and it was after this had gone on for a little time that Mr Reid spoke out plainly and told Lord Kippendale that he would not be able to afford to dig very many more holes in the ground to stuff his money into. He also said various other things, which resulted in the resolution announced to Miss Epperton in Lady Baby's letter.

What Lady Baby said about Germaine having shown no interest in this discussion was true enough. A good deal had happened to Germaine within the last six weeks, brief though the narrative of the following events may appear.

It was a couple of days after Miss Epperton's departure that Germaine, turning away from the door of Mr Reid's office, whither he had accompanied his father, happened to find himself straight opposite a fruiterer's shop. He stood still on the instant, fascinated by the sight of a pile of hot-house grapes, the first he had seen that year, for the Kippendale grapes were not quite ripe. Hot-house grapes had been in his thoughts more than once during the last days. The pictures which had haunted him of his goddess smoothing pillows and stirring medicines had occasionally been mixed up with visions of the hot-house grapes and the champagne which Miss Epperton's aunt was not able to afford, but which he was quite sure she would require after her nervous attack. He did not quite see his way to presenting Miss Epperton's aunt with a dozen

of Cliquot; but no one would scruple to accept a basket of hot-house fruit.

Evidently it was Providence which had thrown these grapes on his path, and that very same evening the basket went off, accompanied by a short note, and addressed to Miss Epperton, 93 Smithy Street, Brackton.

A few days later he received the following reply:—

“93 SMITHY STREET,
“BRACKTON.

“Miss Sophia Epperton presents her compliments to Lord Germaine. The grapes are being returned to him to-night by rail. It is all a mistake; she has not been ill, and if she had, grapes would probably have made her worse, as fresh fruit of any sort disagrees with her. Miss Sophia Epperton begs to state that it is not her fault if she read the letter; people who address themselves to her niece should be careful to distinguish between the junior and the senior Miss Epperton, otherwise it is their own look-out. Miss Sophia Epperton has put Lord Germaine's letter into the fire, as the importance of its contents did not seem to warrant the expenditure of a penny stamp. The younger Miss Epperton, having unexpectedly favoured this poor roof for two nights, has now gone to London to rejoin her new patroness, Lady Euphrosyne—Something; but Miss Epperton senior has to confess that her memory is quite unequal to grasping the handles attached to the names of Miss Epperton junior's friends.”

Fortunately for Germaine he was alone in the library when the above curious composition came to his hands. After he had read it once, standing by one of the windows, he took it to the next

window and read it again; and he read it after that by each of the windows in turn—as if with a sort of conviction that the right light had not yet fallen on its contents. Then he sat down in his father's big arm-chair, and remained there for half an hour, staring hard at the letter and pulling bits of fringe off the table-cloth near him. At the end of that half-hour he did the only thing which, being Germaine, he could do; he went to the writing-table and wrote direct to Maud, asking her point-blank for an explanation of the mystery. He went straight into the letter, without any “Dear Miss Epperton” to start with.

“I have just heard from your aunt,” he wrote. “I had sent her a basket of grapes, and she writes to acknowledge them. She has not been ill, and has had no attack. You were not sent for to nurse her. Did you invent it all? I don't understand; please explain.
GERMAINE.”

This note came to Maud's hands next day in London. It was the day after the long-deferred ball, for the sake of which Lady Euphrosyne, finding no more work to be done in the North, had hastened back to London just as the season was drawing its last gasp. For Maud the ball had been rather a success, something like a solitary summer-day coming in late autumn. Many of the new London beauties had already left town, and Miss Epperton, appearing again after so long a retirement, naturally found herself prized in proportion to having made herself precious. She was not at all disposed to over-value her triumph, but for the moment it had put her into a hopeful humour, and made it seem easier to forget Germaine. Ah,

it was so much easier to renounce him when the gaze of those big, blue, childish eyes was not upon her!

His note startled her; it was so short and straightforward. It irritated her as well; she always felt provoked with him when he got into what she called his "literal frame of mind." After all, she could not have her eyes everywhere. It was mortifying, it was ridiculous; her neat little plan was exposed now beyond remedy. "So be it, then," she thought, with a sudden reckless defiance; "let him have the truth, and let him have it bare, since bare truth is all he cares for. Better, perhaps, and simpler certainly, that the whole thing be cut short at one stroke." And on the instant she sat down and wrote as follows, unconsciously imitating the style of his note:—

"You have guessed right; I did invent it all. My aunt has not been ill. I was not sent for. It was you who drove me to it; it was to save you from 'scenes' that I did it. It was a lie, if you will; but the colour of the lie, I think you will agree, was white.

"MAUD EPPERTON."

The moment the letter was gone Maud felt that she had made a mistake. Once more she had acted on one of those impulses which she was always flattering herself were dead for ever, and which yet had such an awkward habit of reviving at odd moments. After the long strain of incertitude, she had felt as though to decide the question out of all power of reversal would be a relief. But having decided it, she wished the incertitude back again. "Bah!" she said, after a short reflection, "I should have had to break with him sooner or later, only that I would rather have waited until Mr Christopher Swan's copper was proved to be a myth; but after all, there is no great harm done. Even if they find the copper to-morrow, and my blue-eyed slave becomes once more eligible, it can only be a question of smiling long enough and sweetly enough in order to bring him back to my feet. All the same, I wish I had not sent the letter. I suppose he will answer me with bitter reproaches—eight pages of them, most likely—in a copy-book hand. Heavens! *quel ennui!*"

But the days passed, and no other letter came from Germaine.

ELIZABETH OF VALOIS AND THE TRAGEDY OF DON CARLOS.

OUR last number contained the record of a night of brilliant festivities, but here commences the dark tragedy—the gloomiest episode in the history of Spain, the land of romance, dark legend, and mournful song. Now a shadow was to be cast over the Queen's young life from which it never was to be lifted, and which in the minds of a few has dimmed the brightness of her fame. For some time past negotiations had been carried on with a view to the marriage of Don Carlos with Anne, the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian. This was purely a political question, and where there is no affection on either side, and the interest is simply dynastic, marriage arrangements are not quickly concluded, much more so when all the feelings of one party are centred on another object. Don Carlos did all in his power to thwart the negotiations; and while doing so, he did not care to conceal the twofold passions which were raging in his bosom,—the love which he bore to the Queen, and the hatred he bore to his father, who, he felt, had robbed him of so much love and loveliness.

Don Carlos was not the insufferable being he has been painted by his enemies, nor had he the princely chivalrous nature of his glorious grandsire; while the virtues and merits with which he was endowed by the pity and sympathy of Isabella were entirely wanting. He was violent, ambitious, unruly, without any filial affection, but he was the victim of misdirected education. Charles V., after his grandson passed some time with the Emperor at Valladolid and Yuste, had no mean opinion of his merits. He was generous and charitable,

asking always "Who would give if princes did not?" and he was much loved by all those who were attached to his service; but his persistency of nature—the obstinacy with which he held to his own opinions, however satisfactory on occasion, when the views he held were noble and honourable—was fraught with danger in the ordinary relations of life, for he would listen to no reason and brooked no control. He might have become under happier circumstances a worthy representative of his illustrious grandsire. "The free-will of the parent is the destiny of the child;" and the free-will of the parent in his case had been fraught with evil to the son. Nor had he a mother to cherish, guide, and plead for him. She who had now replaced the mother carefully concealed any mark of interest in him. His qualities of frankness and generosity gained him many "summer friends," but these were of little avail in the winter of his sorrows. His very frankness of nature was against him; he had no concealments, or power of self-restraint. Thus it was that he publicly avowed his hatred of his father, and he extended his aversion to the large circle of the King's courtiers—in fact, to the majority of the Court. Thus, when the crisis of his fate arrived, he had not one friend on whom he could rely; and when "The Sovereign frowned, the train of State
Watched the keen glance, and marked the signs to hate,"—

there were then none to plead for him. There was no attempt to palliate his conduct, repugnant as it was not only to his duty to his

father, but to the Government and to the country.

It should be remembered that, notwithstanding the despotic power of the sovereign, there was in Spain a strong love of independence and privilege, and great awe of religious obligation, with a strict observance of form only second to religion. All the etiquettes were violated by the Prince, to the infinite disgust of the Court. Yet, notwithstanding his defects, the poets and dramatists have freely used the licence they consider themselves entitled to, and have endowed him with the noblest qualities. Alfieri has indeed overstrained the poetic imagination, when he makes the Queen, in the opening scene of his "Filippo," speak of the Prince as

"Ardito umano cor, nobil fiera,
 Sublime ingegno e in avvenenti spoglie,
 Bellissim' alma, ah ! perche tal ti fero
 Natura e il cielo. . . .
 . . . Ma chi e vede e non l'ama."

At once and without any scruples the affection of the Queen for this ill-conditioned boy (for Don Carlos was little more than a boy) is assumed by all the sensational writers—for nearly every European language owes a play or romance to the subject of the loves of Don Carlos and Isabella. And in the construction of this romance, history and the highest authorities have been ignored.

However disliked and feared by the Court, no one presumed to interfere with or control the heir-apparent. Even the King, keenly sensitive at the outrages committed by the Prince, would have considered his royal dignity violated by any want of respect shown to his son, as the result of his wild eccentricities and reckless violence. Unhappily, as time advanced, the instances of his brutal-

ity became more frequent. The Cardinal Spinosa, one of the *préfets* of the city, found it necessary to expel an actress, a favourite of the Prince's, who, when he met the Cardinal, nearly tore his episcopal vestments from his shoulder, exclaiming, "You wretched priest! do you presume to interfere between my favourites and myself? by the life of my father, I will kill you!" The bystanders had to forget the rules of etiquette, and drag the Prince's victim from him, or the threat would certainly have been carried out. Nor was his violence limited to his subordinates: he even raised his hand against his aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, because she ordered a member of his suite to be punished, without having referred the offence to him. One of his own gentlemen, Alonzo de Cordova, he ordered to be thrown out of the window, when on an important occasion he was not to be found on his services being required. If any one offended him, he commanded the house in which the offender dwelt to be razed to the ground. Many of these stories may be exaggerations, having only some slight foundation in fact; but after every allowance is made for Court gossip and scandal, it is quite impossible to imagine that even had a high sense of duty been wanting, any sweet and gentle nature such as Elizabeth's could feel for his repulsive character any more than a humane pity for his manifold imperfections. Apart from the sacred tie which bound her to the King, she, like others, must have preferred the cold, phlegmatic, stern, and gloomy father to the vicious, violent, cruel-natured son.

It was in 1565 that the growing ill-feeling between the King and the Prince became matter of noto-

ture likely to relent or admit his error), it was understood that the Prince was to be tried; and this fact, coupled with the great anxiety Philip expressed that he should receive the sacrament of the Church, and that his confessor, Don Diegues de Chauves, was to be constantly in attendance, boded no good for the unhappy prisoner. Reports were sedulously circulated through Madrid that the Prince was rapidly sinking: the public mind was prepared for his sudden death. It was this that gave rise to the accounts that have been so generally accepted by historians, of the murder of the son by the father. Some of them it may be well to recount, for they were currently believed at the time, although historical evidence has since cast great doubts on their authenticity.

Watson, a very fair, unprejudiced writer, settles the matter in a few lines. He says that the Prince was put into the hands of the Inquisition as a dangerous heretic; and in one of the dungeons of the Holy Office he was given poison, and died in a few hours.

Saint Real also believes in the poison, only that it was given in small quantities, that the Prince might have full time for his religious observances; and that the King watched his son's gradual sinking, and delayed or accelerated the action of the poison as he deemed desirable.

In a work entitled '*Don Carlos condemné à Mort par son Père*,' the author asserts, that after the Prince was condemned to death, it was proposed to delay the execution until after the Feast of St Jacques, which was to be kept the next day, and the King said, "Divine justice should never be delayed, and that he was pleased to

think St Jacques would witness so good a work."

Don Carlos, writes another, was strangled in his room by four slaves, who were permitted to insult him in his dying moments. Of all stories this is the most improbable. Philip was capable of great crimes, but was not likely to sanction any such outrage. If he murdered, he would never have humiliated, the heir to the throne.

De Thou endeavours to reconcile the different stories. "Don Carlos," he writes, "having made repeated attempts to commit suicide, Philip, feeling persuaded that he would succeed at last, thought that he would be justified in taking his life, at the moment when he was in the best frame of mind to die. So having communicated with the Holy Office, Don Carlos was, by the authority of the Church, given a poisoned bouillon, when he died in a few hours."

After dwelling, not without interest, on the romance of history and sensational stories, the sober and reasonable historians and actors in these events must be listened to. Fourquevault—and no keener observer resided at the Court of Philip II.—and Florente, who was the most active opponent of the Inquisition and of the King's general policy, both exonerate the Holy Office and Philip from any part in the Prince's death. The former writes to Catharine de Medici: "His Majesty is deeply distressed at the growing weakness of the Prince, for he feels that his death may give rise to the most painful suspicions." And Florente concludes a long report with these words: "In sum, it is my full conviction that the death of Don Carlos was entirely owing to natural causes, and the Prince himself never attributed his sufferings to any

other." What, then, was the last scene of this short and troubled life?

No palaces or castles can retain the secrets of all that passes within their walls; and it is unfortunate for the memories of the great who dwell within them, that the historians who are the trustees of the reputations they transmit to posterity are rarely witnesses of the scenes which they describe. The greater the precautions taken to veil the mystery, the greater the anxiety to penetrate its folds and discover the impenetrable secrets. There are no special documents at Simancas which refer to the imprisonment of Don Carlos, and the circumstances attending it must be gathered from the archives of other countries. It was widely known that the Prince was in a very feeble state, a feeling of general uneasiness prevailed, rumours of a sinister kind were not wanting, the gloom of the palace cast its shadow over the city, and sadness fell on all men's hearts, in sympathy with the tragic event passing within.

Whatever the cause, it was suddenly reported that the Prince was dying, and that his nature had undergone an entire change. We read in a letter from Tisnacq to Viglius: "The poor Prince, for days before his death, expressed himself on all occasions in the most holy and edifying manner. It would seem that the judgment which he had wanted in life had been bestowed on him abundantly in his last hours." The Archbishop of Rossano says: "God bestowed all His richest gifts upon him as he was leaving this world." It was in the spirit of penitence that he asked to see the King, who had the cruelty to refuse his wish;

neither would he permit the Queen or any of the Prince's personal servants to visit him. Not one kind message was sent to the dying son; but as the supreme moment drew near, after the last sacrament had been administered, it is recorded by many writers that the ruthless, relentless, heartless father was at the last so far softened, that, unseen by his son, he stretched forth his hands and blessed him.

The scene as described must indeed have been one to fill the mind with awe. The Prince, born within the radiance of the light of his grandfather's glory,—he who was to be the inheritor of the vast empire and treasure, possessions won by the valour and sagacity of the greatest captain of any age—who gave promise in his early youth that he would not prove unworthy of his ancestral fame—who possessed abundant gifts which might, under happier circumstances, have produced excellent results;—he, the hero of romance and love, in almost the dawn of his life, was secluded in a darkened, iron-barred, and lonely apartment, surrounded by those whom he knew to be his worst enemies, was gasp by gasp faltering forth his soul.

"Low on his funeral couch he lies;
No pitying heart, no eye affords
A tear to grace his obsequies."

Yes; the historian asserts one eye was fixed upon him, but we may be well assured that eye was a tearless one: at the last solemn moment, standing behind the Prior, Don Antonio, and Ruy Gomez, so as not to be seen from the bed, the King, it is recorded, stretched forth his hands and blessed his departing son.

"Thy son is gone: he rests among the dead."

If magnificent obsequies, solemn

functions, funeral orations could satisfy the nation that its hope in the future, the heir to so much glory, had not been the victim of crime, or of cruel treatment akin to crime, these were not wanting. The Prince was transported from the gloom of the prison to the glorious church of the Monastery of Saint Dominique. If the deed was one of darkness, its apotheosis was made glorious in light. It was by the especial order of the King that every honour should be paid to the dead. The princely grandees, the proud nobility, the Grand Council were convoked. And of this solemn ceremony, Ruy Gomez, the worst enemy of the dead, was appointed president. The jailer was to be the chief mourner at the grave.

A general mourning for all classes was ordered. In this, and in this alone, did the nation sympathise; for with all his faults, in spite of his many deficiencies, the Prince was dear to the people. His reckless extravagances were preferred to the cold cynicism of his father. His youth, his well-known crushed affections, the grandeur of his descent and inheritance, his terrible, lonely, mysterious fate, all touched the nation's heart. The sorrow that possessed all classes was in harmony with the trappings and the signs of woe which were universally worn. The King retired to the Escorial during the funeral, which was conducted with the grandest ceremonial. The old monastery of Saint Dominique had never witnessed such a princely array: all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of worldly glory were called forth to do honour to the remains of this short and shattered life. Nor was it only at Madrid that these manifestations of affection and regret

were witnessed. In every capital funeral masses of the highest solemnity were ordered. In the Netherlands the Duc d'Albe, as Governor-General, attended the memorial service of the King's "très cher et très aimé fils." With what kind of emotions could he have heard the solemn requiem echoing through the lofty aisles of the venerable, majestic cathedral? In Rome, the Pope, Pio V., assisted at High Mass, surrounded by the whole College of Cardinals. No victor of the greatest battles against foreign foes, no conqueror in the field of human intelligence, ever received so universal a tribute to his merit as the unfortunate Don Carlos, when every church echoed with lamentations at his untimely fate.

Her Majesty the Queen, says Maritana, was present at the ceremony in the Monastery of Saint Dominique. This sentence contains a life romance,—the Queen, by Philip's command, weeping over the tomb of her at one time affianced husband, and whose heart, she too well knew, beat only for her. It would seem that the Queen never was seen to greater advantage. Painters generally prefer mourning to any other costume, for there are few whom it does not more become than bright and gaudy colours: to the Queen it was pre-eminently suited. "*Il faisait bon la voir en ce royal costume,*" says the courtly chronicler. She was very young, but her life since her residence in Spain had greatly matured her nature; and she, in this atmosphere of mystery, had learned to conceal her feelings. So in this last trial she was calm and self-possessed. And well it was she had acquired this art; for Philip's jealousies, having

no foundation in fact, were by no means set at rest by the death of his rival son. So prevalent was the feeling that the King's worst suspicions were aroused, that Antonio Perez¹ does not hesitate to charge the King with the murder of the Queen. And while he was an exile he proclaimed the evil deed alike in France and England. He, the once friend and intimate councillor of Philip after his banishment, made this formidable denunciation against his sovereign. While always maintaining the honour of the Queen, he asserts that the Duchesse d'Alve, her Majesty's "gouvernante," by the King's orders proffered the Queen a poisoned medicine at a crisis of her illness; that the Queen, suspecting danger, refused the potion, and that the King in person entered and compelled her to drink it, when she died within a few hours.

This is very circumstantial, but there is no corroborative evidence. On the contrary, the most impartial authorities, De Thou, Ferrara, and others, while they admit that there are grounds for suspicion, are persuaded that the Queen sank from weakness,—it may be, accelerated by anxiety and mental distress. Florente, no friend to the King, says, "*Que sa mort est due à la nature, nullement au poison.*" But the greatest authority is the French Ambassador, who never left her Majesty, and was acquainted with all the rumours and jealousies of the Court. In his account of her death written to the Queen-mother, Philip's kindness to her in her last moments is mentioned.

"The King," so writes the Ambassador, "scarcely ever left the Queen, while her Majesty always addressed the King in most touching terms; and when she bade him farewell, it was with such tenderness as to melt the heart of so good a husband as the King was. And I am told that he retired in an agony of grief. The Queen then confessed, and received the last sacraments. Her Majesty then sent for me, and said, '*Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I am about to leave this miserable world for a happier kingdom. May the Queen my mother, and the King my brother, bear my loss with fortitude, and be as contented as I am in going to my Creator, where I shall pray God for all those dear to me.*'"

He adds—

"On my expressing the hope that she might still be spared, '*No! no!*' she replied—she seemed to desire repose—and so passed peacefully away. And then we all retired, leaving every one in the palace in tears. In the city there is not one, old or young, who is not overwhelmed with grief, all saying, '*Such a good and kind Queen was never before seen.*'"

And then he terminates abruptly: "The King has left for the Monastery of Saint Hieronime."

So perished, at twenty-three years of age—born in 1545, married in 1559, died 1568—one whose name will ever be dear to Spanish hearts; and whose portrait in the Madrid gallery, which contains pictures of all the noble and beautiful, is pre-eminent in its nobility and beauty. The light on the countenance comes from within, and the peace, the piety, the grace of her heart, were expressed in her face. "Among women," says Montaigne, "the most virtuous

¹ Antonio Perez's life is a theme for another Spanish romance. Stirling describes him "as the dark, handsome, bright-eyed man, wearing a small black cap and white plume, with the cross of Santiago on his breast—the gay, ambitious, irresistible, unfortunate Antonio Perez."

will always possess the greatest charm ;" and this was the charm of Elizabeth of Valois.

She lived in an age when women occupied a large space, not alone in the hearts of men, but in the annals of kingdoms. The age of the Renaissance in art and science witnessed at the same time the Renaissance of female influence, and by many was that influence nobly exercised. The names of Claude of France, of Louise of Savoie, of Margaret, married to James of Scotland, of Marguerite, the wife of Emmanuel Philibert, of our own Mary Stuart, will ever be enshrined in the hearts of those who love the history of their re-

spective countries. Then come the three sisters, the Duchesse de Lorraine, the gentle Queen of Navarre, and Elizabeth of Valois, all pre-eminent in charm. Of the last it has been nobly said : "She was greater than any by the grandeur of her destiny, most unfortunate of all by her premature death, most interesting by the drama of her short life and the deep mystery which is associated with her name." Of all Queens of Spain, none has left behind her nobler traditions of love, of charity, and of the beauty of holiness, than Elizabeth of Valois, Isabella della Pace.

LAMINGTON.

TWO OLD INDIANS AND A DIAMOND.

IN the minds of most people, the establishment of the British Empire in India is so intimately connected with the victories of Olive and the triumphs of Warren Hastings, that the exploits of those men who laid the foundation on which they built are commonly forgotten. The reaper must always be a more conspicuous personage than the sower ; but no one will deny that Olive and Hastings could no more have accomplished what they did without the help of the governors, agents, councils, and even interlopers who preceded them in India than the reaper could find work in August if the sower had not already laid his seed in the ground. For more than a hundred and fifty years before Olive defended Arcot and Hastings landed in India, the officers of the East India Company had been sedulously serving the interests of themselves and their masters, and at the same time constantly advancing the prestige of the British name.

Fortunately in those days the Government took less grandmotherly care of its merchant adventurers than it does at present. Not only did it encourage them in their search for new markets and fresh colonies, but in cases of need it supported them both with diplomatic and material assistance. Under this wise and fostering system the commerce of the empire advanced by leaps and by bounds, and London became the headquarters of trade with the four quarters of the world. Ships laden with the silks and teas of China, the stuffs, gold, and diamonds of India, the produce of the West Indies, and hunters' spoils from Africa, daily disgorged

their cargoes at the wharves on the Thames, and carried back to the coloured and pig-tailed customers the manufactures of British looms and workshops. At the present day, if a traveller ventures out of the beaten track he is summarily recalled by a telegram from Downing Street ; or if a merchant wishes to take advantage of a debatable clause in a treaty, he is peremptorily forbidden to move a step until the native Government whose interest it is to prevent him from doing anything has exchanged genuine opposition for an unwilling assent. It is difficult to imagine, for instance, either the Government of that day attempting to stop Hedges on his journey through Persia, or his submitting to be stopped, even if it had been unwise enough to try to do so ; and it is beyond the limits of belief that any Indian merchant of that time would have yielded to the vexatious delays which have kept Mr Little and his steamer at Ichang, the starting-point of his proposed voyage to Chungking, for nearly two years.

The effect of this over-cautious policy is such as must before long lead to its reversal, or at least its modification. Already there is a cry at our mercantile centres for new markets. With an energy which once was ours, but which now seems to be leaving us, the Continental Powers are pushing their commerce and their influence not only in the countries where our trade used to be supreme, but in quarters of the world into which our traders are discouraged from venturing. Even when so perfectly safe and practicable an opening is proposed as that through

Siam to southern China, constant streams of cold water are poured upon the scheme from the two stately buildings in Downing Street.

It was in no such timid spirit that a small company of London merchants met in London in 1599 to consider how best they might secure to their countrymen a share in the traffic which Portugal was monopolising in the Eastern world, or that Queen Elizabeth in the following year granted a charter incorporating a Company for trading in the East Indies. With a liberality worthy of the great Queen, the East Indies was held to include the whole world, both land and sea, from the Cape of Good Hope eastward to Cape Horn. Nor was this splendid concession allowed to remain an idle heritage. Ship after ship was despatched to India, Java, and Sumatra, and returned laden with calicoes, silks, indigo, and spices, which yielded 100 per cent profit and more to the fortunate owners. The advantage of settlements in India was early recognised by the Company, and after some negotiations with the native princes, permission was gained for the establishment of agencies at Surat, Ahmedabad, Cambay, and Gogo. Subsequently Madras, Hooghly, and Bombay were fixed upon as the headquarters of the Company's agents; and when there established, Charles II., probably having received a *quid pro quo*, after the manner of the time, granted to them the right to declare war and make peace with the native princes.

But first, and above all things, the Company was a trading association, and the history of its early days consists mainly in its struggles against the exactions of the native authorities, its conflicts with "odious interlopers," and its internal quarrels. Though possessing the

nominal right of waging war, the powerlessness of its agents made it expedient for them rather to buy the favour of the native princes than to risk acquiring it by force, and thus arose a state of things in which each agent had to act as the emergency demanded of him. No orders from Leadenhall Street could possibly embrace all the contingencies which arose when Nabobs tortured the native servants of the Company to extort money from them, and when custom-house officers seized the goods of the merchants in order to enforce illegal duties. Nor was it practicable to legislate for the treatment of such daring interlopers as Thomas Pitt, his brother-in-law Robert Douglas, and others. And least of all was it possible to lay down rules for the arrangement of the quarrels and jealousies which were constantly springing into life between the agents and the merchants. The President of each agency had therefore to act as seemed right in his own eyes; and as this often appeared wrong in the eyes of other people, who found means of imparting their views to the council in Leadenhall Street, there arose constant misunderstanding between the Company and its servants. Fixity of tenure there was none. The employees were engaged for the most part at the good pleasure of the directors, and they held their appointments so long only as they satisfied the expectations of their masters. Nor were the directors by any means always reasonable. And when they disapproved of the acts of their agents, they occasionally expressed their sentiments in language which reads like a revised edition of the Irish party's opinion of Mr Balfour.

In 1681, the constant difficulties which had arisen owing to the

Bengal agency being subservient to that of Fort St George, determined the directors to constitute the agency at Hooghly a distinct and separate factory, and the question then arose who should be the man to inaugurate the new order of things. On the board of direction there was a Mr William Hedges, who had had some checkered experiences of mercantile life in the East. He had been a Turkey merchant, and spoke both Arabic and Turkish. But here his qualifications ceased. Under his administration the affairs of his firm had fallen into considerable disorder. In the words of the biographer of Dudley North, "The gentlemen of the house were in a miz-maze, and knew not how to take one step towards extricating themselves and their business, and in a word they were at their wits' end." In these circumstances, Mr Hedges invited Dudley North to exchange his business in Smyrna for the control of his (Hedges's) house at Constantinople. The invitation was accepted, and the new manager soon proved himself as completely master of the situation as he afterwards did in the management of the English Exchequer. Before long the entire control of the business passed into North's hands, and when Hedges was pressed for an answer on any commercial concern, his answer, as he nodded towards North, of "*Ecc' il padron*," or "There's your master," came as a matter of course. Having gained the services of so able a factotum, Hedges considered with justice that his presence in Constantinople

was no longer essential to the welfare of the business, and he therefore returned to London. By virtue, as it would appear, of his relationship to some of the directors of the East India Company, he was elected to the board, and it was on him that the choice of the directors fell to fill the post of first "chief for managing all the Company's affairs in the Bay of Bengal." On the 7th of September 1681 he received his appointment, and on the 30th of November he sailed for his new post.

Mr Hedges only remained two years at Bengal; but fortunately, during the whole of that time he kept a minute diary, in which is mirrored a full and interesting account of the affairs of the Company at Hooghly during that stirring period. It is this diary¹ that Colonel Yule has edited in the volumes before us. The appearance on the title-page of the name of this editor is a sufficient guarantee that the work is thoroughly and conscientiously done. No one possesses a wider or more accurate knowledge of the history of our early intercourse with the East than Colonel Yule, and no one wields a more graphic and cultured pen than he does. Further, the work has evidently been undertaken as a labour of love. His notes are models of their kind, being always full, appropriate, and explanatory; and he has followed out references in the diary in a way which has cleared up every obscurity. The first volume contains the diary of Hedges; the second is devoted to short biographical notices of persons

¹ The Diary of William Hedges, Esq. (afterwards Sir William Hedges), during his Agency in Bengal. Transcribed for the press, with Introductory Notes, &c., by R. Barlow, Esq., and illustrated by copious extracts from unpublished records, &c., by Colonel Henry Yule, R.E., C.B., LL.D. In three vols. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1887-89.

mentioned by him; and in the third he gives us "documentary contributions to a biography of Thomas Pitt," who plays three distinct and notable parts in the narrative before us—first as a notorious interloper; then as a very capable governor of Fort St George; and, lastly, as the fortunate owner of the celebrated Pitt Diamond.

Whether rightly or wrongly, the Board of Directors had, in 1681, arrived at the conclusion that the difficulties to which we have alluded as having arisen in the management of the Bengal agency were due to the maladministration of Matthias Vincent, who was chief of the Hooghly factory up to the time of Hedges's appointment. After their usual manner, or, perhaps, we should rather say, after the manner of the time, they expressed their opinion of the defaulter without reserve. One of the first letters which reached Hedges from Leadenhall Street is typical of their condemnatory style. In it the flood of their wrath flows over the pages unchecked by stops and untrammelled by grammar, and they state with emphasis that they would be willing to make certain proposed arrangements when,

"By your [*i.e.*, Hedges] good conduct and examples, after you have weeded out those wicked men, and the vicious habits which the ill example, partiality, and avarice of our late chief and council contracted among them, such as his ungodly taking of *dusturee* (money commissions), his giving *dusticks* (passes) to the natives, to the endangering of the Company's privileges, his and Mr Littlejohn's, bribing of agent masters, his abominable sinful forcing of his own *tutinack*, long-pepper, and coffee, in lieu of the Company's ready money, while the Company's goods lie unsold in their warehouses; his partiality to factories where the chiefs were his own creatures; his contrivance to get Mr

Charnock out of his own chiefship at Casumbazar; his riotous and expensive way of living; his depredating all factories where the chief would not serve his interest to the Company's damage; his connivance at the base sorting of the Company's goods, and checking such as would hold the merchants to their *musters* (samples); and to his odious infidelity in countenancing interlopers."

It is plain from this letter that Vincent was believed to have committed the unpardonable sins of having neglected the commercial interests of his employers, and of having been on friendly terms with interlopers. These crimes were as the sin of witchcraft, and were beyond the reach of atonement. But other matters claimed Mr Hedges's attention on his first taking over the agency. Ever since the formation of the Company, its agents had been more or less the prey of the Nabob of Dacca and of his subordinates. The Nabob had privileges to grant and power to withhold them; while, on the other hand, the Company's servants were keenly interested in making the best terms they could with him, and had wealth with which to purchase his favour. In such circumstances a bargain is commonly soon struck, and in return for a moderate annual payment, the Company was allowed to traffic without let or hindrance, and to ship their goods duty free. But changes in the native office-holders produced repeated periods of attempted extortion, and when Hedges landed at Hooghly he found himself launched on a sea of troubles. Trade was at a standstill; goods were not allowed to pass the customs barriers; foreigners were boycotted; and every species of affront was offered to them. Such a state of things was bad enough; but the situation was complicated by the successes of

Thomas Pitt and other interlopers, who appeared to be quite exempt from those ills which were afflicting the Company's officers.

To have allowed such a critical situation to continue would have been to have drawn down upon him such a rebuke as that quoted above, or as that which was subsequently given to his successor, who was told,—“We see how intolerably you are abused, every day worse and worse, by the avaricious governors of that country, and how sheepish you are in submitting to such unreasonable and unjust affronts.” The evils complained of were just those which appealed most closely to the directors' pockets, and Hedges determined, therefore, to go in person to Dacca to persuade the Nabob to pursue a more friendly course toward the Company. But at every step he was opposed by the authorities on the spot. His boats were stopped by force, his servants were seized and thrown into prison, and his baggage was pilaged. At length he evaded the vigilance of his enemies, and reached the Nabob's court. But even then his difficulties were by no means at an end. The Nabob, though eighty-two years of age, had just become a father, and such an event under such unusual circumstances necessitated a more than ordinarily prolonged period of rejoicing. Almost immediately afterwards the birthday of the Nabob was celebrated with lengthened pomp; and then, perhaps not unnaturally, the Nabob fell ill. However, everything comes to him who waits, even in the East, and Hedges had eventually the gratification of knowing that he had gained all his points, even to the condemnation of the interlopers, and the dismissal of the customs authorities at Hooghly. But India has always been a

country where *aurum sequitur lex*, and these privileges were gained only at the cost of several lacs of rupees.

His next difficulties arose from those in his own household. It was impossible that association with the bribery and corruption which was so rife among the natives should not have infected the Company's servants. There are not many men who can habitually rise superior to their surroundings. An evil which is regarded by a society as innocent, soon ceases to be regarded as a crime even by those who so at first esteem it, and from all accounts the servants of the Company were largely tainted with the oriental predilection for illegal gains. To a certain extent the directors themselves were to blame in this matter. They winked at, and more than winked at, the giving and receiving of presents on the part of their employees; but they limited their sanction to such of the Company's matters as might be advanced by these means. When, however, the agents and officers were separated by fifteen thousand miles from their masters, it was very easy for them to confuse and overstep this boundary-line. And they had a still more pressing temptation to do so. They were wretchedly paid. Hedges received only £200 per annum, with an extra allowance of £100; and if this were the pay of the chief agent, it may be imagined how small were the pittances which were doled out to the subordinate officials.

Against Hedges there was not a word to be said as regards money matters. Unaccustomed to Indian life and manners, he felt as shocked at the pecuniary immorality of the Company's officials as one of Cromwell's Puritans would have been on

being suddenly introduced into the Court of the Merry Monarch. Indeed, he had many of the characteristics of the "Praise-the-Lord-Barebones" school. He constantly gave utterance to pious ejaculations; and to the entries in his diary, noticing the deaths of his friends, he commonly adds religious remarks, which savour strongly of the Cromwellian period. He was a well-disposed, but not a wise man, and the position in which he was placed was one which required other qualities than the somewhat flabby opportunism which commonly prompted his actions. No people are quicker at discerning character than Indians, and it was not long before the native merchants, seeing the man they had to deal with, began to bring in complaints against the Company's servants of dishonest practices. The first victim was a Mr Francis Ellis, a warehouse-keeper, who was charged with having taken money from the native dealers in return for accepting their goods on behalf of the Company. With regard to taking money, Mr Ellis made full confession, and appears to have been almost surprised at the proceeding being called in question, but he disputed the amounts. This, however, was enough for Hedges, and Ellis was summarily dismissed.

Hedges was now thoroughly on the war-path, and the next man against whom he tilted was one Naylor, who combined with an itching palm a hand extended to interlopers. He had even held communication with the arch-offender Pitt. This sealed his fate. He was sent off at once to Hooghly, and was ordered to give security "to goe into England by ye next shipping." So far Hedges had been able to carry everything before him; but

he now began to enter on the path which was to lead him to ruin. The cloud of witnesses which were gathering around him tempted him on to measure swords with a man who was stronger than he. Job Charnock had been for many years in the Company's service, and though, during Hedges's agency, he never rose beyond a subordinate position, his energy and ability had placed him high in the estimation of the directors, whose interests were always his first care. The opinion thus formed of him as a civilian was fully justified by his subsequent career. He is unquestionably the most prominent figure in Anglo-Indian history in the days before Clive and Hastings. It is noteworthy also that, though without any military experience, he, in 1686, conducted a successful campaign against the native authorities, upon whom, it is said, he was impatient to revenge himself for "having not long before been imprisoned and scourged by the Nabob." Driven from Dacca by the enactments of the Nabob, he first established himself at Barrackpore, which is still called "Ohanak" by the natives, and finally established himself at Calcutta, of which he may be regarded as the founder. Here, we are told, "he reigned more absolutely than a rajah." The indignity of the scourging that he had received sank so deeply into his mind, that the tradition goes that he was wont to have a native or two flogged daily; and he used to arrange that "the execution should be generally done while he was at dinner, so near his dining-room that the groans and cries of the poor delinquents served him for music." In the service of this man there was at an earlier period a certain James Harding,

who "had formerly been dismissed ye Hon. Company's Service, for Blasphemy and Athisticall tenetts." This discipline had not, apparently, produced any reform in the life of the outcast. He continued to be "a most unquiett, turbulent spirit," and was also proved to have, like Sam Weller, been guilty "of an amiable indiscretion," in which a slave wench "had equally participated." These charges were sufficient to secure his condemnation, and though the accused was defended by Charnock, he was ordered to leave the factory.

All who are acquainted with oriental life know how readily accusations are made against those who are *persona ingrata* to the chief authority. Charnock had offended Hedges, for whom it is plain he had a profound contempt, and his action in Harding's case had shocked the righteous spirit of the agent. But Charnock had another and a more subtle enemy. The man who more than any other opposed Hedges on his first landing at Hooghly was Ray Bulchund; and though it was this man whose dismissal Hedges had procured from the Nabob of Dacca, self-interest had subsequently induced him to profess unbounded friendship for the agent. But in his hatred to Charnock he never varied, probably because he found him to be a man who was neither to be cajoled nor imposed upon. In Hedges's attitude towards Charnock, the wily Hindoo thought he saw an opportunity of currying favour with the rising star, and at the same time of gratifying his revenge. Quite after the manner of Queen Esther, Bulchund invited his enemy and his enemy's judge to an entertainment, at which he received Hedges "with all the re-

spect which could possibly be shown;" and having thus poured in the oil of flattery, he drew him aside into another room, and there laid to Charnock's charge a long catalogue of crimes. He accused him of being "a great Theife—not only to the merchants and other natives of the country, but to his masters also; his constant practice being to exact 2 rupees on ye hundred from ye Weavers for pricing their Taffaties; and to sell ye Company's goods, and buy light money, 5, 6, and 7 per cent worse than current, which these poor fellows, rather than lose their present employment and livelihood, are forced to accept." Already, also, Bulchund, knowing Hedges's prudery, had laid bare a secret connected with Charnock's private life.

It was a matter of common knowledge that Charnock had, some years before, carried off a married Hindoo woman, and had established her in his household. One rumour said that the woman in question was in the act of performing *suttee* when Charnock, who was among the spectators, became so enamoured of her appearance that he snatched her from the burning; while another version ran—and it was to this one that Hedges gave credit—that he had induced her to elope from her husband, carrying with her the moneys and jewels of her lawful spouse. Certain it is that the Nabob sent a force of soldiers to recover the woman and arrest Charnock. "But he escaping (or bribing the men), they took his Vekeel and kept him two months in prison, ye souldiers lying all the while at ye factory gate, till Mr Charnock compounded the business for rupees 3000 in money, 5 pieces of broad cloth, and some sword-blades." But whatever may

have been the circumstances of the elopement, it remains a fact that this strangely assorted pair lived together happily for many years, that they had several children, and that the death of the lady alone dissolved the tie which united them. Her influence over Charnock was great, and she met his endeavours to convert her to Christianity by gaining him over to the ranks of paganism. At her death, which affected him deeply, he raised a monument to her memory, and he invariably kept the anniversary of her death by sacrificing a cock on her tomb, according to the custom of her nation. Sundry details on this subject Bulchund whispered at different times into the not unwilling ears of Hedges, who on this occasion answered piously, "that Charnock was an old servant of ye Company, who had hitherto served to their good content; and without clear proof of his wronging the Company, he could not be displaced; but," he added, "if all he [Bulchund] said appeared to be true, he should see I came hither to manifest my fidelity to my Honourable Masters in the best manner I was able, without favour or affection to any man."

But though there can be no doubt that many of the charges brought against Charnock were true in substance, he was at the same time too good a servant to the Company to make Hedges's wrath dangerous to him. As the directors said subsequently, "They would rather dismiss the whole of their other agents than Mr Charnock should not be the chief of Kásumbázár." There can be no doubt, also, that Charnock was aware that Hedges had listened to charges against him. The natural result followed. The two men became bitterly hostile, and Charnock

took every means in his power to snub and humiliate Hedges. He disputed his orders, gave countenance to his enemies, disregarded his advice, and opened his letters. Against all these acts of insubordination Hedges constantly protested, with the pettishness common to weak men. "He brags," writes the poor man, "never no chief was yett able to contend with him and Hervey, and makes no doubt but to give me my mittimus this next shipping." And the boast was justified; for Hedges's fate was no longer in the lap of the gods. It had gone forth; and though he tried to support himself with such reflections, as that "God be praised, I live in honour and esteem, whilst Charnock, Hervey, and Beard are the most despicable persons to the Government and native merchants that ever lived in the country," he must have felt that the sword of dismissal was hanging over him by a thread. There can be no surer indication of the approaching fall of an official than the desertion of his fair-weather friends. At this time, one by one, all Hedges's associates left him. Beard, he tells us, "took occasion . . . to affront and abuse me in a most rude and unhandsome manner, growing pale with passion, shook his head, and made such a filthy noise with his mouth as cannot be expressed;" the interloping Captain Lake, "a base, unworthy fellow," cast reflections in his teeth, and even Bulchund stopped his boats, and disregarded his *dusticks*.

At length the blow fell. President Gyfford was ordered up from Fort St George to Bengal, and Hedges was dismissed. On reviewing all the circumstances of the case, this appears to have been the one possible solution of the difficulty. It is unquestionable

that Hedges's administration had been a *fasco*. He was essentially a weak man. He had both failed to grapple to his soul those who would have been his friends, and had by no means borne himself in quarrels so that the opposed need beware of him. He was easily deluded by the fair words of intriguers, and was equally ready to shower angry abuse on them so soon as they turned their backs upon him. One man is "a scandalous, unfaithful person;" another "stuffs his diary full of lies;" and writing of the death of Bulchund, with whom he had long been on good terms, he says: "This morning early news was brought me our grand enemy (that corrupt villain), Bulchund, was dead"! But the evils which assumed the blackest hue in the sight of the directors were the falling off of the business of the Company, and the height of prosperity to which the obnoxious interlopers attained under his rule. Thomas Pitt, Douglas, and Captain Alley and their friends prospered in direct ratio to the failure of the Company. Everywhere, except perhaps within Charnock's jurisdiction, they outbid the Company's agents, and assumed a state which quite put to shame the lowly carriage of Hedges and his subordinates. The notorious Captain Alley, when he visited the native authorities, "went in a splendid equipage, habitted in scarlet, richly laced. Ten Englishmen in blew capps and coats, edged with red, all armed with blunderbusses, went before his pallankeen, 80 Peons before him, and 4 musicians playing on the weights, with 2 flags before him." It may afterwards have been some consolation to Hedges to know that the same treatment which was measured out to him was meted out three years

later to President Gyfford. But we cannot help feeling that the directors did well in getting rid of Hedges, notwithstanding Judge Jeffreys's assertion that "he had a greater kindness and respect for him than he had for Sir Josiah Child" (the chairman of the directors). A story is told of a man who, on being asked after a Sunday morning service what passage he had liked best in the rector's discourse, answered, "the passage from the pulpit to the vestry;" and unquestionably the most praiseworthy episode of Hedges's Eastern career was his adventurous return-journey from India to Europe through Persia. Shortly after his arrival in London he married, and was knighted. At this point his diary becomes a blank, and the record of his remaining years is lost in obscurity.

Having shown us in the person of Hedges the kind of man of whom the Company soon wearied, Colonel Yule has in his third volume given us a graphic and most interesting account of one whom the directors delighted to honour, and whose descendants have left a name which will be remembered with pride so long as England holds a place upon the page of history. Thomas Pitt was born in 1653 at Blandford, in Dorsetshire. About his younger days we know little, but at a comparatively early age we find him engaged in the interloping trade in India. The prosecution of this traffic required enterprise, daring, and tact. It was strenuously opposed by the Company, which always had sufficient force at its disposal to seize the interlopers, and had the declaration of Judge Jeffreys, that it had a perfect right to do so. But neither the troops of the Company nor the terrors of the law had any effect on Pitt,

who was, as the directors said of him, "a fellow of a haughty, huffing, daring temper," and who, having the very definite intention before him of making his own fortune, was in the habit of throwing aside every obstacle that presented itself in his path. He landed in India a few days before Hedges, and "entered Ballasore in a hostile manner with guards and trumpetts." Hedges had orders to seize him, but it would have been quite as reasonable to tell a lamb to seize a wolf, and Pitt's movements were as little affected by Hedges's instructions as though they had never been given.

He was, however, on one occasion cited by the directors before the Court of King's Bench, and fined £400; but this in no way checked that interloping career, which was the perennial cause of complaint and lamentation in Leadenhall Street. Force and threats were plainly impotent to move him, but there was one other expedient left to the directors. They determined to try to buy him over, and as a first step in that direction, they admitted him gratis into the freedom of the Company. Whether or not Pitt accepted the honour thus conferred upon him, there is no evidence to show; but the fact remains that he continued as an interloper, and "huffed" and "bounced" as much as ever.

In about 1687 he returned to England, and expended some of the gains of his trafficking in the purchase of the manor of Stratford-under-the-Castle, evidently with the intention of standing for Parliament. In this, as in every other object he pursued, he was successful, and we find him representing Salisbury in the House of Commons from 1689 to 1695.

But his duties as a member were not allowed to interfere with his career as a trader. In 1693 he made another voyage to India, and on that occasion appeared for the last time in the character of an interloper. The Company had at about that time been granted new charters, and they took advantage of the opportunity afforded by reconstruction to invite Pitt to join them. This he did, and here would have ended the history of the arch-interloper if it had not been for the acumen and research of the editor, who appears to have an unerring instinct for the discovery of the clues to biographical and geographical puzzles.

In the Court-book of 1697 we find the following entry: "Captain Thomas Pitt, now coming into Court, was made acquainted by the Governour that he was unanimously elected to be President at Fort St George; whereupon he took the oaths appointed by the Charter, promising to improve his utmost ability and zeal for the Company's service." It seemed, at first sight, so improbable that a man who for years had defied the Company, and had been by them in return vilified as a pirate and held up to scorn as a blusterer, should, almost red-handed, have been appointed to so important a post as that of President of Fort St George, that it had never occurred to biographers that the two parts could have been played by one man. But the disappearance of the interloper and the appearance of the new President occur so curiously about the same time, that it suggested itself to Colonel Yule that, after all, the official might be but a new avatar of the nefarious trader. The idea once started, it is almost needless to say that in Colonel

Yule's hands it was worked out to a satisfactory conclusion. By a careful comparison of documents he found that the President or Governor was described as "Captain Thomas Pitt, member for Old Sarum," and that the connections by marriage of the interloper and the Governor were the same. But the crowning proof was afforded by a letter written by the Governor to his cousin, John Pitt, who had come out from England as representative of the rival New or English Company. In this paper Thomas Pitt says: "And for the supporting my credit, I don't remember I was indebted, or concerned in anything whatever that could be censured by any, unless it was interloping, which I never repented of to this day." Again, writing to the same correspondent in January 1699-1700, he says: "I wonder with what face you can say I carried the balance of your account with me to Bengall in the Seymore." The mention of the Seymore adds proof to proof. It was the ship owned and sailed by the interloper, Thomas Pitt. Well may Colonel Yule say: *Habemus confidentem reum.*

For thirteen years (from 1697-1710) Pitt held his post at Fort St George, and during the whole of that time he maintained the interests and dignity of the Company with ability and discretion. The period was one of exceptional difficulty. A new Company was formed in 1698, and gathered to itself many of the dismissed and discontented servants of the old Association. John Pitt, a cousin of the Governor, who, as we have seen, was appointed by the new Company President of Masulipatam, was a constant thorn in the side of his kinsman. The quarrels between the servants of the

two Companies were endless, and it required all the courage and strength of the Governor to keep them from developing into acts of open hostility. Some quieting influence was effected by the amalgamation of the two Companies in 1702, but the old animosities still smouldered. These anxieties and difficulties probably made less impression on Pitt than they would on most people. He was a "dour" man, and by long experience had learned to accept difficulties of all kinds as matters of course. He was also a man without sympathy, and was quite unable to understand that any one should ever need help and support. Even his wife's straits failed to arouse the slightest concern on his part. "As to what you write of my wife," he says, in a letter to Sir Stephen Evance, "if she can't live upon the income of my land, let her starve, and all her children with her; therefore pay not one penny that she draws upon you."

The accumulation of a fortune was always the primary object of Pitt's ambition. No promising investment, whether it was in land in England or in diamonds in India, was neglected by him. The ease with which diamonds were carried, and their constant value recommended them to him as a convenient medium of exchange with Europe. His agents in the country kept him well informed as to the state of the diamond markets, and he was always among the first to hear of the discovery of any stone of rare quality. It was in this way that he was first made aware of the diamond which has ever since been associated with his name. It was a prodigious stone, weighing 426 carats, and the price asked for it was equally prodigious, being no less

than 200,000 pagodas (a pagoda equals about 10s.) The offer evidently had its attraction for Pitt, and he transmitted a model of the stone, with a description of it, to his English agent, Sir Stephen Evance. But the magnitude of the proposed purchase alarmed Evance. "Wee are now," he writes in reply, "gott in a warr. The French king has his hand and heart full, soe he can't buy such a stone. There is noe prince in Europe can buy itt, soe wuld advise you not to meddle with it." But Pitt still kept up negotiations with the owner, Jaurchund, who came in person to Fort St George to tempt the Governor. The price asked, however, was so excessive that Pitt despaired of becoming possessed of the prize, and more in wantonness than with any intention of making a serious bid, he offered 30,000 pagodas for it. This broke off the negotiations for the time; but with that persistence which Easterns always show in money transactions, Jaurchund, after an interval of some weeks, returned to the charge. This time he professed himself willing to take 100,000 pagodas, and at a subsequent meeting, after much haggling, Pitt beat him down to 55,000. But even this was more by 10,000 pagodas than Pitt had determined to give, and again Jaurchund took his leave,—not for long, however, for in an hour he sent in word to say that he would take 50,000. Upon this Pitt offered to split the difference. But though an Oriental will submit to be beaten down in his price time after time, he likes at the close of the bargain to think that the yielding has not been altogether on his side. Pitt offered 47,500. No, said Jaurchund—

nothing would induce him to take less than 48,000. Knowing his man and the ways of Eastern traders, Pitt gave in to this demand, and became possessed of the largest known diamond in the world, for a sum which was about equivalent to £24,000.

The precious stone was sent home to Europe in charge of Pitt's son, Robert, on board the *Loyal Cooke*, which left Madras on the 9th October 1702. It is amusing to observe how the possession of the diamond awoke in Pitt's breast a desire for the peace of Europe and the prosperity of its wealthier sovereigns. "The King of France or Spain," he writes to his agent, "will in all probability be the likeliest chapmen for it, unless our Parliament, upon some good success in some noble undertaking, will be soe generous as to buy it for the crown of England." A little later he says: "'Tis certainly the finest jewell in the world, and worth an immense sum, and I hope you will never part with it but for its reall value, which, it may be, you'll not be able to get dureing the warr, to which God send a happy and speedy conclusion." But no "fforeign prince" showed any alacrity to become the owner of the jewel; and after waiting three years, he thought that possibly the Union of Scotland with England might be made an occasion for its purchase. "I heard from Lisbon," he writes, "that upon the Union with Scotland passing our Parliament, 'twas intended to present the Queen with the royal title of Empress. I am sure nothing is soe proper to accompany it, being the best and biggest in the world."

Fate, however, had decreed that the prize was to go to the French Crown, and eventually the Duke

of Orleans became the purchaser of it, nominally at the price of £135,000. We say nominally, because that sum was never actually paid. It was agreed that £40,000 should be handed over as part payment, and that three boxes of jewels should be given as security for the payment of the balance. This balance was never forthcoming, and the price, therefore, which Pitt received was £40,000, plus the value of the jewels. The sale was effected after Pitt's return to Europe; and in the company of his two sons, Lord Londonderry and John Pitt, and his son-in-law, Mr Cholmondeley, he personally carried the diamond to the French capital.

So supreme was the value of the stone, that the greatest secrecy was observed in conveying it into France; and Colonel Yule illustrates Pitt's nervous anxiety on this point by a curious story of an adventure by the way. When at Calais, Pitt formed a friendship with the landlord of the hotel at which he stayed, and before leaving expressed a wish that he might be able to be of service to him. "To this the landlord innocently replied, that he [Pitt] had a pebble in his possession which might indeed do him the utmost service." What he meant by "a pebble" is not clear, and Colonel Yule does not offer any explanation. Pitt, however, at once concluded that his secret had been betrayed, and broke out in such violent abuse of his host that the poor man fled from the room, and Lord Londonderry, with his companions, had the greatest difficulty in allaying the Governor's alarms. Happily the diamond was, after all, safely deposited with its new owner, and Pitt returned to England a richer

and a happier man. But having thus gathered his grapes, he was destined to harvest a crop of thistles, in the shape of stories invented by the envious about the manner in which he had become possessed of the stone. One report was that the diamond was "one of the eyes of the god Jagunat," and had been stolen and sold to Pitt, the idol ever after remaining single-eyed. Another was to the effect that the stone was found by a slave, who, in order to hide it, made a gash in his leg, and buried the jewel in the wound. In a moment of confidence—so ran the legend—the slave imparted his secret to a sailor, and promised to give him the stone if he would secure to him his freedom. The sailor made the required promise, and having enticed the hapless slave on board his ship, took the diamond from him, and then threw him into the sea. So persistent were these rumours that they gained some credit; and Pope plainly had them in his mind when in the history of Sir Balaam he wrote—

"Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledged it to the knight, the knight
had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue
was bit."

In the original version of the poem in Pope's own handwriting the last line stands—"So robbed the robber, and was rich as P——," which puts beyond question the incident to which the lines refer.

The fortunes of the diamond have since been as various as the winds of heaven. It was first made publicly conspicuous by being placed in the crown arranged

for the coronation of Louis XV. in 1722. During the anarchy consequent on the outbreak of the Revolution, the *Regent*, as the stone was called in France, and the *Sancy* diamonds were stolen. Two years later, however, they were recovered, and in 1796 and 1798 the *Regent* was twice pledged to German bankers as security for the cost of horse furniture. At the coronation of Napoleon in 1804, the *Regent* appeared, set between the teeth of a crocodile, in the pommel of the Emperor's sword. There the jewel remained until it was carried off in 1814 by Marie Louise. It was, however, returned by the Emperor Francis, and was reset for the coronation of Charles X. During the reign of Napoleon III. it was mounted several times, and in 1870 was deposited in the Bank of France, from which it was transferred to

the cellars of the Treasury, where it now remains.

Pitt resigned his governorship in 1709, and was succeeded by Addison, a brother of the immortal Joseph. He represented Old Sarum in the Parliament of 1714-15, and died at Swallowfield in Berks in 1726, at the age of seventy-three, having lived long enough to see his grandson, the future Earl of Chatham, finish his careers at Eton and Oxford, and start on the grand tour, before blossoming into a cornet of the Blues.

We cannot close this article without recording our gratitude to Colonel Yule for having rescued from oblivion this most interesting chapter in the records of the East India Company, and for having lifted it out of the back current of history into the main stream of European annals.

THE OLD SALOON.

THERE is a proverb, almost as old as the world, which enjoins that the sutor should stick to his last. It is one of those utterances which arise spontaneously from the instinct of humanity, and which are proved every day in the common experience of mankind. Yet it is not infallible, and there are instances in which it has been triumphantly defied. The curiosity of the public has been much excited lately by an experiment of the kind, which, if intellectual power and adroitness alone were in question, ought to have been successful. It is with a sigh of satisfaction that we record our conviction that the effort has failed. The brilliant writer who has taken the trouble to make this attempt, has done many wonderful things in his day. He has set forth old subjects in new lights: he has changed the pictorial attitude and aspect of many well-known historical personages. He has made Henry Tudor look like a statesman and sage, and Mary Stewart like a tragical milliner. He has represented the Church of England as the most malignant influence ever known in politics, and set the Colonies by the ears: all in the most delightful language, and with so great a charm of style that his views have been propagated everywhere; and if not always influential in forming public opinion, have yet, more or less swayed it temporarily with much immediate effect. That a man so skilled in the art of fictitious portraiture, or of portraiture executed with so strong a *parti pris* as to have all the most prevailing characteristics

of fiction, should not have succeeded in making a few ideal personages move and talk and look as if they were real men, is one of the most curious instances of the reality of what we may call specialism, for want of a better word. Mr Froude has shown his ability so to drape and adorn an actual person as to make him look like somebody else; or at least like something quite different from all previous conception of him. But when he tries this experiment the other way, the only result is failure. It is supposed by the general public that almost anybody can write a novel. Young ladies do it every day; sometimes not very well it is true, but sometimes with signal success. It is almost incredible that a man so highly gifted with every literary endowment should not prove able to accomplish so small a matter. Yet so it is; and we confess that we state the fact with a certain gratification; for if the art of Walter Scott could thus be taken up at any moment by any able person *en gaieté de cœur*, as if it were his natural weapon, a certain disrespect for the art would inevitably mingle in the spectator's mind with admiration of the skill of the performer. It is not so, however, let us congratulate ourselves. The excellent Mr Motley, historian of the 'Dutch Republic,' composed a novel in his youth, which nobody ever heard of till it was mentioned in his biography; so did Frederick Denison Maurice, a theologian who has had great honour in his day. None of them, we are happy to think, were successful. The two-handed sword of Walter of Abbotsford

cannot be waved round any stout swordsman's head who takes it out of the armoury, neither can the keen rapier of Esmond be wielded by whosoever will. Those professors of the art of fiction who are still worthy of the name, may be congratulated that their mystery remains a mystery, which the most skilful writer cannot fathom by mere force of cleverness or even of histrionic skill.

We may therefore venture to say at once that the 'Two Chiefs of Dunboy' is not a novel, much less a romance, as it is boldly described on the title-page.¹ It is true that it contains some bold sensational scenes, something between the styles of Mr Louis Stevenson and Mr Rider Haggard, and so good in their way that they may possibly attract the favourable attention of the schoolboy critic, who has lately become a power in the world of literature; but these pictorial scenes are not of the element of true fiction. What this book is, is something quite different from fiction. It is a careful and elaborate historical statement, which the author has evidently thought would prove more effective if put into the mouth, and somehow proved by the doings, of several imaginary persons, than if simply recited by his own more potent individual voice. We think that he has made a mistake; and that his own voice, taken with all the conditions which the reader has learned to attach to it, would be, and indeed has been on this same subject, more effective. But it would be ungrateful to blame Mr Froude for such a fond delusion. The old notion that poetry and romance enforce a conclusion better than the unvarnished

tale of reality is an obstinate one, difficult to overcome, especially in the minds of the elder generation; and it is a very amiable trait in the distinguished historian that he shares in this delusion of the past. When the Sun in Leopardi's fable made up his mind to an innovation in the old rule of the heavens, and determined that instead of laboriously going round the Earth—a minute particle of dust, peopled by multitudes of *creaturine invisibili*—he would remain steady in his place, and let the Earth, if she wanted light and warmth, go round him,—a resolution, as the reader is aware, which he has held to ever since,—the great Lord of Day called for a poet to make his decision known to the Universe. Even at that early age—it was in the time of Copernicus—his Celestial Majesty was informed that poets were no longer the best interpreters of the heavenly potentates, and that a philosopher would serve his purpose better. It would have been well for Mr Froude had his advisers been as sensible and well informed.

The two chiefs who give their name to this book are, as may be supposed, representatives of the two races whose juxtaposition in Ireland is so bewildering a problem for all observers. The one the forfeited and ruined Irishman, the other the enlightened, noble-minded, and gallant English supplanter who has taken his place; but whose sole motive and desire is the good of the country in which he finds himself, and its conversion to law, order, truth, and industry. There are so many bewildering elements in the question that it is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the addi-

¹ The Two Chiefs of Dunboy; or, an Irish Romance of the Last Century. By J. A. Froude. Longmans & Co., London.

tional bewilderment of Colonel Goring's essentially nineteenth-century character and object, notwithstanding the piety of an earlier complexion which actuates him. Indeed, both the gentlemen, though the Irishman's surroundings are different from anything possible in this day, are of the nineteenth century. It would have been more easy to discriminate and to contrast these two figures had they been a little more of their age. The ideas of both are very advanced. They are both curiously free from prejudice. Indeed an uneasy suspicion crosses our mind from time to time that *au fond* they are virtually the same person. It is the right thing, considering the difference of race, that Morty O'Sullivan should be prone to passion, and Colonel Goring an example of heroic calm; but remove this broad characteristic, and the men are very much alike. The Englishman has, on the whole, a greater faith in the Irish than their countryman. He thinks they are occasionally to be trusted, while Sullivan, save under the influence of excitement, never does so. Otherwise the tenor of their thoughts is alike; their disappointment and disillusion, their virtue and generosity the same. On the whole, though Morty becomes a pirate and ends by committing a murder, he is almost as painfully good as his rival. Both are victims of the treacherous race and unhappy circumstances with which they are surrounded. It is quite impossible to believe that they would not have fully understood each other had they ever had the chance. It was by no means Mr Froude's intention, we should imagine, to demonstrate how very little difference, after all, race makes between two human creatures of generous mind and honourable meaning; but

this will seem to the impartial reader one of the chief things he has to teach.

The group of actors in this tragedy is a small one. There is no woman—which will be a shock to the deceived public to whom the book is presented as a novel—except an Irish girl of a very familiar type, who makes a brief appearance to deliver the hero out of pressing danger, but whom we are already intimately acquainted with, and recognise with kindness. The curious band of Irish statesmen who are dragged in afterwards, head and shoulders, to indicate the political atmosphere of the period, though they are by no means without interest, are no more important to the main object than the band of supernumeraries, the "peasants, pirates, &c.," in a list of *dramatis personæ*, who form the background. Goring, Morty, and a third personage, are the only necessary figures. On this third person Mr Froude has put forth all his powers, and he is by far the most successful part of the book. The shuffling and false Sylvester O'Sullivan, who is the relative of the Irish hero, and adores up till the moment when he betrays him, is the expression of the author's concentrated contempt and hatred for the Irish race; and as Mr Froude is a very good hater, he has found a certain inspiration from the passion. We cannot say that the conception is new. It has found a place, more or less, in every Irish novel that ever was written; but it is the nearest thing to a creation that Mr Froude has accomplished, and the picture is both terrible and complete. A recent most painful exhibition before the court in London which is still sitting will rise to everybody's mind while he reads; but the offender in that case was

less degraded than Sylvester, who would have wriggled out of the most shameful dilemma with his slippery smile, amusing even in the depth of his humiliation. We may quote his explanation of his tergiversations, given in the confidence of full understanding from his countrymen. "You came to me with a fine story of all ye'd done and suffered for your country," says Mr Blake, the rich merchant at Nantes, whose life is spent in smuggling and conspiracy.

"'You wanted me to send you home to Kerry to your family there, and all the while there was black treachery in the heart of you. You were an informer, man, and had sould yourself to them in the Castle at Dublin.'

"'Your honour speaks nothing but the truth,' said the man, 'as far as the truth is known to ye. Sure enough I had the bit of paper Mr Walpole give me, if it's that you mane. I'd be none the worse for such a thing if the magistrates got hould of me, as it was like they might with the errand I had taken upon me. But the way of it was this: I was wanting to go home to my own people, and there was a stir just then about the trade and the Danes' treasure, and the wild geese, and the French going over; and they were saying in Paris the English would be sending the redcoats to sweep the country clear of us: and I thought I would be useful *desaving* them a little, and making distrust between them and the gentry like.'

"'That might suit with you as a rogue's trick,' said Blake; 'but if that was what you were after, why didn't you speak plainly to me? I don't believe ye. There was that letter you wrote from Killarney to the Castle. How do you explain that?—telling them how ye had come over, and how the cargo was run.'

"'Sure and if I tould them,' said Sylvester, 'there was never a word of truth in the whole story I tould them. It was little they could learn from me, clever as they might be; and as to speaking out to your honour, there is

an old saying that one may keep counsel but never two, and I thought some of them Paris people might be asking ye questions about me, and your honour would not tell what ye did not know.'

"Blake looked at the wretched being, hardly knowing whether to laugh or be angry.

"'And how about your turning Protestant,' he asked, 'and forsaking the faith ye were born in? One of my own people saw you in Killarney Church swearing away your religion before the Archdeacon.'

"'Sure and if I did, your honour, there is no sin in telling a lie to a heretic. It is no more than every poor fellow is obliged to do in these bad days each time he signs a lease or takes an office. Don't the Catholic counsellors in Dublin swear they are Protestants before they can practise? Glory be to God for the same! for where would our poor people be without the help of them in the courts of law? When the laws are against us, we must just slip through them as we can. The Lord help and be gracious to us!'"

The reader will probably expect to hear from Mr Froude, writing of the state of Ireland a hundred years ago, a great deal about those penal laws against the Roman Catholics which have wounded the consciences of Englishmen for generations after they have been got rid of, and which might well be blamed as the originating cause of that fatal and so easy duplicity which no amelioration of law seems capable of eradicating. But he does not do so; he represents these laws, on the contrary, as a standing farce in Ireland, encumbering the statute-book, and never by any chance brought into practice, and with a startling leap into another region, transfers the religious wrong as existing in Ireland to a totally different class, to the Protestant Dissenters, against whom he tells us all the persecuting powers of the Church (which

we might have been sure was not to be let off without due damnation) were now turned. Indeed, at a later period in the book, he puts the same arguments which Sylvester uses to excuse his treachery into the mouth of the statesman who is introduced as one of the actual rulers of the country, the Speaker of the Irish House of Parliament, Henry Boyle, afterwards Lord Shannon. While recommending to the too conscientious Goring toleration in respect to the smugglers, and a general indifference to the mandates of the law, this high functionary discourses as follows. Colonel Goring, always perfectly correct in his sentiments, has just asked, "How can any country prosper when the people are taught from their cradle that laws are only made to be laughed at?"

"Nothing can be more true, my dear Colonel; but those are precisely the conditions under which it pleases our sovereign masters that the affairs of this country shall be administered. We live under a set of laws which we cannot repeal and are not allowed to execute. How is it with the Catholics? By law no priest may officiate who is not registered. Not one in fifty is registered, yet no one is ever punished. By law no Catholic bishop ought to be in Ireland. They reside openly in their palaces; they preach; they ordain; they rule their dioceses as effectively as our own prelates. Not only does no one call them to question, but we ourselves in the Government use their help in keeping order. By the law no Catholic can own land or hold a lease for more than thirty years. The estates of Catholics are now as safe as those of Protestants. They protect themselves by a transparent evasion, while half the tenants in Munster are Catholics in reality if not in name. By law no Catholic can practise in the learned professions. Go, ask at the Four Courts how many Catholics are on

the roll of attorneys. The laws are on our statute-book. We do not try to enforce them, for England would interpose if we did. But the whole system that we live under is an instruction to us that laws are made to be disobeyed. And what wonder is it if we, on our parts, are careless about executing trade enactments which ruin us, in order to benefit our masters? By-and-by, when they see their prohibitions cannot be carried out, the English will consent to do us justice. Till then they never will——"

"God help Ireland, then," said the Colonel, sorrowfully. "God help us all, and send us another Oliver."

"Do not let the Primate hear you say so," the Speaker answered; "and in default of Oliver, I recommend you to do as others do, and swim with the stream. High notions of duty are admirable when time and place suits them, but they will not work in Ireland in this age that we live in. You do not think me serious—I wish I was not. Oliver conquered this country. He drove the fighting Irish across the Shannon into Connaught. He partitioned the lands of the rebels among his own soldiers, or among Puritan colonists from England and Scotland. He gave us free trade and a political union with Great Britain. Had he lived ten years longer, the English law, the English character, would have been rooted as firmly in Leinster and Munster as the Scots are rooted in the north. Even as it was, so long as Oliver's foundations were left standing, we had a chance of making something of the country. We had English farmers, English mechanics, English artisans in tens of thousands. America was far off, and more were ready to pour in if they had political security. France and Flanders sent us their Protestant refugees. We had our shipyards, and fifty vessels might be seen lying in the Liffey where now there are but yonder half-dozen miserable coal-brigs."

Thus the Irish statesman of 1780, as well as the English reformer, is represented as finding no cure for Irish troubles save in

the elimination of the race. It is not a remedy which ever can find favour in the general judgment of mankind. But it is repeated with much insistence and in several different voices. It is the one cure which these patriotic observers think practicable: failing this, a rule of anarchy, more or less tempered by the adroitness of the ruling, and the shiftless incapacity, either for resistance or national organisation, of the ruled and subordinate race.

We must return, however, from these general questions to the struggle between the two men, so entirely formed to understand each other, whom the antagonism of race and circumstances turns into enemies. Colonel Goring, who has inherited the estate forfeited by Morty O'Sullivan's ancestors, has established himself there with a colony of virtuous Dissenters—Methodists and other converts of Whitefield—who are as immaculate as himself, more irreproachable than any foreign colony in a conquered country ever was before, by whose means he has enormously increased the wealth of the place, both by mines—for the mountains are rich in ore—and by fisheries, in both of which industries, in a humble way, as inferior workmen and auxiliaries, the native Irish have more or less joined. The problem before him is how to secure his admirable colony in the place in which they have taken kindly root, not only for their own sakes, but as a nucleus of industry, comfort, and wealth for the benefit of the country in which they are planted. His dream is to make his poor Irish tenantry round him, and the district in general, profit by the example of his colonists, and to draw them by good wages and good treatment to copy the ex-

ample thus set before them. His life has been threatened, but he only smiles at the threats. He is a soldier, and a brave one, determined to sanction no rebellion where he is, opposed to smuggling and to every breach of the law, with none of the *laissez aller* congenial to the place, but an almost rigid rectitude, boundless benevolence, and an enthusiasm carefully concealed beneath an aspect of the most utter calm. This singularly perfect character, the benevolent despot whom Mr Parnell acknowledges to be a possible alternative in place of Home Rule, but in every respect the opposite of the race he intends and desires to benefit, is introduced to us in the cottage-mansion near the sea, where he lives in the midst of his people, and where he has, like every other Irish landlord we have ever heard of in fiction, an amusing crowd of petitioners every morning appealing to him for every kind of assistance. The crowd has been a great deal better done before; and so has the Irish girl who first appeals to his charity, and then comes to his rescue, guiding him through the dangers of a night escape. There is a novel called 'Castle Daley,' not by one of the first hands in literature, which describes all this, and the struggle of feeling between the grateful yet suspicious peasants, and the reforming and improving landlord—just, good, and benevolent beyond all their dreams, yet somehow not sympathetic—with a touching force and simplicity far beyond anything Mr Froude is able to attain. To say that the profound and poetic tragedy of 'Hurrish' is a world above any perception of Irish character, either in its softer or more terrible aspects, which is here exhibited, is unnecessary;

for, indeed, Mr Froude has no desire to place this character before us except from certain points of view, and no just comprehension is possible to one who regards the object of his study with unflinching contempt and disapproval. We are bound, however, to add, that neither of the writers to whom we have referred is much more hopeful than Mr Froude.

Colonel Goring's aim is only good. He wants to do justice to everybody, and to stop the smugglers, and to set wrong right, and to secure, above all, his virtuous English in the only privileges which they insist upon, their church and school, the means of exercising their own worship, and of securing their children from too close intercourse with the native element. Against this aim there is the dead force of Irish resistance and treachery, the profit of a contraband trade which is supposed to benefit everybody, and the determined wrong-headedness of the authorities, behind whom, again, is the ghost of an unrighteous English Government, which has filled the statute-book with laws which nobody pays the slightest attention to. Such is the state of society upon which the English landowner looks with eyes of the nineteenth century—not veiled by any contemporary knowledge, or sympathy, or part in the partial developments of the time, but surprised, as if he had somehow strayed out of the present era back into the state of affairs which belongs to a past time. Mr Froude evidently forgets that Colonel Goring himself belonged to that past time, and must have known all about it, and about various anomalies which existed in England as well as Ireland—tests and disabilities of Dissenters, and contra-

band trade, and all the rest. On that last point his Cornishmen, who at home probably were acquainted with wreckers, and had heard of unlawful cargoes run in defiance of severe magistrates, could have given him some information; but of everything of the kind this English sage in the Bay of Bantry was evidently innocent as the babe unborn.

While Colonel Goring is thus introduced to our acquaintance on one side, on the other we are presented to the Irish exile and adventurer, sent abroad in his youth from the ruined house of his fathers to military service on the Continent, and now a well-known and distinguished officer. Morty O'Sullivan makes his first appearance in the house of a French-Irish merchant, called Blake, established at Nantes, in a most lucrative smuggling trade, the wares in which he deals being, first, "wild-geese"—to wit, the Irish recruits who came over in flocks to swell the Irish Brigade and generally go soldiering on the Continent (not, we presume, contraband goods)—and secondly, wool-packs, which, under the disgraceful law which prohibited woollen manufactures in Ireland, and fixed the price at which they should be sold in the only market open to them, were most profitable wares for the smuggler. We learn all this in the course of conversations in Mr Blake's house, which are conducted with so much detail that we feel disposed to ask with Sneer in the play, "If Sir Walter knew all this before, why does Sir Christopher go on telling him?" which, indeed, would be, as the immortal Puff justly replies, most ungrateful on our part, as the information is given entirely for our sake. When we have thus been made fully con-

versant with the circumstances, we find that Blake is anxiously urging upon O'Sullivan the command of a privateer which is about to be fitted out with the object of harassing and injuring English trade as much as possible, and the ulterior motive of assisting in arming and rousing Ireland to insurrection. How it happens that a distinguished soldier, whose life apparently has been spent on the field, should be able at a moment's notice to take command of a privateer, and afterwards to save his ship by the most marvellous seamanship, we are not told. He could not surely be fighting at Fontenoy and acquiring the difficult art of navigation at the same time! This, however, is perhaps hypercritical. So far as we can make out, Morty is at last moved to consent to assume the command, which at first does not smile upon him, by hearing from the spy, Sylvester, that his old enemy Goring, whom he had encountered at Culloden, was now settled in his former home, and had displaced Morty's mother and sister from their retreat (which is enough to enable the family to describe Mrs O'Sullivan as their murdered mother), on account of the refuge given by them to smugglers. But O'Sullivan, though he hates the English, and especially Colonel Goring, is scarcely more tolerant of his own countrymen than Mr Froude is. "I will trust Irishmen," he says, "as long as their interest and mine run in the same track, but not an inch further." And when Blake upbraids him with turning against his own race, "I say no more than the truth of them," he replies: "there never was a plan for a rising in Ireland, but what an Irishman was found who could sell the secret of it." The Irish exile is there-

fore more distinctly doomed from the beginning to tragic failure than is the too sanguine Colonel. If Goring is surprised by the circumstances he finds about him, Morty is more enlightened, and foresees them all. That these two men can only be brought together for tragic consequences is evident in the very title of the story; and the first encounter between them is of a very startling description. It is one of the sensation scenes of the book, by which, as we have said, Mr Froude attempts to show that he can do this sort of thing also, as well as the recognised masters of the art. The two enemies meet for the first time at the funeral (brilliantly described) of the chief of the Sullivans, where Goring recognises Morty as the rebel of Culloden, and, with his usual uncompromising sense of duty, attempts to arrest him, though in the midst of a crowd of sympathising Irish, all enthusiastic for the exile, and hating the Englishman. Morty replies by challenging Goring on the spot, and in presence of the hostile crowd, to a duel.

"There was no lingering over unessential formalities, for every one was anxious to have the business over. The combatants took their places, and their seconds brought them their pistols. In an Irish house the duelling-pistols were always in order, as the honour of the family depended upon them. Macfinnan had cared for his as if they were his choicest jewels, and new flints had been fitted on the instant it was known that they would be in demand. Morty Sullivan snatched his with passionate eagerness. Goring seemed as little disturbed as if he were at a shooting-match. He took no notice of his antagonist, but examined his weapon with much deliberation. He felt the spring of the lock, glanced at the rifling of the barrel, and then, having apparently satisfied himself,

waited for the result of the toss. It fell to Morty. He was to fire first, and at his own time, after the handkerchief was dropped. The signal was given. He paused a second or two, raised his pistol, took deliberate aim, and then let fall his arm again, and scanned his enemy's body as if considering where he could hit him with most certainty of fatal effect. Then he raised it again, with a vicious smile on his lips. His eye fixed; his arm stiffened and became rigid as the stock of a crossbow. He drew the trigger, the hammer fell, and the pistol missed fire. Angrily he cocked it again, again pulled, this time without waiting, and again there was no result.

"There is something the matter with your flint, sir," said Goring, coolly. 'You had better let it be looked to.'

"With an angry flush on his cheek, Morty flung his weapon to his nearest second, who readjusted the flint, and returned it to him. He fired instantly; but Goring's coolness had disturbed his nerve. His arm shook. The ball, which was intended for his antagonist's brain, passed through his hat, cutting away a hair or two in the way, and left him untouched.

"It was now Goring's turn. With the same composure as before, he again examined his pistol, as if to assure himself that he could depend upon it. He then, for the first time since they had taken their places, looked steadily into Morty's face.

"Captain O'Sullivan," he said, 'you required the satisfaction of shooting at me, and you have had it. It is not your fault that you missed me, for you were deliberate enough. I might now save the hangman trouble. But your life is forfeited; it belongs to your country, and to your country I shall leave you. Fire at you in return I shall not; but that you may know, and that all here may know, that your life is mine at this moment if I please to take it, do you see yonder bough at the top of the furthest elm, with a single yellow leaf at its extremity? Mark that leaf.'

"He in turn raised his arm, and glanced swiftly along the barrel; a flash, a shot, and the leaf, cut off at

the stem by the ball, slowly fluttered to the ground."

We ask ourselves where have we seen this leaf before? It is familiar to us as this sheet of paper. If it has not already slowly fluttered to the ground on repeated occasions, our memory plays us sad tricks: and we speak from a boundless experience of fiction. Morty's behaviour is no doubt quite indefensible, and (unacquainted as we are with the punctilio of the duello) we cannot understand how he could have been allowed to fire three times. Yet the Colonel's unbearable superiority is enough to have driven any man frantic. A paragon of every virtue should not be able, in addition, to cut off a leaf on the highest bough of the furthest elm like that. It is carrying his privileges too far. On the other hand, the Colonel's midnight attack on the boats, and Morty's escape from the *Eolus*, are as good as Mr Louis Stevenson used to be before he wrote the 'Black Arrow.' The Colonel's expedition, in particular, to prevent the landing of the arms, and the confusion and darkness and tragical mixture of foes and friends, suddenly lit up by the wild explosion which reveals the bay and the weltering waters, is exceedingly effective. It is, which is saying still more, as good as Mr Froude in his most pictorial mood. Morty's escape, in his queer schooner with his half-mutinious crew of desperadoes, who are only restrained by admiration for his matchless seamanship (acquired, as we have said, in the Austrian service, and on the fields of Culloden and Fontenoy), is also an admirable example of that great writer's skill and dramatic power.

The further trials of the two heroes have not, however, until the final scenes, much to do with each

other. Goring's troubles proceed from the executive, the ruling authorities of Ireland, to whom we are introduced in a curious sketch, already referred to, of society in Dublin, and the high officials who reigned, it would appear, a sort of classical triumvirate, in independence of their Parliament, and without any great subordination to the central authority in London. The picture is a strange one. Mr Froude remarks repeatedly that Dublin society was exceptionally brilliant, and that wit flashed and eloquence flowed in a manner scarcely realised in other places. We are quite willing to believe this, and, in fact, even prepared to find it so; but we cannot say that our author has succeeded in proving his assertion. The diversions of the jovial judges and statesmen are not particularly brilliant. They remind us of the fact that even the society of the great Dean, of whose brilliancy of wit nobody could doubt, was guilty of a great deal of tedious *badinage*, and not only the worst but the dullest puns on record. It is easy to say that society is brilliant, but the most difficult thing in the world to give such a representation of it as to prove it so. The fun about the pretended Turk is very heavy; perhaps it is brought in only for the sake of the astounding fact that the false Achmet received subsidies from that inconceivable Irish Parliament for the maintenance of his Turkish baths! a statement which takes away one's breath. Would the mob threaten the members, and make them swear not to injure Ireland, and convey an old woman from the streets to the woolsack—and would a new Irish Parliament, if ever we see one, make a grant to a new Achmet one wonders—as in those happy days of old?

However, in the midst of all these junketings, Colonel Goring receives the *coup de grace* for his community by the refusal of the Primate to permit the erection of his little chapel and school. The Primate is pilloried in Mr Froude's relentless way—his beauty, his male coquetry of dress, his fire of intolerance and impatience. "I regret all these concessions to Protestant sects," he cries. "We tolerate the Presbyterians in the North against the judgment of the wisest of the Bench of Bishops. If these people of yours wish to remain in Ireland, they must conform to the Church established by the law." Goring comes out from the presence of this ecclesiastical dignitary with his heart almost broken, feeling his whole life a failure, and all his efforts coming to nought; for he is aware that in face of this refusal of his wish his colony will disperse, and his work break down. But now he encounters the bland Speaker, who consoles him. "Build your chapel, all the same," says this cynical but encouraging authority.

"Set a few forms and desks at one end of it, where the children can have their Bible lessons, and be taught reading and writing. Nobody will meddle with you. You will receive some letter from your bishop. Don't answer it. The bishop will feel that he has done all that he was required to do, and will thank you in his heart for sparing him further trouble. As to your going away, it is nonsense. We can't spare you, and we can't spare your colonists either. They are worth their weight in gold to us."

The Colonel, however, has not the good sense to follow this advice. He is not a man who can let anything slide. He cannot stand without his warrant; and by-and-by all his righteous people desert, and he is left stranded

among his deserted mines and idle boats.

The exile suffers in a different but still more poignant way. He gets rich as a pirate, hating his evil trade and himself for pursuing it, until, some years after the beginning of the story, he is sent again into Ireland to ascertain definitely, on the part of the French Government, whether the reported readiness of the Irish for an insurrection is true. Morty accepts the commission with great reluctance, and returns to the scene of his childhood and of his more recent exploits, already sick to the heart of the deceptions and false pretences which he knows he will find there. He arrives at the house of his sister, a widow, whose whole soul is occupied by a rankling sense of her wrongs and those of her country; and whose little son in childish frankness declares his intention, as soon as he can manage the pistol his uncle promises to give him, of getting behind a wall, and shooting the Colonel, the arch-enemy. Morty is aware that he is in daily danger of his life while he lingers making these necessary inquiries, and everything he sees around gives him a pang the more. "He was reproached for want of patriotism when he insisted on answers to inconvenient questions" on the subject of weapons, numbers, means of drill, and means of support for the French auxiliaries, should they come to Ireland's aid.

"To all such questions the answers were general and vague. Was not all Ireland ready to welcome their deliverers from English treachery? Wouldn't they burn the houses of the gentry over their heads and set the land in a flame from end to end. The Dublin boys would take the Castle. The Irish in the English regiments would shoot their officers,

and bring over half the army. All in fact was just as it was when Morty himself as a lad had attended the Whiteboy meetings. There was the same enthusiasm of tongue, the same absence of solid preparation. Most capable, most secret, and most practical as his countrymen had always been when a tithe-proctor was to be carded, or an informer to be executed, they were as little fit as ever for any open action in the field. His sorrowful conviction was, that any expedition which was sent to help them, would meet the same fate which had invariably attended the Catholic sympathisers that had been tempted over by these vain promises. They would expect a population in arms to receive them: they would find themselves left absolutely alone, with those whom they came to help ready to turn upon them at their first reverse."

After listening with impatience to these vague and vain promises, repeated from all sides, O'Sullivan has a final interview with a person of importance, from whom he expects a decisive reply. This individual greets him with the usual vapouring about the welcome the French will receive, the warmth of Irish hearts towards their deliverers.

"I can believe that," replied Morty; "but it is not what I have been sent to learn. It has been represented in Paris that if M. Thurot's squadron appears off this coast, and lands two or three regiments, you have fifty thousand men ready to join at a day's notice. Is that so?"

"Indeed, and it is! It is not fifty thousand nor a hundred thousand. It is all Catholic Ireland that will join—every mother's son of them!"

"Every mother's son cannot be put in the field to fight. The English have twelve thousand redcoats in the island, besides the gentry and their servants and the Protestants in the North. Can you produce fifty thousand men, drilled, who, if Thurot lands, can march at once to support him?"

"We have, sir, and more. Who knows it better than King Louis, who has the Brigade with him? And didn't they beat the English at Fontenoy?"

"You mean that Thurot is to bring the Brigade with him?" Morty said.

"Sure, and of course that's what we mean," said the stranger. "And what else would we mean? Aren't they the flower of us all? And haven't we sent them over to learn their work, and be fit for fighting when the day comes for it? Our poor people at home are just peasants, and how could they be able to fight? They can make the country hot for the Protestant gentlemen, but that is all they are fit for. Let the King send the Brigade over, and twenty thousand Frenchmen at the back of them, and then he should see what we can do! There would not be a Protestant left alive in the island a month after."

"I can believe that also, Mr O'Brien, or whatever your name may be," said Morty. "But no such force is likely to be sent. They require to know, in case M. Thurot throws a small division of French troops on shore in Bantry Bay or the Kenmare river, what number of men the Irish can bring into line at once at immediate call. Arms have been sent. Officers have been sent. Money has been sent. What have you to show? Can you produce fifty thousand men? Can you produce five thousand men? or five hundred? or one hundred?"

"You are hard on me, Mr O'Sullivan! You are one of ourselves, and you might know by this time that we've tried that way long enough, and that we find others answer better!"

"Too well I know that," said Morty, "and I know what has come of it. By no advice of mine shall French soldiers set foot on this soil."

The interview ends by the advice pressed upon him, "to slip over the pass, catch the Colonel and the lave of them in their sleep, and make a nate end, and be off to sea in the morning." It is needless to say that this advice, the climax of the universal treach-

ery and falsehood about him, fills the unfortunate exile with a transport of indignation which his companions are unable to understand—why a man burning to avenge himself upon an enemy should refuse to take this safe and easy method of doing so, being something entirely beyond them. But as both the men of the story are now equally bankrupt in life and hope, the culmination of the tragedy draws near. The old informer and spy, who is the *deus ex machina* of affairs in Ireland, steps into the foreground. He beguiles Goring into an ambush, and Morty, by a chain of circumstances, into shooting him, in a way which can be called nothing but murder: then, spurned and cursed by his unfortunate kinsman, who is mad with remorse and shame, skulks away to the other party, and betrays Morty in his turn. So that we end as we began with the one unfailing figure, the centre of every movement, the mainspring of every intrigue, the informer, betrayer, traitor, who alone, the dominant spirit of his unfortunate nation, never fails.

Thus the tragedy, or let us rather say the melodrama, ends. We have but little sympathy, we are obliged to admit, for the Colonel, who is far too much above human nature's daily food to be tolerated by ordinary mortals; but a little more with Morty, whose position in face of the people whom he cannot but stand by, yet is forced to despise, is very tragical. But the career of the two "chiefs," who evidently tend from the beginning to this mutual destruction of each other, is a symbol of what Mr Froude at least expects from the two races which they represent. He expects them to extirpate each other, and thus leave Ireland de-

populated indeed, but free of a feud which is entirely senseless and without meaning: for the excellent Colonel had done the Irish adventurer no wrong, and among all the inferior spirits that surround them, and who are actuated by meaner sentiments—self-interest and self-aggrandisement of all kinds—these two were the most qualified to understand each other. In proving this, Mr Froude has done a great deal more than he intended. He has been carried away by an impulse which every novelist will understand; and has been compelled to admit in the rebel a character more allied to the hero than to any other—his natural friend and brother, not enemy. That, however, they will never understand, nor approach any nearer to each other, is the burden of this implacable prophecy. And as with the chiefs, so with the people. "If the English wanted order in Ireland," says an Anglo-Irishman of the old race, whose sympathies are with the country in which he was born, though he perceives her hopelessness, "they should have left none of us alive. We were but half a million when the Tudor princes began interfering. At that time they might have made a clean sweep, and the world would have been better for the want of us." The speaker looks back with a sigh to the time of Cromwell, who, had he lived but ten years longer, would have colonised and converted Ireland, so that the English character would have replaced her own. This is the sole possibility of mending matters that Mr Froude can conceive—to sweep the Irish off the face of the earth. When Carlyle, with a rough and fierce but humorous extravagance belonging to his peasant breeding

and Scotch vehemence, suggested that the unlucky island should be scuttled, he meant nothing more than a jest, though we permit the reader to consider it a jest in very doubtful taste. Mr Froude, however, means no jest, which is a thing his natural limitations forbid him to understand, but direst earnest. He would like to have Ireland scuttled in grim reality; or, taking the matter in a more genial light, he would retain the people as hewers of wood and drawers of water for the colonists by whom the country might have been saved. It is only the country, be it remarked, that he ever thinks of as capable of salvation—Ireland as a geographical expression—not that Erin with the smile and the tear in her eye, which is what we mean when we say Ireland, and which we protest, in the face of all accusations of having wronged her, has been the object of more sympathetic interest and compassion, and even enthusiasm, than any other country under heaven. We have not wronged her. She has suffered from bad laws in her time, as we all have done. The old generations wronged everybody, themselves included. It is time that we should give up these medievalisms, the perpetual confession of wrongs which we have not done, and the suggestion of savage remedies which even the worst of these old ages could not have adopted.

These impossible measures are all, however, that Mr Froude has to suggest. In another particular, as well as in the character of Morty O'Sullivan, he has also proved too much. One of the worst of England's ancient sins against Ireland is undoubtedly the extinction of the woollen manufacture—a thing which he has already denounced with much

eloquence. But if Mr Froude's theories are correct, he is here contradictory of himself ; for if the Irish, according to his conviction, are incapable of any settled industry, the law about the woolen manufacture must have fallen upon his colonists rather than upon the natives, and the wrong must have been to English capital and enterprise more than to the humble masses who at best were their unwilling and restless servants.

We cannot congratulate Mr Froude in any way on his attempt in fiction. The reader will have perceived that his personages do not talk but discourse. They vent whole pages upon each other. They live but for the purpose for which their inventor has set them up. The happy skill which can set a man who has been dead for a couple of centuries before us as if he lived, cannot breathe any air into the artificial beings whom he has framed with his hands. He has made such a mistake as only a man of the greatest ability could make, and such failures are sometimes more interesting than a lesser man's successes. At all events, this book will remain as a striking example of what Mr Froude cannot do.

The last novel of Mr Marion Crawford is of a very different character from Mr Froude's *sot-disant* romance. There could be indeed no better evidence of the difference between a writer whose craft it is to write novels and one whose vocation is of another kind. Mr Crawford is as determined as Mr Froude to prove that there is nothing he cannot do : he flits from land to land, and throws the light of his lantern so upon each that we are led to suppose, in every case, that the last is the one he knows best.

But he has been able so far to carry out his boast. Wherever he has gone, a certain group of people has risen up quite recognisably out of the darkness, and talked, and moved, and thought, and done each other harm or good as their creator pleased. There has been no galvanism about the process. He has raised the magician's wand, and, lo ! they have stood before us performing their parts, men and women. Mr Crawford is not by any means so great a writer as Mr Froude : he has not the pictorial wealth of description, the power which makes a landscape live and give forth all the odours of the summer, or surrender itself to the winter blasts under our eyes ; nor has he those powers of turning a historical personage outside in, and imposing an injurious, if temporary, alteration upon the face of affairs, however well known, which is the special endowment of our great historian. His touch is younger, less authoritative, and it is unlikely that it will ever be of the power or weight of Mr Froude's : which makes it all the more clear that he has somehow derived from Nature a gift which all distinguished literary men do not possess, that of representing life, and making the creations of fiction real things. This young writer began his performances by taking us to India, and making an impossible story perfectly real and actual to us, so that we could have sworn to Mr Isaacs. From thence he went to Italy, where we are aware he is on his native heath, and knows his country and his people to the finger-ends. It then pleased Mr Crawford to attempt a sketch of English life, which he accomplished with great credit, if less brilliancy : and now he carries us to Germany, a land much less elucidated by fiction than any other

country of the Continent, where he has every appearance of being equally at home. We had forgotten that, in the meantime, he had stepped aside to Russia and the East, and added a striking picture to his gallery from these distant and little understood countries.

It is all the more extraordinary that such different effects should have been produced by one pen, by the fact that Mr Crawford is no expositor of national characteristics; that he does not use the jargon of the peasant, or employ the outside and material differences of life to identify his tale. In all regions his inclination is towards fine persons and lofty passions. He is of the old fashion of romancist, loving to set forth his heroes and heroines as types of perfection, the bravest and the loveliest that fancy can imagine. Giovanni Sarcinesca and Corona d'Astrardente, first introduced to the world in these very pages, were of the most absolutely ideal conception, majestic in demeanour, magnificent in beauty, splendid in sentiment. Yet they lived—and now live in other complications, which, to our own mind, are strained, and threaten to lose the touch of Nature—in possession of a reality very different from the perfections, *à ressort*, of Mr Froude. In 'Greifenstein'¹ Mr Crawford has given us a new group of very elevated and impassioned beings, in the setting of that straitened life of German nobility, in which the last traditions of the old world still live. The scene is laid in the Black Forest—to make it more in keeping with the extraordinary code which all instinctively obey—a gloomy and narrow scene, where life, however pleasant it may be made in the huts where poor men lie, is in

the ancient castles of the grandees, according to Mr Crawford, an intolerable existence, sombre and tragical, in which the most innocent and beautiful lives are subject in a moment to be overwhelmed and crushed by the spectre of family honour, or the error, with which they have nothing to do, of a collateral relative. Thus the noble lord of Greifenstein has been driven out of society, and lives a recluse in his native halls, because his half-brother, who does not even bear the same name, has committed a crime; and for the same reason young Greif, the noble young heir, cannot enter the army, as he longs to do, because it is possible that one day or other this sin of his step-uncle's, whom he never saw nor heard of, may be "cast up" to him, as we say in Scotland. This may be very true to the German character; but it seems exceedingly high-flown in life. Mr Crawford must bear the burden of the probabilities. He has certainly made of it an exciting and somewhat terrible tale.

We are introduced at once to two noble households in this same overwhelming environment of the Black Forest, which encloses them as in an inner confined world of its own, to which only young Greif, who is at the university, brings by times some knowledge of the outer and bigger universe. In one the family consists only of a mother and daughter, occupying an ancestral castle of the highest renown, in the barest and severest poverty, the lady of the house actually starving herself for years in order that her child may have enough to eat; a touch of prose in the poetry which goes just beyond the bounds of fancy, especially as the thinness and hunger of Frau von Sigmunds-

¹ Greifenstein. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co., London.

kron is persistently kept before us. In the other all is wealth and a kind of narrow splendour, amid which reigns a gloomy baron, altogether retired from life on account, as above said, of his step-brother's offence against the laws, with his wife, a faded butterfly, tricking herself out in all kinds of finery, yet content to live in this dreary seclusion for some secret reason of her own, which makes her tremble to see the face of any stranger. She is unaware of the existence of the erring brother, or is supposed to be so. The experienced novel-reader will at once divine that it is the return of this erring brother that Frau von Greifenstein fears, and that her reluctance to face the world is somehow connected with him. This soon turns out to be the case, and there ensues a tremendous scene upon the clandestine return of the unlucky brother. He recognises in the conscience-stricken Clara his own wife, of whose death he had been informed a quarter of a century before, in the beginning of his banishment. It would be difficult to imagine a more appalling dilemma ; and those writers of fiction who delight in bigamy might exercise their wits with great effect in conceiving possible modern terminations to such a discovery. We commend it to M. Hector Malot, whose boldness in taking a theme out of another man's hand and working it up in an improved way, has been already noticed in these pages. But the well-born Herrn von Greifenstein and von Reisenack are not of the modern world. Their manner of cutting the horrible knot is summary. They strangle, without benefit of clergy, the wretched woman who is the wife of both ; then seating themselves in their respective chairs, each with a revolver, dismiss them-

selves with two unerring shots from the world.

We may pause for a moment to note a remarkable fact, which is that shots always take effect unerringly when the author intends them so to do, but fail in the most remarkable manner, without rhyme or reason, when he does not. Thus Morty O'Sullivan three times misses Colonel Goring—why, we ask ourselves?—whereas with the companion pistol Colonel Goring snuffs the leaf off the tree. In 'Greifenstein,' when another suicide is attempted, which is not intended to come off, the pistol misses fire in the same unaccountable way, while there is not a doubt about it in the former instance. This shows a certain poverty of invention, for it would be easy, we should suppose, to supply a reason for the failure, short of ever-recurring accident. It is curious to note in the German world, as represented by Mr Crawford, how great a part is played by the revolver. It is the remedy for every misfortune. Whenever there occurs any great contrariety in life, it is the first thought of the sufferer. When a man is found out in any criminal act, it is his duty to his family immediately to produce the unfailing weapon, and save himself from the other processes of justice ; and whenever a disagreeable notoriety is given to any incident in his family life, however innocent he may be of it, this is his only way of salvation. Strange faith for the nineteenth century ; but evidently the creed of all men in a country with which we have so many relations. The noble and self-denying Rex, as soon as he discovers that he is in love with his brother's wife, comes to the usual decision, though he is at once a philosopher and a man of

the world. It is then that the convenient weapon misses fire—a thing as inevitable in certain circumstances as its production. We were aware that this was the resort of wounded honour in France; but that was in a previous generation. It is curious to see that it has become so established a part of the national creed—not very comprehensive in other tenets of religion, if we are truly informed—in these latter days, when education is so widespread and knowledge so universal.

We will not betray the novelist's secret by recounting what happens to the unfortunate young heir after the catastrophe above related. He has indeed, as the reader will see, very good reason for perturbation when he is summoned home to find the hecatomb of self-sacrificed victims of honour, by whose death he is rendered more than an orphan. Naturally, each of the fathers has left a letter to their respective sons, informing them of the frightful circumstances, which, in their own case, they have chosen death rather than bear. But, fortunately, the one intended for Greif is delayed in its delivery, by one of the accidents that happen only in fiction, until that sensitive young man has been safely married, though only almost by violence—by the exercise of the immense volition of the splendid and spirited heroine, who will not allow him to withdraw from her in despair, and who triumphs over his reluctance to convey to her a name stained by the horror of such a tragedy by suggesting, as do also the other persons most intimately concerned, that he should assume hers instead. Hilda is the high light—so high as almost to be Rembrandtish amid so much shadow—in the sombre picture. Her fair and

radiant beauty, her absolute self-confidence and force of character, carry everything before her. She is one of the unutterably beautiful and heroic maidens in whom Mr Crawford delights. The reader will feel that, to attain to any sort of familiarity with a creature so elevated and so brilliant, would be almost more than flesh and blood is capable of. But when we remember what are the circumstances and characters with which she has to deal, we acknowledge that ordinary qualities would have been quite inadequate to the task. The world in which she moves is a sort of medieval world. Goetz von Berlichingen is not more Gothic than Hugo von Greifenstein, or less affected by the modifications of modern life. Neither, indeed, to tell the truth, is the *savant* and philosopher Rex, whose talk is so learned of atoms and vortices, and whose influence is, on the whole, so calming and sensible, yet whose revolver is as ready as any when the moment arrives which he feels to be intolerable. Are we to take this as a picture of any conceivable reality in life? We are all aware that the superstitions of nobility have their chief stronghold in Germany, and that family is a religion there, where other religions perhaps do not flourish in the same way. Still something of the tendency of modern life must surely penetrate even into the Black Forest. The disgrace attaching to a half-brother, not of his own name, would scarcely blight the life of the proudest and most fanciful of barons in any other atmosphere; and a man who has been a Korps student, and passed his youth in the somewhat riotous freedom of a German university, must surely have learned something less high-flown.

The study which Mr Crawford has made of the Korps Studenten and their wonderful ways will probably be to many readers the most attractive part of the book. It is no doubt very true to life, with the addition of a certain glamour of romance, an elevating atmosphere, surrounding the splendid young hero, which exalts all that is about him. It is very difficult, however, to find any romance in the slashes that mar so many young German faces, or the floods of beer in which their existence seems to float. Mr Crawford says his best for them when he tells us that in a country where the duel is a recognised institution it is very expedient that young men should be trained both to coolness and skill in the use of their weapons, and to the self-command and sense of responsibility which arises from the certainty that any unconsidered word may be a matter of life and death. We have heard, however, descriptions of these strange scenes, where, swathed and bandaged, so as to save all vulnerable points from danger, two young bravos slash at each other's faces, in the presence of an assembly occupied with sausages, cutlets, and beer; and of the sickening smell of blood and diachylon plaster which filled English visitors with sensations far from heroic—such as convey perhaps a more realistic impression of a pastime which no other country would tolerate. Even Mr Crawford's more eloquent description of the scene, in which there is a background of palms and *café* decorations, and the hour is too early for anything but liquor, the sawdust and the blood, "the thin line of scarlet" which appears on the face of one of the combatants, and the proud description of past gashes—sounds anything but heroic.

"Observe this slash in my jaw," says one of the heroes;

"Two bone splinters, an artery, and nine stitches. It is a reminiscence not dear but near."

"A fine cut," answered Rex, gravely examining the scar. "A regular *renommir schniss*, a gash to boast of."

This teaches men civility; to keep a decent tongue in their head, and to respect their neighbours, Mr Crawford says.

"To learn to fight is in Germany as necessary as learning to eat decently is in England, and the schools of fighting are the Korps and other university unions. As a direct consequence, they are also schools of life, and in some degree of etiquette. A man learns there exactly what sort of language is courteous; what words may be spoken without giving offence; and in what an insult really consists. By this means a vast amount of trouble is saved to society, and a uniform standard of behaviour is secured, which is unanimously respected and adhered to by all who call themselves gentlemen. The council of the Korps represents the council of the regiment or the social court of honour appealed to by civilians. The conversation of the members with each other, though familiar in the extreme, is regulated by rigid rules. The slightest approach to discourtesy between members of the same Korps must be followed by an instant apology, the refusal of which entails the immediate ejection of the offender with ignominy, and, what is more, the announcement of the fact by circular letter within the month to every Korps student in every one of the numerous universities of the empire."

Mr Crawford makes this explanation with a certain pride, as showing what elaborate precautions are necessary to prevent German students from insulting each other. It is managed, however, in other countries without all these tremendous precautions,

we believe; indeed, we have ourselves heard it given as a reason why Englishmen are, as a rule, civil in speech, that it is against their traditions to fight. Each country, however, we must allow, has a right to its own ways, and if the Teuton can only be kept from abuse of his brother by the flash of a sword in his eyes, so be it. We have no right to interfere. This explanation of the matter is however rejected, we think, by the Teuton himself, who always insists anxiously that the duels of the Korps are scarcely ever caused by personal quarrels, but are all for love and the fame of victory, Rhenania against Swabia, and so forth; that they scarcely ever do any harm, except the cut which spoils so many smooth cheeks, but of which the foolish young fellows, stimulated by the admiration of equally foolish young ladies, are proud. Mr Crawford is eager to persuade us that these student societies are not opposed to study, and that "the president considers himself morally bound to see that all the members attend their lectures regularly." We have ourselves received, however, a very different explanation of the fact from the lips of a Korps student himself, who frankly acknowledged that he had no intention of working while in the splendid ranks of the Saxo-Prussians at Heidelberg. When he had had his fling, this young gentleman announced, and enjoyed himself, he would pass on to another university and achieve his education in the shade, far from all vain delights: and this, we believe, is a very common custom. It is perhaps, on the whole, not a bad idea. The Heidelberg Bursch throws off his butterfly garb, becomes a philistine, and works hard for his degree at Göttingen, and *vice versa*. There are, of course, a great many

young men in all countries who have no mind to work hard at all. The Burschen in their hierarchy, the "little foxes," the songs, the noisy fun and light-heartedness, the conspicuous uniforms and finery, are all amusing enough to the looker-on, and no doubt delightful to the heroes themselves.

But when they go back to the Gothic halls that brought them forth, and settle down for life in these Walhalla-precincts with a heroic golden-haired Druidess for their inspiring genius, and a handsome revolver, ornamented with silver, for their final referee in case of embarrassment, is there no modernising element which creeps in, demonstrating the fact that this is the nineteenth and not the fourteenth century? Mr Crawford thinks not: and perhaps he is right. We presume it is the *roturier*, the man of the people, the Kurtzes and Schmidts, not the noble army of the Vons, who are pushing German enterprise everywhere, and circumventing the natives in so many vigorous but unlovely ways.

It is scarcely possible to reckon Mr Crawford as an American when we consider his prodigious acquaintance with all the nations of the earth, and how little hold his parentage seems to have upon him. But Mr Henry James is pure American, of that typical kind which has entirely revolutionised within the last generation our ideas of what an American was. We say still that the inhabitants of the United States are the most practical of peoples; but, however true to fact this may be, it is certainly not true in literature—or at least in that literature of the imagination which is the chief agent in representing actual life, the chief witness we have to inform

us what kind of things go on, and are said and thought, in other regions of the world. The art of fiction has never been regarded with much gravity, or taken with sufficient seriousness by the world. In reality we owe to it our keenest impressions in respect to the many phases of life and manners which do not come within our own immediate cognisance. The poet is always justified in his choice of the more ethereal qualities and the greater passions of existence. The dramatist is compelled to select the strongest situations, the tersest and most compact episodes of life. The novelist alone can dally on his way as ordinary mankind does, can be inconsequent and fragmentary as life itself, can linger on an insignificant event, and skip a stupendous fact as he pleases, without being called to account by any man. Of this licence the American writer is the one who takes the most absolute advantage, and among American writers Mr James has signalled himself as the most completely emancipated of all. When he condescends to tell us a story, which he does with a hundred little hesitations, pauses, acknowledgments of the impossibility of it, we know that he refuses all pledge whatever to bring it to an end. His art arises in mists and ends in —we will not say a clap of thunder—for nothing so rude or noisy can be named in connection with his efforts: but let us say with the sharp little *ping* of a pistol coming in, in mid career, quite arbitrarily, which ends but settles nothing, far less explains anything or makes the *imbroglio* clear. It never is clear, according to this delicate and subtle observer. Life is no definite thing with a beginning and an end, a

growth and a climax; but a basket of fragments, passages that lead to nothing, curious incidents which look of importance at first, but which crumble and break in pieces, dropping into ruins. Here and there a scene detaches itself, perhaps a series of scenes. For a time in the monotony there occur indications as of a possible drama, but they all melt away into vapour, or are cut short in that arbitrary way, disconnected with all before and after. There are some instances of this curious method in the volumes now before us.¹ We may take the story called *The Patagonia* as an example. On the eve of sailing for "Europe" in a ship of that name, a Boston lady is asked to take care of another passenger, a young lady going to England to be married. There is evidently a mysterious acquaintance between the young traveller and her chaperon's son, who is a young man of the world. On shipboard these two are continually together, to the great scandal of the ship in general, and the little group of passengers who know "all about" Miss Mavis. The historian of the event, who is also a man of the world, but older than Jasper Nettlepoint, interferes mildly, "speaks to" the young man, and discourages the companionship. On the last day of the voyage a passenger is missing. It is the unfortunate young woman, who cannot face the long-betrothed lover whom she is going to marry. And there the episode ends. What were the relations which had existed between her and Jasper, what hopes she had entertained, why she had undertaken the voyage, nothing is ever known. The teller of the story has to convey the

¹ A London Life. By Henry James. Macmillan & Co., London.

news to the unfortunate man who, at the end of the journey, is waiting for his bride. "I told him first that she was ill. It was an odious moment." These are the last words of this strange tale. Mr James would no doubt say that just so, without explanation, without meaning, the episodes of life come to an end, break off abruptly, are never explained, but simply cut short. We think, however, that this is a mistake. Such an extraordinarily tragical incident would not go without elucidation. The previous circumstances must have come out: the male flirt on board must have been taken by the throat: some one or other would have taken the incident in hand, and found everything out. A life may no doubt go out, from time to time, in this tragical way, for no reason, for mere misery and trouble: but there is always a great curiosity and interest in the discovery of how it came about. It would have been fathomed, turned outside in, told in the papers—Romance in Real Life—who can doubt it? It would not have ended in that "odious moment." But Mr James's theories are all the other way.

The chief tale in the book, however, is something more than the polished and subtle suggestion which he generally gives us. 'A London Life' is perhaps something of a misnomer, for the scene is laid at least half in the country. There is no doubt that Mr James has here picked up a strong situation—more striking than is at all usual with him. An American girl (that all-pervasive entity) has come to England on the death and ruin of her father, to live with a sister who has married a wealthy English country gentleman some years before. She arrives to find her sister a fast fine

lady on the verge of destruction—if she has not even overstepped that verge—at all events on the verge of the divorce court. Laura is introduced to us, not without considerable power, in the great, luxurious, tranquil country-house, the apparent home of long-continuance and established decorum (dwelt upon, we need scarcely say, with all the lingering fondness of an American for evidences of this kind), a prey to the most feverish agitation, not knowing where her sister is, nor what may be the result of her absence, and feeling that any moment the shock of the last fatal discovery may come. Fiction has known such situations before, and we have recollections of novels in which the anxious sister was heroic, and forced back the sinner somehow into the paths of virtue. But in days when such things happened, an erring woman was supposed still to be within the reach of the higher emotions. Mr James has seized the true type of the sinners of to-day, by depicting a woman without sentiment or sensibility of any kind, as incapable of love as of virtue, the mere soulless straw in the vortex of unimaginable folly and excitement—a character, we fear, too true to contemporary fact, and altogether hopeless. This dreadful being elopes from the theatre, leaving her young sister in a box alone with an American acquaintance, who has been their host there for the evening, a young man engaged in investigating the characteristic points in English society, and quite ready to put this down in his note-book as one of them: *N.B.* Ladies of fashion in England, when about to elope away with lover, do so from theatre. Laura, who has been living in dread of this event, divines it at once, and in her misery and despair,

and sense that this young man could give her the only valid protection and respectability possible, if he would but at once propose to her, virtually throws herself at his feet, and in the shock of finding no response, flings him off and flies—in the utmost wildness of horror and dismay. As a matter of fact, if she had not been in so great a hurry, the young fellow was not at all unwilling to propose to her; and his anxiety and alarm in the thought that perhaps he has not done all that might be expected from a man of honour,—his natural hesitation, yet eagerness, when he realises everything, to make it up,—is very good and clever, and full of Mr James's peculiar, finely discriminating power. Perhaps our novelist is better able to depict the tremors that come over his hero, not at all accustomed to tragedy, and conducting his social investigations with absorbing interest, than were he possessed by a romantic passion. But the theme is too sombre and painful for a pen accustomed to the milder delineations of sentiment,—the serio-comic of a conscientious observer like Mr Wendover, or the genteel tragedy, if we may venture on such a transposition of words, of Mrs Temperley in her great Parisian success.

The unpretending volume which bears the name of Miss Lawless¹ has some points of resemblance with Mr James's fine and delicate workmanship, but it does not leave the same impression of a merely dainty and skilful manufacture on the mind. The art of the American cosmopolitan is at all times conspicuous as art. It is impos-

sible to lose sight of the skill with which he whips up the very light materials at his command, and makes a graceful something out of nothing, nor of the perfection with which he balances the flow of conversation, flinging the foamy wave of words from one vessel to another, as in one of the most delicate operations of the kitchen. His pleasure in these processes manifestly surpasses his pleasure in either the characters or the story which he undertakes to elucidate; and the delicate game is equally absorbing to the spectator, from the evident difficulty of the composition. Even the false note which occasionally thrills through the piece with a jar which affects the nerves, as in the above-mentioned mistake of Laura in the 'London Life' (we implore the reader's pardon for so abrupt a change of metaphor—we ought to have said the crudity of an ingredient, the inappropriateness of a suddenly introduced sweet or sour,—but metaphors are troublesome things, and we do not set up as purists), is distinctly felt as an error in art rather than a failure in perception of character. Miss Lawless by no means takes the same trouble about her manufacture, for the excellent reason that she is much more occupied with the nature of human experience which she has to set forth, and the human beings whose sorrows and pleasures are involved in it. 'Plain Frances Mowbray,' with which the readers of 'Maga' are already familiar, is the simplest of stories, yet more striking as a revelation of little considered feeling, a real but silent tragedy of the soul, than many more ostentatious performances. We think

¹ Plain Frances Mowbray, and other Stories. By the Honourable Emily Lawless. Murray, London.

that the author makes too much of the ugliness of her heroine. A woman with a beautiful soul is never ugly, however little beauty she may have; and, as a matter of fact, beauty is the last thing necessary, and ugliness one of the smallest of detriments, to social success, especially after the period of youth. But perhaps it is not so unlikely that a woman conspicuously plain might be herself so oppressed by the consciousness as to misconceive the attitude of the world towards her. It is not, however, in the usual manner in which the want of beauty makes itself felt by a woman that Lady Frances suffers. She is no longer a girl, to see the pink-and-white heroine preferred to her. She is jilted, but only by her brother, the good-natured, careless, young-old Colonel, whom she has shielded, supported, and kept free of responsibility all his life; but who, attracted and rejected by a magnificent but icy beauty (whose conquest of him his sister could forgive), falls in the revulsion into the hands of a little adventuress, in a manner so exasperating that the reader feels something of the intolerable vexation, deepening into despair, of his sister, who thus finds herself thrown off, after the devotion of years. We confess that we are not so high-minded as Lady Frances, and that we should have helped rather than hindered the Colonel in running away. But perhaps it was more a piece of bravado than anything else on his part, and to have been ignominiously fetched back would have been more humiliating still. And when the sister, in the clear-sightedness of her despair, as she returns into the silence of a life to which no new ties are possible, is made to feel, though with an additional pang of humiliation on his account, that with

that sharp little deceiver to amuse and flatter him, Colonel Hal will find an ease which he never had with her, our sympathies return to her completely. The downfall to which a lofty and fine spirit has to bend in such a case, accepting almost with a rueful sense of humour the conviction of its own absolute failure, has seldom been put forth with more skill. The humour, however, is perhaps a little wanting in the heroine's own view of the matter, though there is plenty of humour of a subdued kind in the narrative throughout.

There are one or two slight but effective sketches of Irish life included in this collection. The adventures of Judge Quin when he comes, full of charity and kindness, to help his brother's widow and her children, and finds himself elbowed out of her house by a crowd of strange people, eating profuse meals and filling up every corner, whose appearance is at last accounted for by the discouraging discovery that she has married again, expresses the embarrassed vexation and delicacy of the middle-aged judge, fresh from India, and completely bewildered by the unforeseen situation, with much humour and perception of his middle-aged awkwardness and annoyance. There is, however, a very slight sketch at the end of the book, which is remarkable in its delicate suggestiveness. A young man of the name of O'Sullivan, but English born and bred, visiting at the shooting-box of an uncle in Ireland, hears a complaint made of a squatter on a distant part of the little property, and undertakes to see and reason with the invader. His surprise is great when he finds a solitary woman with her baby in the hovel to which he is taken. The description altogether is so

fine that we cannot do better than quote it.

"It was eleven o'clock now, and an enchanting morning. All over the wrinkled surface of the lake blue wavelets carried a glitter for every wrinkle. The semicircle of hills in whose lap it sat showed a pale purple bloom like a half-ripened plum upon their heathery sides. Overhead a single tall grey peak rose, a sort of sample of what lay behind. The point they were making for was low and shaggy like its neighbours, a thin straggling line of trees running down to the edge of the water. Nearly at its extremity stood a castle, one of the many O'Sullivan castles which survive in this neighbourhood. Behind, half hidden under the grim shadow, stood a small stone hovel, long ruinous, but of late roofed in and partially repaired for the benefit of a cow, who with her calf claimed to be the solitary possessor of the spot. Beside the roof already mentioned, this building boasted a door, now hanging by a single hinge; also a window, blocked for better security by rough boards. In front of this door, upon a low three-legged stool or creepy, sat a very young woman engaged in nursing her baby. Hearing the tramp of feet, she started, and looked up hastily, and as hastily desisted from her previous occupation. Then, with a startled expression, as though she would have run away, she half rose, but apparently changing her mind, reseated herself upon the stool, and sat staring with an odd mixture of alarm and apathy at her invader.

"Maurice O'Sullivan, on his side, stood still too, staring confusedly at her, his previous ideas and intentions being utterly put to flight by what he saw. The intruder upon Captain Thomas O'Sullivan's private property wore a short red flannel petticoat which, even in her present attitude, hardly reached her ankles, a jacket or bodice of whitish flannel, tanned by the sun to yellowness, and a red faded handkerchief which encircled her face. This was all, unless a wedding-ring is to be excepted, which showed conspicuously upon her left hand. It was not the clothes, how-

ever, but the face which attracted and even riveted our hero's attention—a face of the most delicately defined oval contour, crowned with crisp black hair, a brilliant gipsy complexion, and eyes so large, so clear, so wildly darkly grey, that, as they rested on him, the young man felt something pass through him which literally amounted to a shock."

He defends this young and lovely creature from the assault of his uncle's factotum, who would have turned her out, and hears with wonder that her husband has probably gone off to England to the harvest, leaving her here until his vague return from the unknown. His sympathies are highly excited, and on one or two other occasions he passes the same spot, always finding her in the same attitude at the door of the cabin, sitting in the sunshine with her baby in her lap. At last, in the midst of a dreadful storm of wind and rain, he bethinks himself of what must be her condition, and hurrying across the lake, finds her in her wretched, half-roofed cabin, almost carried away by the torrents of rain — helpless, apathetic, patient. The husband is still away. She does not know where he is, she knows nobody who can help her. "But, good heavens! what on earth are you to do?" he cries. "'Deed, sor, and I cudn't tell," is the helpless reply. The young man makes a wild effort to repair the ravages of the storm by means of his macintosh, and the railway rug and blanket, which he snatches from his own room for her comfort, the poor young woman "staring blankly at him in the very acme of bewilderment," while he disposes them so as to preserve her from the wet. Next day he rushes to the nearest town to buy a supply of necessaries for the solitary; but when he toils to the

door with his load, to his astonishment he finds it closed and the inmate gone. The shy and visionary creature, too timid, too proud, too passionate in wild honour and independence to receive any such embarrassing favours, had cut the knot by sudden disappearance into the unknown.

This curiously suggestive tale, which yet is no tale, gives a sudden gleam of light upon the perplexing character of that wonderful Celtic race which baffles every judgment. The quiescence and still endurance of the inevitable, without an attempt to help herself—the entirely passive attitude, the sudden alarm and mysterious flight of the young solitary creature, with scarcely any intellectual existence at all, but the instincts of wild purity and pride to protect her—makes one of those instantaneous pictures which are more living than the most elaborate philosophical studies. We will answer for it that the reader will forget many three-volume romances before he will lose the recollection of that little speck in the silence of the hills and waters—the lonely, passive young Irish mother, with her baby, seated idle at her door.

Another volume of short stories just received seems to confirm the fact that short stories are becoming popular once more with the public, which is a change of sentiment we are very glad to see and confirm. They are what a thrifty novelist might well call a great waste of material on the part of the writer, for a successful short story could in almost every case be spun out into three volumes. But as they encourage fine workmanship, and cultivate that power of taking an

infinite deal of trouble which Carlyle defined as the greater part of genius, they are very much in the interest of the public. The short stories which we have here from the author of 'Miss Molly'¹ are of a type more old-fashioned, and we do not doubt lasting, than those we have been discussing; for it is the love-tale, and that in the fashion most favoured of the young reader to whom all love-tales are dear, which is set before us—a tale in which true love and pure meaning are rewarded, as they ought to be, and all villany, both male and female, even though for a moment triumphant, meets with the punishment it deserves. The most original perhaps, in treatment, is the story which gives its title to the book, in which the heroine, a young and beautiful heiress about whose life there is some mystery, altogether unknown, however, to herself, is made to pause in her dawning interest in a beautiful prince of romance who crossed her path, by the interposition of her own sovereign, who convinces her of the misery of such misplaced affection by showing her the portrait of her mother, and revealing to her the fact that she herself is nameless and fatherless through a similar adventure, carried unfortunately to the only conclusion possible on the part of her mother. The poor girl in her despair gives vent to a sort of curse upon the unknown father whose fault has left her in so pitiable a position, but obeys her fate, and renouncing all Will-o'-the-wisp princes, marries the grave middle-aged lover, who seeks nothing but her happiness. Elizabeth, however, has not fully fathomed her own circumstances and the tender watch kept

¹ Elizabeth, and other Sketches. By the Author of 'Miss Molly.' William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

over her, until some years after, when accident again brings her former royal admirer in her way. After they have danced together and met in various entertainments, just enough to reawake a flutter of the former sentiment in the bosom of the young wife, her errant prince sends her a note begging for but one interview. Her husband is absent, and Elizabeth has all the influences of romance upon her to induce her to grant this, which seems so innocent a request. She is by no means unhappy as a wife—her husband is devotion itself, and her own heart is beginning to yield to the charm of his constant love. But there is still a possibility that her fancy may be recaptured. She struggles, however, against these romantic temptations, and unassisted gains the victory. After this, however, comes the original point in the tale. Elizabeth is called shortly after to another special interview with her sovereign (it is needless to say that this scene is laid in Germany), and, while waiting for him in the room where her mother's veiled portrait hangs, suddenly sees her own face in the glass, and is

struck by a sudden resemblance which she has never remarked before, and which in a moment reveals to her the secret of her life. The reader is scarcely told in so many words, but perceives at once that the father whom she has cursed is no other than this tender fatherly sovereign, who has watched over her from her cradle with the most pathetic care, and who shows, in a double solicitude for her and her happiness, his penitence for his early error. Perhaps this would scarcely be a moral fable for the use of princes—but it is a very pretty story, told with much tenderness and pathos, and with a touch of higher perception in that concluding scene.

We hope that the reign of the short story may be confirmed and prosper, if it continues to produce the delicate unity of effect which is in many of the tales above discussed. It has been brought to a high point of effectiveness among our neighbours, the French; but, unfortunately, delicacy of workmanship does not mean purity of conception or any elevation of sentiment on the other side of the Channel.

DICKY DAWKINS: OR, THE BOOKMAKER OF THE OUTER RING.

BY JACK THE SHEPHERD.

A TRUE STORY.

"I LIKES a cart colt a bit sour-headed, a' loves a bull-calf with a good brazen head, and a' likes a man with a bit of the devil in him, and, darn ye, Squire, we likes you a sight better 'cause we knows you ha' had a good bit of the old gentleman about you in times gone by; so here's your very good health, and long life to you."

It was my last rent-dinner at the dear old place, and the speaker was my oldest tenant; and though little Johnny Stranks—who held forth at the meeting-house every Sunday, and had a reputation for being "powerful in prayer," though he robbed me all the week—cast up his eyes and said, "Gently, Tummas, *gently*; you be a-going a bit too far, Tummas,"—honest Thomas Tiller had struck a true chord, his speech *told*, and my health went down "with loud and reiterated applause," as the reporters would say.

Happy days! Happy times now passing away, perhaps, but not so quickly as Messrs Labouchere, Bradlaugh, & Co. profess to believe. Here was honest Thomas Tiller, who, with his family before him, had rented of me and my forebears, father and son, for over 150 years, with only the slender thread of a yearly agreement—"six months' notice to quit or of quitting"—between us, and yet he would tell his landlord the truth to his face, whether warmed at my table with a bottle of his favourite "black strap,"¹ or with cool morn-

ing head, as he started his labourers to their daily work.

Do any of our land-reformers really believe, I wonder, that by land courts, or the nationalisation of the land, or by whatever nostrum they seek to upset the old order of things, they will make this land of ours better worth living in, or do they wilfully seek to darken counsel, and mislead the fickle multitude? It looks so well on paper, it is so pretty to talk about that time

"Ere England's woes began,
When every rood of soil maintained its
man."

But when was that wonderful time? Goldsmith was both an Irishman and a poet,—truly from such a combination we do not look for facts. And if it *were* possible to root up all the old kindly relations that have existed for generations between the classes that live by the land, will it be a change for the better? Will it not rather change us all into mere money-grubbing machines, all equally sordid, equally selfish, equally ignoble?

But this speech of my honest tenant's set me thinking the next morning, as trivial words *do* set a man thinking, who is used to be much alone, and instead of talking to others, to "commune with his own heart and be still."

"Have I a bit of the devil in me, and is there any good in him; has he ever done me any good?"

¹ Old port.

So the thoughts chased each other through my brain, as I took my early walk under the old elms, among the clear songs of the birds, the sweet scent of the lilac-bushes, and of the new-mown grass—in fact, surrounded by such divine joys of nature as only early morning in spring or summer bestow, and nowhere bestow in such beauty or in such wealth as in the midland counties of England. Well, the devil! perhaps hardly a suitable subject of thought on such a lovely morning as this, but the vulgar devil, the Old Nick of the common people, the prince of the powers of darkness, I renounce him and all his works with my whole heart,—would that he and all his crew were as easily discarded in all actions of life, as they can be renounced in thought or story! But there is another devil—an imaginary spirit, full of daring, full of dogged perseverance—the Prometheus of Æschylus, the Satan of ‘Paradise Lost,’ with a bit of whose qualities I do not mind being credited. Milton is fairly to be charged with having given us a totally wrong idea of the Prince of Evil. The Satan of ‘Paradise Lost’ is a bold, fierce, untamed spirit, with whose woes and misfortunes we cannot help sympathising, as unlike the sly, sneaking, sneering devil of Holy Writ as it is possible to conceive. And as, by some curious contradiction in our nature, lies and false notions take deeper root than simple truths—a fact well known and useful to unscrupulous politicians—a false conception of the devil is widely spread abroad, and anything bold, daring, out of the common line, is often *most erroneously* called after the devil’s name. So we get devil’s dykes, devil’s peaks, devil’s gorges, and, as applied to man, the pluck of the

devil, devil’s daring, a bit of the devil, and so on.

Well, has a bit of this kind of devil, to which I plead guilty, ever done me any good? Ah! that is a question, and is perhaps best answered by another, What is doing any good?

It seems generally to mean nowadays making money. Well, a bit of the devil once *did* obtain for me a small sum of money, of which I still am proud. But it has done me more good than this. It has given me remembrances of many a stirring scene, which I would not willingly lose; recollections which bring *no* feelings of remorse, *no* painful sense of irreparable wrong done to others. On the contrary, when “Winter bellows from the north,” and fear of divers pains and rheumatic aches keeps the invalid close to his library chair, these old scenes, still so vivid, bring back the days long gone by, and many a hearty laugh have I enjoyed when thinking of Dicky Dawkins and his crew, and how I bearded him in his den, and by mere force of will, by mere devilment an you will, extracted from him, as he sat enjoying the fruit of the spoils won from the foolish ones, the mighty sum of ten pounds ten.

And thus it happened.

I had so long been living a highly decorous life among squires, squarsons, and parsons, that the “bit of the devil” in me broke out, and I longed again to have a sight of human life, not as I saw it among my worthy neighbours, but among classes not perhaps so respectable, but yet infinitely more amusing. I longed, too, to see if I could get on with the *οἱ πολλοί* of England as well as I used to with my old mates of the diggings and the bush; or whether a few years of living in clover, and

"faring sumptuously every day," had emasculated me somewhat, and unfitted me to face my poorer brother, humbly but boldly, as man to man.

So, carrying no longer the dear old swag, but a knapsack (much too new, I carefully mudded it in the first dirty ditch), I started on the tramp from a town where I was not much known, in my oldest breeks and shabbiest coat.

Though I shaved not at all, and did not wash *too* much, though I tried broadest Berkshire by turns with colonial slang, it must be confessed that the experiment did not answer over well. Tramps with whom I wished to fraternise called me "sir" and begged of me. At wayside inns of the humblest order I was ushered into a stuffy best parlour, with horrible china ornaments, often with fearful pictures of Boniface and his wife,—the former in his best clothes and a pipe in his mouth; the latter smirking inanely, with a long greasy curl on each side of her ruddy—far too ruddy—cheeks, arrayed in a black satin robe,—whereas I longed for the bar-room and settles, where drank the honest, or dishonest, customers with whom I wished to be "Hail-fellow well met!" Food that, "on the swag," I would have jumped at, seemed nauseous. I was always a good boy at my beer; but I like some small modicum of malt and hops in its composition, and their absence was conspicuous in the wayside ales offered to me, and thirsty as I often was, I could hardly swallow the filthy heady mixtures, though they boasted of four big X's in a row.

And so, with little adventure, little profit, and not much pleasure, I wandered along. There was something unreal about it. It was not like swagging with an

empty pocket. The scenery, however, was England in her fairest garb of early summer. There were no flies to drive one wild by day; no 'possums to screech one out of one's sleep by night; but it was only a walking tour, without adventure, until I reached the old cathedral town of the Wiltshire downs. The only tramp I met who was in the least interesting was a hedger and ditcher who was wheeling his wife and infant in a wheelbarrow. I trust the children's song did not come true:

"The wheelbarrow broke, and the
wife had a fall,
Down came wheelbarrow, wife, and
all!"

I liked this man; it was so kind in a tramp to wheel his wife; so unlike the tramping lord of creation, who stalks along unburdened, the woman following with children and bundle. But this man was not a real tramp, for he really was on the look-out for work, which your true English tramp never is.

But when Salisbury was reached, my unshaven face, my soiled clothes, and dirty hands made me look somewhat like a good honest rough again, and there I heard that the races were going on, or rather were to begin on the next day. So, eager for adventure, I started early the next morning for the course.

I had known the excellent landlord of my hotel "at home" as we used to say at Eton, and he had a portmanteau of mine, full of clothes, duly forwarded to him for my use whenever I should like to make myself a "worthy man" again.

"Scuse me, sir," he had said the night before the races, "you looks a trifle travel-stained, but you'll have lots of time to get

shaved and cleaned up before our drag starts for the race-course. Four horse, sir; quite tip-top gents a-going, and I'll be proud to drive you, squire, along of 'em."

But my mind inclined not to tip-top gents, and I was away long before the "noble sportsmen," or even

"The Goths of the gutter and Huns of the turf,"

had broken their first slumber. And it was still early dawn when I reached the race-course.

Ah! how little you know, how little you see, of the backstairs, the underground of the race-course, my noble patrons of the turf ("petty larceny lads" though many of you *may* be, as honest John Jorrocks calls you),—you who arrive in your drags and your carriages just as the bell rings for the first race, and promptly take your places in the grand stand! But if you want to study your brother of the turf; the hangers-on of your royal sport; your brother in villany—not the black man and brother of the missionary deputation's lecture, nor the brother in slavery of the Radical carpet-bagger's thrilling address, but *your own* brother of this our own little island,—come with Jack the Shepherd to the course at early dawn, and see the outcasts, the wanderers, the Bohemians, rising from their caravans, their tents, or from the bare ground, to assist at your noble sport.

Years fell from my shoulders as I trod the sweet crispy turf in the early morning. I sang, I ran, I lived my life again; once again I felt myself a boy watching ill-fated Umpire from Ten Broecks stable, or admiring Gardevisure and Lord Lyon bounding away over the Berkshire downs. In my youth I had once ridden, by the kind per-

mission of the trainer, the wonderful Caractacus, who rolled over the Epsom hills, so they said, like a cricket-ball, and won the Derby with long odds against him; and, much evil as I have seen from the turf, my spirit still kindles when I see a race or a race-horse. But the sight on the course at this early hour was not inspiring. Men, all shaky from last night's debauch, red-nosed and cursing; women, draggle-tailed, dirty, and wanton-looking; a few early policemen; a smell like fried fish—a stronger and more unpleasant smell of my brethren if I got too close to them; dirty scraps of paper flying about; general black-guardism rampant, though not yet obtrusive,—and I was glad to get away and see a few nobler animals at their morning exercise.

And so the day wore on; and first by twos and threes, then by companies, arrive the patrons of this noble sport. The bell rings. I wend my way to the enclosure. "Five shillings entrance." "Not for Jack," say I to myself; but I catch sight of an old trainer whom I knew well in years gone by. I buy a card, and hail him through the narrow openings of the paling fence. He looks astonished.

"What! you, squire? what the—well, what are you up to? You always were a rum un; come inside—only five bob; but, bless me!" and he looked at my clothes, "what ever," and he relapsed into good old Berkshire—"what ever beest thou arter?"

"Too dirty," said I, "for the grand stand or enclosure; but, look here—for auld lang syne, mark the winners on my card; p'raps I'm hard up, anyhow I want to bet, so just—I've not deserted my wife and children, I've not mortgaged my lands, but I'm just on the spree."

"Always *was* as mad as a hatter from a boy," he audibly muttered; but he took the card, marked it very carefully, slowly, and deliberately, and returned it. "There you are, squire; I've done more for you than I would for any blessed man on this course, but—" and then came

"Some parting injunction bestowed with great unction,"

which afterwards

"I strove to recall, but forgot like a dunce,"

and off I went studying the card.

A man—his name I *can* recall, for it was on his hat, "Dicky Dawkins, Bookmaker"—was shouting the odds. "Six to one *bar* one for the first race!" he cried. His dress was strange; his hat was tall and white, *bar* his name and titles inscribed on it in large black letters; his coat was in stripes of red and white, eke so his nether garments.

"Who d'you bar?" I shouted.

"The Fotheringay Colt, captain, and three to one against *'im*."

I looked at my card. Fotheringay Colt marked. "I'm on for five shillings." I dubbed down the dust, got my ticket, and ah! bless my honest old friend the trainer! the colt won in a canter. And so on all through the day—almost always winning, thanks to my good old friend, until the last race, and then my modest adventures had resulted in a gain of ten guineas. My card was consulted again; Maid of Perth marked for the last—a selling race. "What against Maid of Perth, Mr Dawkins?"

"Evens, my noble general;" how quickly I got promotion!

"Done," said I; money and ticket quickly followed.

She won; but only by a short head, and I rushed towards the stand of the man in motley. But what a crowd was there!

A specious, civil kind of rascal made for me, touching his hat.

"A heavy settling, sir. It may be," confidentially, "the last comers *may* have to whistle for their money, for the bookmakers are hit devilish hard; but if you'll give me your ticket; I know Mr Dawkins, sir, right well, sir; believe I have the honour, sir, to know you, sir, also from Loamshire, sir; mum's the word, sir; no offence, I hope. A small commission, sir, and you shall have your money, sir, before you can say Jack Robinson."

Oh, what a fool I was! I have a temptation to swear even now when I think of it; I gave him my ticket and half-a-crown, and before I could say Jack Robinson he was gone—never, oh never, to return.

He was gone!—*abiiit, excessit, evasit, erupit*. Gone also was my ticket, lost my half-crown.

I waited till all the crowd round Dicky were paid, and then, feeling like a most awful fool, approached the great man.

"You will quite remember," said I, "our last bet; evens you laid against Maid of Perth. A friend of yours took my ticket, ten guineas, but he has not come back."

A volley of oaths was my answer; no longer was I a noble general or a gallant captain. I was,—but "words are wanting to say what; what a man shouldn't be, I was that." Our voices rose; a crowd collected, and as I had no wish to get into a disreputable row, I said: "Well, at least give me the name of the hotel where you put up at in Salisbury." A hotel card was flung to me with an oath, and I walked away and bided my time. As I tramped into Salisbury, Dicky and his friends passed me in an open waggonette, and placed their fin-

gers in that objectionable way to their noses whereby the noble Briton signifies that he holds you in contempt.

"Tout vient à qui sait attendre," said I to myself; and at length I reached my hotel, got shaved, washed, opened my portmanteau, arrayed myself in my best clothes, got out my card-case, and proceeded, strong in temper, strong in sense of injury done to me, to seek the redoubtable Dicky Dawkins. Arrived at his hotel, I sent up my card.

"Cannot see you, sir," said the grinning waiter; "Mr Dawkins is dining—never does business after seven P.M., sir."

I brushed past him. I found Mr Dawkins's room by the smell of dinner; there he was with some dozen of the gang dining *so* well, and I was *so* hungry.

"Ten guineas, sir, if you please, that I won of you on Maid of Perth, and before you swallow another morsel," I said.

He looked at me—some of the gang rose up with oaths and threatening aspect.

"Oh, sir, I don't like to be disturbed at my meals, but sit down, sir, take a bite and a drink with us, and we shall wash out the debt; you were the gentleman who gave up his ticket, so you said—old dodge that—but I'll give you a good dinner, and your whack of liquor; but if I pay you one farthing I'll be——"

"Mr Dawkins," I interrupted, "I'll eat with you, drink with you, or fight with you; but first," and I came up close to him, "I'll have ten pounds ten shillings out of you. Now, look here! I saw that rascal who took my ticket—ah! by heavens, there he is *now*, trying to slink off! Sit down, sir, sit down, or it will be the worse for you. Well, I saw *him* on the

course talking to you; but here is better proof, he is eating at *your* table—one of *your* respectable friends. Now, unless you fork out the ten guineas, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go and swear a conspiracy to defraud against you and your gang; and that rascal knows me if you don't, and knows that I am a man of my word, and also a magistrate for two counties. So which is it to be? Ten guineas down on the nail, or a warrant applied for. Possibly you yourself or some of your friends know the inside of a cell already."

Well, sometimes brag is a good dog, but only if it is not brag, solely, purely, and simply, but has something stronger behind.

Telegraphic winks, nods, and signs passed between Dicky and his confederates, and he caved in.

"Pay the gentleman the money," he cried to a man with a leather bag on his shoulders; and forthwith I took, counted carefully, and pocketed my lawful dues.

"And now, Mr Dawkins," I said, "as you have made me too late for my own dinner, I will accept your kind offer of hospitality," and I took a chair and seated myself; and though the company was rather silent at first, as the hock and champagne went round they gradually thawed.

"Are you really a beak?" whispered my right-hand neighbour.

"Really," I replied.

"I got two years last time," he said, sadly. "If ever I get in trouble and come before you, draw it mild, you know. There's more than one chap here would have knifed you as soon as look at you; and how the devil you made Dicky cave in beats me hollow! so bless your stars, and don't forget me."

"My dear friend," I said, "a Government that does not duly

appreciate the wonderful genius of the great unpaid, strictly limits our powers. Only in quarter sessions, as one of many, can I bestow on you the wholesome dose of two years' imprisonment. But in petty sessions we can still inflict six months, with hard labour; and in spite of this excellent dinner, for which I *am* really obliged, I can only advise you, Don't try on any of your little games in my neighbourhood."

I much enjoyed my dinner, which was most excellent: the wines were unexceptionable; but when bowls of punch were brought in with the walnuts, I beat a somewhat hasty retreat, fearing that as Dutch courage arose in the gang, they would set on me and strip me of my precious ten guineas, which I had won simply by having "a bit of the devil" in me.

I am glad to say that I never have had the painful task of quitting any of my friends' hospitality by inflicting incarceration on them, *even* for a limited period; in fact, I have never set eyes on them since, but possibly they still haunt the race-course.

And so my story ends, but surely with many a moral.

First—Avoid betting.

Secondly—But if you *will* bet you know, avoid the Bookmaker of the Outer Ring.

Thirdly—But if you *will* be a fool in spite of all my warning, well, then, if you get a winning ticket, don't be such an extra particular fool as to part with it, except for £ s. d.

And, lastly—"A bit of the devil in you" is not always such a bad thing after all!

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

How oft I've watched her footstep glide
Across th' enamelled plain,
And deemed she was the fairest bride
And I the fondest swain!
How oft with her I've cast me down
Beneath the odorous limes,
How oft have twined her daisy crown,
In the glad careless times!

By that old wicket ne'er we meet
Where still we met of yore,
But I have found another sweet
Beside the salt sea-shore:
With sea-daisies her locks I wreath,
With sea-grass bind her hands,
And salt and sharp's the air we breathe
Beside the long sea-sands!

Mine old true love had eyes of blue,
And *Willow!* was her song;
Sea-green her eyes, my lady new,
And of the East her tongue.
And she that's worsted in the strife,
A southland lass is she;
But she that's won—the Neuk o' Fife,
It is her ain countrie!

No more the old sweet words we call,
These kindly words of yore,—
“Over!” “Hard in!” “Leg-bye!” “No ball!”
Ah, now we say “Two more”;
And of the “Like” and “Odd” we shout,
Till swains and maidens scoff;
“The fact is, Cricket's been bowled out
By that confounded Golf!”

A. LANG.

KÚM TO ISFAHÁN.¹

By Colonel MARK SEVER BELL, V.C., A.D.C., Royal Engineers.

THE pleasant gardens of the Mihmán Khána of Kúm were not only bright with many blossoms, clusters of roses, and borders of marigolds during the short stay I made outside that holy city of the dead, but were decked out with draperies of red bunting, thus presenting an additional festive appearance. Nevertheless the distant brown hills which bounded the sombre horizon were still topped with snow, reminding us that in the highlands, Persia, even so late in the spring season, offers but a wintry inhospitality to a wandering foreigner. Nearer, however, the prospect was animated and enlivening, for close in front rose the golden dome of the celebrated Imámzádá, fronted by a pair of slender-shafted and graceful minarets, incrustated and glittering in the sunbeams with a mosaic of highly glazed tiles of rare tints. Indeed, the tile-ware of these elegant turrets is of that deep azure, mingled with the golden iridescence so highly valued by connoisseurs, and produced by an art now supposed to be wholly lost. Their effect in the rarefied atmosphere of this elevated region is certainly most artistic, where form and colour are so harmoniously blended. These aerial minarets seem to be later additions to the ancient shrine of Fatima, and the sepulchres of Abbas II. and Sefy I., the Persian kings of the seventeenth century, which fix the date of the erection of these

turrets as some time about the end of that century.

Sir John Chardin, whose quaint and trustworthy narrative, illustrated with carefully detailed drawings, has preserved to us a faithful delineation of Persia, its towns and inhabitants, gives an account of the Imámzádá of Kúm during the palmy days of the third Solymán, as he saw it in 1673, two hundred years before my visit, that is worth reproducing. After describing his journey, this old chronicler writes of Kúm :—

“To which City, as we drew near, we saw on every side the little *Mausoleums* and Mosques, where the Grand-Children and Descendants of *Aly* lie interr'd. The Persians call the first Descendants from this *Califfe*, *Ymam Zade*, or sons of the *Apostles*; and these are the Persian Saints, of which there are an infinite number buried in this Kingdom; for they reckon four hundred Sepulchers about *Com*. . . .

“*Com* is a large city seated in a Plain by a River side, half a League from a very high Mountain. The Figure of it resembles a long Square, taking its end from East to West, as may be seen in the Draught. It contains fifteen thousand Houses, as the People say: It is surrounded with a Moat and Wall flank'd with Towers half ruin'd; and encompass'd with Gardens. . . . There are also two fair Keys all along the River, the whole length of the City; and at the East end a fair Bridge. It contains also very large and beautiful *Bazars*, where the Markets are kept both for Wholesale and Retail. Nevertheless *Com* is no place of great Trade. . . .

¹ See “A Visit to the Kárún River and Kúm,” in the April number of ‘Blackwood’s Magazine.’

"There are in this City a vast number of deep Cellars, out of which the People draw water to drink: to the greatest part of which Cellars you must go down a descent of forty or fifty Steps, that are very steep to boot. But the water which they fetch from thence is as cool as any Ice; coming from Fountains that are stopt with Cocks: So that this Water is a most delicious Refreshment in the Summer, which is furiously hot at *Com*, and all the adjacent Parts. This City also contains a great number of fair Inns and *Mosques*, of which the fairest is that wherein the two last deceas'd Kings of *Persia* lie enterr'd.¹

Sir John Chardin was more favoured than I in being permitted to inspect the *Imámzádá*: I make no apology therefore for here inserting his descriptions of it:—

"And here I shall give you the Platform of that Celebrated *Mosque*, so much talk'd of over all the East. It has four Courts belonging to it, as you may perceive by the Draught."

After describing these four courts, the first of which is planted with trees, with an aviary as a garden of recreation, Sir John Chardin continues:—

"Fronting these Courts stands the Body of the Structure, consisting of three great Chappels upon a Line. To the middlemost belongs an Entrance eighteen Foot deep, every way magnificent, the Portal being of the same white Marble already mention'd. The Top, which is also a large half *Duomo*, is over-laid without, with large Square Tiles of Cheney, painted with *Moresco* Work, and within embellish'd with Gold and Azure. The Door which is twelve foot high, and six broad, is all of transparent Marble. The folding doors are plated with Silver, embellish'd with Vermillion gault, carv'd Work and polish'd, which make a Mosaic altogether costly and full of Curiosity. The Chappel is Octogonal,

covered with a high *Duomo*; the lower part of which Chappel is cover'd with large Tiles of Porphyry wav'd, and painted with Flowers in Gold and Colours, so lively and full of Lustre that they dazzle the Eye. The upper part is of *Moresco* Work, of lively and glittering Gold and Azure, and the Bottom of the *Duomo* is all of the same. This *Duomo* is very large and wonderfully beautiful, being overlaid without like the Portal. From the top of all arises a Spire, with a Crescent fixt at the top, the ends of which are reverse, as you see in the Figure. This Pinacle, which is of a remarkable Bigness, is compos'd of several Bowls of several Proportions, set one upon another, and appears as you stand below to be about twenty foot high with the Crescent, the whole of fine Gold. The Persians affirm it to be all Massy: which if it be true, the Pinacle is worth Millions; but let it be what it will, 'tis a noble Ornament, of which the Value cannot but amount to a large Summ.

"In the midst of that Chappel stands the Tomb of *Fatima*, the Daughter of *Mousa Casem*, one of the twelve *Califfs*, which the Persians believe to have been the lawful successors of *Mahomet*, after the death of *Ali*, his Son-in-Law. It contains eight feet in length, five in breadth, and six in height. Over-laid with Tiles of *China*, painted *alamoresca*, and over-spread with Cloth of Gold that hangs down to the ground on every side. It is enclos'd with a Grate of Massy Silver, ten foot high, distant half a foot from the Tomb; and at each Corner crown'd as it were with large Apples of fine Gold."

More details are given, together with a translation of the two long prayers which the pilgrims are bound to address "*in the name of God, clement and merciful*" to the "*O sovereignly-merciful Being.*"

"To conclude, this *Fathma's* Tomb was rebuilt three times. Her Father carry'd her to *Com*, by reason of the great Persecution, wherewith the

¹ The Travels of Sir John Chardin into Persia and the East Indies, vol. i. p. 390 (London, 1686), folio edition. Only the first volume was printed in folio.

Califfs of Bagdat molested his Family, and all those that took *Aly's* part, and held him and his Offspring for the true Successors of *Mahomet*. She erected several fair Structures in that City, and there at last ended her days. The People believe that God carry'd her to Heaven, and that there is nothing in the Temple, but only a Representation of her Body."

Sir John Chardin travelled to Isfahán by the usual route of Kashán, of which city he gives a large plate, but admits that the drawing is defective:—

"The Draught is no true Representation either of the Bigness or the Figure; as having been taken without a true Prospect. And the reason was the Indisposition of my Painter, who being extremely tir'd with the former days Travel was not able to stir out of the Inn where we lay. All that he could do was to get upon the Terrass, and take the Draught from thence."

We were now at the junction-point of the two great caravan-routes leading from Baghdád and Bushire to Tihrán. To the former trade emporium on the banks of the Tigris it is 482 miles, a distance performed by caravans of mules in twenty-three days; and to the latter, the chief commercial port in the Gulf, it is 630 miles, or a thirty-two days' journey. The journey to Muhammerah, again, is a matter of between three to five days' steaming from Baghdád, and four to six days in the opposite direction, exclusive of transshipment at Basra into the river-boats of Messrs Blosse & Lynch: thus we see that it takes goods twenty-two days to reach Kúm from the head of the Persian Gulf *viâ* Muhammerah and the Kárún route, before described, and twenty-seven days *viâ* the Tigris and Baghdád. In each case, when the Kárún river route is perfected as suggested, two

transhipments are necessary, the first into river-boats, and the second from boat to pack-animal carriage.

Our chief entertainer here was a Persian courier, a fellow-inmate of the Mihmán Khána, a well-booted and knightly gentleman, who, if one could believe his own account of himself, was the intimate associate of princes. *Inshallah!* he would herald our arrival at Isfahán, and do great things for us when there; but we never heard of him again. The Persian race is noted neither for sincerity nor a strict adherence to truth; romance is their *forte*.

Whilst at Kúm we changed our pack-animals for a mixed set of mules and ponies, which we hired to accompany us as far as Isfahán, or to wander with us wheresoever our perverse will might incline us to move; arranging to pay 1½ *kráns* (i.e., 1s. 4d.) for each animal *per diem*. We already began to experience warm weather; and as time was therefore an object, I was not sorry to be able to resume our journey on the 3d May, elated with the idea of shortly regaining the cool elevations of the Zagros range, and of traversing it to Behbahán, the most important town in the coast plain extending from the Kárún to Bushire. On hearing my determination to turn southwards, my Persian servants mutinied; and it was only through the kindness of the telegraph officer here—a brother soldier and sergeant in the Royal Engineers—that I could replace them without loss of time. Was I not a *sartip*? Had not the Shah called me to Tihrán to organise his troops? Why was I turning from the capital they so longed to see, only to again enter inhospitable hills? I now felt that I had gained an object for which I had long striven in vain—the simple one of appear-

ing as a wanderer in search of fresh scenes of Bohemian life. The main or postal (*chappar*) route to Isfahán, a well-beaten track through Kashán, offered to me no inducement to select it in preference to the comparatively untrodden road leading through Gulpaigán; and as the latter seemed to offer a possibility of reaching Ardal in the Bakhtiári hills by a direct line, I decided in its favour. Early as the hour was at which we threaded our devious way through Kúm, the city was already full of blue-pug-gareed *saiyids*, and muffled figures were moving about its narrow streets, despite their being more difficult than usual to traverse, being almost blocked by troops of heavily laden pack-animals, whilst the dangers to horsemen are at all times enhanced by the roadway being honeycombed with holes, through which water is lifted from the subterranean conduits, whose lack of purity can be imagined when it is considered that they are open to the surface-drainage of the houses above. It is, of course, needless to say that all womankind in fanatical Kúm have to be veiled; and the few Europeans connected with the Telegraph Department who are forced to reside here, must lead but a joyless existence, for no lady dares to show herself in the streets uncovered by the white sheet worn by Persian women, lest the populace should insult and stone her. Leaving the town by the eastern gate of the city, facing the great salt desert, or *Kavír*, which stretches miles away towards Afghánistán, we rode over a stony road along the right bank of the Ab-i-Khonsár; at times crossing irrigation cuts, at others winding amidst undulations of clay, variegated in colour, and in shape resembling huge vertical

rolls, and at others over plains either unproductive of vegetation, or affording sustenance only for the poorest of grasses and coarse weeds.

After fifteen miles' riding over easy tracks we halted at the small village of Daghán, surrounded by mulberry and fruit trees, under one of which we bivouacked, the neighbouring land being well irrigated and affording good crops of wheat and barley; whilst donkeys, sheep, and cows were grazing close by, the saline nature of the soil hereabouts rendering what grazing there is excellent. The Khán of the district spent a great part of the afternoon under the tree that I had chosen as my canopy. It is the "swagger" thing in Persia to underestimate distances, and in this foible he annoyed me much, for his *farsakhs* and mine differed widely. A man of consequence on his ambling palfrey will cover in one hour the ground that a peasant on "shanks's mare," or his mule or donkey, cannot traverse in two; hence if a man's *farsakhs* are long he is credited with possessing a good roadster, a treasure in the East, fetching as fancy a price as a good hunter in England.

The following day's march took us over a barren and treeless country, consisting of a mass of low hills of striated marls in bands of red, blue, green, yellow, and white colours, intersected by veins of grey limestone rock. The track led up-stream along the banks of the river, in the plains bordering on which grew numerous wild-flowers, to the Puli-Katchak, a bridge of five arches, which here spans the rugged bed of the river, where its valley forms a *tang* or pass, some three hundred yards wide, through the Kúh-i-Pisur

hills, beyond which we entered upon the wide plain known as the Maidán-i-Nazár. Here, near the village of Nazár, the plough was at work. There were two oxen, of small size and little strength, to each plough, which turned up furrows of six inches depth; yet, notwithstanding the arable nature of the soil and the comparative abundance of water, but little of the surrounding tract was under culture. Patches of cultivation follow the course of the river, whilst villages are not wanting to give life to the pleasant landscape, which is relieved on all sides by hills, and to indicate the richest areas of this neglected country.

The sky was overcast, so that the weather was pleasant for riding, and the path wants but little to convert it into a good cart-road. At Daulatabád we found a poor assemblage of huts, built round yards, the receptacles for all house refuse, as well as donkeys' hoofs, horns of oxen, skins and bones of all descriptions. One room of each hut in these villages opens into the court, while the others, sleeping-rooms, are mere dens. Round about is a fairly cultivated country at an elevation of 4570 feet, to which height we had risen during our day's journey from 3900 feet at the previous bivouac.

Next morning we cantered over an uprising plain, admiring the profusion of wild-flowers amidst the grass, amongst which hyacinths were conspicuous, mingled with anemones, ranunculus, squills, iris, and tulips—*flores inscripti nomina regum*. We now again encountered signs of a nomadic population, seeing the black tents of the *Iliyáts* about us; and rain soon commenc-

ing to fall in torrents, our muleteers induced us to halt at Korrahá, a conglomeration of mud huts, mud-walled courts, narrow lanes, and everywhere general filth. Thence, leaving the valley, winding amidst low undulations, we commenced the ascent of the *Kotal* of Godár-i-Nar, whose slope, at first gentle, increased in steepness towards the summit, on which snow was still lying at 8000 feet elevation, and where we had to scramble over huge stones. A steep descent by zigzags over rock, and then winding round the shaly hillsides followed, and led down towards the fruitful vale of the Ab-i-rúd-Khána-i-Nummewar, along the course of a brook turning many mills, and bordered by gardens and groves of poplars and planes, the finest timber-trees we had yet met with in Persia. The crops of fine wheat were standing tall and in full ear as we passed under the brown rocks which picturesquely overhang the town of Mahallat (elevation 5900 feet), through whose narrow streets the mules laden with our *yek-dáns*¹ could hardly push their way. The place looked thoroughly prosperous, its houses being of a superior class, and many of them double-storeyed. Into one of these we were conducted, after Sháhsowár had, according to custom, announced that we paid two *kráns* nightly for our lodgings, and handsomely for all supplies needed—such as firewood, eggs, milk, *mást* (curdled milk), fowls or mutton, &c. Damp and wet, we lit fires and charcoal-stoves, and, the observed of a gaping crowd, proceeded to dry ourselves and our belongings, every

¹ *Yek-dáns* are light but strong wooden-trussed boxes, 3 feet by 2 feet, by 1 foot 9 inches.

now and then turning towards and chatting with the bystanders, the more esteemed of whom, without ceremony, seated themselves around "boy," the Madras cook, whose dark skin was a novelty to them, or quietly awaited such time as the wonders of our rifles, guns, and revolvers could be explained to them. The soil hitherto met with had been of a varied nature—a coarse-grained granitic sand, a shaly or sandy clay; and the climate may be judged from the fact that the snow is said to remain at a depth of two feet throughout the winter, or for three months.

From Mahallat we had the choice of two routes—that by Kaidú and that by Komain. We selected the latter, the water found on the former, and perhaps the more difficult road, being considered brackish. Leaving, therefore, the fruit-gardens and corn-fields of Mahallat on the 6th of May, we pursued our southerly march along the river valley, between steep and barren undulations and hills, separated by flat and often broad uncultivated valleys, where sheep and a few camels of small size and poor *physique* were seen grazing near the scattered tents of the *Niyáts*. Skirting the steep Mahallat range, we crossed a succession of ledges and valleys of a nature to delight the eye of the geologist, indicating as they do the great erosive action of water, which has here eaten into the surface of hard grey rock, embedded on a conglomerate of water-worn pebbles. Beyond the low barren hills of slaty strata, forming the southern boundary of the basin, and which rise to an elevation of 6500 feet, we traversed several fertile valleys, that in which the village of Gulfa lies being plentifully studded with vil-

lages, each of which is surrounded by a few poplars. The barren intermediate stretches are strewn with stones and pebbles of shale, quartz, felspar, and greenstone, &c., the uncultivated grounds affording scant grazing for sheep.

We bivouacked for the night outside the small village of Naziáh, between the four walls of a roofless khan full of litter. I was awaked in the early morning by a voice exclaiming loudly and often, "What can you plead that I should not kill you?" "Hush! hush!" said Sháhsowár Khán. I recognised the voices of both the injured and the injurer, and at once understood the situation, but kept my own counsel until some days later, when, at Ali-Gúdár, I was enabled to rid myself of the presence of a villanous but yet an excellent and fearless groom, always the first to search out and find the fords, a task requiring both nerve and horsemanship. Henceforth, till we reached Ali-Gúdár, there was an untranquil feeling in my camp, and angry glances were exchanged hourly, and bitter words spoken venomously, which neither I nor Sháhsowár could prevent.

Next day, passing over a well-irrigated plain and through Komain—a town situated on the direct road to Sultánábád—we came to the range of hills which separates the district of Kammara from that of Gulpaigán, the summit of which we gained by a long and gentle slope. At the top of the pass over this chain, known as the Hulwand, the barometer indicated an elevation of 8200 feet, and snow lay on the summits of the detached peaks on either side of the neck we crossed. Thence we descended by a mere mule-track over hard rock to the bed of the river Karj or Kúm—otherwise the Ab-i-

Khonsár—which we crossed by a bridge of three arches, and, passing through well-irrigated wheat-fields, reached Gulpaigán, a town of 4000 inhabitants, 110 miles south by west of Kúm, occupying an important position on the road between Isfahán and Búrújird. This town, which is elevated 5900 feet above the sea, is surrounded by fruit-gardens and picturesquely situated in a wide and fertile valley, backed by the precipitous and snow-clad heights of the Kúh-i-Khonsár. The streets, although but lanes 10 to 12 feet wide, are broader than those of most Persian towns, yet the *bazar* is of small size, and trade at the time of our visit seemed inactive. Gulpaigán possesses, however, some architectural adornment, for a dome of blue glazed bricks and a high minaret which marks a notable Imámzáda, grace its sea of mud-domed huts. The minaret, indeed, although falling into ruins, can boast of elegant proportions, and has its outer surface of burnt brown bricks ingeniously arranged in mosaic patterns. There are several *caravansarais*, the largest of which is a fairly commodious one, and a factory of coarse gunpowder, the property of an enterprising *saiyid*, which is much in request for use in their fowling-pieces and matchlocks by the sportsmen in the neighbouring districts. In the vicinity are several villages, surrounded by plantations of fruit-trees; but throughout this region wells are almost unknown, and streams alone are trusted to for water-supply. I here lodged in the *sarai*, and was, of course, visited by begging descendants of the Prophet, *saiyids*, whose visits, unwelcome at the time, were not wholly unmixed evils, for these ubiquitous gentry are, as a rule,

great travellers, and nearly all are well acquainted with local topography, and deeply versed in the romantic folk-lore of the land, the successors of the authors of the 'Arabian Nights' tales.

Halting a day to obtain information, for the hitherto extant maps professing to delineate these localities are nearly blank hereabouts, on the 9th May I rode out of this fine valley, which has a length of about 35 miles and a breadth of about 15, and crossing the gap called the Tang-i-Lambí, gained the richly cultivated valley of Khonsár, a straggling town, or rather series of villages, which fills the hollow under the snowy range. Its numerous detached huts, scattered over a length of nearly four miles, are surrounded by orchards and smiling fruit-gardens, watered profusely by the icy-cold stream which issues from several perennial springs in the hillsides, which are considered sacred and have an Imámzáda of their own to attest their sanctity.

"From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent."

Poplars are numerous, whilst walnut-trees, willows, and mulberry-trees are fairly plentiful. Fruit-trees also—such as apples, pears, plums, greengages, nuts, &c.—are abundant in this happy valley, where the house accommodation, however, is hardly in accordance with the enchanting garden surroundings without; for I found the *sarai* to consist of a series of dens surrounding and opening on to a foul cesspit rather than yard, and the neighbouring lanes are narrow and dirty to an incredible extent. The *bazar* is small, and occupied chiefly by the

shops of carpenters and cabinet-makers, where the ingeniously carved pear-wood ladles, so largely in request for mixing and drinking sherbets, are made. Altogether there are perhaps 2500 families in this secluded highland valley, where the snow is said to blockade its inhabitants by drifts six feet high in the winter-time. The contrast between the verdure of the valley with the bare treeless slopes and rocky sides of the dun-coloured mountains surrounding the spectator, creates a lasting impression on the mind. So pellucid is the atmosphere, that the eye is altogether deceived in its estimate of height and distance; and it was not until I had actually climbed over the snow-clad Kúh-i-Khonsár that I fully realised that the pass is 2000 feet over the valley, elevated 7700 feet. I did not see the most influential man of the place, as he had been called to Isfahán to undergo the Persian penalty of greatness—a “squeezing” not of the hand, but of the purse.

Sháhsowár here met an Afghán friend, and most cordial were their embraces. The Afgháns are distinguishable everywhere by the ample folds of their pantaloons and the golden-topped conical cap, around which the puggaree is folded, also *à la* Afghán. Thus met abroad, they are “Hail-fellow well met!” with us; and no one would imagine that we were other than the dearest of bosom friends. And yet no Englishman dare to enter Afghánistán! We are an enterprising race as a whole; so we are bound to conclude that our policy is responsible for this state of affairs, which the world’s progress now demands should be altered.

On the 10th, by a steep ascent zigzagged up the shaly hillside,

we crossed over the Kúh-i-Khonsár—a barren range of uniform height, running in a direction S.E. and N.W.—encountering snow in the ravines during the ascent of the Tang-i-Dáhi pass (9620 feet)—the peak, 200 feet above us, being well covered with the white drift, indicating the permanent snow-line.

Descending into the Mahal-i-Feridán by a broad and easy track—wild crocuses, blue hyacinths, and tulips by the wayside brightening the otherwise sombre and dreary scenery—we entered an Alpine valley dotted with patches of snow, still lying here and there in sheltered localities; whilst lower down the sandy clay and fertile soil was checkered with streaks of green crops of young wheat and barley. We now halted in a small village—Dum-i-Kamar, or Mían Dasht—five miles from the foot of the snowy range, here known as the Kúh-i-Afhús, which cuts off all further passage into the Bakhtiari country in this direction. This mountain retreat is said to be blocked by snow for five months in the year, from November to March, when the drifts lie from 6 feet to 10 feet deep (more probably 3 feet). The bottoms of the valleys, following the lines of the streams, are alone cultivated, notwithstanding that the whole region is more or less cultivable. The mud huts are built in conglomerations, each series belonging to one family being surrounded by a mud wall enclosing a yard measuring 100 feet square. Their rooms are often of a large size; whilst mined passages lead down from the yards into subterranean chambers, in which the cattle are housed during the winter, their dung being stacked for fuel, as firewood is scanty; and although each village

possesses 400 or 500 sheep, provisions are very scarce.

The inhabitants of this Alpine district, pent in to north and south by snowy mountains, are miserably poor, and wretchedly clad in cottons. They weave woollen blankets; but so impoverished are they that they even sell these, and themselves starve with cold. During the winter the peasants keep to their houses, huddled round the dung-fire for warmth. This poor substitute for wood or coal is burned under a wooden framework, covered with a large coverlet of non-conducting material, wool or hair, affording warmth and some little degree of comfort to all who sleep within its shelter, or sit with its folds covering their knees. Their flocks are housed in the large underground excavations before mentioned, of which every courtyard contains one or more. On the other hand, the heat here in August is described as overpowering, and I can quite believe it. Shut in by walls of rock, which reflect the rays of the sun in a rarefied atmosphere, the irradiation must necessarily be great, although the nights must also be cool, causing a trying climate from its rapid alternation of large difference of temperature. *Mutatis mutandis*, we may say—

“Early they stall their flocks and herds; for there
No grass the fields, no leaves the forests, wear;

The frozen earth lies buried there,
below

A hilly heap, seven cubits deep in snow;

And all the west allies of stormy Boreas blow.

The men to subterranean caves retire,
Secure from cold and crowd the cheerful fire;

With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load,

Nor tempt th' inclemency of heaven abroad.”

This district of Feridán is here peopled considerably by Georgians, still distinguishable from their fellows and Armenians, brought there by Shah Abbas the Great in 1614-15.¹ The former are Mahamadians, but do not intermarry with the Persians; whilst the latter are Christians, and necessarily keep altogether apart socially from the Moslem populations. The Armenian women are short and stout, with ruddy complexions and placid countenances; their quaint custom is here to cover the lower part of their faces, from the nose to the chin, with a triangular-shaped strip of white cloth. The men resemble the Persians, but their build, perhaps, is generally a little stouter. They are considered to be better agriculturists than the Persians.

A widowed householder here shared her quarters with us. It does not take a Persian peasant many minutes to turn out of his or her best drawing-room and bedrooms, as the movable furniture is next to nothing, and the immov-

¹ Sir John Chardin, who was at Isfahán in 1671, tells us of Shah Abbas I., who died in 1628, forty-three years previously, that at first this monarch was conquered by the Turks and driven out of Georgia, but—“So soon as the *Turks* were retreated, *Abas* return'd into Georgia and chang'd the whole face of Affairs. He built Fortresses which he fill'd with Natural *Persians*; He carry'd away about Four and Twenty Thousand Families, of which he plac'd the greatest part in *Masander*, or *Hyrcania*, *Media*, *Armenia*, and the Province of *Persia*, removing into their Rooms both Persians and Armenians. He also intermix'd Mildness with his Severities to try how far that would avail to keep the People in order.”

able consists but of an oven and one or more huge earthen jars. I never would allow any "sweeping out," as this, I thought, but stirred up the germs of smallpox, ring-worm, and other diseases best left dormant. The people could not understand this peculiarity, so strange to them. Their own khans would have the floor swept and the carpets spread, whilst I turned all carpets out of doors, and allowed the dust to remain at rest. I have always found the Persian peasant women most modest: certainly the old mothers chiefly favoured me; but the younger matrons would not fly my presence, nor hide their wan faces, nor object to a little conversation.

Hearing of a pass leading through the hills at Ali-Gûdâr, I proceeded thither by Chaman-i-Sultân, a distance of thirty-three miles, by an undulating road skirting the foot of the snowy range. The hill streams were difficult to ford, and whilst crossing the head-waters of the Ab-i-Kûm, a baggage *yabu* was washed a good two miles down the torrent before he was recovered more dead than alive. Unfortunately he was laden with my bedding, dressing-bag, &c., and as the delay caused by this accident was of some length, the feeble rays of the afternoon sun but half-dried my blankets before nightfall—rather a serious disaster, when it is considered that the night temperature, even in May, at this elevation of 7800 feet sinks some degrees below freezing-point. It was an arctic rather than a subtropical experience.

Chaman-i-Sultân is a miserable village, with its hut-dwellings literally built on a dung-heap, so abundantly is this fuel stacked round about them. We found quarters,

or rather some shelter, in the ruined enclosure dominating the village, at times the residence of the *Agâ* of the district, its feudal chief in bygone days.

Ali-Gûdâr is a large village, of superior construction, lying in a fertile valley well cultivated, and containing several villages, surrounded by plantations of fruit-trees and vineyards, at the head of the break in the snowy range, through which the Dixful river forces its passage, and at a point where the hills lower considerably in height. It is the mart resorted to by the *Illyâts* Bakhthiariis, where they obtain cloth and necessaries, and dispose of their produce, *ghî*, blankets, dates, wool, &c. From this point Shûstar can be reached in seven days by a somewhat difficult cow-path, for the *Illyâts* chiefly use their cows (of a small and slow but sure-footed breed) for transport services. The pasture within these hills is described as excellent; whilst provisions, such as flour, milk, eggs, fowls, sheep, &c., can be obtained from the tents of the *Illyâts*. This road was still blocked by snow, and would not be passable, I was assured, until early in June. There was a detachment of soldiers here, whose *sarhang*, or captain, gave us quarters and helped to entertain us and we him.

To carry about plenty of tea and loaf-sugar greatly aids the establishment of friendly relations with Persians, who are intensely fond of drinking it *à la Russe*—i.e., in small glasses, well sweetened and flavoured with a slice of lime. The judicious offer of a cup of tea to a mule-driver when in a non-compliant mood often works wonders. My converse with the inhabitants was here carried on under more than ordinary "disagreeables," to

use a mild expression ; for many of my visitors and those who called to volunteer information were covered with vermin, which they ceased not to hunt after, even whilst conversing. Fortunately all such "creepy-crawley" creation have no affection, favour, or even partiality for me, and, indeed, I fancy must go out of their way to avoid me, if the tales of other travellers in this neighbourhood are to be believed. The Lurs reach the Ali-Gúdár pastures early in June, as a rule: their movements depend, however, upon the melting of the snows ; as whilst the passes are blocked by drifts they cannot cross, and during the time the mountain torrents are swollen by the melting snow they cannot ford them. For this reason they prefer, in their migrations, the roads to the north of the Kárún, as they thereby escape having to ford that river. It will be necessary to carefully examine both routes to north and south of the river, before determining upon the best caravan-road between Isfahán and the Kárún at Dizfúl or Shústár. The line I had followed for the past two days, and which I took up again later on, is approximately that taken by Sir Henry Layard in 1840. He found the Bakhtiáris here but half subdued, and each petty chief practically independent of the Sháh, and waging war at will with his neighbour. But now, since four decades have passed, how different ! The power of the Zil-ul-Sultán is honoured, and I here daily met recruits flocking towards Isfahán to be embodied. It was to meet the requirements of simple peoples and nomads such as these that the tenth commandment was worded as it is. The words, "*Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor*

his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's," if obeyed implicitly by them, would cause peace and plenty to dwell in their black tents instead of blood-feuds and poverty. Yet this commandment is being in some degree enforced even in this Mahamadan country — but, alas ! to a certain point only—a limit that it seems as if an Oriental cannot go beyond, and that is to the point at which his own exceeding avarice causes him to blush—"*Tota die concupiscit et desiderat.*"

The route usually taken between Isfahán and Búrújird, lies through Khonsár, and has a length of about 215 miles ; the track is difficult in a few places only, and could be easily converted into a cart-road. It will be remembered that we traversed part of it in the Búrújird valley. This important lateral communication should be improved, *pari passu*, with the construction of the cart-road from Dizfúl to Búrújird. Its western branches to Karmánsháh and Hamadán are of equal importance ; indeed, *this lateral route is the longitudinal avenue of the Indo-Persian plateau !* Caravans of mules, ponies, camels, donkeys, and oxen can always traverse it ; the more direct road by Chaman-i-Sultán being used by caravans in summer-time only. My servants here again mutinied, as they wished to go on to Búrújird—to gain a town and its vice. This gave me the opportunity of getting rid of the ringleader, a bestial villain, whom I threatened so angrily that he made off. "Ah," said the bystanders, "he looks capable of breaking his head as he threatened." With the exit of this *mauvais sujet*, the rest of my following kept with me to Isfahán, where again a falling-off took place.

It being too early in the season to reach Ardal by the hill-route, I retraced my steps, and recrossing the watershed, which here marks the sources of the rivers, Diz, Kúm, and Zaindarúd, and again pulling through the clayey swamps which recur incessantly in all the hollows, regained Dum-i-Kamar on the 14th of May.

Leaving this summer Isfahán-Búrújird road, our track next led us past some Armenian villages, of well-to-do appearance, and surrounded by cultivation. The Armenian peasants of this elevated district are more robust and warlike than the generality of their race in mid-Persia, and less servile. The road we travelled resembles in all essentials that described before, as it traverses a fertile valley, watered by many sinuous rills, and studded with villages, and crossing a spur of the Afhús range at 8400 feet, enters a similar fertile valley, where we stopped at a prosperous village of 2000 inhabitants—viz., Akhorá Balá (8450 feet), with huts of a superior class, here also surrounded by vineyards and orchards. When we left, at daybreak on the 16th, we found that thin ice lay on the waters of the ponds, and snow still remained in patches along the valley. At mid-day we reached Khúgán, where we put up with the Khán of the village (7500 feet).

Such social intercourse has its drawback of monotony, for one soon comes to the bottom of a country *Sirdár*, and politeness causes him to consider that the more he gives you of his society, the more you must be pleased.

The rains of last spring had been scant, and here we could get neither grain nor straw for our horses, which had to fare upon a species of fennel brought in by

cows from above the snow-line on the hills close by—a food that must be an acquired taste, for they ate but little of it. They suffered here also from cold at night, the thermometer reading only 38° at 6 A.M.

On the next day we halted at *Imámzúdá* Ishmail, a *Bakhtiari* village, in a treeless district, but well pastured, whose inhabitants are *Deh-Neshina*. During my stay of a day and a half here, I held several *durbars*, in the hope of inducing some one to put me in the way of getting through the hills; but all in vain. I found the people a most impracticable set to deal with: yes, they would—no, they would not; now they could, and again they could not,—until in despair I dismissed them all with a sneering remark that they were but poor creatures indeed who knew nothing about their actual surroundings. At last we engaged two guides to conduct us *viâ* Díma to Bába Haidar, *en route* for Ardal; but when we were all ready to start, one refused to go, saying that the road was impassable on account of snow, swamps, and unfordable torrents. Upon this the other declared that he was willing enough to face death in company with a fellow-villager, but not alone, nor did he desire to be punished for leading myself and party to certain destruction. I therefore left all baggage behind, and rode on towards Díma, accompanied by my groom. The Zaindarúd can be crossed at Ohahal-Ohesmah, three miles up-stream, on a *kalak* or raft of inflated sheepskins, the horses swimming across the stream, 100 feet wide. Three miles beyond, amidst the huge grassy undulations here bordering the river, a detachment of troops was encamped on the left bank, in charge of

cavalry horses sent from Isfahán to graze. I reached a point where I sighted the Tang-i-Ghází, a pass leading through the Kúh-i-Chuhí; but I found it impossible to thread its passage through the Zarda Kúh, and thus reach the Shústar-Isfahán road, being stopped by an unfordable hill-torrent. To compensate myself for this disappointment, to the astonishment of my groom, I proceeded to undress and bathe in the cold swollen stream. It proved to be tubbing under difficulties, for the current was too strong to allow of my standing in it with water up to my knees, and I could not lie down for fear of being swept away into the Zaindarúd. The roads to Shústar from both Akhorá Balá and Chahal-Chesmah are mere cow-tracks, and difficult even for mules. The valley is capable of growing excellent cereals, its soil being a rich red clay, found very suitable for vines, which are grown in trenches ditched to a depth of 2 feet, and the canes trailed over the ridges. Fruit-trees of many descriptions also flourish. In climate this district resembles that already described; and for five months its inhabitants are prisoners in their houses, whilst the snow, it is said, blockades the villages with drifts 5 or 10 feet deep. There is, however, excellent grazing between June and November, at which time the *Illyát* Bakhtiaris, migrating from Shústar, stream across the hills and occupy it, when the whole country is dotted with their black tents; and during this season of open weather provisions for man and beast for the winter months are laid in stock. At this time of the year the only way of reaching any point

on the Isfahán-Shústar road is *viâ* Zámán - Khán, distant two long stages, where there is a bridge over the Zaindarúd. Nothing would induce the villagers to raft us across the river, as its passage thus was considered dangerous. I therefore resolved to visit Isfahán, as it was but little out of my way; and on the 19th May we set off from *Imámzáde* Ishmail, and struck the banks of the Zaindarúd, here a rapid unfordable river 30 yards wide, and skirted its left bank as far as Mashad, a large village, where fifty Bakhtiarí soldiers are posted in barracks, consisting merely of mud huts in rows, opening on the usual courtyard. That barrack furniture is unknown in Persia need hardly be remarked. We found the soldiers most civil, and they seemed well to do, inviting us to descend and smoke the *kílan*. Still descending the river, a ride of seventeen miles in all brought us to Chádagún, a large village of 2000 inhabitants, where Háji Mustapha Khán, colonel (*sarhang*) of the local regiment of foot, compelled us to remain his guests, although it had been my intention to make Derkún the stage. The Háji was an excellent specimen of a Persian colonel, chosen on account of territorial interest. He was a most amiable gentleman, a most hospitable and fatherly host, but nevertheless unfit to command even a battalion of his own villagers. His second son, a youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age, was an officer in the same regiment: serving in no inferior position, and under little restraint, he will acquire few military habits. He was the idol of adulation of all his father's retainers.¹ The regi-

¹ The strength of the Ferídán *fauj* or regiment was stated to be: 1 *sarhang*

ment is one of those placed under the orders of the Zil-ul-Sultán. It is generally disembodied, when its members remain at their own homes, where they are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and wear uniform, so long as it hangs together; but orders had lately been issued for its assembly at Isfahán, and we daily met the men marching in from all quarters.

The soldiers were, as a rule, young men about twenty years of age, and of good *physique*. Each man carried a percussion-musket, and the majority were fairly well dressed, although several were clothed in rags. Their uniform consisted of a long blue frock-coat, with a stand-up collar, of cloth or cotton, gathered in at the waist, and fastened down the front by brass buttons, upon which were impressed the Persian insignia of the Lion and Sun. Their trousers were of dark-blue cloth or cotton, with a broad red stripe. The clothing of officers and men was alike in shape and colour, but of different quality of material. No Persian of any standing would degrade himself by wearing cotton clothing; he is one of the most punctilious of Pharisees, and a slave to etiquette. The military shoe in general use is similar to that worn by the civil population, consisting of an elastic sole, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick, made of cotton, with canvas uppers, fitting loosely round the ankle. They are lasting, comfortable, and well suited to a dry climate and rocky hill-climbing.

The head-dress is the ordinary low black felt hat.

The house of Hájjí Mustapha Khán was the best of several of a superior class which stood in Ohádagún. It was two-storeyed, with its rooms richly decorated with stucco or wooden ceilings, handsome dados, &c., in arabesque patterns, inlaid tastefully with minute mirrors. The fine reception-rooms, the sides of which faced the courtyard, were closed in with large sash-windows of painted glass or carved wood and trellis-work. The house covered a considerable area, having its public apartments divided from the private rooms and women's apartments, each with its separate court ornamented with *jets d'eau* and *parterres*, in which, however, flowers were generally wanting.

The table in the chief reception-room groaned under the weight of dozens of enormous sugar-loaves, and its ceiling was nearly concealed by the multitude of chandeliers pendant from it. My kind host exerted himself to please; but "every rose has its thorn," and although I had particularly asked that dinner might be served at sundown, so *recherché* was the banquet that the cooks could not get it dished up for hours after, and I had in the meantime gone to bed in despair. High-class Persian cookery is excellent, especially so is a dish of mutton served with plums; no wine is served, but instead, deliciously iced sherbets; and all

(colonel); 2 *ydwurs* (majors); 8 *suldáns* (captains); 16 *naib suldáns* (lieutenants); 8 *begzádehs* (ensigns); 80 *wakíls* (sergeants); 800 *sarbáz* (privates). Each *sarbáz* receives 12 *tománs per annum*, $\frac{1}{2}$ *maund* (3 lb.) bread *per diem*, and two suits of uniform with shoes, besides a home payment from his village, in proportion to its wealth. He serves for life, or until discharged; and as an ordinary Persian peasant or artisan can subsist on 8 *sháhís* a-day, the soldier is well off for subsistence. No pensions are given. 1 *krán* = 20 *sháhís*.

this trouble was taken that the kind husband might gratify the curiosity of his wives to witness the foreign *sartíp*—and indeed it amused me not a little to catch glimpses of the muffled forms of these ladies dodging round into every coigne of vantage from whence they could get a good view of the stranger without themselves being seen.

The traveller remembers these "red letter" days, for his appetite is so keen and uncloyed, that ordinary food has to him the delicacy of luxuries.

The climate of the neighbourhood is invigorating, its water good, and its soil fertile. Trees, mostly poplars, are found only about the villages. The district of Chádagún, in fact, at 7000 feet elevation, is well calculated to become the site of an admirable sanatorium. Its temperature I found to be 30° cooler than that of Isfahán, from which town it is distant 70 miles.

To the northward of Luristán—that is, between Búrújird and Kúm, and Kúm and Dam-i-Kamar—we had traversed the province of Irák Ajami, the ancient Media, originally peopled by the Turanian Scyths, an important people 1500 years B.C. It is a more or less mountainous province, consisting generally of huge rounded undulations, reaching to heights of 700 feet to 1000 feet above the general elevation of the plateau (5800 to 6800 feet),—the Roswand range, however, is an exception to this rule,—across which the mule-tracks present few difficulties.

Few of the peaks are within the range of perpetual snow on this line of hills, whose general

run is north-west and south-east. The chief rock met with is shale, whilst the soil in the fertile valleys is a rich or shaly clay. From Khonsár to Mount Alwand the range is granitic, but that to its south from Karmánsháh to Kúh Diná is cretaceous. To the north of these valleys lies a mountainous but fertile region composed of undulations as before mentioned, to the north of which lies the Roswand range. To the north of this lower and barren range again are spacious and fertile valleys, bounded in their turn by other mountains of lesser altitude, and separated from each other by spurs of hills which shoot from the Roswand across the valleys. These latter, taken in succession from north-west to south-east, form the districts of Kazzos, Kamarah and Gulpaigán; while to the north of them, beyond the third range of hills, are Malair, Chaharrú, Sultánábád, Faraghán and Mahallat. This successive lowering of the mountain-chains northwards is repeated southwards between the main core—i.e., Shuturun Kúh, Sabz Kúh, Kúh-i-Diná, and the Gulf.

The spring is a delightful season of the year in Irák Ajami, but cold towards its commencement, as the snows melt late, and a keen north wind blows from the mountains. The heat sets in towards the middle of June and lasts till the middle of August, when the harvest is collected. Cold is felt towards the end of September, and snow, according to Kinneir,¹ falls in December, January, and February. Snow sometimes falls in April, as I found in 1884, but this was considered most unusual. For eight months the climate of the

¹ A Geographical Memoir of the Persian Empire. By J. M. Kinneir. 1813.

districts about Hamadán, Búrújird, and Karmánsháh is delightful. The cold of the winter months is severe, and fire-wood is scarce. Hamadán was the favourite summer residence of the Persian monarchs. The large towns of Irák Ajami are surrounded by mud walls of no thickness, and generally in a bad state of repair, flanked at close intervals. They are probably not meant for defence, as banquettes, loopholes, &c., do not exist, but simply as a means of keeping out Bakhtiári raiders, who, within recent years, carried their forays thus far.

Three stages, of 24, 29, and 17 miles respectively, with a gradual descent from 7000 to 5400 feet elevation, brought us from Chádagún to the capital of south-west Persia. The river Zaindarúd, along whose course we followed, winds considerably, its valley contracting in places to a width of 70 yards, with its bed shut in by steep cliffs of shale, 200 feet high. After passing Zenákhôr, the road leaves the river valley, and we thence traversed a generally barren country, with, however, occasional extensive areas of well-irrigated cultivation, until we passed outside the walled town of Tírún, the headquarters of the district, containing 50 villages lying between Najafábád and Dumbana. We were now on the main wide Isfahán-Gulpaigán road, from which I had deviated at Khonsár in my endeavour to penetrate the Bakhtiári hills. As we approached Isfahán the cultivated tracts increased in area, and the plain became studded with gardens. Many of the village houses are full of vermin, and at Ab-Púná I was awakened by the scores of bugs that were contesting the occupation of my bed with me. Fortunately such vermin object to

eat me; but they gained the day, or rather night attack, and I had to turn out on to the house-top in the cold night. Rightly the name Ab-Púná should be *Ab-i-Punaise*! Nearer the metropolis the irrigation canals are numerous, with *kanáls*, supplying water at 25 feet from the surface, and fields of wheat and the opium-poppy are numerous. Approaching Najafábád, plane-trees of some size, with crooked stems, line the roadside. The season being by this time somewhat advanced, we began to feel the heat; and although the thermometer read only 78° in the shade at mid-day, yet the sun's rays became powerful at 8 A.M., and the glare was very trying. We lodged at Najafábád, where civilisation was heralded by gifts of roses, for which in return I made presents of *kráns*, until the sage warnings of Sháhsowár caused me to desist. "If you go on paying a *krán*," said he, "for a *sháhi's* worth of roses, you will soon have half the gardens of Najafábád stripped of their bloom." He kept the purse, and objected to extravagance, and never did man draw its strings more tightly; yet on occasion he would open it wide and reward the messenger of a noble or Khán who may have sent us a brace of partridges or other small present, or when a generous host had to be presented with a handsome *khillat*. "This is customary," he would remark: "I hate doing it; but it must be done." When I fitted myself out in Bombay with fishing tackle at a cost of some thirty rupees, he exclaimed, "You are an Amír to thus waste your money!"

The road now passed numerous fruit-gardens—with pigeon towers well stocked with pigeons, kept for the guano they produce—which

line the course of the stream, and extend without intermission to the great southern capital city. The melons grown in this vicinity are certainly of an exquisite flavour, which is said to be due to the chemical action of this valuable pigeon guano. The wheat, as we passed by, was standing 3 feet high in the fields, and, indeed, the whole plain surrounding Isfahân may be said to form one vast wheat-field;¹ the road, here most uninteresting and dusty from the continual traffic, passes through a long continuation of straggling villages with roofed-in *bazars*, through groves and orchards, or between the high walls of fruit-gardens, to the outskirts of the suburbs of the great town of from 60,000 to 70,000 inhabitants.

Shâhsowâr was full of talk on the way, chiefly directed towards finding out something about the domestic concerns of my reticent self. "Ah, Sahib! *Inshallah!* after this journey shall have fortunately ended, you will go to *waliyat* and take a wife. That is real happiness; and children are the delight of the eyes. I have many, &c., &c." He found me ever a good listener, but bad informant, as I did not even volunteer to tell him that I agreed with him in his Eastern estimate of the relative

happiness of the estates of bachelor and Benedict.

The once imperial city of Isfahân has been so often described that I need hardly enter into any particulars regarding it. Her ancient glory has departed. In 1662, Thomas Herbert, speaking of it in his time, writes:—

"It is a Citie of as great extent as Fame, and as ancient as famous, and no less proud than ancient. At this time triumphing over those once more Royall Cities, *Babylon, Ninive, Shushan, Ecbatan, Persepolis, Arsacia, and Nabarca*. The boasting Persians named her, for her bigenesse, (halfe the World), and this greatnesse of hers was long agoe, for these *Scytho-Persæ* know her no longer, then cald *Spawhawn*, which has no signification. To say truth shee is beautifull and ancient, her circuit may be nine miles, and in that the better half is Gardena. . . . The Citie is round like *Paris*, its circuit, I haue said, about nine English miles, her inhabitants three hundred thousand soules at most."

Nowadays half of the capital of Southern Persia, once the seat of Government of Abbâs the Great, is in ruins, and the other half presents but few objects of interest, and, as we have seen, it stands in the centre of a very fertile district, producing cereals, fruits, including the melon and grape, and opium² in abundance.

¹ The price of wheat after a good harvest is 25 to 30 *krâns* the *kharwar*—i.e., 675 lb. Of this road Sir John Chardin's journal states (1673): "The 23 June. We set forward late, to the end we might not come to Ispahan before day. We travell'd the nine Leagues, which we had to ride, over lovely Plains, still directing our course to the south as in our former Journeys: and pass'd by so many *Caravanserays* and Villages drawing near that great City, that we thought ourselves in the Suburbs two hours before we got thither. We entered the City by five a-Clock in the Morning, all in good health, Thanks be to God."

² The cultivation of opium throughout Persia, especially about Isfahân and the Chahâr-Mahal, in fact wherever the soil is suitable and water abundant, is largely on the increase, and its sale gives to the cultivators a large margin of profit, and to the Government a continually increasing revenue. Its cultivation is encouraged, and by the villagers it is considered their most paying crop. It is in high favour with the Celestials.

The dryness of its climate is shown by the length of time its mud houses last, some, *it is said*, being 500 years old; yet that old chronicler Herbert declared in his day that "Spawhawn was the best-built citie of all the *Persian Monarchy*," so we must lay the charge of the existing ruins to the devastation during the Afghán inroad of the last century. An architectural gem of the first water yet remains, to attest its former magnificence, in the Hall of the Forty Pillars.¹

Isfahán is a more healthy city than Shíráz, its climate cooler, and, being supplied with an abundance of wholesome water from the broad stream of the Zaindarúd, the sanitary conditions are superior to those of ordinary Persian towns. The river is crossed by three substantial and broad masonry arched bridges, each about 100 yards long.

The Naushirwánis of Khárán in British Baluchistán are said to have come originally from the banks of the Zaindarúd river, and claim kindred with the Mamasanis (*Mahamad Husainis*), who are Lurs, dwelling in the hills between Behbahán and Shíráz. Indeed I have been struck with the many points both of character and physiognomy that are common to the Lurs and the Baluchis inhabiting the highlands to the north of the Persian Gulf, from Kurdistan to Sind.

We entered Isfahán at the Najafábád avenue, and, riding through the ruined bazaars on the outskirts of the city, crossed the

river to the Armenian suburb of Julfa, which extends along the right bank of the river.

Map in hand as we had ridden slowly along, generally at some short distance behind the caravan, the mind had found time to muse over the past history of Persia, its present capabilities, and its future possibilities. Not infrequently golden day-dreams had fitted through my brain, depicting her awakening from her recent apathy, and again taking the lead among oriental nations, and casting, by her material progress, a halo of glory around the head of the illustrious Nasr-ud-dín-Sháh, a sovereign who may yet become "the illustrious," and who is fully aware of the value of public works and their remunerative worth. His sagacity readily appreciates the true economy of improving the means of communication, and ensuring the security of the trade-routes, as the first means of increasing the wealth of his people and the prosperity of his dominions. Keen as he may be to initiate economical reforms, and to encourage the advent of foreign capital by granting concessions for the construction of railways, trams, and highways, yet it must not be forgotten that many obstructions surround the throne of an Asiatic monarch, and innumerable old-fashioned prejudices, religious scruples, superstitious qualms, and above all, a jealous dread of interference with Court perquisites, intervene between the Sháh and the outer world. The Court of

¹ The *Chehel Setoon*, or Palace of Forty Pillars, is a building open to a garden, its roof being sustained by a double range of columns of forty feet height. Each column is formed by shafts covered with intricate and lavish ornamentation, and based upon marble lions. "The pillars, the walls, the ceiling might be a study for ages," writes Sir Robert Ker Porter, who gives an elaborate account of this pleasure-resort of the Sofi kings. It is the Persian Versailles.

Tihrán is alternately forced to listen to objections, threats, or cajoleries from the numerous foreign agents and hosts of speculators and adventurers who seek to enrich themselves at the cost of the State. Great allowances, therefore, must be made for a monarch placed in such a situation. The most powerful nation of the world, as regards its millions of armed men, touches Persia's northern frontiers, whilst her coastline is dominated by the greatest naval power. Her rivers' banks on the west are under the influence of the leading Moslem nation, and her eastern borders are hemmed in by tribes that are ever varying in their allegiance, and, in fact, own no real master but wait for the coming race.

In my brightest illusions, instead of the many and loud lamentations of the mule-drivers, to which my ears were so habituated, and the wailings of his poverty-stricken subjects, I have seemed to hear beforehand their rejoicings, and Nasr-ud-dín-Sháh extolled by his countrymen and subjects as one greater and more clement than the celebrated Sháh Abbás the glorious, under whose sway the noblest of Persic buildings were erected, the most important of national communications designed and accomplished.

The miles of roofed-in bazaars in Isfahán, now in ruins, point to a past commercial importance which has been so graphically delineated by the great merchant princes who visited the Courts of Abbás I. and Abbás II., Sulaiman, and the monarchs of the period of Persia's greatest wealth and magnificence, which also was, alas! the period of the most terrible cruelty and profligacy, the curse of which ensured the downfall of its pros-

perity, as it has done that of all Eastern monarchies. Should ever my golden dreams emerge from the shadowy realm closed by the ivory gate into this prosaic world of solid form and substance, these empty bazaars and broken-down arcades may resume their pristine splendour and business, and a renaissance of native architecture may cause Isfahán again to take its place as the regal city of Persia, for which it is eminently well situated.

The active trade of the city now lies further in its heart, and there is to be found the counting-house of Mr Oolignon (of Messrs Holtz & Co., an establishment clerked by Dutchmen), the chief European merchant of Central Persia—a proud position to have wrested from our much-vaunted commercial nation, the nation of shopkeepers. The modern British merchants have, here at least, exhibited but small individual enterprise in comparison with our Continental allies and trade rivals. British prestige can be better supported in the East, as elsewhere, by capitalists than by diplomats.

The streets of Julfa are narrow, and only admit of limited mule-loads. Many of its lanes are entered by narrow gateways, which are closed at night; and narrow canals, bordered by poplars, mulberry-trees, shrubs, and low elms, flow either down the centre or along the side of the majority of them.

The houses are commodious, and well built round courtyards, into which they open, many of them enclosing gardens well stocked with flowering plants, tastefully disposed around basins and fountains. The high mud walls which surround the buildings present an ugly enough exterior view, whilst

within them the plaster ornamental stucco-work is in excellent taste in pattern and colour. Plums, melons, peaches, apricots, cucumbers, lettuce, and all descriptions of garden produce are of excellent quality and abundant in season; so much so, indeed, that fruits form at times the staple food of the population. The red and white wines made here are much esteemed, and grapes are so plentiful and cheap that horses are fed upon them. The mulberry is also cultivated, and a large quantity of silk is manufactured and exported. In the days of Abbás, the Persian silks were greatly in demand among Europeans, and formed the bulk of the great export trade then carried on in the marts of Persia.

I was not sorry, after our rough experiences in the Bakhtiari hills and elsewhere, to rest awhile in civilised apartments, and to enjoy the society of Mr Müller; but four days was sufficient to recruit and make preparations for our contemplated travels through the Kúh-gehlú hills to the Gulf. We found, however, some difficulty in hiring animals for the projected journey, both on account of the bad repute of the road as to its roughness, scarcity of provision, and insecurity. To the apathetic Persian the idea of treading in an unknown path is most distasteful; but at last, through the instrumentality of Mr Colignon, of the firm before mentioned—Holtz & Co., merchants, of Tihrán, Isfahán, and Bushire—a large mule-owner was induced to send seven pack-mules with us at the rate of 3½ *kráns* (i.e., 2s. 4d.) for each animal *per diem*. My Madras "boy" here caused me to blush, for amongst his other accomplishments he excelled as a "pudding-master," and my host's servant called him in to

aid in the preparation of a feast given in my honour. So greatly did they urge him to excel by copious potions of red wine, that long before the repast was dished up, he was hopelessly incapable and uproariously hilarious.

Of the servants who had accompanied us from Dizfúl none now remained; the cold long marches in the hills and off the regular caravan-routes had proved too hard work for them, and not to their taste. The last of them, a lad of sixteen years, whom I had treated with exceptional kindness, and taken out of pawn at Dizfúl, here took an advance of pay and deserted. Such is gratitude! Sháhsowár stumbled across him in the bazaar, whither I had sent him to ferret out for me swords of cunning workmanship, for which Isfahán is famous. I left him in "durance vile," bequeathing my interest in any funds that might be extracted from him to that estimable missionary, Dr Hoerulé, to be expended on his hospital. I never heard that he got anything, so no doubt the judge was "squared," as is not unusual in such cases.

The Armenians of Central Persia are not noted for high morality, for they will enter readily into the state of concubinage with Europeans, in the hope of after-marriage. I met here, as at Kúm, a sergeant of the Royal Engineers in the Telegraph Department. He had settled down comfortably with an Armenian wife, and thought necessary to excuse his choice by remarking that he had made it, thinking that an Armenian lady would prove a better helpmate than one of his own countrywomen in Persia; a vain thought, for in or out of their own isles, our countrywomen are peerless. I

found the small European community of Isfahán torn asunder by social precedence, and unable to rise above the petty jealousies of class distinctions—a folly much to be regretted.

His Royal Highness, the Zil-ul-Sultán, having heard of my arrival in Isfahán, I obtained permission to visit him. He is the eldest son of the Sháh, but by an inferior wife—i.e., not of the Kajar royal blood—and therefore not heir to the throne. He had in 1884 gained for himself a reputation for ability and impartiality, combined with strictness and energy; and was esteemed to be one of the most able of the Sháh's sons. He then governed about one-third of Persia, his jurisdiction extending over Fârs, Luristán, Arabistán, Yazd, Isfahán, and Búr-újird — i. e., south, west, and south-west Persia. The Sháh had placed under his independent control seventeen of the seventy battalions composing the Persian army, and he had been allowed to import 6000 Martini-Henry rifles, and one and a half million of cartridges. Fortune, so fickle in her favours in the East, has now deserted him, and he has been recently deprived by the Sháh of all his governments, with the exception of that of Isfahán. We saw his infantry undergoing their preliminary drills, which consisted, for the most part, in marching round and round the parade-ground, the Maidán-i-Sháh, in battalions, with the companies at half intervals. No accoutrements were worn by the men, and the officers contented themselves with looking on. He is fond of manœuvring his troops, and by granting them favours, and paying them at times, he caused the Sháh, no doubt, to think that he wished them to look

to himself as their chief and protector, a suspicion that has led to his ruin. Rumour has it, too, that of late years he has hurried to become rich. He affects many uniforms, of which the Prussian seemed most in favour when I had the honour of meeting him. In figure he is short and stout, and a defect in one of his eyes lends a somewhat peculiar expression to his countenance. The Zil-ul-Sultán protects all religions, and under his rule oppression has ceased to harass the Armenians (whose Church, by the way, has been taken under the protection of the Russians), so plentifully scattered throughout his jurisdiction.

The Prince gave me his photograph, expressed himself honoured that strangers should find pleasure in travelling within his jurisdiction, and furnished me with letters for the road to Bushire, as well as a letter to the Ilkháni of the Bakhtí-aris, whom I had already visited at Ab-i-Bid, his winter headquarters, and was again to meet at Ardal, his summer residence. I brought to his Highness's notice the very insecure state of the roads in Luristán, when he answered that he had hitherto dealt very leniently with the tribes; but as his clemency had been mistaken for weakness, he should now proceed to act towards them with severity. I kept silence concerning Háji Ali's inhospitable conduct, as any mention of it would no doubt have afforded an opportunity of imposing a heavy fine, which the unfortunate tribe would be wholly unable to meet.

When Layard was at Isfahán half a century ago, he has lately related, how conspicuous, during his interview with the Matamet, or governor of the province, were the instruments of the bastinado—

namely, long switches from the pomegranate-tree soaking in water, and the pole and looped cord by which the victim's feet were suspended whilst undergoing the torture. All such signs of barbarism

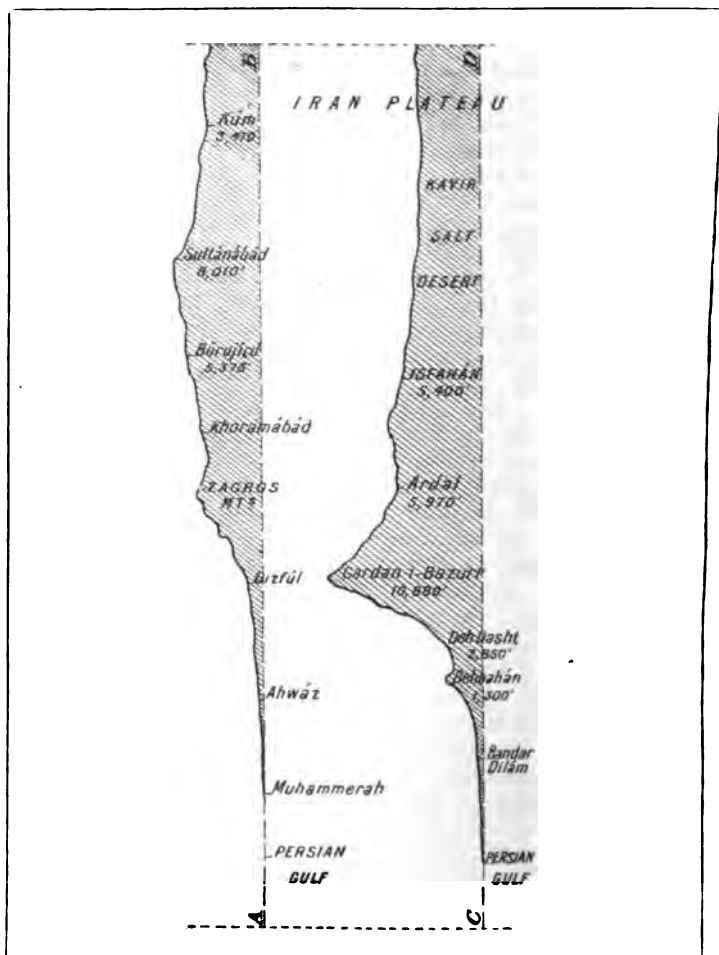
had disappeared, and a much milder régime is now required to enforce general law and order, although highway robbery and murder are still punished by death, as they ought to be.

PROFILES OF THE COUNTRY BETWEEN THE IRAN PLATEAU AND THE
HEAD OF THE PERSIAN GULF.

Rough sections along the lines—

Muhammerah to Kúm A B

Bandar Dildm to Isfahán C D



(To be continued.)

NEW LIGHTS ON THE CENTENARY OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE French Revolution is one of those grand historical epochs which has an eternal fascination for writers and readers. Regarding it merely from the picturesque point of view, no more dramatic tragedy has been ever enacted on the stage of the world. We are reminded in every act and scene that truth may be stranger than any fiction. Sensation crowds on sensation as we are hurried through a succession of shocks and surprises. The causes of that tremendous revolt of humanity were as remote as the effects have been far-reaching and permanent. From the chaos of wrecked institutions, abuses, and privileges, which reproduced, on a gigantic scale, the iconoclasm of the fanatics of the Reformation, from the throes of the sanguinary wars which desolated Europe, emerged a new order of things. Till the rise of the military dictatorship, when chance or Providence helped the Man of Destiny, and a stray cannon-shot from the batteries before Toulouse might have changed the future of Europe, the ablest, the most resolute, the most unscrupulous of politicians, were powerless to arrest or divert the torrent they pretended to direct. Turgot, Necker, Montmorin, the representatives of an effete *régime*, when they had recognised the necessity for concessions and reforms, were tied by the old traditions and paralysed by court influence and intrigues. "Too late" may be said to have been the epitaph of the old order of things. The authors of the Revolution, the apostles of its fast-succeeding phases, had not only to bend to the popular will, but were the slaves of their own crotch-

ets or caprices, and of the passions that were heated to the boiling-point. The constitutionalists disappeared in the convulsions of anarchy. The links that might have bound the future to the past were rudely snapped one after another. Narbonne followed Necker into exile. The astute and time-serving Talleyrand, the complacent servant of all possible masters, sacrificed ambition to prudence, and resigned himself to a temporary eclipse. The doctrinaires and the ingenious authors of cut-and-dry systems of laws, were speedily relegated with their works to obscurity, only too happy when they could save their necks. The Girondists, in spite of their eminent personal characters and eloquence, and the cordial support of some of the distant provinces, fell beneath the axes they had been sharpening themselves. Lafayette, who might have played the part of a patriotic Napoleon, was the mere plaything of ironical fortune, and never showed himself equal to his unrivalled opportunities. After truckling to the troops he nominally commanded, he left his country as an object of general contempt, to be confined in the casemates of a German fortress, and only set free by the intercession of an American. Mirabeau, as great in his vices as his intellect, with the fatal defect of inherent dishonesty, was prematurely removed from the scene by death, when he had already been compromised in the suspicions of the nation. Revolutionary France was centralised in Paris, and Paris was left an open field to the lust for blood and the ambition of adventurers. Never did obscure ambitions have such an opportunity, or

run through a more rapid course of startling vicissitudes, and never did unbridled passions break away in such riot. The Reign of Terror was to be succeeded by a military dictatorship; but, in the meantime, no wonder there was a revulsion through all Europe—even in sympathetic Sweden and Republican Switzerland—against the atrocities that scandalised the civilised world. No wonder the absurdities almost surpassed the atrocities, when the orators of the clubs and the Mountain were the panders of the mob; when a frenzied lunatic like Marat was the mouthpiece of popular feeling; when provincial attorneys and provincial barristers, who had broken down in the practice of their own professions, intoxicated by absolute authority, had been driven to proscribe or be proscribed. It was a time of strange inconsistencies, and it is little to the point that the organisers of licensed assassination, who played the leading rôles, were not without touches of redeeming virtues. For many ruffians of the second rank, whose power for mischief was enormous, there is nothing to be said. Marat can only plead insanity in extenuation of his crimes: the diabolical inventor of the *Noyades* and Republican marriages of the Loire was simply a monster who anticipated the wishes of his superiors. And the brutal and cowardly Barras, the betrayer of all factions in turn, whose subtle volubility sent so many to the guillotine, has been blasted to eternal infamy by Macaulay in the most trenchant and vigorous of his less-known essays. But Danton, the man of the massacres of September, though capable of any crime in his ruthless determination of purpose, though, like Raoul Rigault of the Commune, he could

revel in sensuality with a light heart when the tumbrils were being daily emptied at the guillotines, was nevertheless susceptible of pity when atrocities were prompted by his colleagues.

The causes of that tremendous revolt of humanity, we said, were remote—and indeed they had been working towards an almost inevitable crisis ever since the rise and consolidation of the French nation. A Frenchman, M. Jusserand—at present *chargé d'affaires* of the French Legation in London—has remarked, in the fascinating book he has recently published on 'English Wayfaring Life in the Fourteenth Century,' that even the sturdy vagrants who swarmed on our highways, and with whom the peasants strongly sympathised, tended directly towards the growth of free institutions among us, and to the peaceful solution of troublesome questions. While in medieval France, on the other hand, "during and after the wars, the roads belonged solely to pillaging brigands, who were born workmen or knights." The peasants hid themselves, and were taught to endure in silence. The rising of the *Jacquerie* was but an impotent outbreak of despair, fruitful of horrors but barren of results. Through the middle ages, the peasants and the petty burghers were alike the helpless slaves of innumerable tyrants perpetually in revolt against the king, and generally at war with one another. Nothing beyond the walls of the fortified towns and the baronial strongholds was spared in the savage reprisals that followed the fluctuations of those struggles. It is still a mystery how men lived in those days, and a marvellous proof of the natural fertility of France. Nor did things change much for the better after the con-

solidation of the monarchy under Louis XI. and Richelieu, so far at least as the lower orders were concerned. Except during the remorseless wars of religion, there was less bloodshed at home, and life was held on a somewhat more reliable tenure. But to some nine-tenths of the miserable French masses, the life was not worth living. The peasant might hold on to it instinctively, but he could look forward to nothing; he could hardly call his soul or his life his own, and anything he saved by any chance was the seigneur's. He was oppressed by intolerable *corvées*, ground down by capricious and gratuitous exactions, and the *Renaissance*, which let in light upon the dark barbarism of Europe, brought anything rather than relief to him. On the contrary, it gave an impulse to the refinements and extravagances of luxury, for which he had to pay. France emerged from sanguinary feudalism to fall under the *régime* of the bloodsuckers. The kings, who were continually in debt, set the example of extravagance; the gay courtiers were compelled to follow suit; the centralisation round the Court drew the great nobles to Paris, where they squandered their substance on riotous living, mortgaged their lands beyond probability of redemption, and recklessly entered for the race to ruin. Their stewards had orders to send money on any terms. The methods of the genial East were applied to the inclement West, where it was less easy to keep soul and body together. On the rare occasions when the seigneurs visited their estates, they saw nothing but wasted forms and sullen faces. All the State revenues were collected by farmers, who, having paid heavily for the contracts, were bound to make the best of

them. The general condition of the people was that of squalid poverty. And nothing shows more clearly the grievous oppression to which they were subjected, than the vast fortunes accumulated by the viziers of these occidental sultans, and by the chief controllers of finances in the worst times. It is true that Mazarin was notoriously parsimonious, nevertheless he kept up a great establishment, and yet he is said to have bequeathed by his testament no less than forty millions of francs. Fouquet, again, was as notoriously profuse. Among his other follies he built the marvellous palace of Vaux, and laid out the gardens with their statuary and fantastic water-works, which no one could afford to keep up after his fall. Yet, had he not been bled to death for political reasons by Louis XIV. and Colbert, he would probably have died as wealthy as Mazarin. These are but two examples among many; and it is a significant fact that the sumptuous magnificence of Fouquet, and the generous patronage he extended to men of letters, has been glorified even by modern historians. They judge him according to the perverted sentiment of his contemporaries. They seem to forget that his ill-gotten gains were the fruit of intolerable extortion, peculation, and swindling; and that after he had satisfied his boundless personal extravagance, he had to rob and grind for the good of the Treasury.

The Church might possibly have saved the State, had it stood between the sufferers and their oppressors. At least it might have offered them the consolations of religion; and what would have been more to the purpose with starving and desperate men, as proprietor of the fairest domains in France, it might have set an

example to other landowners. The Church, with all its wealth, had done nothing of the kind, and it paid dearly for having failed in its duties. In fact it had renounced its mission, and Church and Court had been confounded. The bishops and high dignitaries, with rare exceptions, were courtiers, profligates, and shameless time-servers. Many of the best of the abbeys and the richest benefices had been bestowed upon laymen, illustrious for their dress, their duels, and their gallantries. So, while the "aristocrats" and the secular authorities were dreaded and detested, the clerical orders were detested and despised. When the fashionables of Paris took to playing with fire and encouraging the audacious encyclopædists and the spread of their free ideas, the gospel of liberty, equality, and the rights of man, eloquently preached by Voltaire and Rousseau, vindicated in argument by D'Alembert and Diderot, was eagerly welcomed as a new revelation of light, by a nation that was groaning and travailing in misery. Dumb suffering began to sigh for expression in the shape of the violent language that leads to violent action, and the stolid acquiescence born of habit in the course of ages, gave way to a swelling sense of intolerable injustice. But the impulse to the revolutionary movement must come from Paris, in which the money of the country was spent, and which consequently, in ordinary times, had been tolerably contented. And when the cup of national abuses and offences was full to overflowing, when a listless and incapable king had become the custodian of effete or corrupt institutions—circumstances, with a succession of years of dearth, conspired to drive the Parisians desperate. Necker

never showed the qualities of statesmanship more than when he strove hard to alleviate the prevailing distress. Had it been possible to pour provisions in plenty into the starving city, it is almost certain that the Revolution might have been indefinitely deferred.

As it happens, two books have appeared simultaneously, and immediately before the celebration of the Revolutionary Centenary, which have great and permanent historical importance. We do not say that they throw floods of fresh light on the Revolution; after so much indefatigable research and all that has been written on the subject, that would be impossible. But they tell us incidentally much that is new: they place the events of the times in singularly striking points of view; and they give a series of historical portraits and sketches which irresistibly impress us as remarkably lifelike. One is the 'Life of Madame de Staël' by Lady Blennerhassett, executed on a comprehensive and almost colossal scale. It is written in German, and the English translation, which is somewhat compressed, conveys an indifferent impression of the original. The other is the 'Diary and Correspondence of Gouverneur Morris,' some parts of which had been used before in the history of Jared Sparks, but which are now edited and reproduced in a complete form by Morris's granddaughter. Comparing the one narrative with the other, we are struck by their general agreement on matters of essential importance. Certainly it would be difficult to single out two contemporary witnesses of greater credibility or with better means for obtaining exact information. Both were much in Paris through the revolutionary period; Morris, indeed, hardly quitted it.

Both were foreigners, and consequently should have been comparatively impartial, for although Madame de Staël became thoroughly French in tastes and sympathies, she was Swiss by birth, and always prided herself on being a Catholic-minded citizen of the world.

The gifted and accomplished daughter of Necker had been brought up from her girlhood among French statesmen. Marrying the man who became Swedish Minister, she was sheltered under the flag of the sympathetic Scandinavian Power, which had been the first to recognise the Revolutionary Republic. For long she was the regular purveyor of intelligence for King Gustavus. She used, and may be said to have generously abused, her diplomatic privileges to protect the friends who were proscribed in the Terror. She voluntarily shared her father's exiles, and more than once she was forced to fly herself; but Paris was still a loadstone with perpetual attractions for her, and she would always return to the city of her predilections till Buonaparte pronounced the definite sentence of expulsion. Considering his contempt for political women, he could have paid her no greater compliment. It was a recognition of the political consequence she had asserted at no little risk, by her talents, her social gifts, and her indifference to the dangers which might have shaken firm masculine nerves. Since she had done the honours of her father's house during the illnesses of her invalid mother, she had been reigning as one of the recognised queens of the *salons*. When the aristocracy had closed the hotels, and her rivals had sought a refuge at Coblenz or in London, she still had her regular receptions at the

Embassy, and reigned in solitary state. She drew around her politicians of every party and of all shades of opinion, short of the most extreme. Narbonne, Talleyrand, and many other men of somewhat less conspicuous mark, were her familiar friends, and made her their confidante, so far as they confided secrets to any one. Abused and assailed by the Royalist satirists for her excessive Liberalism, denounced by the orators of the clubs and the Left of the Assembly for her reactionary opinions and associates, courted by the leaders of what would now be called the Right and the Left Centres, she was enthroned in a sort of political confessional, and revelled in the luxuries of political gossip.

Morris, though a man and of a very different type, was in a somewhat similar position. He was a neutral, who mixed in the most influential society, and who had made politics his passion. Strangely enough he landed at Havre in January 1789, on the very eve of the impending troubles. He brought with him the best introductions from Washington and other friends; he had been on friendly terms with most of the distinguished Frenchmen who had helped his countrymen to their independence; and, moreover, he had come to Paris at a time when Lafayette the Liberator was the idol of the populace, and when the mere fact of being an American citizen was a recommendation. He made the most of his many advantages, and he must have been a remarkable man. He had come to Paris on commercial business, although subsequently, for a short time, he was American Minister. He had always a keen eye to the main chance, and he never missed an occasion, at the tables of men in power, of turning the conversa-

tion to the contracts and concessions for which he was in treaty: he cleverly laboured to reconcile the vital interests of France with the legitimate profits he expected from his various speculations; and while his French acquaintances were being ruined, exiled, or guillotined, he contrived to amass a handsome fortune. But keen as he was in looking after the dollars, and though his shrewd entertainers must often have seen through him and smiled, he became as much of a personality in his way as Madame de Staël. His opinion carried great weight; it was asked and given in the highest quarters, and he was consulted in the most critical emergencies by the men at the helm of the State. After Montmorin and the other ministers came to know and appreciate him, he was never kept dancing attendance in their antechambers. He was button-holed after official dinners, and drawn aside for quiet and confidential conversation. He even drew up memorials at the personal request of the king, containing detailed programmes of constitutions which might possibly be promulgated by way of compromise. He had always the courage of his opinions, and, in his frank expression of them, he showed sterling independence of character. If we may trust his own reports of his outspoken expostulations with Lafayette—as we believe we may—when Lafayette's constitutional sensitiveness must have been aggravated by the apprehension of a fall, the provisional dictator, with all his faults, must have been the most good-natured of men.

Morris had his weaknesses also, though they helped him rather than otherwise. A good-looking man, he had an ungraceful gait, for one leg had been amputated

after a carriage accident, and he stumped about on a stout piece of hickory. But he was unremitting in his attentions to the fair sex, at a time when the influence of the sex was great. He believed that he might have boasted any number of *bonnes fortunes*, had he been less considerate of the lovers and husbands who were his friends; and he was proud of the facility with which he could turn his compliments in the shape of indifferent verses. The compliments, the verses, and the *hommage* which he punctiliously paid, assured him the *entrée* of sundry boudoirs, and strengthened his platonic *liaisons* with beauties of the first fashion. When politics were of vital interest to everybody, these informal gatherings of two or three intimates were so many exchanges of news, where secrets were revealed and rumours were discussed. The well-informed American gave at least as much as he got; but it is significant of the manners of the time, and of that ascendancy of feminine influence, that nowhere did he pick up information of more importance than in the boudoirs and the bedrooms he was wont to frequent. Ladies received before they rose, as a matter of course, and without provoking a shadow of scandal from the most censorious. But Morris, although in his character of man of the world he soon accustomed himself to the licence of Continental manners, was somewhat taken aback by an incident which happened soon after his arrival. We mention it here, because it speaks volumes as to the moral causes, and the looseness of lives, which had been working steadily, though insensibly, towards the Revolution. A *Parc aux Cerfs* could only have been possible in a country where such an incident

could appear nothing unusual. The beautiful Comtesse de Flahault had made an appointment with him, and he found her in the bath. It is true that appearances, if not decency, had been preserved by milk having been mixed with the water to make it opaque. "She tells me it is usual to receive in the bath." He may well remark elsewhere, and before the freshness of his Transatlantic innocence had been rubbed off,— "Everybody agrees that there is an utter prostration of morals—but this general position can never convey to the American mind the degree of depravity. It is not by any figure of rhetoric or force of language that the idea can be communicated. An hundred anecdotes and an hundred thousand examples are required to convey the rottenness of every member." Nor was the honesty better than the morality. He goes on to say,—"There is one fatal principle which pervades all ranks. It is a perfect indifference to the violation of all engagements. . . . The great mass of the people have no religion but their priests, no law but their superiors, no morals but their interest. These are the creatures who, led by drunken curates, are now in the highroad *à la Liberté*, and the first use they make of it is to form insurrections everywhere." Mr Morris had very considerable prophetic gifts, and we are the less surprised at his having been so generally consulted, when we find how often his sharp political intelligence has cast with accuracy the horoscope of the future. Here, he says—and he had only been in France for three months—that, considering the materials from which the great edifice of freedom must be constructed, he fears it will fall and crush the builders.

We are told that two of a trade can never agree, and Morris would seem to have intuitively foreseen the day when he and Madame de Staël, as historical portrait-painters and anecdote-mongers, would be brought in casual juxtaposition by an accident of the modern book-trade. At least he was one of the very few men who was not favourably impressed by the lady at first sight. The Maréchal de Castries had taken him to dine with the Neckers, when the ex-banker of Geneva was Premier of France. "In the *salon* we find Madame de Staël. She seems to be a woman of sense, and somewhat masculine in her character, but has very much the appearance of a chambermaid. A little before dinner M. Necker enters. He has the look and manner of the counting-house, and being dressed in embroidered velvet, he contrasts strongly with his habiliments. His bow, his address, &c., say, 'I am the man!'" Count Guibert, a friend of the family, quoted by Lady Blennerhassett, paints, on the occasion of Madame de Necker's marriage, a very different and extremely attractive portrait. He speaks of her great black eyes, sparkling with the fires of genius; of hair with the gloss of ebony falling over her shoulders in rich profusion. And Sainte-Beuve declared, judging from a veritable picture painted in her youth, that the somewhat high-flown description of Guibert was fully justified. It is certain she had won the heart of the brilliant Narbonne, and she held him under her spells till they were parted by his exile. To her devoted affection, by the way, Narbonne owed his life, when she hid him in her husband's embassy from the fury of the September mob. Lady Blennerhassett touches on their relations delicately, though

giving Madame de Staël's candid confession that Narbonne was the only man she had ever loved. Morris, who had every means of learning the truth, does not beat about the bush at all, but bluntly avers that Narbonne was her lover. Though, indeed, a lady who had but a single lover in those days might well have taken credit for her character and her constancy; and the mystery—scandalous at the best, and infamous at the worst—which enveloped the birth of Narbonne himself, illustrated the morality of the preceding generation. We have already quoted Morris on the morals of the French. Here is another passage; and it must be remembered that he was by no means intolerant of vice, and little addicted to the use of strong language: "Paris is perhaps as wicked a spot as exists. Incest, murder, bestiality, fraud, rapine, oppression, baseness, cruelty; and yet this is the city which has stepped forward in the sacred cause of liberty. The pressure of incumbent despotism removed, every bad passion exerts its peculiar energy." That was written *apropos* to the murder of an innocent baker, when the mob, who had been howling for bread, with a brutal refinement of cruelty, brought the head on a pike to his unfortunate wife, who died of horror at the shock. Such were the people—half tigers, half monkeys, as their own sarcastic countryman described them—who, suddenly broken loose from all control, had virtually become the Government of unfortunate France.

The food question, as we have said, was at the bottom of all. The troops were told off to guard the trains of carts and waggons which carried corn and flour into the capital; there was something like a threatening of civil war when

hungry Rouen stopped supplies intended for Paris; and Morris regards it as one of the most sinister signs of the times when pork was quoted at 16 sous the pound. To be sure, he was looking out for a contract for importations from America. Yet in those days of dearth, when the children were dying of sheer exhaustion, the people must be amused, and kept, if possible, in good-humour. Even in 1791 and 1792 the public misery was mocked by brilliant illuminations of the Tuileries and the gardens; nor does it ever seem to have occurred to the wretches who came to stare, that it was a scandalous waste of the public money. It need scarcely be said that there was nothing to illuminate for; things were going steadily from bad to worse. The recklessness and callousness that are born of despair in times of great and general calamity, have often been remarked. We know how Boccaccio has painted society during the plague of Florence, and similar scenes of dissipation occurred when London was being depopulated by the great pestilence. As many of the light-hearted French as had still money to squander, disported themselves on the burning volcano, when it was already enveloping them in smoke and flame. Morris tells how in 1790 the Bois de Boulogne was more frequented than ever by lovers, duellists, and idlers of all descriptions. The haunts of vice and infamy in the Palais Royal never drove a more roaring trade, though now and then their patrons might be drawn away to listen to the ferocious oratory of the demagogues who were shrieking for blood in the gardens. The very murderers themselves took life pleasantly and easily, when refreshing themselves in the intervals of their labours. When

Madame de Staël at last sought safety in flight, during the September massacres, Lady Blennerhassett describes the scenes that met her eyes, as she was driven as a prisoner through the streets :

"People refreshed themselves in the wine-shops and coffee-houses as carelessly as if nothing unusual were going on. Songs broke through the darkness; dancing and eating went on, while dreadful forms, uttering curses in their drunken sleep, lay with their weapons across the doors or on the curbstone, covered with the sanguinary traces of their day's work; and columns of smoke, rising from the Tuileries, suggested the dangers of fire which the plundered palace had narrowly escaped."

Morris kept his diaries most carefully, so that his comparative silence as to the deeds of horror that were daily being enacted around him is ominously significant. It shows how easily good-hearted men may become familiarised to matters of everyday recurrence, however revolting they may be. He seldom cares to note the execution of any single sentence by the blood-tribunals, however illustrious or notorious the victim. He only makes exceptions in the cases of the king and queen, or occasionally of some one with whom he had lived in intimacy. But he does think it worth while to describe the massacres of September, when most of his French friends were naturally in mortal terror, and his own residence had been searched for arms by an uproarious band, supremely indifferent to the sanctity of a legation :—

"This morning (Sept. 2d) I go out on business. Madame de Flahault takes the same opportunity to visit her friends. On our return we hear, or rather see, a proclamation. She inquires into it, and learns that the enemy are at the gates of Paris, which

cannot be true. She is taken ill, being affected by the fate of her friends. I observe that this proclamation produces terror and despair among the people. This afternoon they commence the murder of priests who had been shut up in the Carmes. They then go to the Abbaye and murder the prisoners there. This is horrible.

"The murdering continues all day (Sept. 3d). I am told that there are about 800 men concerned in it. The Minister of Parma and Ambassadors of Sweden have been stopped as they were going away."

"And still (Sept. 4th) the murders continue." Writing to Mr Jefferson on Sept. 10th, he says, "We have had one week of unchecked murders, in which some thousands have perished in this city." He merely spares a line to the memory of M. de Montmorin, with whom he had been latterly in constant and confidential relations, mentioning that he had been murdered in the Abbaye with the rest. He must have been gradually becoming familiarised with horrors, till familiarity bred something akin to indifference.

Both Morris and Madame de Staël, while keenly interested spectators of the political aspects of an unparalleled movement, for long had believed themselves comparatively safe. Morris, as an American citizen, and afterwards as the American Minister, was a *persona grata* to all parties. When the mob stopped his carriage in the streets, he showed his wooden leg as a certificate of identity, and was sent on his way with cheers for the Transatlantic Republic. The daughter of Necker had claims on the gratitude of the crowds, of whom the liberal distributor of grain and the advocate of reforms had once been the idol; and though the wife of the Swedish Minister might be fiercely denounced from

the tribune, it was scarcely likely that anything worse than expulsion could happen to her. Yet both showed considerable courage and nerve, for they must have been aware that, had the people and the agitators known all, the sanctity surrounding ambassadors might scarcely have saved them. Morris, Republican as he was, and because he was a Republican, was disgusted and scandalised by the excesses of the Revolution, and laboured hard to reconcile the king with the nation by establishing a constitutional monarchy. Indeed, when the Revolution had barely broken out, he had been too aristocratic in his ideas for many of the aristocrats. Madame de Staël, after trimming and hesitating between her fond dreams of a free Republic and the terrible realities, was swayed by her generous sympathies in favour of the falling dynasty. Both she and Morris would have gladly propped the throne; and when they saw that the throne was hopelessly undermined, they heroically risked compromising themselves to save the king and his family. Nothing in history is more dramatically exciting than the successive chances of escape offered to the vacillating and ill-advised monarch, which were obstinately and perversely rejected, as if he had been judicially blinded. The succession of accidents which baffled him in the flight to Varennes, when he had actually got his foot on the threshold of his prison, was only the climax of a long series of mistakes and mischances. Morris had a project for the king's rescue, which is not disclosed in his papers, and he suggested a plausible scheme for at least sending away the dauphin to travel under the charge of tutors and governors. At the time the proposal was made, it

appears to have been practicable. Had the direct heir to the crown been then placed in safety under the guardianship of armed Europe, events might have taken a very different course. We know exactly what Madame de Staël's plan was; it was deliberately matured, and would probably have succeeded. In the June of 1791, she wrote to Malouet: "The king and the queen are lost. I offer myself to save them. Yes; I, whom they regard as their enemy, will set my life on the chance, though on the other hand I confidently hope to place the royal family in safety without sacrificing either them or myself." Her scheme was this: she was to buy a marine residence which was for sale in the neighbourhood of Dieppe. She was to travel backwards and forwards once or twice, taking her son with her, and accompanied by a man and a maid, who closely resembled the king and Marie Antoinette. After one or two journeys, the substitution of the royal family for their representatives would have been comparatively safe. Malouet approved, and hastened to speak to La Porte, the superintendent of the royal civil list. La Porte likewise assented, but soon came back in sad vexation to announce that the king and queen would not accept the proposal. Their reasons strangely illustrate the illusions which lured them on to remain, while escape became daily more difficult. The Court had been treating with the leaders of the Jacobins, and had persuaded them for large sums of money to promise to ensure the tranquillity of the Faubourg St Antoine.

In fact, until things had gone too far, the Court relied upon bribery and corruption, although they should have known that the ordinary chiefs of the factions had no

power to sell anything that was worth the buying. They were only masters of the populace so long as they were the slaves of its will and the panders to its passions. Mirabeau at one time was well worth buying, no doubt: he might have done much at the beginning had he been given a free hand; but the wise counsels of the revolutionary Abithophel were scoffed at by short-sighted courtiers, and before he died he was already discredited. Danton undoubtedly took money subsequently; but if he had the power, he could scarcely have had the desire to help; for no one of the revolutionary leaders was more grimly in earnest or had a more rooted antipathy to monarchical institutions. It is true he had occasional moments of compunction, and would willingly have spared the life of the king, could he have done so with safety to himself. But his real mind was disclosed in his memorable answer to Ségur, who had boldly reproached him with having been the author of the September massacres, when the prisoners were in his charge as Minister of Justice. "You forget," was his reply, "whom you are addressing. You forget that we are the *canaille*, sprung from the gutter, that we should be driven back to it if your ideas were ever realised, and that we can only reign by force of terror." Others of the Jacobins were more or less freely bribed—men who could do nothing, and who never meant to do anything. The folly of the courtiers is almost beyond belief, when they gave credit to the professions of self-confessed traitors, whose conduct and promises were in glaring contradiction. In fact, in that atmosphere of universal intrigue and venality, we cannot withhold a certain measure of admiration for Robespierre, though he

may have been kept straight by his constitution rather than his conscience. The bilious and blood-thirsty little dictator, according to the testimony of his bitterest enemies, seems to have merited the epithet of the incorruptible: he coldly signed his promiscuous death-sentences without fear or favour; and he led an ascetic and irreproachable life, when his *confrères* of the blood-tribunals were revelling in sensuality.

The way for Napoleon's dictatorship was prepared by the faults, foibles, and failures of all his fore-runners, who are portrayed in these volumes. A succession of prominent men missed the opportunities, more or less magnificent, which were offered them in the swift revolutions of the wheel of fortune. Necker was a thoroughly honest man; he was a capable financier; he had advanced ideas and strong popular sympathies, and for a time he enjoyed great popularity. With his sound practical common-sense he reminds us often of Mr W. H. Smith; he had many of the qualities of a competent statesman, and in quieter times might have been eminently successful. But he had nothing about him of the man of the world; he had neither tact nor versatility; he had none of the arts of conciliation, and was too stiff and formal to unbend. He had to contend with tremendous, if not insuperable difficulties, in the shape of an exhausted treasury, overwhelming national obligations, a starving people suddenly enlightened as to their wrongs, and an army as defenders of order that he himself had pronounced unreliable. His memorable interview with the brilliant Mirabeau is sufficient to explain his political collapse. Lady Blennerhassett tells the story picturesquely. He had been by no means

blind to the weather-warnings, but he failed to read them rightly and be guided by them before it was too late. Malouet, who seems to have been always wide awake, had put strong pressure on Montmorin and Necker to try to come to terms with the formidable tribune. "They hated Mirabeau, but as yet they did not fear him." Malouet was eloquently persuasive; Necker said nothing, but kept his eyes fixed on the ceiling, "which with him was a special sign of indecision." However, he yielded so far as to assent to a meeting.

"Mirabeau came to it unfortunately without Malouet, and found himself in presence of the stiff, reserved man, who addressed him in the coldest tone. 'M. Malouet tells me, sir, that you have certain proposals to make. What may they be?' At this address, Mirabeau stepped back, took the measure of the man who had so addressed him with a look of contempt, and answered: 'My proposition is this, to wish you a very good morning.'"

And away he went. Yet at that time the fate of the dynasty and the future of France was being decided in the stormy debates of the States-General; and Madame de Staël, with all her admiration for her father, admits that he had none of the fiery eloquence of Mirabeau, and was no match for him in debate. He does not appear to have been actuated by jealousy, and indeed his noblest feature was his disinterestedness. Stupidly rather than wantonly, he threw away the chance of securing himself the support of an invaluable ally.

Of Mirabeau so much has been said and written that there is little new to be added on the subject. Madame de Staël, who was present at the first meeting of the States-General, was fascinated by his leonine bearing, his

broad shoulders and shaggy hair. She could not take her eyes off the man. Yet his reception was by no means favourable. His vicious reputation had gone before him, and he was naturally detested by his fellow-nobles. Morris says that he was hissed, though not loudly. When he died, his dealings with the Court were generally unsuspected. Lady Blennerhassett says that only three men had been taken into his confidence, and two of these were Narbonne and Talleyrand. He well knew how to choose his confidants, for the discretion of both, unless under extreme temptation, could be trusted. Madame de Staël had no reason to love him, and she shrank instinctively before his cynical strength of will. But she shared the feelings and the fears of those who surrounded her; she felt that great possibilities of saving the State had vanished with him; nor could she refrain from the language of regretful eulogy:—

"The powerful impression he had made on Madame de Staël, the strong sympathy he had extorted from her, grew still more intense, when the curtain had dropped upon this life, clasped in the embrace of the passions like the snakes of the Laocoon. Still under the impression of the loss, she glorified the man, 'who had been strong enough to speak of order without the fear of despotism, of the security of all without fostering the suspicion that he was thinking of exceptions in the interest of the few.' The great oak was fallen; and now nothing could be said of what was to come."

Morris, who had no personal reasons to fear him, liked him as little, and judged him even less favourably. He had said, *apropos* to a motion on the national credit, "This man will always be powerful in opposition, but never great in administration. His under-

standing is, I believe, impaired by the perversion of his heart." He went with all the world to look on at the funeral.

"It has been an imposing spectacle. It is a vast tribute paid to superior talents, but no great incitement to virtuous deeds. Vices, both degrading and detestable, marked this extraordinary creature. Completely prostitute, he sacrificed everything to the whim of the moment. *Cupidus alieni, prodigus sui*: venal, shameless, and yet pretty virtuous when pushed by a prevailing impulse, but never truly virtuous, because never under the steady control of reason or the firm control of principle, I have seen this man, in the short space of two years, hissed, honoured, hated, mourned. Enthusiasm has just now presented him gigantic: time and reflection will shrink that stature."

Lafayette was in all respects the reverse of Mirabeau, though both were for a time almost supreme by the favour of the people. Lafayette had known nothing of a *jeunesse orageuse*, and was naturally inclined to be the champion of order; while Mirabeau had cynically set respectability at defiance—had ruined himself almost beyond redemption—and deemed all means were good for his personal ends. Mirabeau, as Morris said, was grand even in his vices; whereas Lafayette, though naturally chivalrous, was essentially small, and raised to power as the creature of circumstances. The one was resolutely imperious of will, and would have insisted on the control of the Court that had bought him; the other must have been plastic beyond all our previous belief, and morbidly susceptible to each breath of the popular caprices. There is nothing more curious in the volumes of Morris than the account of those interviews of his with Lafayette, to which we have already made allusion. Lafayette

unbosoms himself in moments of depression. He tells Morris that he is only anxious to step down from his high place, though Morris does not believe that for an instant. On the other hand, Morris stretches the privileges of friendship to lecture Lafayette on his vacillating attitudes, with a contempt he scarcely affects to conceal. He says:—

"I have known my friend Lafayette now for many years, and can estimate at the just value both his words and his actions. He means ill to no one, but he has the *besoin de briller*. He is very much below the business he has undertaken, and if the sea runs high, he will be unable to hold the helm."

We might multiply reports of their eccentric interviews. We give a single one by way of example. In November 1790,

"He asks my opinion of the situation. I give it *sans ménagement*, and while I speak he turns pale. I tell him that, . . . as to himself, his personal situation is extremely delicate; that he nominally but not really commands his troops; that I really cannot tell how he is to establish discipline among them, but that unless he can accomplish that object, he must be ruined sooner or later. . . . He says that he is only raised by circumstances and events, so that when they cease he sinks, and the difficulty comes in how to excite them. I take care not to express, even by a look, my contempt and abhorrence, but simply observe that events will arise just enough of themselves, if he can make a good use of them, which I doubt, because he cannot place any confidence in his troops."

On one occasion, however, as related in *Madame de Staël's Life*, Lafayette really showed resolution. It is true he was spurred to it by a double motive, for both his ascendancy and his life were seriously threatened. Morris, who, for the most part, was behind the scenes,

was puzzled, with other people, by the Duke of Orleans's sudden departure for England, in the autumn of 1790, on a mysterious mission. Morris shrewdly suspected the mission to be a mere pretence, and, as it appears, he was quite right. The General had waited on the Duke and said—

"Monseigneur, I fear that the head of a personage of your name will soon fall on the scaffold." Then, as the person so addressed turned pale, he added, "You have had the intention of having me assassinated. You may be assured that, an hour after me, a similar fate awaits yourself." As the Duke asserted his innocence, the General answered, "That he was bound to accept his word of honour; nevertheless he had such convincing evidence in his hands, that the Duke must either quit France in four-and-twenty hours, or be brought before a court of justice!"

The Duke prudently elected to go, and petitioned the king to find him a pretext, and probably Lafayette recollected that at one time there had been a serious idea of making Monseigneur Lieutenant-General of the kingdom.

We hear a great deal in both books of the Bishop of Autun, who was saved through the Terror by his unflinching tact, by the zeal of his devoted feminine friends, and by the prudence which kept him back from urging his pretensions to place,—for his capacity was soon recognised by the cabinet-makers and wire-pulers who were casting about for "Saviours of Society." He was a frequenter of the innermost circle at the Swedish Embassy; he was in constant and cordial relations with Morris. Rivarol had predicted that he might be anything he pleased, and he had been appointed by the Assembly, on the 14th July, one of the members of the committee to draw up the constitution. But like all men of

fine susceptibilities, he was nervous; and with all his tact, in February 1791, he was already in mortal apprehension, though he had better cause for alarm afterwards. Morris writes:—

"Go to the Louvre; see Madame de Flahault. She is ill in bed; play sixpenny whist with her. The Bishop of Autun is horribly frightened for his life. When she got home last night she found in a blank envelope a will of the Bishop making her his heir. In consequence of some things he had dropped in conversation, she concluded he had determined to destroy himself, and therefore spent the night in great agitation and tears. M. de Saint Foi, whom she roused at 4 o'clock in the morning, could not find the Bishop, he having slept near the church in which he was to consecrate two Bishops newly elected. At length it turns out that, pursuant to repeated threats, he feared that the clergy would cause him this day to be destroyed, and had ordered the letter not to be delivered till the evening, meaning to take it back if he lived through the day."

It shows the high opinion Morris had formed of his talents, that on the day of Mirabeau's death, there is this entry in the diary:—

"I tell the Bishop of Autun that he should step into the vacancy he has made, and to that effect preach the funeral sermon, in which he should make a summary of his life, and dwell particularly on the last weeks in which he laboured to establish order; then dwell on the necessity of order, and introduce properly the king."

Talleyrand did not care to bid for the perilous pre-eminence, nor did he put himself forward to preach the funeral discourse. But he did administer the last sacraments to the dying Mirabeau, and we know nothing in history more ludicrously shocking than that blasphemous profanation of the holy rites. It is interesting, throughout Madame de Staël's *Life*, to trace Talleyrand treading dexterously among naked

sword-blades—making friends with all parties in turn,—with Feuil-lants and Constitutionalists—Gi-roundins and even Jacobins.

Narbonne, like Talleyrand, had saved his head by flight, shortly before the September massacres. Bollman, the Hanoverian, had given shelter to Narbonne the night before both started for England, passing the guards at the city gates in the character of Englishmen. Bollman cleverly sketches and contrasts Narbonne and Talleyrand in his correspondence with Varn-hagen von Ense :—

“Narbonne is rather tall, strong, and stout in build, but there is something attractive, noble, and superior about him. His wit and the wealth of his ideas are inexhaustible. He is full of every social virtue. He inspires courage in the most despondent. He never ceases to charm, and when he chooses he can fascinate an individual or a whole society alike. There is only one man in France who comes up to him in this respect, and who, in my opinion, far outstrips him, and that is his friend M. de Talleyrand, formerly Bishop of Autun. Narbonne labours to please, and betrays his wish to do so. Talleyrand makes no effort, and he is always calm, dispassionate, and at his ease. Narbonne is more brilliant; Talleyrand is more refined, pleasing, and neat in conversation. Narbonne does not by any means suit every one; the very fastidious do not care for him. He has no power over them. Talleyrand, without being less morally corrupt than Narbonne, can move even those who despise him to tears.”

Madame de Staël, compromised, suspected, detested, and continually denounced, having sheltered certain of her friends in the Embassy, having successfully begged the lives of others from Manuel, then a member of the Commune, had nevertheless lingered on in Paris, till her life, or at least her liberty, seemed in extreme danger.

She had decided at last to leave, as it chanced, on the very morning of the 2d September. Her friends implored her to delay her departure, and not to start in a moment of such intense excitement. It was characteristic of her high courage and generosity that she declined to comply. She had made an appointment to pick up upon the road another of the refugees, the Abbé de Montesquieu, and to take him with her to Switzerland, disguised as her servant. She would not throw him over, and so her preparations went forward. She had determined to take her departure as befitted her rank, and got into her lumbering coach, drawn by six horses and laden with luggage, with servants in her liveries. The liveried servants and the aristocratic equipage were a rash and ostentatious defiance to the mob. “The cracking of the postilions’ whips attracted a crowd of old women, who threw themselves like so many furies upon the horses, screaming that the travellers must be kept back—that they were carrying off the nation’s gold to the enemy.” More formidable assailants were attracted by the shrill clamour, and the postilions were compelled to drive to the section of the quarter. Thence she was conducted to the Hôtel de Ville, and the way lay across the Place de la Grève, where the blood of the victims of the 10th of August was scarcely yet dry. The drive lasted three hours at a foot’s pace, amidst the howls and murderous threats of the mob. The National Guard, to whom she appealed for assistance, answered with scoffs and jeers. Fortunately she found a chivalrous friend in the *gendarme* seated with her in the carriage, who pledged himself to protect her at the risk of his own life.

Getting out of her coach at the Hôtel de Ville, she made her way up the stairs through a forest of pikes. Neither the terrible ordeal she had gone through, nor the sanguinary associations of the place, had greatly shaken her nerves, when she found herself in the presence of Robespierre. Collat d'Hubois and Billaud Varennes were acting as secretaries to the "incorruptible one," who exercised despotic powers of life and death. Billaud Varennes, by the way, had not shaved for a fortnight, so his aspect was even more repulsive than it ordinarily was. The hall was crowded with the dregs of the populace, who were shouting *Vive la Nation!* The envoy from Parma, who chanced to be present, and to whom she naturally turned for assistance, chose to disclaim her. Indignation brought about a reaction from her alarm and discouragement. "As he would not apparently help me in this trouble, I determined to do the best for myself." She claimed her rights as wife of an Ambassador, and showed her passports. Her papers were pronounced irregular, and it might have gone hard with her, had not the friendly Manuel made his appearance, and once more come to her help. He spoke in her favour, and left the Commune to deliberate, while he led her and her maid into a side-room. "From the windows they could see the murderers with their sleeves turned up, and bloody hands, returning with wild cries across the Place de la Grève." She waited in suspense for six mortal hours, till Manuel returned, and partially relieved her mind. After dark he escorted her back to the Embassy, where she was to be detained till she procured fresh passports.

They were brought her next morning by Tallien, who was commissioned by the Commune to accompany her to the barriers, where he resigned his place to the *gendarme* who was to travel with her to the Jura. A very singular incident had occurred while she was waiting the decision of the Commune. Her loaded carriage, standing at the door of the Assembly, might well have tempted the rapacious and lawless mob. To her astonishment, she saw a man in the uniform of the National Guard clamber on to it and defend it from all attacks. The individual accompanied Manuel when Manuel came to release her. He proved to be no less a personage than Santerre, the Commandant of the National Guard—"the detestable ruffian," as Boswell calls him, who showed Johnson and the Thrales over his brewery on their visit to Paris in 1775. He declared he had been actuated solely by gratitude for Necker's distribution of grain to the starving population of the Faubourg St Antoine. Madame de Staël saw through the shallow pretext, for it was clear that, in those hours of massacre, he should have been at his post, protecting the victims who were being slaughtered in the prisons. The heroic woman did not profess to thank him, but merely told him that he might have been better employed.

With that dramatic and suggestive episode of the Terror, we may bring our notice to a close. But we must add, by way of postscript, a final quotation from Lady Blennerhassett, in which she sums up some of the most striking incidents of the tragedy. She is writing of the retrospect after the 9th Thermidor and the fall of Robespierre.

"On the vast battle-field he had spread over the whole of France, Madame de Staël counted a host of dead who had crossed her path as friends or enemies. Camille Desmoulins, the *gamin* of the Revolution, who had once fastened Necker's green cockade on his breast, and had invited to his wedding Robespierre, the gloomy guest who was afterwards to join bride and bridegroom in death; Barnave who had sought to extinguish in his blood the flame his words had kindled; Malesherbes, the honour of the magistracy, with whom a whole battle was lost; Danton, who had foreseen the day when 'Cato would be deemed a fool and Cæsar a necessary evil;' Victor de Broglie, Custine, and with them so many others, who had stood up under the colours of the Republic for the ideal of their youthful days,—all of them, the leaders and those they led astray, had fallen alike beneath the edge of the axe. Others, like

Chamfort, Clavière, and Roland, had sought escape by the dagger, the Archbishop Loménie de Brienne and Condorcet by poison. . . . Even those who had led evil lives died heroic deaths. Whilst the Abbé Emery was preparing her for death, Eglée, a courtesan, sentenced for attempting to save the queen, exclaimed to a fellow-victim who went weeping to the guillotine, 'You dishonour yourself.' The Duc de Biron, that typical representative of a limitless enjoyment of life, hesitated to fly, bade defiance to the judges, implored forgiveness of God and the king, and was, said an eyewitness, never more handsome than on the tumbril which drew him to the place of execution. Even Philippe Egalité, before the revolutionary tribunal, recovered his princely presence of mind. Asked if he had nothing to say in his defence, he answered that he would rather die to-day than to-morrow."

PROCEDURE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"THE question is, That a sum not exceeding £—— be granted to her Majesty"—and so on. "To which an Amendment has been moved, That the reduced sum of £—— be granted to her Majesty."

Whilst a number of questions of various degrees of importance are awaiting legislative solution, the above formula represents the state of things by which an annually increasing amount of time is occupied in the voting of the supplies necessary for the carrying on of her Majesty's Government. It is admitted by every Minister and ex - Minister, and by a large majority of experienced members of the House, that an excessive amount of the time of Parliament is consumed in the discussion of the Estimates. I may quote here a single case as a specimen of the disproportionate length of time allotted to Estimates and to other important public business respectively. Almost exactly the same number of hours sufficed to secure the second reading of the Budget Bill, and the passage of the National Defence Bill through Committee, as were occupied in discussing a slight alleged infraction of his duty by a Scotch sheriff. But, whilst this is conceded, it is much less easy to agree upon remedial measures. It is well, in the first place, to dispel the idea that the possession of the closure (whether limited as at present, or enforced at the unconditional pleasure of the majority) is sufficient to enable the Government of the day to carry business through the House with a high hand. This can easily be shown by the following figures: Suppose the

parliamentary session for 1890 to commence on Monday, February 3d, and to last till Friday, August 22d. Deducting Saturdays and Sundays, this gives 148 working days, from which the Easter and Whitsuntide holidays have further to be subtracted. Practically, therefore, about 130 days remain to Parliament for absolute work. Wednesday, it should further be remembered, is a half day; but, *per contra*, as the House occasionally sits on Saturdays towards the end of the session, I have treated this day as though it were a full sitting. Theoretically, of these 130 days three-fifths, or 78 sittings, are allotted to private members, and 52 to the Government; but, in practice, we may assume that these proportions are reversed. We have then, in a normal session, say, 80 Government days of eight hours each, or 640 hours. Within that space of time the whole legislative performances of the session have to be accomplished; the taxation of the country determined; a considerable number of formal measures, such as the Expiring Laws or Appropriation Bills, carried through; and last, but very, very far now—days from least, the Estimates discussed and adopted.

It is upon the question of the competency of the House to discuss these Estimates fully, yet not unreasonably, that its reputation as a business assembly must depend. With our present procedure rules it is, as I have said, simply impossible for any Government to force them through the House. There are in the different classes of Estimates—navy, army, and civil service—191 votes, exclusive

of Supplementary Estimates. If an Opposition is determined to exercise its strict rights to the utmost, they can first, whilst in Committee, take 191 votes against the application of the closure, 191 more on each separate vote, and repeat this process when the votes are reported to the whole House. 764 divisions, each of which we may take it would occupy a quarter of an hour, would occupy 191 of the 640 Government hours, by the simple process of walking through the lobbies upon the question of the closure on Estimates alone. If, in addition to this, an average discussion of something under two and a half hours were allowed to each vote—and many votes very properly take a much greater amount of time—the result would be that the whole of the Government time would be absorbed in the mere voting of Supply. That such an extreme state of things would be intolerable will, I assume, be generally conceded. But it is unfortunately the case that we are, every year, making steps in that direction; and it is worth considering how such a danger can be averted. Both political parties ought to be equally interested. The Opposition profess their confidence that the next general election will place them in power. If so, they presumably wish for a reasonably free hand for the process of legislation. How is this to be secured for the majority of the day, who, according to all rules of common-sense, ought ultimately to govern, after the minority has been fairly heard?

Mr H. H. Fowler, Secretary to the Treasury in Mr Gladstone's Government, has recently written a very interesting and valuable article on the question of Committee of Supply, showing, in the

first place, how unimportant have been the actual reductions of expenditure made in Committee during a long series of years; and suggesting, in the second place, the reference of Civil Service Estimates to a strong committee for preliminary examination before being submitted to the House. Mr Fowler makes the suggestion that a large class of votes, if passed by such a committee, should forthwith go to the House of Commons for report without further discussion in Committee of Supply. There are many attractions in this scheme, and two substantial objections. In the first place, the Government of the day must have a number of supporters on the committee proportionate to their majority in the House. The Estimates are presented on the responsibility of the Government, and any serious change therein must lead to the resignation either of the Ministry, or, at all events, of an individual Minister, in whom a large majority of the House may have full confidence. If, on the other hand, the decisions of Mr Fowler's proposed committee were frequently reversed by the whole House, it would become a discredited and useless body. It is to be assumed that nowadays no administration would venture to submit totally indefensible items of expenditure, by which I mean such items as they would be unable to defend to the satisfaction of the bulk of their own supporters. We might then have the same complaints of the action of the mechanical majority in an up-stairs committee, as are part of the stock-in-trade of the Opposition of the day in the whole House. The second objection to Mr Fowler's scheme is that the appointment of such a committee as he suggests would

Secretary of State, would first endeavour, through the medium of the whips, to ascertain who wanted to speak, and what the general views of the Opposition leaders were as to how much time was required for the consideration of his votes. If the Opposition refuse to express an opinion, they can only blame themselves if they are the sufferers. Suppose three or four nights to be allotted to the army. Members know exactly how much time they have to speak in; they fix their attention on the really salient points in the votes; the Chairman of Committee may be trusted to call on the men who speak with most authority on war-like questions, and members need not fear that the exigencies of Irish, or any other class of Supply, will burke the discussion of important War Office questions.

If such a practice were extended to the whole of Supply, the Government of the day would gain two distinct and fair advantages. First, an end would be put to the inevitable temptation of every Opposition to use the forms of the House to defeat any Minister's suggestion that Supply ought to occupy so many nights. *E.g.*, if Mr Smith says the Irish votes ought to be disposed of in a week, there is an inducement to discredit his judgment outside the House, by causing them to extend over a fortnight. Secondly, the Government would be able to apportion with some approach to accuracy the time to be devoted to legislation and to Supply respectively. Nowadays, if an Administration enumerates a long list of measures in the Queen's Speech, it does so with an almost certain knowledge that many of them won't pass. The Opposition then pervade the country, taunting

the Government with legislative incapacity. If, on the other hand, their programme is meagre, they are reproached with neglect in attempting to deal with many measures important to the country. It would therefore be no slight benefit to whichever party was in power to know with some accuracy what the course of public business would be.

There is an object in suggesting that a certain number of *sittings* of the House should be devoted to each class of Supply, rather than that the votes should be reported by a certain day. The House might desire to retain its control over a particular class of Estimates until some question or questions incident thereto had been disposed of. Or a sudden emergency might arise, necessitating the interruption of Supply, in order to deal with a vote of censure or other urgent business. If the House were bound to receive the report by a fixed day, the votes might have to pass entirely undiscussed.

In venturing to bring these suggestions before the public, I am aware that I may be addressing three classes of audience. To those men, if any, who really desire to bring parliamentary government to a dead-lock—because their own party are not in power—I would merely point out the danger of reprisals hereafter. There are a second party, who are inclined to think that we have quite enough legislation as it is, and that the fewer the bills passed, the better for the nation. Without in any way wishing to pose as an authority as to the limits of justifiable opposition, I would venture to commend one suggestion to the special consideration of the Conservative party. Have we ever, since 1841, been as strong as we were in 1874?

What was the main cause of our triumph then? I have little doubt election agents would reply, almost unanimously, that it was due to the irritation provoked by the over-legislation of Mr Gladstone's Government. This irritation was created, not by what the then Government proposed to do, but what they had actually accomplished. The fluctuating body of electors who determine general elections care but little for the adoption of abstract resolutions, or for the second reading of bills that never emerge from Committee. But if an unpopular measure or two be actually imposed upon the country by a Radical Government, strong Conservative reaction, similar to that of 1874, may be expected.

Lastly, there are many men on both sides of the House of Commons, and a vast body outside, who sincerely desire to see the

House restored to its ancient dignity, without any reference to party politics. It is on such non-party lines that I have endeavoured to frame this article. No doubt, by some means or other, the work of the House will be got through after a fashion, even with our present rules. But it will be got through, I fear, by the overstraining of our statesmen's physical health, by constraining them to neglect their executive duties—by scenes in the House, personal altercations, silencing or closing individual members—and scrambling through important business in the dog-days without adequate discussion. It is the hope of doing something to avert some of these possible evils that has induced me, though comparatively a young member, to write these lines.

H. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

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